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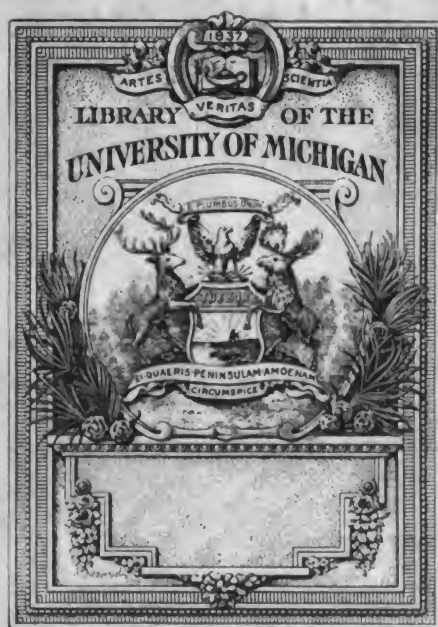
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY
W. L. COURTNEY.

VOL. XCIII. NEW SERIES.
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1913.
(VOL. XCIX. OLD SERIES.)

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED,
11, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

NEW YORK:
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY
218, FULTON STREET
1913.

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**RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., & E.,
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.**

CONTENTS

AUTHOR	PAGE
AFLALO, F. G.	Winter Travel 154
BAERLEIN, Henry	The Masters of the Southern Slav 125
BARIATINSKY, H.H. Prince V.	"The Mysterious Hermit" 988
BARKER, H. A.	The Truth about Bone-Setting 505
BARKER, J. Ellis	{ The Peace Conference and the Balance of Power 25 The Armament Race and its Latest De- velopments 654
BAUGHAN, E. A.	Richard Strauss and an Operatic Problem . 717
BAUMANN, Arthur A.	The Madness of Party 302
BRABROOK, Sir Edward	National Contributory Insurance 371
BRERETON, Cloudesley	Vocational Education and the Nation . . 1123
BROOKS, Sydney	{ British Policy in the Near East 112 The Anti-Imperialism of the Imperialists . 335 Washington and the White House 560
CAMPBELL, Spencer	The Dissensions of the Balkan Allies . . 1063 ✓
CARMEN SYLVA	"If I were a Millionaire" 580
CLODD, Edward	Obscurantism in Modern Science 519
CORBETT-SMITH, A.	The Chinese Drama, Yesterday and To-day 1200
CORNISH, G. Warre	Greek Drama and the Dance 290
✓COURTNEY, W. L.	{ Realistic Drama. I. 945 Realistic Drama. II. 1136
DAVIDSON, Lady Theodora	The "Grand Prix de Littérature" of 1912. 176
DAWBARN, Charles	The President of the French Republic . . 350
DOYLE, Sir Arthur Conan	Great Britain and the Next War 219
GEROTHWOHL, Maurice A.	{ Alfred de Vigny on Genius and Woman . . 94 ✓ Alfred de Vigny (and some English Poets) on Nature 689
GILBEY, Sir Walter, Bart.	Horse-breeding for Farmers 582
GORDON, Sir Home	What is Wrong with Cricket? 1183
GRIBBLE, Francis	{ The Childhood of Isabella II. 142 Isabella II.'s First Intrigues 546 Isabella II.'s First Revolution 702 Isabella II.'s Last Revolution 881
HALL, H. Fielding	The Competition Wallah 279
HAMILTON, Angus	A Captured War Correspondent 58
HAYNES, E. S. P.	{ The Report of the Divorce Law Commis- sion 82 The Question of Divorce by Consent . . . 909 ✓
HERDER, Alexandra von	To Captain R. F. Scott, C.V.O., R.N. . . 464
HERKOMER, Sir Hubert von	Hints on Sketching from Nature 68
HEWARD, E. V.	Glimpses of the Moon 779
HEWLETT, Maurice	{ The Windows 51 In the Forest 896
HOWE, P. P.	{ St. John Hankin and his Comedy of Recognition 165 A War-Book for the Empire 265
HURD, Archibald	{ Racial War in the Pacific 1031 The Aims and Duties of a National Theatre 379
JONES, Henry Arthur	National Insurance and Labour Unrest . . 465
KENNEDY, J. M.	{ Why Home Rule is Unnecessary 1082 Evolution in Human Society 1165
KENT, C. B. Roylance	A German View of the Turkish Defeat . . 975 ✓
LAWTON, Lancelot	A German View of the Turkish Defeat . . 975 ✓
LEE-WARNER, Sir William, } G.C.S.I.	Archdale Wilson, the Captor of Delhi . . 417

AUTHOR.		PAGE
LENNARD, Walter	The Soul of a Suffragette	791
Low, Sidney	{ The Study of Empire	13
	{ Is our Civilisation Dying?	627
✓ LÜTZOW, Count Henry (late Austro-Hungarian Ambas- sador in Rome)	{ Is Austria Really the Disturber?	598
MACDONALD, John F.	The Record of M. Lépine	1003
MASSIANI, Martial	M. Raymond Poincaré	857
MAUD, Constance E.	The First Persian Feminist	1175
MAXIM, Hudson	The Explosion of Worlds	366
MORGAN, The Rev. J. Vyrnwy	{ The Character and Genius of Mr. Lloyd	
Morgan, D.D.	{ George	933
NOYES, Alfred	Enceladus	491
ONIONS, Oliver	Henry Ospovat	899
PARKER, Charles A.	A State Medical Service	962
PEACOCK, Wadham	{ The "Wild Albanian"	322
	{ The Future of Albania	920
PHILLPOTTS, Eden	The Joy of Youth, 187, 393, 603, 804, 1010, 1213	
POUND, Ezra	Rabindranath Tagore	571
✓ POWELL, G. H.	The Elizabethan Spirit	753
SAMUEL, Horace B.	The Future of Futurism	725
SCHEFFAUER, Herman	The Death of Satire	1188
SCHILLER, F. C. S.	Oxford and the Working Man	766
SHORTER, Clement	George Borrow in Scotland	680
SICHEL, Walter	The Greatest Illusion	497
SINGH, Saint Nihal	{ India's Imperialistic Inclinations and Ideals	532
SOISSONS, Count de	Frederi Mistral	588
STATHAM, H. Heathcote	The Architecture of the New Delhi	361
TAGORE, Rabindranath	At the Fair	790
THOMAS, Gilbert	Mr. Masefield's Poetry	1154
TREVOR, Roy	An Englishman in Montenegro	57
TYRELL-GILL, Miss Frances	The Wind	1002
VETCH, Colonel R. H.	{ Archdale Wilson, the Captor of Delhi: A Rejoinder	1094
VIVIAN, Herbert	{ After the War	312 ✓
	{ Turkey's Asiatic Problem	669
WAECHTER, Sir Max, D.L.,	{ England, Germany, and the Peace of	
J.P.	{ Europe	829
WARD, Wilfrid	Lord Cromer on Disraeli	1107
WESTMINSTER, His Grace the Duke of, G.C.V.O.	{ The Imperial Fund	1
WILSON, Dr. Woodrow, Presi- dent-Elect of the U.S.A.	{ "Freemen Need no Guardians"	209
WOODS, Maurice	Disraeli	478
ANONYMOUS :		
The Nemesis of Tariff Reform. Autonomos		237
Austria, Disturber of the Peace. Fabricius		249
The Balkan League : History of its Formation. M.		430
Unionists and the Session. Auditor Tantum		440
The Military Conspiracy. Islander		450
" " " " " II. Islander		640
The Press in War Time. A Journalist		741
The late King of Greece. Philhellene		842
Sea and Air Command : Germany's New Policy. Excubitor		868
✓ The Problem of Austria-Hungary. Politicus		1047
The Unionist Position. Curio		1071
Correspondence		623, 826, 1030

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. DLIII. NEW SERIES, JANUARY 1, 1913.

THE IMPERIAL FUND.

By HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, G.C.V.O.

THREE or four decades ago the Imperialists in the British Empire were few in number. They were idealists, and they were thought to be visionaries who laboured in vain. The very word "Imperialism" was scarcely known, and was not to be found in some of the dictionaries. To-day the vast majority of the citizens are enthusiastic Imperialists. The vast majority of men and women in the British Islands and the great Dominions ardently desire to see the numerous loosely connected British territories firmly welded together in an everlasting union. Acts are more convincing than words. Spontaneously, joyfully, and without stint, the British Dominions and possessions have poured out for the Empire their blood and their treasure during the Boer War; and now, when our naval supremacy is in danger, they are voluntarily, and with lavish generosity, offering us a fleet of Dreadnoughts and armies for Imperial defence. Friends in need are friends indeed.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of a deep and enthusiastic Imperial feeling among the vast majority of the citizens of the Empire, Imperial Federation has made insufficient progress. Many lovers of the Empire are keenly disappointed that the Imperial movement has failed to yield adequate results, whilst those who do not wish well to the Empire hope that Imperialism will fail altogether. In the following pages I shall endeavour to describe the cause of the sudden rise of Imperial feeling throughout the British Empire and the necessity and urgency of constructive, as distinguished from sentimental, Imperialism. I shall then try to show why Imperial Federation has progressed so little, and to propose a remedy.

We live in a period of transition. We live between the age of utilitarianism and isolated effort and the age of idealism and co-operation. The older political economists made the individual

the centre of their systems. They taught that the mainspring of the individuals engaged in business was the desire to secure the largest possible profits for themselves. Their ideal was free, and merciless, competition among the individuals of all nations. Co-operation was not even mentioned in their text-books. As political frontiers were unfavourable to free exchange, they were ignored. In Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* the word "nation" occurs, I believe, only on the title-page.

The British political economists of the *laissez-faire* school, like the French philosophers of the eighteenth century who inspired them, were cosmopolitans. They moulded British public opinion. Guided by their teachings, the British people made the pursuit of profit in free competition their ideal. Combinations among workers were declared to be in restraint of free competition and were made illegal. The trade unions were broken up. The workers were shockingly exploited by their employers. As the Colonies were unprofitable, they were declared to be an incumbrance to the mother country, and many leading men wished to get rid of them. Imperialism was dead.

Gradually public opinion changed. The public conscience revolted against the materialistic conceptions of the economists. Idealists like Carlyle, Ruskin, Maurice, and Emerson poured scorn upon the "sordid science" of utilitarian political economy, and pointed out its short-sightedness and cruelty. Through men such as Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, List, Bismarck, the spirit of nationalism became exceedingly powerful throughout Europe. Through the initiative of Owen, Holyoake, Schultze-Delitzsch and other philanthropists, the workers began to organise themselves into co-operative societies, provident societies and trade unions. Through the activity of Lord Shaftesbury and other large-minded men the State began to interfere with private contract, and to regulate, and humanise, labour conditions.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times is the tendency towards combination and co-operation. That tendency affects all human activity. The inefficiency of isolated effort is now generally recognised. It is now generally understood that unity, not unrestrained individualism, makes for strength. The great development of modern industry is not founded upon individual, free, and unrestricted competition, but upon co-operation. The co-operation of capital in limited companies has girdled the world with railways, and has made possible the most scientific development of manufacturing in gigantic factories. The co-operation of the workers and the supervision and regulation of industry by the State has greatly improved the conditions of the workers and has brought prosperity and independence

within their reach. The co-operation of society has provided a national education and a national insurance system. The co-operation of the local authorities has given us good roads and an excellent sanitation. Political co-operation has created modern democracy. The narrow and sordid spirit which saw its ideal in the pursuit of individual profit under free competition, the spirit of "everyone for himself and the Devil take the hindmost," has been replaced by a spirit of sane and broad-minded idealism, and by the consciousness that men are more important than money, that the nation is more important than the individual, that men of the same race and nationality are bound to each other by their community of interests. I think the age of co-operation, which has already yielded such great results, has only begun.

True patriotism is not a vainglorious and aggressive sentiment, but the strong sense of national solidarity. It is family feeling on a large scale. In the feudal times, when small nations were the appanages of their rulers, patriotism was a plant of artificial growth. In modern democracies, inhabited by millions of free and educated men, patriotism arises naturally among those who possess the same treasured ideals.

The people inhabiting the British Isles and the great Dominions are of kindred stock. They possess the same ideals. They are separated only by space, and modern invention has annihilated space. British Imperialism is a larger patriotism. It is not an artificial, but a natural and a thoroughly democratic, sentiment which has sprung from that instinct of solidarity and self-preservation that has created the great benevolent societies, the co-operative societies, and the trade unions. Imperialists wish to combine the peoples of the British Empire in a gigantic Trade Union and Co-operative Society for mutual aid and for defence.

Peace and prosperity are the greatest interests of the people, but peace and prosperity depend upon power. British Colonies, harbours and coaling stations are to be found in all parts of the world. They are coveted by nations who, for lack of these, are cooped up within narrow Continental frontiers. Hence necessity, not ill-will and jealousy, endangers our peace. The British Empire will be left in peace by those nations who desire expansion at our expense only as long as we are strong. The warlike strength of a State depends on the number of its inhabitants, their warlike ability, and their wealth. A peaceful and comparatively small nation, such as the British nation, cannot defend single-handed a world Empire coveted by large and wealthy military States. It is true we have friends and allies; but alliances are merely makeshifts. History teaches that the friend of yesterday may be the foe of to-morrow. Our Empire can be

secure only if we are able to defend it single-handed against all comers.

The victories of Germany, Japan, and the Balkan States have been triumphs of foresight and of organisation over disorganisation and muddle. Great Britain may not always be able to "muddle through" her campaigns. It is unsafe to rely on the luck which has saved us in the past. The latent strength of the Empire in men and money is enormous, but it cannot be organised after the outbreak of war. For the defence of the Empire military and naval co-operation is necessary, and, since delay and divided councils are often fatal in war, the Empire requires an Imperial Army and Navy, paid for by an Imperial Exchequer and controlled by a single authority representative of the whole Empire. We cannot make our war plans and co-ordinate our Imperial forces at the critical moment by hasty conferences carried on over the cables. We must, in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's picturesque words, "call the Dominions to our councils."

The unification of the Empire is required, not only for its defence, but also for its development. The British Empire is an enormous estate, the utilisation of which has scarcely begun. Canada, Australia, and South Africa have room for hundreds of millions of settlers. The area of New Zealand alone equals that of the United Kingdom. The potentialities of the British Empire are boundless. The vast and empty territories under the British flag require planful and energetic development, for the sooner they are well filled with men and women of British race the sooner will they be secure against foreign attack.

The British people suffer periodically at the hands of American speculators who corner our wheat, our meat, and our cotton. Our dependence upon foreigners for food and raw material is irksome in peace and dangerous in war. We should therefore endeavour to make the Empire self-supporting, as far as possible, and to abolish Great Britain's dependence for wheat, meat, and cotton upon foreign nations by encouraging the production of these necessities within the Empire.

The unhealthy parts of the Empire require sanitation. Swamps, whether in Ireland or the Colonies, should be drained, and arid regions in India and elsewhere should be provided with irrigation, and thus famine be prevented. The study of tropical diseases, which at present kill men like flies and make settlement in large areas impossible, has only begun and is starved for lack of funds. Emigration should be organised Imperially so as to enable those who live in the congested portions of the Empire to go to those parts where they will best be able to make a living.

No Empire can be great unless it be inhabited by an Imperial

race. The improvement of the race by hygiene and sanitation, by the abolition of poverty, by the provision of healthy dwellings, and by combating mental and bodily disease, is an Imperial question.

A democracy is fit to rule only if it is well educated. Education, after having been parochial, sectional, and denominational, has become National. Now, by wise co-ordination and organisation, it should be made Imperial.

Great Imperial institutions which facilitate the intercourse between the various parts of the Empire are required. An Imperial post office and Imperial cables are needed. The conclusion of commercial treaties, the regulation of mails and shipping, naturalisation, company laws, bankruptcy laws, patent laws, the collection of statistical and other information of interest to all the citizens of the Empire, and other matters of Imperial interest should be dealt with Imperially.

The British race possesses the greatest and the grandest material heritage in the world. We should endeavour to build up a nation worthy of that great heritage. But for that it must be free and happy. This is an Imperial task, and, in our endeavour to build up a race worthy of the Empire, we should be guided by the principle, "United we stand, divided we fall." The danger of the fall of the Empire through lack of unity is great.

There are men of little faith and less imagination who believe that the British Empire is bound to break up earlier or later. To them its disintegration is inevitable, and the task of uniting our ocean-separated territories seems impossible. They remind us that the scattered sea Empires of the past, from those of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Athenians, to that of the Dutch, were broken up because their islands and provinces were separated by ocean-wide distances.

The sea that divided nations now unites them. Railways, steamships, and telegraphs have abolished space. The strength of States depends no longer on their size, but on their character and cohesion. Small and compact States based on force will break up; whilst a world Empire such as ours, though scattered over many oceans, may stand, if it is united, if it is founded on individual liberty and governed by general consent.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times is the expansion of democracies. The old democracies were small in extent—often they were mere city States—because the citizens ruled directly. Inferior organisation and inferior means of communication made large self-governing democracies impossible. The people who deliberated in common in the market place could not rule an Empire. The invention of representative government

and of the telegraph, and especially the advent of the newspapers, have made a democratic Empire possible.

Democracy is ruled by public opinion. It is ruled by the expression of the common sense of the people on the platform and in the Press. Public opinion, strongly expressed in Sydney, or Cape Town, or Toronto to-day, affects public opinion throughout the Empire to-morrow through the telegraph and the Press. The Empire has become one gigantic market place where all the people deliberate in common. The lumbermen in the backwoods of British Columbia, the sheep shearers in the interior of Queensland, and the men on the tea plantations high up in the mountains of Assam, and the farmers in the interior of Orange River Colony, receive in their paper news from all parts of the Empire more quickly than the men in Scotland received news from London a century ago. Besides, the journey from London to Vancouver is quicker, cheaper, and more comfortable now than the journey from London to Edinburgh was in the time of Napoleon I. Space is measured by time. In space, measured by the time required in overcoming it, the British Empire is actually a smaller unit than Great Britain was at the time of Napoleon.

Although the unification of the Empire is necessary, urgent, and practicable, and although the vast majority of men throughout the Empire are enthusiastically in favour of that policy, practical and creative Imperialism has progressed but little. Its insufficient and disappointing progress seems due to the fact that it is a purely ideal movement. Self-interest is the strongest motive of action. Imperialism lacks the propelling power of self-interest. Imperialists, be they ever so active, cannot hope for emoluments, honours, or official positions.

A great political movement can succeed only if it is popular and well organised. The essentials of a great political, as of a great military, campaign are four : men, leadership, organisation, and money. Imperialism has no lack of leaders and of followers—we are all Imperialists now—but it lacks organisation because organisation requires money.

Montecuculi wrote in his *Art of War* : "In warfare three things are required : firstly, money ; secondly, money ; and thirdly, money." Experience teaches us that the success of every great political agitation is very largely due to its financial strength. One of the greatest and most successful movements known in modern times was the British Free Trade agitation in the forties of the last century. It was a great popular movement. Still, it could not have succeeded, had it not been well organised and most generously financed.

The Free Trade agitation had a modest beginning. The first fund raised for bringing about the repeal of the Corn Laws amounted to £6,000. Soon the leaders of the agitation realised that a great political movement requires strong financial support. The fund of £6,000 was followed by another one of £10,000. This was succeeded by one of £50,000, by another one of £100,000, and at last by one of £250,000.

On the 23rd December, 1843, a meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League was held in Manchester. At that meeting the following balance sheet relating to the £100,000 fund was published :—

Fund of £100,000.

To Receipts	£86,009	7	3
.. Subscriptions and Bazaar Receipts	35,678	8	10
.. Discount and Interest	820	4	11
Total	£122,508	1	0

The foregoing figures show that the fund of £100,000 greatly exceeded its nominal amount.

The expenditure of the £100,000 fund was spread over two years. The yearly expenditure for the promotion of Free Trade was, according to a statement submitted at the same meeting, as follows :—

January 1st.

To Balance on Hand	£26,675	19	9
.. Subscriptions and Bazaar Receipts	35,678	8	10
.. Discount and Interest	820	4	11
Total	£63,174	13	6

By Distributing Tracts	£349	1	7
.. Furniture and Fixtures	218	19	0
.. Deputation Expenses	462	12	4
.. Grants to Local Committees	1,000	17	0
.. Salaries to Staff	1,336	14	6
.. Postages and Petty Expenses	1,528	1	5
.. Expense of Meetings	1,669	16	6
.. Salaries and Expenses of Lecturers	2,320	4	9
.. Rents, &c., including Covent Garden	3,992	1	8
.. Stamped Publications	6,854	9	2
.. Bazaar Expenses	5,712	13	4
.. League Newspaper	10,161	7	1
.. Registration Expenses	15,534	4	1
.. Balance on Hand	12,033	11	1
Total	£63,174	13	6

It will be noticed that the Anti-Corn Law League spent more than £50,000 during less than twelve months. It spent on its weekly paper alone about as much per year as the Tariff Reform League spends altogether.

As the expenditure of the fund of nominally £100,000 had greatly advanced the cause of Free Trade, the leading Free Traders resolved to appeal to their followers for a still larger sum. After rendering to the Manchester meeting the figures given in the foregoing, the chairman proposed that a fund of £250,000 should be raised. This proposal led to a scene of the greatest excitement and enthusiasm. In less than an hour and a half more than £60,000 was subscribed. Among the subscriptions, which were announced to the meeting in rapid succession, were the following :—

	£
Samuel Greg & Sons, Manchester	1,000
James Chadwick, Eccles	1,000
Thomas Thomasson, Bolton	1,000
Kershaw, Leese & Co., Manchester	1,000
Thomas Hoyle & Sons, Manchester	1,000
John Brooks, Manchester	1,000
Robert Ashton, Hyde	1,000
William Bailey & Bros., Stalybridge	1,000
Robert Platt, Stalybridge	1,000
Robert Leese & Sons, Dukinfield	1,000
John Whitaker & Sons, Hurst	1,000
John Bright & Bros., Rochdale	1,000
Samuel & James Ashton, Pole Bank	1,000
Thomas Ashton & Sons, Hyde	1,000
James King & Sons, Rochdale	1,000
Booth & Hoyle, Rochdale	1,000
P. Dixon & Sons, Manchester and Carlisle	1,000
Joseph Eccles, Blackburn	1,000
Eccles, Shorrock & Co., Darwen	1,000
Henry & Edmund Ashworth, Tuxton	1,000
Pilkingtion Bros. & Co., Blackburn	1,000
A. & S. Henry & Co., Manchester	1,000
A. & F. Reynier, Ashton	1,000
Lawrence Heyworth, Liverpool	500
Lawrence Buckley, Ashton	500
James Buckley, Ashton	500
John Buckley & Bros., Mosley	500
N. Buckley & Son, Sadlesworth	500
J. B. Smith, Manchester	500
John Cheetham, Stalybridge	500
Richard Matley, Manchester	500
Gardner & Bazley, Manchester	500
John Ashton, Hyde	500
Callender Bickham & Co., Manchester	500
James Heywood, Manchester	500
J. Fenton, Crimble	500
McConnel & Co., Manchester	500
John & Thomas Potter, Manchester	500
Henry Bannerman & Sons, Manchester	500
Richard Cobden, Manchester	500
Elkanah Armitage & Sons, Manchester	500

	£
F. Steiner, Manchester	500
A Friend, Manchester	500
Samuel Fletcher, Sons & Co., Manchester	500
Geo. Foster, Sabden	500
William Ross, Manchester	500
Schunk, Souchay & Co., Manchester	500
J. R. Barnes & Son, Farnworth	500

If we classify all the subscriptions received we find that there were twenty-three subscriptions of £1,000 each; twenty-five of £500 each; fifty-one ranging from £200 to £400; sixty-one ranging from £100 to £150; fifty of £50, &c.

The Manchester meeting was followed by meetings in other manufacturing towns of Great Britain, where, among others, the following sums were subscribed :—

	£
William Brown, Liverpool	1,000
J. & N. Phillips & Co., Manchester	1,000
R. J. & A. Pennington, Wigan	1,000
Marshall & Co., Leeds	1,000
J. Akroyd & Sons, Halifax	1,000
Messrs. Mathers, Liverpool	1,000
Geo. Mallinson & Sons, Huddersfield	500
Geo. Crossland & Sons, Huddersfield	500
Geo. Senior & Son, Huddersfield... ..	500
Lawrence Heyworth, Liverpool	500
J. J. Hamilton, Liverpool	500
Tenant Clow & Co., Liverpool	500
James Mellor, Liverpool	500
Chas. Tennant & Co., Glasgow	500
J. & A. Dennistoun, Glasgow	500
Samuel Higginbotham, Glasgow... ..	500
William Dixon, Glasgow	500
John Wilson, Glasgow	500
Buchanan, Hamilton & Co., Glasgow... ..	500
Wilson & Co., Glasgow	500
Colin Dunlop & Co., Glasgow	500
William Forbes & Co., Bradford	500
Titus Salt, Bradford	500
Edward Smith, Sheffield	500
Starkey Brothers, Huddersfield	500
Frederic Schwann, Huddersfield... ..	500
W. Walker, Southport	500
G. Andrew & Son, Stockport	500
John Leech, Stalybridge	500
Alfred Orrell, Stockport	500

Three weeks after the Manchester meeting on the 15th January, 1846, Mr. Wilson stated at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester that since the day of the meeting when the sum of £60,000 had been subscribed, the subscriptions of Manchester had increased

to £75,600, that at a meeting at Liverpool £12,000 had been raised, at Leeds £34,000, at Dundee more than £2,000, at Stroud £1,300, and that the total collected so far was £128,000. Soon Edinburgh followed with £2,000, Glasgow with £10,000, Preston with £2,500. The Liverpool subscriptions rose to £17,000. In one single month £175,000 were gathered. Never in the history of Great Britain has there been so strong and successful an agitation. Never has there been one that has been so lavishly financed. After the repeal of the Corn Laws the secretary of the Anti-Corn Law League received from the manufacturers and merchants a present of £10,000, and Mr. Cobden one of £80,000. The Free Traders knew how to spend money to advantage.

The subscribers to the Imperial Fund have merely followed the classic and business-like precedent of the Anti-Corn Law League. There is, however, a difference. Self-interest opens purse-strings more easily than altruism. Consultation of old directories reveals the fact that practically all the important subscribers to the fund of the Anti-Corn Law League were manufacturers and merchants who expected to derive some considerable pecuniary benefit from the abolition of the Corn Laws. But the advance of Imperialism will scarcely benefit any of the subscribers to the Imperial Fund.

At the time of the Free Trade agitation the United Kingdom had only 24,000,000 inhabitants. Of these less than 1,000,000 were voters. Money was comparatively scarce. There were but few millionaires. Now the United Kingdom has 45,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 8,000,000 are voters, and the wealth and the spending power of the propertied classes has greatly increased. It follows that subscriptions of £1,000 in 1845 were probably intrinsically equivalent to subscriptions of £2,000 or £3,000 at the present time. Compared with the subscriptions to the fund of the Anti-Corn Law League, the subscriptions to the Imperial Fund, most generous as they have been, were certainly not surprisingly large.

The financial history of the Anti-Corn Law League agitation teaches us an invaluable lesson. If at a time when money was scarce, population was small, and voters were few, several hundred thousand pounds were needed to cause the triumph of a great and popular movement, how much more money will be required to bring about the triumph of Imperialism, seeing that the British population has doubled and that the number of voters has increased more than eight-fold.

The value of history is this. That it teaches men by example. I have recalled the way in which the Anti-Corn Law agitation was conducted for two reasons. In the first place, it furnishes a

valuable precedent which justifies the action of the promoters of the Imperial Fund in appealing in the first instance to the wealthy. In the second place, it shows, and this is the more valuable lesson, that very large amounts of money are needed to bring a great and popular movement to a successful issue. I trust that all good Imperialists will appreciate this lesson, and that they will support the cause they have at heart according to their means.

True statesmanship is most concerned, not with territories and glory, but with the welfare of the people. The British Empire has done much for the British citizens in the past. It will do still more for them and for their children in the future. It is capable of providing the people with that which is the ultimate, and the highest, aim of statesmanship: with health, happiness, prosperity, independence, and a secure existence. If it be properly developed, the British Empire can provide every honest and industrious citizen, man or woman, with a happy and prosperous home. If it be neglected, the Empire will break up, the Colonies will fall into the hands of foreigners, who may oppress the British, and the United Kingdom will sink into extreme poverty and misery.

The British Empire is held in trust by us for our children and for our children's children. For them we appeal.

Our duty at the moment is clear. We must realise the greatness of Canada's example, and we must respond by suitable action.

In 1911 the people of Canada fought a general election. They fought it on a single issue, on the question of reciprocity with the United States. The electors were asked to choose between one-sided Imperial Preference—where Canada did all the giving and Great Britain all the receiving—and reciprocity with the United States. Reciprocity with the United States would have been extremely advantageous to Canada, and especially to her greatest industries—the wheat-growing industry and the timber industry. Reciprocity would have given to these enormous industries a free market of 100,000,000 people, and it would have given to the Canadians higher prices for their produce. So the Canadian people were told by their Government. The temptation to accept the offer was great, especially as the British Government treated with indifference, if not with positive disapproval, the attempt of the United States to detach the great Dominion from Great Britain. However, happily for the Empire, Canada's sense of loyalty proved stronger than her sense of self-interest.

Canada's practical Imperialism has not been limited to making freely great economic concessions to the motherland. In 1912

the Canadian Cabinet came in a body to the capital of the British Empire and offered us a squadron of "the largest and strongest ships of war which science can build or money supply." A few days ago that offer was published by Mr. Borden to the Empire and to the world.

What has been our response?

Our response should be worthy of Canada's offer. Canada has striven with all her might to weld the Empire together, not only with economic bonds, but with bonds of blood and iron. During the Boer War many of her sons laid down their lives for the Empire's greatness.

Canada and the other great Dominions strive to unite the British Empire by federating it politically and economically, by placing it on a business footing, by creating a great Imperial partnership. It is high time that we should respond to the advances of the great Dominions. If we hesitate much longer it may be too late.

As the British people seem not yet to be ready to grasp the hands which the daughter States are so eagerly stretching forth to us across the sea, the most urgent task of the moment is to embark upon a campaign of Imperial education in favour of that great policy of Imperial Preference which is associated with the name of Mr. Chamberlain. The great majority of the British people are Imperialistic at heart, but they have been misled by party politicians into opposing the scheme of practical and constructive Imperialism which should stand above party. Hence, I would say again, the most urgent task of the moment is to enlighten the people throughout the country. For such a campaign large funds are wanted. All should give according to their means, and we should endeavour to make a far greater effort than that which secured the mistaken policy of Free Trade in the forties of last century.

Vast funds are needed. The founders of the Imperial Fund appeal for large, or very large, subscriptions, but they will be glad to receive small amounts from those who cannot give much. Those who approve of the purpose of the Fund should help us generously. Contributors of £1 or more become members of the Imperial Fund. Donors of £1,000 or more become Founder Members. We want at least one million members. All communications should be addressed to the Organiser, Imperial Fund, Grosvenor House, W. Cheques should be made out to the Imperial Fund and be crossed Lloyd's Bank.

WESTMINSTER,

President of the Imperial Fund.

THE STUDY OF EMPIRE.

IMPERIALISM is one of the political fashions of the moment. We talk a great deal of the Overseas Empire; and it is natural, and, indeed, inevitable, that we should do so. For amid all the transitions of this plastic age of ours, none is more remarkable than that which is remodelling the structure and changing the organisation of the realm of Britain. The sudden, and almost startling, creation of an Imperial Union for Maritime Defence has transferred the subject from the sphere of vague theory to that of practical realities. Australia, New Zealand, Malaya, and now, above all, Canada, have gone far towards the development of an Empire constitution.

Mr. Borden has been making history in these past few weeks. Not only has he urged his countrymen to grant a munificent subvention towards the expenses of our maritime equipment; but he has also put forward a claim, which cannot be ignored, to a joint share, on the part of the Dominions, in the control and direction of foreign policy. More important even than the Canadian vote of seven millions are the words with which the Dominion Prime Minister introduced it:—

“If Canada and the other Dominions of the Empire are to take their part as nations of the Empire in the defence of the Empire as a whole, shall it be that we, contributing to that defence of the whole Empire, shall have absolutely, as citizens of this country, no voice whatever in the councils of the Empire? I do not think that such would be a tolerable condition. I do not believe that the people of Canada would for one moment submit to such a condition. Shall members of this House of Representatives—men representing 221 constituencies of the country—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—shall no one of them have some voice with regard to those vast Imperial issues that the humblest taxpayer in the British Isles has at this moment? It does not seem to me that such a condition would make for the integrity of the Empire, for closer co-operation in the Empire. Regard must be had to these far-reaching considerations. A permanent policy will have to be worked out, and when that permanent policy has been worked out and explained to the people of Canada, to every citizen in the country, then it will be the duty of any Government to go to the people of Canada to receive their mandate and to accept and act upon their approval or disapproval of the policy.”

These sentences are “epoch-making.” They strike the note of a new era, a new phase in the relations of the constituent States of the British Empire to one another. They bring us into contact with another great problem of statesmanship, the problem of *Imperium et Libertas*, that of reconciling the national aspirations of the various communities under the British Crown with the

necessity of constructing an effective machinery for the regulation of their common interests. It may be that the question of Maritime and Foreign Policy will be disposed of by some development of that Committee of Imperial Defence which has crept into being by a series of accidents and temporary expedients, and has become a powerful factor in our supreme system of government almost before we have grown aware of its existence. That is our English manner of doing the great deeds of the race. We built up a mighty Empire scarcely knowing what we did, assuredly with small prescience of the future, and no definite plan. We faced the day's work as it came, and were content if the exigencies of the moment were safely and honourably satisfied: system, theory, the larger philosophic synthesis we could afford to leave to others.

Heaven forbid that I should depreciate that sound, practical instinct of our fathers, to which we owe so much. This haphazard, rule-of-thumb method, this refusal to look too far or to look too deep, this restless activity superimposed upon "a fit of absence of mind," served us well enough, though not always quite so well as we are prone to imagine. But in these more difficult days of scientific thought and purposeful organisation everywhere, ignorance, even if tempered by courage and force of character, is dangerous. Other Empires are arising round about us, Empires evolving under rivals not inferior to us in energy and determination, and superior in the accumulation and systematic analysis of knowledge.

The time has gone by for regarding "colonies" with coldness or contempt. We no longer consider them temporary appendages which would in due course shake themselves free and float away into independence, rather to our relief. Our mood is different. We are all enthusiasts for Empire now. But our enthusiasm is not always much better informed than the former indifference. There is much need, not merely for Imperial spirit and Imperial fervour, but for Imperial learning. We must study the Empire as well as praise it. We ought to make Imperial studies an essential element in our higher education, to give them due recognition in the lecture-rooms and examination halls of our universities, to devote to them some portion of that sedulous attention we bestow upon the Empires of the ancient world or upon the history of mediæval Europe. We should have some dignified academic machinery for imparting instruction and encouraging research, in a systematic and scholarly manner, upon the origins, the development, the ethnology, the history, the economics, the institutions, and the sociology of the nations and peoples of the English-speaking and the English-governed world.

On the value of such systematic study, as I have recently said elsewhere,¹ it would be superfluous to dilate. The maxim that "history is politics teaching by example" may be pressed too far; but it cannot be wholly ignored. We are ill equipped to deal with such a problem as the creation of an Imperial constitution, the closer union of the British Empire, if we have not considered with some care the attempts which have been made to deal with it in the past, if we do not appreciate the extent to which an approximation has been made to it, if we do not know that the present loose alliance of the English-speaking countries of the Empire was preceded by a much closer formal organisation, if we do not rightly apprehend why this arrangement broke down and was superseded by that which exists at present. The affairs of the American colonies before the Revolution form a part of English history which is full of valuable lessons for the Empire-builders and the Empire-rulers of this age. Other lessons, not less fruitful, are offered to us by our kinsmen in the self-governing colonies. For in these states we have the principles which are supposed to animate the English constitution applied to the changed conditions of modern society. We find English-speaking peoples across the seas who have already adopted, or perhaps discarded some of the methods and processes which are being considered by ourselves. We are deeply concerned in the discussion of such topics as Federation, Provincial Home Rule, Tariff Reform, Compulsory Arbitration in Labour Disputes, a legal Minimum Wage, Woman Suffrage; but we are apt to forget that these devices have been actually submitted to the test of practice in one or other of our self-governing colonies. It has often been claimed that the time spent in our schools and colleges in studying the history of Ancient Greece is well spent, since the cities of Hellas were a laboratory of political and social experiment, all the more instructive to us because of the simplicity of the environment, and the political division into small urban states. I am far from denying that the hours are wasted which we consume over Thucydides and Aristotle. But, as Professor Egerton has pointed out, there is a good deal of the same simplicity and directness in modern colonies. The Australian states are also engaged in political and economic experiments, and they approach their problems free from most of the complications caused by the pressure of international politics, or by that inheritance from the past which weighs so heavily upon the present in any ancient community.

(1) In a paper on "The Organisation of Imperial Studies in London," read before the British Academy, some portions of which, by the courtesy of the Academy, I am permitted to use for the purposes of the present essay.

Whether the colonists have solved these problems successfully, or whether the solution could always be applied in conditions so different as those which prevail in this country, need not now be considered. But we should at least be able to appreciate the lessons that can be derived from the experiences and the endeavours of these small and unfettered democracies of Englishmen beyond the seas, particularly when they throw light on controversies arising among ourselves. We are, for instance, engaged in the task of revising the British constitution and changing it, in some respects at least, from what has been called the "unwritten" to the written form. Many of the men who will be most actively concerned in that operation are, I doubt not, closely acquainted with the legal and historical side of our insular institutions. Few, I fear, have made any careful study of those written and statutory constitutions which are scattered over the English-speaking world, or are aware that many of the questions which have to be discussed theoretically in a British Parliament have been disposed of in practice by the legislatures and executives of the Dominions. English constitutional history should be treated, though it seldom is treated, as only a part of a greater whole. It is not rightly understood unless we study the development of the system and the principles which the British people carried down with them from the Middle Ages, not only in that part of the United Kingdom which is called England, but also in the American Colonies and the American Union, in Canada, in Australia, and, I would add, in the Crown Colonies and Dependencies. In fine, I contend that alike for the historian, for the jurist, for the publicist, the politician, and the administrator, the studies which we may agree to call Imperial are essential.

For the student in this branch of knowledge some opportunities have been provided of late years. Oxford has possessed, since 1905, a fully endowed Chair of Colonial History, with a readership and an annual prize in the same subject, all which it owes to the enlightened and public-spirited generosity of the late Mr. Alfred Beit. The present occupant of the Beit chair, Professor H. E. Egerton, has done excellent work, by his own contributions to our knowledge of Imperial history, and by training some able younger scholars, like Professor Grant, of Queen's University in Canada, and Mr. Munro, who is Lecturer on Colonial History at Edinburgh.

It cannot, however, be said that the subjects dealt with under the Beit Foundation have received adequate recognition in the Oxford examination system. The Honour School of Modern History, with all its diversified interests, exacts a very perfunctory acquaintance with the development and institutions of the British

Empire from those to whom it awards its distinctions. It has, indeed, moved with the times sufficiently to have decreed during the past eighteen months that the study of English political history may be carried down to 1855 instead of stopping short with the accession of Queen Victoria, at which date some of the most interesting chapters in the annals of Britain overseas had yet to be opened. Candidates must also show an acquaintance with the documents brought together in Professor Egerton's book on Federations and Unions within the British Empire; and they may, if they like, select a specified period of colonial history out of a list of ten "special subjects." Not many of them have yet done so; colonial history perhaps does not "pay" in the schools. Similarly at Cambridge, in the Historical Tripos, a candidate may offer "The Struggle for the New World, 1751-63" as one out of seven alternative special subjects, and he will also be expected to have read Seeley's popular essay on the expansion of England.

This is not very much; and I can only repeat the discouraging observation that at our two greatest Universities, it is possible, it is easy, and it is even usual, for a student to have devoted the major portion of his time for two or three years to the exclusive study of modern history, and to have obtained the very highest honours in that study, without having paid any serious attention to the history of the British Empire, without acquiring any clear and systematic knowledge of the growth and constitutional development of the self-governing colonies, or of their economic relations with the Mother Country either under the mercantile system, or during the period of the colonial preferences, or after the establishment of Free Trade in England. Of the rich and intricate story of the establishment, extension, and consolidation of British rule over 300 millions of Asiatics he may know no more than can be gleaned from the casual perusal of a few popular essays, biographies, and works of travel. On these and kindred matters the graduate who leaves his University with the *cachet* of a first-class in history may be no more accurately informed than the majority of Englishmen of average education, and that is saying little indeed. I venture to suggest that in all University examinations in history, the rise, growth, and constitution of the British Empire should be not an optional but a compulsory subject, and that no candidate should be able to obtain distinction unless he has shown an adequate acquaintance with it not only in its main outlines, but in some at least of its details. For us modern Englishmen the transactions which led to the Battle of Assaye are not less important than those which led to the Battle of Agincourt; I will even go so far as to say

that the administration of the American colonies is as well worth our notice as the Petition of Right; and that Lord Durham's Report on Canada and Pitt's India Bill may claim as much attention as the Ordinance of the Hundred and the Statute of Præmunire.

It is, however, neither in Oxford nor Cambridge, nor in Edinburgh nor Manchester, though all these Universities should devote more attention than any of them does at present to Colonial and Indian history, that a home should be found for the central school or superior academy of Imperial learning; by which I mean an organisation or institution for Imperial research as well as for Imperial teaching, a means of collating and analysing the results of investigation into all branches of the social science, history, economics, jurisprudence, and political activity of the Empire, and of the other Colonial Empires of modern Europe. Its place is in London, for no other city has, or can have, the same opportunities and advantages. London is the centre of Imperial government, Imperial finance, Imperial commerce, of all the great practical activities of which an Imperial Academy would present the theoretical and scientific side. In London there is a numerous body of persons who would only too gladly frequent the lectures and class-rooms of such a school. There are the students of the University who are preparing to take their M.A. degree in the faculties of Economics and Arts; and there are others who have obtained honours in history and would welcome the facilities afforded for post-graduate study in a seminar conducted by the professors of the Imperial Department. Many Government officials, aspirants to honours in public life, politicians, journalists, merchants, bankers, Indian and Colonial students reading for the Bar, candidates for the Civil Service examinations, and for appointments in India and the Crown Colonies—all these would furnish a numerous *clientèle* for the regular staff of this Department and the capable experts residing in London who would be willing to give occasional courses of lectures under its direction.

One need not undervalue the education in various branches of Empire knowledge which is already obtainable in our capital. Much good work is being done, especially on the technical and practical side, by the London School of Tropical Medicine, and by the Imperial Institute at South Kensington which gives special instruction and information on the products and industries of the Empire, illustrated by its own valuable collections. For Asiatic and African languages there is the Oriental Institute, which has lately established itself in the building of the London Institution in Finsbury, and there is the school of modern Oriental

languages at University College and King's College. Then, of course, there is that vigorous nursery of political and administrative culture, the London School of Economics, which has many courses and classes that touch upon Imperial learning in one or other of its aspects, industrial, constitutional, legal or historical. The Royal Colonial Institute, not content with being a club and gathering-place for overseas residents and visitors, has developed considerable activity in other directions. It gets eminent authorities to read Papers at its meetings on Colonial politics and industries; and it is raising a fund for giving lectures and thereby "spreading throughout the United Kingdom detailed knowledge as to the present resources and future development and consolidation of the Empire."

All this is to the good. And London possesses other advantages for the higher kind of study and research which are unrivalled; for within its borders are the great storehouses wherein the printed and manuscript materials repose, for the most part undisturbed. How rich these treasures are is shown by the results which have rewarded such limited exploration as has already been undertaken. The Colonial Series in the Calendar of State Papers, the Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial Series, and the Minutes and Letter-Books of the East India Company have been admirably edited, and are very creditable examples of English historical scholarship. But the Record Office, the Admiralty Library, the Colonial Office Library, the British Museum, the Guildhall, the Library of the Colonial Institute, and other public and official collections contain a mass of manuscript and printed matter which requires to be examined by trained eyes, catalogued, analysed, and properly edited, before the history of the British Empire, based on original documents, can be written.

It has not been written yet. Our Imperial literature is still scanty, superficial, and inadequate. Other nations, whose interest in the subject is incomparably less than our own, have written upon it more amply and more authoritatively. We have few books in English that treat of colonisation and colonial questions, of Imperial administration, and policy, and history in sufficient detail. A few years ago it might almost have been said that we had none at all; we had popular works of travel, impressions of society and politics, some biographical and historical essays, and that was nearly all, beyond a few text-books. Of late years something has been done to make good the deficiency. We have books like Mr. J. A. Doyle's *The English in America*, Professor Egerton's *History of British Colonial Policy*, Mr. Wyatt Tilby's excellent series on *The English People Overseas*, various special studies published by the London School of Economics and the

University of Manchester, such as Mr. Hertz's *Old Colonial System*, and Miss Marion Phillips's account of the "colonial autocracy" of Governor Macquarie. Within the past few months Dr. A. B. Keith, of the Colonial Office, has published a book on *Responsible Government in the Dominions*, which is obviously destined to take rank as the classic authority on the subject, and is indeed a very notable addition to our library of juristic and constitutional learning. All this shows that there is a growing interest in the lore of the Empire, that men of high ability and scholarly acquirements are devoting themselves to it, and that with systematic direction and suitable encouragement it will soon cease to be necessary to turn to French or Belgian or German works if we wish to master the details of extra-European administration, history, and economics. The Institut Colonial International has published a long series of volumes which deal with these topics : three volumes on *Les Lois Organiques des Colonies*, six volumes on *Le Régime Foncier aux Colonies*, three volumes on Labour in India and the Colonies, and so forth. If you want to know anything about the Colonies and Dependencies of other European States you must go to the publications of the French École Coloniale, or to the substantial volumes on *Kolonialpolitik* issued under the editorship of Dr. Alfred Zimmermann in Berlin. Something also you may find in America ; but in England little or nothing.

Perhaps we have been too busy making Empire to write about it. If the publicist, the politician, the historical student is ill-served, so also is the general reader. The British Empire may or may not have found its *vates sacer* ; its chronicler, worthy of the theme, has yet to come. It is strange (if I may repeat here what I have previously written) that no one of the greater masters of modern historical writing in England should have turned his attention to the story of the British realm in its extension beyond the seas of Europe. What might the subject have become in the hands of a Froude, a Freeman, a Stubbs, a Samuel Rawson Gardiner, a John Richard Green ! Seeley, who seemed marked out for the task, contented himself with a single suggestive, if somewhat superficial, essay. Macaulay has given us a vivid indication of what he could have done with the theme if he had not limited his share in it to two dazzling biographical sketches. We have had no modern history of the English in India written on a large scale and with the dignity and literary power the subject demands. We have not even an adequate life of the great man who was the founder of our Empire in the East ; for the English language is still without a really sufficient historical biography of Robert Clive. If he had been a Frenchman or a

German how many notable books would have illustrated every phase of his activity by this time! Or to turn to another portion of the field, we are still waiting for a comprehensive and precise account of the struggle between the British and the Dutch for commercial supremacy in the East and West. We have no study in minute detail of the mercantile system and the effects and application of the Navigation Acts. If there are some good histories of particular colonies we owe them not to English, but to Colonial writers, such as Kingsford for Canada and Theale for South Africa. And for the story of the struggle for the New World between France and Britain we go to no British historian, but to the prose epic of Francis Parkman, an American citizen and the graduate of an American University.

We shall have the books when we have a sufficient number of men who are given adequate inducements to direct their main energies to the serious and systematic pursuit of Imperial learning; and we shall not get men of the right sort and with the right training unless a place can be found for them under some academic scheme. Research, production, education, are interdependent; if you get teachers and students of "Empire" subjects you will also get writers and readers of Empire books. What then should be done? It seems to me evident that we should have in London some seminary, or school, or academic department, for the accumulation of knowledge and the imparting of instruction upon the history, geography, economics, jurisprudence, institutions, anthropology, and sociology of the British Empire and its constituent parts; in comparison and relation to the institutions and social conditions that exist or have existed in other Empires and aggregations of races and peoples. This establishment should have at once an educational, a practical, a *wissenschaftliche* function; it should teach, it should help to train administrators, it should promote research. The London B.A. preparing for his final examination in history, the young civilian going out to West Africa or at home on leave, the graduate anxious to do original work, should be alike the objects of its care.

There are two ways in which the school might be organised, one of which, it may be noticed, has been adopted in France and the other in Germany. In Paris the *École Coloniale* is a separate institution under the direction of an Administrative Committee, of which the Under-Secretary for the Colonies is *ex officio* president, and in receipt of a subvention from the State. It is intended primarily to prepare young Frenchmen or natives of the French dependencies for administrative or industrial careers in the Colonies. It has a large staff of professors, which includes some of the most distinguished historians, economists, and

publicists in France, and their lectures extend over a very wide range. The full course of instruction covers two years, and the school grants a diploma, which the official of the Colonial Department is expected to obtain before he takes up his appointment. The Hamburg *Kolonialinstitut*, which owes its origin mainly to the energy of that able Colonial Minister, Herr Dernburg, is laid out on a more ambitious scale than the *École Coloniale*, and is altogether a very fine illustration of the liberality and spirit which the Germans apply to the higher education. Like the *École Coloniale* it is intended primarily to train officials, traders, and settlers for the Colonies, more particularly, of course, the German Colonies; and secondly, to serve as a college of Colonial learning of all kinds, from constitutional law to tropical cookery, from mineralogy to midwifery. It teaches the principal African and Asiatic languages, and has lectures on agriculture, anthropology, colonial economics, the history of the settlements and conquests of all the European nations, and a formidable list of other subjects; and it "runs" an *Historisches Seminar*, a *Seminar für öffentliches Recht und Kolonialrecht*, and other engines of austere research. The *Institut* is a State foundation, maintained by the Government of the Free City of Hamburg, and supervised by a committee of the Senate. But it is in close touch with the very elaborate and well-found University extension system of lectures and classes, which has been established in the great town-community, and it draws freely upon the large staff of professors and teachers organised for this purpose. It is housed in a noble building, provided by private munificence, and is altogether a highly impressive and dignified educational concern eminently calculated to foster the Imperial spirit of the citizen of Hamburg, and apt to make the Londoner, who surveys it with admiration, ask himself why there is no similar establishment in the capital of a greater colonial Empire than Germany has ever been or is likely to be.

In London we should probably do better to lean towards the German rather than the French method. Instead of setting up an entirely separate *École Coloniale*, we could do enough to give dignity, attractiveness, and system to Empire learning by means of a separate Department of Imperial Studies in the local University. It should come under the general government of the Senate, and its particular interests would be recognised in the examinations for degrees and honours, and by the grant of a special diploma or degree in the history, laws, institutions, and economics of the British Empire. It should, however, have its own Board of Studies and Council of Management (which might include representatives of the Colonial and India Offices, and of

the Dominions, Dependencies, and Crown Colonies), with perhaps its own president appointed by the University Senate or the Crown. The Council would keep in touch with the Boards of Studies of the University, would do its best to provide that its special subjects received due attention from the Faculties of Arts, Science, and Economics, and would also use its opportunities to co-operate with the Government in the training of Indian and Colonial officials, and with the school of Tropical Medicine, the Imperial Institute, the Royal Colonial Institute, and other agencies engaged in educational efforts of an "Imperial" tendency. Generally, it would seek to give unity of idea and concentration, as well as definiteness of purpose and trained direction, to the entire work.

For the Department to become what is technically known as a "School of the University" it would require a building, a local habitation, of its own. Perhaps some public-spirited Londoner, emulating the patriotic example of Hamburg, will find the means to provide it with one. Otherwise the Imperial seminary might be permanently housed in some existing edifice which could furnish the necessary accommodation for its teachers and students, or which might be enlarged for that purpose by the expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money. Two establishments which might be able, and perhaps willing, to offer their hospitality would be the Imperial Institute and the London School of Economics and Political Science. I do not know how soon the London University is likely to vacate the apartments it now occupies at South Kensington, or whether, when it does so, the authorities of the Imperial Institute will have other uses for its space. But there is certainly much to attract in the idea of carrying on the study of Empire, in its historical and philosophical aspects, under the roof of the noble building which is associated with the great Imperial revival of Queen Victoria's jubilee, and was erected mainly by contributions from the rulers and peoples of the Outer Realm.

There is also a great deal to be said for selecting the London School of Economics, if that flourishing academy of political science could find lecture rooms for some more teachers and learners within its busy precincts. It is already doing good work in the desired direction, and its large and versatile staff would be able to supplement the courses of the regular professors of the Imperial Department. No doubt many of the students of the school would like to attend the lectures of the special "Imperial" professors, and many of the "Imperial" pupils would also be learners at the School of Economics. An arrangement for mutual benefits could be arrived at without difficulty. In any case, I do

not think the question of finding a fitting corporeal centre and habitation for the Imperial Department would present any insuperable difficulty. It might be impossible, and it certainly would not be necessary in the first instance, to expend any large sum in the purchase of a costly site and the erection of an imposing architectural monument.

If funds can be obtained they should at the outset be applied in another way. The first requisite is to provide a sufficient staff of competent teachers. There would be needed a Professor of the History of the British Empire; a Professor of the Laws and Constitutions of the Empire; a Professor of its Economics, Industries, and Communications, and Fiscal Systems; and a Professor of Imperial Ethnology and Anthropology. There should also be Readers, or Lecturers, for the special exposition of the history, institutions, and economics of the greater Dominions and Dependencies which make up the world-realm—Canada, Australia, South Africa, and India, and in time perhaps others also. The function of these Readers would be one of great value and interest. They would be usually drawn, I take it, from the Colonial Universities, and might perhaps be appointed on the recommendation of the senates or professorates of those bodies. The Readers and Professors for the Dominions would be the accredited representatives of the educational interests of their countries at the Empire capital. They would form a kind of academic embassy, a link between the higher culture of the various British communities. And as such their value could hardly be overrated. We are often told that the real bond of Empire is sentimental. It would perhaps be nearer the truth to say that it is intellectual and moral; and it is on the intellectual and moral side that these educational agents-general would do much to solidify the consciousness of Imperial union. It would be worth the while of every Dominion and Dependency to contribute its few hundred pounds annually to secure its special representation on the staff of the University which, if it is properly directed and moulded during the next few years, may well become the premier seminary of the English-speaking world. And I cannot conceive a worthier object for the munificence of any public-spirited subject of the King-Emperor, in the Old countries or the New, than the endowment of professorships and lecture-ships in its Department of Imperial Studies. There is the opportunity to achieve for London the patriotic service which Mr. Beit performed for Oxford; but in London the work can be done on a much larger scale and with far more fruitful results.

SIDNEY LOW.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

NOT so very long ago international politics were "foreign affairs" to most Englishmen. Lord Beaconsfield said jestingly but truly: "The very phrase 'Foreign Affairs' makes an Englishman convinced that they are subjects with which he has no concern." As regards Continental politics Great Britain followed up to the beginning of this century a policy of almost complete detachment and abstention. She was in intimate relations with no Continental Power. She was out of touch with Continental affairs and Continental statesmen. She was isolated in Europe. She dreaded "foreign entanglements," distrusted the Continental Powers, and was distrusted by them. Foreign diplomats thought that London lay outside the main currents of international policy. Bismarck declared repeatedly that England was no longer an active factor in the affairs of Continental Europe, and that she need not be reckoned with. "England ist eine ganz gleichgültige Grossmacht." Great Britain was of secondary importance on the chessboard of European diplomacy. The London embassies were sinecures where secondary diplomats grew grey in attending to routine work.

Since 1901, the year in which King Edward came to the throne, Great Britain's political influence in the councils of Europe has mightily increased. The change was largely due to King Edward's activity. This country has again become a commanding European factor. London occupies now a position in the world similar with that which Berlin occupied at the time when Bismarck was at the zenith of his power, and which Paris held before 1870. It is no exaggeration to say that London has become as much the political centre of Europe and the diplomatic capital of the world as it was at the time of Chatham and Pitt. The Crimean War was closed by the Conference of Paris, the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 was ended by the Congress of Berlin, and it is only in accordance with the fitness of things that the settlement of the Balkan War should take place in London.

London has become the diplomatic capital of the world, partly because of the skill of British diplomacy, but chiefly because circumstances have made this country the holder of the balance of power and the arbiter of Europe. Rather owing to fortuitous circumstances than to our own merit we have obtained a position of very great power and influence, a position which not only

guarantees our security in peace, but which, at the same time, has placed the peace of Europe in our keeping. That great position involves great obligations. We shall speedily lose our pre-eminence, our peace, and our security unless we live up to our position and show ourselves worthy trustees of the peace of Europe. The London Conference will be of great importance to Great Britain's political position and prestige. It will make heavy claims upon British statesmanship.

In many foreign papers which are inspired by their Governments it has been stated that London was selected as the meeting place of the Peace Conference, because the British Government, Press, and public were most impartial and sympathetic, and were most likely to act disinterestedly in the settlement of the war. These pleasing flatteries have found a ready echo in certain British organs which have proclaimed that Great Britain's only interest in the Conference was that it should lead to a rapid conclusion of peace, that we should unselfishly assist our diplomatic guests in their deliberations, and that we had no ground for interfering in the Balkan settlement. Let us not delude ourselves nor allow ourselves to be deluded by others. London is a very inconvenient meeting place for the Balkan diplomats. The foreign diplomats desire to settle their differences in London for the same reason for which they wished to settle them in Berlin in 1878, and in Paris in 1856. They have taken the long and uncomfortable journey to London not because they are particularly fond of England and the English, but because they desire to obtain the support of that State which happens to control the balance of power in Europe. They have come to London in the desire of obtaining our help. Shall we be able to refuse our help on the plea of neutrality, disinterestedness, and non-interference?

The policy of non-interference, the policy of perfect disinterestedness, is excellent in the abstract. It is a practicable policy in matters which are of no concern to ourselves. But non-interference is an impossible policy for Great Britain when vital British interests are at stake. Such interests are undoubtedly involved in the Balkan settlement. Besides, non-interference should be synonymous with impartiality, but not with indifference to wrong. We have a world-wide reputation for justice and fair dealing to lose. Foreign Powers, which, speculating upon British love of peace and British non-interference, hope to be able to coerce and outrage in London weaker nations with impunity or to let loose hell in the Balkan Peninsula for their own benefit and convenience, will probably be disappointed.

Whilst Great Britain's interest in the distribution of power

in the Balkan Peninsula are comparatively slight, her interests in the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe are very great indeed. The equilibrium of Europe will be gravely affected by the Balkan settlement, and it may be still more seriously affected by the after consequences of that settlement. Durazzo, Valona, Albania, Salonika, and Constantinople are merely pawns in a greater game.

The security of Great Britain and the peace of Europe depend upon the balance of power on the Continent. More than 150 years ago Frederick the Great, that prince of diplomats, wrote in his *Anti-Machiavel* :—

“The tranquillity of Europe rests principally upon the wise maintenance of the Balance of Power by which the superior strength of one State is made harmless by the countervailing weight of several States united among themselves. In case this equilibrium should disappear, it is to be feared that a universal revolution will be the result and that an enormous new monarchy will be established upon the ruins of those States which were too weak for individual resistance and which lacked the necessary spirit to unite in time. If Egypt, Syria and Macedonia had combined against the Roman Power, they would not have been overthrown. A wisely framed alliance and an energetic war would have preserved the ancient world from the chains of a universal despotism.”

The greatest wars which Europe has seen were brought about by the attempts of ambitious rulers or nations to destroy the Balance of Power by establishing their predominance in Europe. The attempts of Charles V., Philip II., Louis XIV., and Napoleon I. to obtain the mastery of Europe devastated the Continent and forced Great Britain to interfere. The nations of Europe are so much divided by apparently irreconcilable differences of race, language, religion, civilisation and tradition that they will not willingly submit to one master. Hence the weaker nations have always combined against those who tried to make themselves supreme on the Continent.

To Great Britain also the maintenance of the Balance of Power in Europe is of vital importance. Great Britain is a relatively small State. She has no large army. She is separated from the Continent merely by a narrow strip of water. Her security depends upon her fleet. Now a small and peaceful State cannot maintain for very long its maritime supremacy against a very large, wealthy, and warlike one. The longest purse can buy the strongest fleet. Great Britain, with 45,000,000 inhabitants, finds it difficult enough to maintain her naval supremacy against Germany with 67,000,000 inhabitants. She might find it impossible to maintain her naval position against a wealthy State dominating the Continent of Europe. The law

of self-preservation forces Great Britain to defend the Balance of Power on the Continent.

History teaches us that a State which has overthrown the Balance of Power in Europe will earlier or later attack Great Britain. The instinct of self-preservation compels a State which is supreme on the Continent to destroy the independence of this country which, owing to its geographical position, threatens its flank, and which is inhabited by people who love liberty, and who have always hospitably received the oppressed people of the Continent and encouraged their resistance to tyranny. All the greatest wars of Great Britain were fought for the preservation of the Balance of Power on the Continent. When Rome destroyed the Balance of Power, Great Britain lost her liberty.

Great Britain's foreign policy is shaped not by choice, but by necessity. It is based upon self-interest, not upon sentiment. During three centuries the maintenance of the Balance of Power in Europe has been the guiding principle of British statesmanship. In defence of the European equilibrium Great Britain has fought all the greatest nations of Europe. Thus it has become Great Britain's traditional policy to defend the European equilibrium by supporting the weaker States against those which threaten to overwhelm them. Time has not altered this policy. Necessity compels Great Britain to champion the weaker side.

The peace of Europe and the security of Great Britain depend upon the preservation of the Balance of Power in Europe. There has been no great European war since the Franco-German War of 1870-71, because the formation of the Dual Alliance and of the Triple Alliance established a perfect equilibrium. As the two groups were approximately equally strong on sea and land, the risk of war was too great to be borne. Peace was assured. Russia's defeat by Japan destroyed the Balance of Power. The Triple Alliance became all-powerful on the Continent. Immediately after Russia's crowning defeat, and in consequence of that defeat, Germany raised the Moroccan question, and a great Continental war, which might have been disastrous to France and Russia, would probably have broken out had not Great Britain re-established the equilibrium between the two groups by supporting France at the critical moment.

The pre-eminent position which Great Britain occupies in the political world at the present moment lies in this, that since Russia has overcome the consequences of the Japanese War a balance has again been established between the Triple Alliance on the one hand and France and Russia on the other. Great Britain, though bound to France and Russia in an *entente*, is not allied to these countries. Standing, so to say, between the two

groups, though inclining to one of them, she is able to make either group prevail by throwing her influence into the balance. Thus it has come about that Great Britain has become the holder of the European Balance, and the controller of the peace of Europe.

The recent events in the Balkan Peninsula have gravely affected the Balance of Power in Europe. They are bound to affect the European equilibrium still further in the future. Such changes are always dangerous to peace. Turkey's defeat by the Allies has been a great disappointment to Germany and to Austria-Hungary, for the two Germanic Powers counted upon Turkey's support in case of a war with Russia, and especially in case of a war with Great Britain. One of the most eminent German publicists, Dr. Paul Rohrbach, wrote in his book, *Die Bagdadbahn*, which was published only in 1911 :—

“One factor, and one alone, will determine the possibility of a successful issue for Germany in case of an Anglo-German conflict. A direct attack upon England across the North Sea is out of the question. England can be attacked and mortally wounded by land from Europe only in one place, in Egypt. The loss of Egypt would mean to England not only the end of her control over the Suez Canal and the destruction of her connection with India and the Far East, but would probably entail the loss of her possessions in Central and East Africa as well. The conquest of Egypt by a Mohammedan Power like Turkey would also jeopardise England's rule over 60,000,000 Mohammedan subjects in India and prejudice her relations with Afghanistan and Persia.

“The Turkish army must be increased and improved, and she must be financially and economically rehabilitated. The stronger Turkey grows, the more dangerous she will be for England. Egypt is a prize which would make it well worth Turkey's while to support Germany against England. The policy of protecting Turkey, which is now pursued by Germany, has no other object in view except the desire to effect an insurance against the danger of a war with England.”

The issue of the Balkan War was not foreseen by the two Germanic Powers. They had established a scarcely veiled protectorate over Turkey. On November 8th, 1899, the Emperor William proclaimed himself at Damascus the protector of Mohammedanism, although he has no Mohammedan subjects. At a banquet he said : “May the Sultan and may the 300,000,000 Mohammedans who dwell throughout the world, and who venerate in him their Caliph, be assured that the German Emperor will be their friend at all times.” Germany and Austria were generally credited with a desire to establish a colossal empire stretching from Hamburg and Holstein via Constantinople and Bagdad to the Euphrates and the frontiers of Persia. A few years ago Sir Harry Johnston wrote : “Some of my readers may live long enough to see William II., or Frederick IV., crowned in Santa Sofia Emperor of the Near East.” The victory of the Balkan

Allies has simultaneously shattered the hope of Turkey's support in a war with Russia or Great Britain, and the dream of a great Germanic Empire stretching from Emden almost to the frontiers of India. The two Germanic Powers had hoped for a Turkish victory. The semi-official Press of Germany and Austria-Hungary had predicted the defeat of the Balkan Allies. The victory of the Balkan States has not only destroyed a valuable client and a potential ally of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and shattered a great Imperial dream, but it has raised to these Powers at the same time a potential, and a very dangerous, enemy. The Balkan War has resulted in a great defeat, not only of Turkey, but also of Germany and of Austria-Hungary. Herein lies the seriousness of the situation.

Austria-Hungary has mobilised her army and navy. Apparently she desires to pick a quarrel with Serbia. What is her object? Is she prepared to fight Russia, which also is mobilising? Is she backed by Germany? Let us try to answer these questions.

Austria-Hungary is a State which is based not on nationality, not on consent, but on force. It is a loose conglomerate of nations and races which hate each other and their masters, and their masters rule them by setting the various nationalities and races against each other. In composition the Dual Monarchy resembles Turkey. More than one half of the inhabitants of Austria-Hungary are Slavs, and the majority of these are kept down by the ruling races, the Austrian Germans and the Hungarian Magyars, who, by the bye, hate each other with a fierce hatred. The Austrian Empire lacks homogeneity, cohesion, and unity. It is a purely artificial creation. It is an anachronism in the modern world, and it may some day, and perhaps earlier than most people imagine, go into liquidation like Turkey.

The victories of the Slavonic Balkan States have brought about a great awakening throughout the Slavonic world. The oppressed and patient Slavs in Austria-Hungary have suddenly become restive, and they may soon become dangerous to their masters. This is all the more perilous to Austria-Hungary, as the Dual Monarchy is defended chiefly by Slav bayonets, for 53 per cent. of the soldiers of the country are Slavs. Austria-Hungary is permeated and encompassed by Slavs, and soon she may be dominated by them. As she may some day have to fight the Russian Slavs on her eastern frontier, she very naturally does not wish to see a mighty Slav confederation arise on her open southern border, and she fears Serbia particularly because no fewer than 5,500,000 Servians are living in Austria-Hungary, and these desire to be united with Serbia, from which they are separated merely by the border line.

The Balkan victories have been a tremendous defeat of Germany and of Austria-Hungary. Austria-Hungary sees her very existence threatened. She sees the country threatened with destruction by the sudden rise of Slavdom. The victories of the Balkan States threaten to bring about a Slavonic flood which may eventually engulf the Dual Monarchy. Germany is vitally interested in the maintenance of a strong Austria-Hungary. The alliance between the two Germanic countries is based upon necessity. An isolated Germany cannot hope to meet successfully a combined attack by France and Russia. Thus the stability of Austria-Hungary is a matter of supreme importance to Germany. It is of supreme importance to Germany that Austria-Hungary should not be swept away by the rise of the Slavonic Powers.

In view of the great danger which threatens Austria-Hungary from the growing power of the Slavs within and without the Dual Monarchy, it is only natural that Austria-Hungary should endeavour to hinder the formation of a powerful Slavonic Balkan federation, which inevitably would support Russia in a war with Austria-Hungary, and the logic of events will compel Germany to support Austria-Hungary's anti-Slav policy. In order to weaken the Slavonic elements, Austria-Hungary is obviously endeavouring to deprive the Balkan States, and especially her immediate neighbour, Servia, of the fruits of victory, and to sow dissensions amongst them. With this object in view she has proclaimed that Servia has insulted Austria-Hungary and threatened her vital interests; that she cannot tolerate Servia's expansion; that she will rather fight than allow Servia to keep those parts of Albania which she has conquered; that Servia must not have a harbour on the Adriatic. Austria-Hungary will undoubtedly do all in her power to make the London Conference end not in peace but in war between the Allies. Herein lies clearly Austria-Hungary's interest.

An internecine war in the Balkan Peninsula would be favourable to Austria-Hungary and to Germany. Peace in the Balkan Peninsula would be favourable to the Slavs. However, war between Austria-Hungary and Servia, or between Austria-Hungary and the Balkan Allies, would be favourable not only to the Germanic Powers, but also to Turkey, which might hope to retrieve her position in such a war or in a general European conflagration. In the desperate plight in which Turkey is at the present moment she will be tempted to make use of desperate means. It seems therefore highly probable that she will endeavour to bring about an Austrian attack upon Servia, or upon the Balkan Allies, by ceding to Servia that part of Albania and those harbours, the possession of which Servia has demanded.

Austria may find a colourable pretext for an attack upon Serbia either in Serbia's accepting those territories which Turkey may be not only willing, but extremely anxious, to cede to her, or in some other matter. An incident which makes war inevitable can easily be produced by a skilful and not over-scrupulous diplomacy. Pressure similar to that which is being exercised upon Serbia by Austria-Hungary is being exercised upon Bulgaria by Roumania. It is dangerous to play with fire. Diplomatic pressure accompanied by military demonstrations has before now led unexpectedly to war.

An Austrian attack upon Serbia, or a Roumanian attack upon Bulgaria, would almost inevitably lead to Russia's armed intervention. Russia cannot possibly allow the Balkan States to be crushed and the Balkan Peninsula to fall under Anglo-German domination. She would have to fight, and, if it came to an Austro-Russian war, France and Germany would soon join in. We must therefore reckon with the possibility of a war between Germany, Austria-Hungary, Roumania, Turkey, and possibly Italy, on the one side, and Russia, France, and the Balkan States on the other side. Such a war may appear improbable but it is by no means impossible.

Germany and Austria-Hungary are military States, the policy of which is very strongly influenced by the views of their military men. Now the Austrian, and especially the German, soldier-statesmen, have always rather followed the policy of action than that of passivity. It has been their policy to anticipate events. Frederick the Great taught "the best defence is the attack." German and Austrian statesmen may argue in the spirit of Frederick the Great and of Bismarck: "The German race wants elbow room. We shall have to fight the Slavs and their French allies earlier or later. If we wait we shall be lost. Russia is rapidly strengthening her army and rebuilding her fleet. In a few years she will be a far more dangerous antagonist than now. Moreover, in a few years the Balkan States will again have a powerful army. Now they are exhausted and lack ammunition and money. Last, but not least, Slavism is awakening, and is undermining the strength of Austria-Hungary. In a few years' time, when Slavism will have spread in Austria-Hungary, the Dual Monarchy may break up, or it may fall under Slavonic influence, or the Slavonic provinces may revolt at the critical moment, and the Slavonic soldiers may refuse to fight against their Slav brothers. Therefore let us fight now. We may never have a more favourable opportunity than the present one."

In the event of a war between Germany, Austria-Hungary, Roumania and Turkey on the one side, and Russia, France, and

the Balkan States on the other side, the opponents would be fairly evenly matched. Hence Great Britain would hold the Balance of Power. Her action may decide whether there will be peace or war. Her interference after the outbreak of war might decide its issue. The question therefore arises: Should Great Britain attempt to prevent the outbreak of war or allow events to take their course?

If Austria-Hungary and Germany believe the moment to be favourable for war, they will endeavour to secure Great Britain's support or at least her neutrality. Apparently efforts in this direction are being made. Besides the Austrian and German diplomats could easily arrange matters in such a way that Russia and France would appear to be the aggressors. A Russian attack upon Austria-Hungary or Roumania could easily be provoked by an Austrian attack upon Serbia or by a Roumanian invasion of Bulgaria. The Germanic Powers could therefore make it easy for Great Britain to observe an attitude of neutrality. What, then, should be Great Britain's attitude in such an event?

At first sight a pan-European war would appear to be extremely profitable to Great Britain. By abolishing the competition of the commercial and industrial States of the Continent, by ruining and impoverishing the Continental industries, such a war would give again to Great Britain a world-wide monopoly in the manufacturing industries, in commerce and navigation. Such a war would benefit this country commercially as much as the Napoleonic wars benefited it a century ago. A pan-European war would be profitable to the taxpayers as well. Germany would probably be much impoverished by such a war even if she should be victorious. Her naval expansion would consequently either slacken or come to a complete standstill. The temptation seems therefore great to bring about the outbreak of a world war by allowing Austria-Hungary to attack Serbia. No active encouragement would be needed. Great Britain could probably bring about such an attack by observing the most correct attitude of neutrality and non-interference during the negotiations preceding the attack. However, such a policy would disgrace Great Britain for all time. It would be a criminal and most immoral policy. We should secure to ourselves considerable commercial profits and a relief of taxation at the cost of hundreds of thousands of human lives. Besides, that policy would be foolish and shortsighted, for it would in the end be extremely harmful to ourselves.

It is true that the question of Durazzo or some other minor Balkan question, which might furnish Austria with a pretext of war, is of no interest to Great Britain. Therefore we might refuse to interfere and allow a world war to break out. But we

should think of the consequences. A serious change in the Balance of Power in Europe would be a matter of the greatest interest to this country. Hence we had better prevent a war which, though pecuniarily profitable during a short time, might destroy the Balance of Power in Europe, and compel us to enter the struggle. Commercial expansion and relief of taxation resulting from a world war might be dearly bought.

A war between the two great groups of Powers would either end in victory for one of the parties, or it would remain undecided. If it resulted in a draw, the Balance of Power would be undisturbed, and Great Britain need not interfere after the conclusion of war. However, as wars rarely end by the exhaustion of the combatants, we had better assume that either the Germanic or the Franco-Russian group would be victorious. If the Germanic group should be victorious, we should witness the cutting up of France and Russia, the German danger would become far greater than it is at present. Germany would dominate the Continent, and we could re-establish the Balance of Power only by fighting an immensely strengthened Germany and Austria-Hungary. If, on the other hand, Russia and France should be victorious, Austria-Hungary and Germany would be broken up by the victors. Between a huge France and a gigantic Russia there would be a much diminished Germany. A large Serbia, a large Bohemia, and other Slav States would occupy most of the territory which belongs at present to Austria-Hungary. France and Russia are on very friendly terms with Great Britain, not because they love this country and its inhabitants, but because they require our support against the Powers of the Triple Alliance. If Russia and France should become predominant in Europe, if they need no longer fear the Central European Powers, British support would no longer be a necessity to them. The friendship between Great Britain and France, and between Great Britain and Russia, would rapidly cool. Russia would probably begin again encroaching upon our Asiatic possessions, whilst France might desire to occupy Belgium. She would probably embark again upon an energetic colonial policy, and challenge once more the naval supremacy of this country. The German danger would be replaced by a far greater danger. For our own security we might be compelled to re-establish the Balance of Power in Europe by building up Germany and Austria-Hungary once more. A great European war, whatever be its issue, would almost inevitably involve Great Britain. A serious alteration in the European equilibrium resulting from such a war might lead not merely to one great war, but to a series of great wars in which Great Britain might have to take part.

Great Britain's task is not to fight European Powers, but to develop the country and the Empire. We should impede the Empire's development, and endanger its future, by allowing ourselves to be dragged into a war which, by absorbing our best energies and countless millions of money, would greatly retard the development of our Imperial domain, and would prevent social betterment. The present grouping of the European Powers is from the British point of view an ideal one. The perfect balancing of the two groups of States secures our peace and our predominance. Both will be at stake during the Balkan negotiations. It is true that German economic and naval competition presses heavily upon us, but that competition has its advantages. Ease makes for sloth. Competition makes for efficiency. German competition in the economic field has been an invaluable stimulus to British industry, British commerce and British science, whilst Germany's naval competition is making the consolidation of the Empire a necessity. Germany's economic and naval competition is a blessing in disguise. The German Emperor is our greatest Empire-builder. Every new German Dreadnought is another pledge of Empire. Fear makes for unity, security for dissension. Germany is inevitably and rapidly welding together the British Empire. Let us not interrupt that wonderful process which will establish our greatness and security for centuries. The task of British diplomacy is clear. If Great Britain works energetically for the preservation of European peace, if she does not merely follow a policy of passivity, if she succeeds in preventing an Austrian attack upon Serbia and the outbreak of a great European war, she will work at the same time for herself. A great European war might be disastrous not only to the Continental nations, but also to ourselves.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN MONTENEGRO.

"THE desolation is like that of a silent volcano, arid, as if the internal fires had burnt out the juices of the earth; in no other land have I seen so little soil for so much rock."

I pondered upon these words of Mr. Stillman as I rode along the stricken road from Podgorica to Kolašin, a road that winds its perilous way among the naked giants of the "Karst." It was a dead world that I passed through; seldom is one able to discover a country that conveys such an idea of absolute savagery and desolation, of dominant cruelty and oppression; it may seem strange to have to speak in these terms of a landscape, but there is no other way adequately to describe the sensations which this appalling region gives rise to. Instinctively our imagination reverts to the gloom of the middle ages, the more so since, even regarding the appearance of the people, nothing has changed. Conceive, if you can, a world without an apparent drop of water or a solitary blade of grass. Great mountains are no longer a source of relief to the weary eyes, but add, instead, by their grey and sombre coldness, an insupportable monotony. Glance where we will, everything visible is arid, parched, dried-up, or withered. To us, who live in a fertile land, a land of luxuriant foliage and verdant pastures, there is here something of unsurpassable majesty and grandeur that almost overpowers the senses.

Incredible as it may seem, human beings exist amid this awful desolation. Here and there, cunningly hidden among the grey rocks, are to be found small clusters of huts, nestling in the cold shadows of the "Karst" as though for protection. It is a hard life, an exacting, precarious life, that Montenegro has led for centuries, for only comparatively recently has she been permitted to enjoy the possession of a few fertile valleys and crop-raising plains. Thirty years ago, at any moment of the day or night, there might arrive an invading army to trample under foot the standing maize, and mercilessly hunt out the people from their limestone crags. Thus, from earliest history, the Montenegrin has been reared in an atmosphere of war, and as a child of this same "Karst." Where an alien or a foe would have starved, a Montenegrin found sustenance; the grey-hued expanse whispered the secret of hidden springs into its children's ears; for them, in some sheltered hollow, it nurtured crops, so that this small band of spartan heroes might emerge a nation, sustaining them until

the day dawned when those ravaged and wasted plains should be wrested from the conqueror's defiling grasp.

It was a glimpse of Montenegro, typical of her history for close on a thousand years, a history that reads more like a rather exaggerated romance than a bare statement of facts. At first it seems incredible that a land barely the size of Wales, of insignificant population, and almost destitute of the sinews of war, should have been able to withstand successfully the overwhelming resources of an enemy that had all but conquered Europe, and one, moreover, at the zenith of its power; and still more that it should have withstood that mighty foe for nigh upon five whole centuries.

Until the tenth century, Zeta, as the land was then called, a province of Illyria, vigorously opposed, under Queen Teuta, the Roman invasion of the second century. From thence onward Roman rule became supreme. It speaks volumes for the Illyrians of those days that, though subject to Rome, they played no mean part in the history of the great Republic, serving honourably in its army, and furnishing it with four emperors, Aurelian, Claudius II., Diocletian, and Maximian, all of Illyrian birth. When, in 476, the Western Empire at last fell, these lands were absorbed by the Eastern Empire, and for six hundred years were ruled by one powerful family after another.

Zeta is first mentioned separately as one of the States of the famous Serb Convention, and it was from this little province that Stefan Dušan, the Napoleon of the Balkans, hailed, afterwards becoming Tzar of the Serb people.

Possessed of insatiable ambition, equalled only by his love of war, Dušan aimed at welding all the Serbian States into one great Empire, having its capital at Constantinople. In the meanwhile, the province of Zeta was governed by the powerful family of Balšić, who, at the moment when the great Serb dream was shattered upon the bloody field of Kossovo, held all the land between Ragusa and the Drin, including Southern Herzegovina. From 1389 onward Zeta was left to fight its way unaided, its people holding the stricken limestone by might of arms alone. Swiftly the Moslem invasion surrounded them—surrounded but never overwhelmed. Albania and Macedonia fell, Bulgaria, Serbia, Roumania, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina vanished utterly under the heel of the Turk, and Hungary, after a terrible struggle, was finally overborne at Mohacs in 1526.

All Europe stood aghast, Suliman was hammering upon the gates of Buda and laying siege to Vienna, while upon the sea Barbarossa was carrying fire and sword into the very heart of Christendom. The Pope, dropping all personal feeling—a trifle too late—appealed to the Christian Powers of the world to unite

in one last endeavour to stay the triumphant advance of the Crescent. Far away in the very heart of the conquered lands, among the peaks and crevasses of a range of naked "Karst," arid, burnt, and awful, a little race of warriors were heroically fighting against enormous odds, starving and dying to lift high the Cross and save it from being trampled beneath the Infidels' feet.

Enraged by their continuous defiance, and in the heart of his own country, the Moslem hurled army after army against his plucky little foe. Regardless of lives, the Turkish host thrice reached and burnt Cetinje, the capital, but few returned—great waves of Moslem invasion that dashed themselves to pieces upon the jagged rocks of the Crnagora.

When Europe had at last stemmed the tide of the Turkish advance, and the black shadow could threaten no further than the Save, the outlook for Montenegro grew even more desperate, for Turkey was thus enabled to concentrate the whole of her superb resources for the complete subjugation of her valiant foe. Again and yet again the hated Moslem hurled his forces against the sons of the Crnagora; even Venice, and, later on, Austria, aided the Turk by preventing supplies from entering Montenegro; powder and bullets, two vital necessities, were refused a passage across the frontier. Often had Montenegro to seek upon the bodies of her fallen foes this sole and singular means of prolonging a struggle. Attacked upon three sides, threatened by European Powers, their tiny capital in Moslem hands, their churches and homes desecrated, driven from the few narrow plains which alone gave them sustenance, with hearts still cherishing the unquenched flame of liberty, they gathered themselves together once again and hurled back their inveterate foe, shattered and disheartened, from the rocky heights.

Consumed with wrath, yet impotent, the Moslem sought alliance with the Crnagora, offering the tempting bribes of security, additional territory, and monetary grants, if Montenegro would but acknowledge herself a province of the Ottoman Empire. From one and all their offers met with savage refusal, the answer given by Peter Petrović, ancestor of King Nikolas, and to-day Patron Saint of Montenegro, is typical of the spirit of the Crnagora: to the offer of a gift of territory and a Turkish title in exchange for nominal allegiance he replied proudly: "So long as my people defend me, I need no Turkish title; if they desert me, such title will avail me little." It was in this same Peter's time that we again find an instance of this people's greatness. I refer to their whole-hearted defiance of Napoleon himself. Bent upon founding his "Illyrian Kingdom," it was chiefly Montenegro's uncompromising hostility that wrecked his plans, and drew

from the Emperor in his rage the threat that he would turn Montenegro into a *Monterosso*—an empty boast that recoiled upon his own head. Can one wonder at the words of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone when he affirmed that such a history had no equal in the war annals of the whole world?

More difficult still is it to detail in brief the chequered history of the Vladikas (Prince-Bishops) of Montenegro. The first ruler of any note is Stefan Crnojević, the Black Prince, who, in 1440, allied himself to Skenderbeg, the titular hero of Albania, and waged successful war upon the Moslem. His son Ivan followed worthily in his father's footsteps, and it was during his reign that the growing power of the Turks forced Montenegro to relinquish her capital upon the fertile shores of Lake Skutari, and choose instead the tiny plain of Cetinje, three thousand feet above, in the heart of the "Karst." Here Ivan and his people, numbering only nine thousand fighting men, retired, and there they entered into a solemn covenant, pledging themselves to resist their mighty foe to the death. One of the proudest boasts of Montenegro is that during Ivan's reign there was erected near Rjeka a full-sized printing-press, barely twenty years after Caxton had established his own at Westminster.

After Ivan's death, the rulers were chosen by the people until the year 1697, when Danilo Petrović, Lord of Njeguši, was named as hereditary ruler of Zeta. He was followed by the Pretender Steipan Mali, after whom the family of Petrović again takes prominence in the person of the Great Peter. His son, Peter II, was succeeded by Danilo II, uncle of the present King. Feeling himself unfitted for the dual position of Prince and Bishop, Danilo wisely severed their connection, contenting himself with the temporal power alone. During his sovereignty was fought the battle of Grahovo, which witnessed the signal defeat of the Turks, and is memorable from the fact that the Montenegrins were led by Mirko (father of King Nikolas), renowned for his great personal courage under the proud title of "The Sword of Montenegro."

Prince Danilo was assassinated at Cattaro in 1861, and his nephew, Nikolas Petrović, son of heroic Mirko, and a young man of barely twenty years of age, chosen to succeed him.

Imagine the land as it was then, savage to a degree, innocent of civilisation, and with centuries of unparalleled warfare behind it. Recognised only as a leader of Christian insurgents revolting against Turkish administration, and denied the inherent right to existence by the Powers of Europe, young Nikolas found himself confronted by a problem that might well have daunted the ablest politician and most courageous soldier.

Nikolas Petrović differed essentially from his ancestors, inasmuch as, having studied history and the growth of nations, he set himself to wring from the world an acknowledgment of his country's indefeasible rights.

In 1876 the Christians of the Herzegovina revolted from the rule of their Moslem tyrants, Prince Nikolas and his people being again drawn into the vortex of war. The fights that ensued were of astounding ferocity, the culminating point being reached with the capture of the strongly-fortified Castle of Nikšić. By the Treaty of Berlin the Powers were compelled to admit the might of Montenegro, and as they handed Bosnia and the Herzegovina over to Austrian administration, they, *for the first time in history*, bestowed upon Montenegro well-defined frontiers, together with the two seaports of Antivari and Dolcino; but, most important of all, recognised her as *an independent State*.

After all these centuries of oppression and war, Montenegro at last reaped the reward of her unparalleled bravery. King Nikolas was enabled to turn his attention from war to peace, sure at last of the safety of his realm; and by his far-seeing policy and financial genius year by year strengthen his country's position and enhance the security of the land he loves and serves so well. Although married to a lady of simple Montenegrin birth, the King has seen his children contract alliances with many of the first houses of Europe. Two of his daughters are married to Russian Grand Dukes, while his second daughter is Queen of Italy, the youngest having espoused a Battenberg. The King has three sons, who are named after his illustrious ancestors, Danilo, Mirko, and Peter. Danilo, the Crown Prince, is deservedly popular, as are both his brothers. Prince Peter, in his twenty-third year, was given the honour of firing the first shot in the present campaign.

In 1908 Austria announced the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, thus flaunting the Berlin Treaty in the faces of the Powers. It was due entirely to the constant care and unique personality of King Nikolas that the hot-headed Montenegrins were prevented crossing the Herzegovinian frontier to stir up their co-religionists under Austrian administration. It is but one of numerous instances of King Nikolas's strivings after peace, one sentence of his remains vividly impressed upon my mind: "We little nations can only beseech Almighty God to grant us peace," were his fervently uttered words.

September, 1910, saw the golden jubilee of King Nikolas, and to commemorate the occasion Montenegro was raised from a principality to a kingdom, and her ruler took the title of King

amid loud acclamation and touching demonstrations of the unswerving loyalty of his devoted subjects.

The stranger entering Cetinje for the first time can scarcely believe himself to be in the capital of Montenegro. He looks in vain for the imposing buildings that embellish Sofia and Belgrade, the electric trams, the trains, theatres, and all the other accompaniments of our modern civilisation. Instead, he finds himself in a big village, with low, two-storeyed buildings and wide, open streets, not unlike a South African township. Utter simplicity is the keynote of everything in Montenegro. King Nikola's abode retains its title of palace by courtesy alone, and is merely a long, two-storeyed house, with a sentry-box in front. It is the largest building in Cetinje save that of the Russian Legation, which, for pressing diplomatic reasons, has been constructed upon as elaborate and magnificent a plan as possible. Russian influence is supreme in Montenegro; indeed, one must not hint at anything derogatory to the Muscovite while a guest of the Crnagora. Russia has presented the little kingdom with rifles and guns, with ikons for her churches, and, it is whispered, with a yearly subsidy for the upkeep of her army. Yet, withal, the "Little Father" must exercise care lest he offend the inborn and passionate love of freedom of these highland warriors, who, although acknowledging the gifts with unswerving loyalty, will not relinquish one iota of their independence.

What appeals most to the stranger is the colour of the streets. He finds himself transported from the dreary black and white of the present day into the midst of a dazzling pageant. His first impression is that there must be some great *fête* on; yet, after he has lived a week or more in the land, he begins to realise that the gay throng is but a phase of the every-day life of the people.

The universal costume consists, first, of a long shaped coat hung from the shoulders; it has a wide skirt reaching to the knees, which, as the wearer walks, gives him somewhat the swing that the Highlander gains from his kilt; a waistcoat of red, heavily embroidered with gold and black braid, according to the worldly possessions of the owner; a brilliant sash wound round the waist; then a pair of extremely baggy trousers, a beautiful shade of dark blue: these end at the knees in the top of a pair of heavy white felt leggings, fastening at the back. The better class have adopted Russian top-boots of the softest leather, reaching to the knees. One and all wear a little round hat on the head. The crown is bright red, an emblem of the blood shed on the grey rocks; the outside band is of black silk, black in memory of fatal Kossovo and the Serbian Dream. Five gold bands are embroidered on the red crown to celebrate five centuries

of freedom ; in the centre of the smallest circle are the King's initials, "NI," "NIKOAA I" the Greek letters for "Nikola I.," and finally, the carrying of a loaded revolver conspicuously in the sash, the strictest enforced custom of all. Among the better classes the long coat is of sky-blue, green, or dark blue, so that when hundreds of so-dressed figures gather together they present a scene of the utmost brilliance. The army, on the other hand, have dispensed with the long coat, and in its place wear a short, red-sleeved jacket to the sash, giving them a very smart appearance. Among the most favoured troops King Nikolas is introducing the international khaki cloth, which, while vital to modern war conditions, looks horribly drab and commonplace beside the native dress of the people.

There is very little difference in uniform for the various officers and services, the gilt metal badge sewn upon the black silk front of the round caps, and worn over the forehead, denoting the wearer's rank. The only difference visible is in the quality of the material used. For example, King Nikolas wears a fine gold waistcoat over the long swinging coat. To obtain a complete gala costume costs over forty pounds, and this love of finery, together with that of gambling, are the principal evils of the Montenegrin character. The stature of the men is very imposing ; it is no uncommon thing to see a warrior of six feet six inches, or thereabout, and so uniform is this great height, that it is not until the stranger mixes personally among them that he realises this extraordinary feature. The women, upon the other hand, present a very different picture. They do not take their place as the equal and helpmate of man ; they are treated as his mental and physical inferiors. Looked upon more as servants than wives, they are condemned to all manner of manual labour. Born only to be the mothers of the Montenegrins, their lives are hard indeed. In stature they are much inferior to the men, and few can write their own names, let alone read. Their dress is exceedingly picturesque : a long, graceful, sleeveless coat hanging from the shoulders, shaped at the waist and of the most delicate shades, while the gold embroidery upon it is of exquisite design and finish. A round cap, smaller than a man's and quite plain, covers the head, and the married women wear a black mantilla draped from the hair and hanging down to the shoulders.

Picture Montenegro as she was thirty years ago, and regard her attentively to-day. You will marvel at the change, and will ask yourself what has brought about the miracle. The answer you will hear from every lip, it is enshrined in every loyal heart and emblazoned upon every new stone—"Nikolas." To realise what this means it is necessary that you learn something of the

man, for if ever there were a man, it is the King. His valour upon the field of battle is proved by a hundred notable deeds, sung to-day to the tuneless strumming of the melancholy "Gushla." He is still a crack shot with gun and pistol, and has been described as "one of the handsomest men in Europe." He inherits his family's talent for verse, and is universally acknowledged to be the first living Serb poet. His dramatic poems, "Prince Albanesi" and "The Queen of the Balkans," won for him warm praise among critics, and prove him to be an embodiment of true genius and dramatic power. Possessed of keen foresight, King Nikolas is admittedly one of the ablest diplomats in Europe, and practically controls his little kingdom's whole finances, which, under his deft guidance, are year by year obtaining increased importance. He has established post-offices, banks, and hospitals commensurate with the means at his disposal. He has ever been a patron of the industries and arts. In Cetinje two newspapers owe their origin to the King, and there is a tiny theatre, where in the summer months some strolling company of actors perform. The offer of an Italian company to run a light railway from Antivari over the Sutormann Pass to Vir Pazar, thus connecting the Adriatic with the Lake of Skutari, was accepted by the King, and this railway will in due course fall into Montenegrin hands.

King Nikolas is keenly alive to the value of foreign enterprise so long as it is beneficial to his people. He welcomes political refugees from any country, and many Turks and Albanians become loyal subjects, serving him honourably. In order that his subjects might more thoroughly acquaint themselves with sanitation and military science, King Nikolas has introduced foreign doctors and army instructors, while he has dispatched Young Montenegro to seek a riper knowledge in other lands, so that year by year the country is becoming more self-supporting. Up till some years ago King Nikolas personally administered justice beneath a large tree in front of his palace; of late the press of cases has grown far beyond his powers. The Montenegrin Courts of Justice are simple assemblies, but so universal is their reputation for integrity that it is no uncommon thing for Moslem disputants from over the frontier to lay their cases before a Montenegrin judge in preference to one of their own faith. To-day the King can be seen most mornings seated upon the steps of his palace and holding an informal Court. The humblest peasant may speak with his sovereign, sure in the knowledge that strict justice will be meted out and that needless interference will be summarily punished.

Though fierce and brutal to his enemies, the Montenegrin has

always respected women and children in war, treating them as he would his own. To our eyes the position of the women in Montenegro is barbarous in the extreme; they may only salute their lord's hand, they are not permitted to sit down at table with their male folk, but must stand, and they are also forbidden the cafés, that their husbands frequent so much.

Each year King Nikolas does much for the betterment of his female subjects' status, and though to an outsider their treatment seems still atrocious, nevertheless they are accorded many special privileges. Under the code of laws issued by Prince Danilo in 1855 they rank as equals of men. To-day a woman's person is sacred; she can be compelled to slave until she drops from sheer exhaustion, but no weapon may be so much as lifted against her. And, too, in the case of the vendetta, most drastic of all the unwritten codes of honour, a man is safe so long as his wife remains by his side. Then, again, unfaithfulness is practically unknown throughout the land; indeed, that vice evokes such universal horror that the guilty parties are banished for ever by their relatives and friends. The home-life of the people, though crude, is nevertheless chaste, and, in a rough way, not unhappy.

The vice that is tolerated in every country in the world is unknown in Montenegro: no woman exhibits her person for sale, to these clean-living mountaineers such an idea is utterly abhorrent, and this trait in their character is one of the most pronounced, and presages a rapid moral and social advancement for these more or less primitive folk. Wealth and position carry with them neither respect nor envy, personal bravery being everything in the national estimate of character.

Poverty is no disgrace, for the whole nation is poor, from the King downward. Honour is their watchword, their motto, and the primary aim of their lives. An insult can only be wiped out by death, and life is of value only so long as it is compatible with honour. A Montenegrin gambles recklessly and drinks prodigiously. Enveloped from infancy in an atmosphere of danger, he has lost all feeling of suffering and fights as does a savage, with all the latter's callousness and barbarity. Warrior-like, he despises all manner of manual labour as beneath his dignity, and relegates every form of drudgery to the woman's lot; when scarcely old enough to grip a rifle he has balanced himself against the walls of his father's cottage and shot his man with the rest, while his baby sister's tiny fingers were fumbling over the loading of a gun. Lying and thieving are almost unknown in Montenegro, and rank with cowardice, the cardinal sin. It is said, and this I firmly believe, that should you drop your purse filled with gold pieces, the first person who picks it

up will lay it conspicuously upon the roadside, so that the owner may only have to retrace his steps in order to regain his property. This is no exaggeration.

Again, so fearless are these men that they will deliberately court danger, and even death, by wandering across the Albanian frontier, steeled for every risk by sheer love of daring. They exist on an incredibly meagre quantity of food; rising in the morning they consume a piece of heavy maize bread, and practically eat nothing more until evening time, when they partake again of coarse bread, with the simple addition of milk. During the day they will make astonishingly long journeys over the stricken mountains, traversing the most hazardous paths with undiminished speed and with amazing sureness. So great is their love of the Black Mountain that upon returning from another country they kneel down directly they cross the frontier and reverently kiss the ground.

Their leaders are loved for their bravery, and their King is adored throughout the land with every sign of genuine loyalty. No matter how humble, the poorest peasant can easily obtain an audience, and after kissing his monarch's boots or hand will stand up straight as God made him, and, looking into his King's eyes, say fearlessly, "Lord, I am a man even as thou." Upon days of festivity these Homeric people feast royally, eating and drinking inordinately. They walk into each other's houses, without any attempt at privacy, and the lucky possessor whose abode boasts of a second storey is regarded in the light of a "landed proprietor."

The people of the "Karst" have developed through long practice the art of long-distance talking. At the remarkable space of five miles men can communicate with one another. A man will speak from the valley to an invisible son somewhere on the heights, and *vice versâ*. It is, in fact, a kind of wireless national telephone, a natural gift rather than an art, for no stranger can acquire it. Another Homeric trait in the Montenegrin character is their talent and love for verse, and this is prodigally devoted to extolling the notable deeds of the land's heroes, past and present. It is not a strange circumstance to light upon a number of men sitting in a circle, listening to the droning voice of some blind musician who, squatted upon the ground, strums on the melancholy "Gushla," while he recounts a soul-stirring episode of some local paladin, in all probability one of the charmed group. I have heard it affirmed that King Nikolas knows each of his subjects by name; of course this must be an exaggeration, but it only goes to show how wide is his intimacy with the people, who come to him like overgrown children, convinced that his shoulders

are broad enough to bear even their burdens and his heart ever ready to respond to their appeals.

During the last thirty years it has been no light task to educate these people to a knowledge of the realities and exigencies of our modern civilisation. King Nikolas's task has been onerous indeed, for he is more a "father" to these big children than an autocratic ruler. Quick to resent an insult, equally quick to strike, holding neither title, wealth nor position as aught in comparison with honour, it has needed all the King's soothing personality, and love, to restrain such turbulent spirits, to teach them the meaning of diplomacy, and to respect the obligations of treaties. A people who laugh at death are at all times of crisis difficult to handle; no Zulu warrior of the great Tyaka feared less the fatal stroke than these primitive mountaineers.

A Montenegrin boy will tell you in all seriousness that he is a "hero," although he has not as yet any notable deed to his credit; it is a title bequeathed by his ancestors, an inheritance which he firmly believes in his ability to live up to should occasion demand. Willingly would a man slay his only son rather than he should prove a coward; the whole nation seems endowed with a fierce desire to risk death as often as possible, a bullet settles all scores, and straight shooting is remembered in a man's favour by the relatives of the deceased at the Court of Inquiry. It is no uncommon thing for King Nikolas to stop a man in the street and examine his weapons; so long as his people carry arms these latter must be scrupulously clean and fully loaded; if the unfortunate object of royal attention has neglected his arms, his immediate future is gratuitously provided for. The common punishment is to deprive a man of his weapons, when his comrades torture him with the word "woman," which with "Catholic" is a word of deadly insult.

I cannot resist quoting from the book of Messrs. R. Wyon and G. Prance their dictum upon the frequency with which the Montenegrin uses the word "Bog" (God) when speaking. He cannot utter the most innocent sentence without its use, or reply to a simple question even. Picture an aged man with grey stubble fringing a weather-beaten and furrowed face, and with grizzled moustache. To him approaches a second stalwart lean man of about the same age and appearance.

"May God protect thee," says the new-comer.

"May God give thee good fortune," answers the other with equal solemnity, and removing their long tchibouques (Turkish pipes) they clasp hands and fervently kiss each other. Replacing their pipes, they continue the following conversation.

"How art thou?" says the new-comer, gazing with affection at his old comrade.

"Well, thank God," repeats the other.

"Thank God."

"And how art thou?"

"Well, thank God."

"Thank God."

It is now the other's turn, and he begins.

"Art thou well?"

"I am well by God, thank God."

"Thank God," says the questioner, breathing more freely, and continuing.

"How is thy wife?" "Thy children?" "Thy grandchildren?" "Thy brother?" "Thy sister?" To each of which a deep-toned "Well, thank God," is given.

Then follow questions such as "Thy sheep?" "Thy goats?" "Thy cows?" and "Thy pigs?"

Not a word is omitted, and the answer is ever "Well, thank God."

In case anything should have been omitted, a last question is put.

"And, in short, how art thou?"

"Dobro, hfala Bogu." (Well, thank God.)

"Hfala Bogu." (Thank God.)

The simplest query is answered thus.

"Hast thou any milk?" says a thirsty wayfarer, pausing at a hut.

"I have none, by God," and the stranger proceeds wearily upon his way.

Knowing well the character of the people and their past history, it is doubly interesting for one to journey through their rocky kingdom. Favoured by their gracious sovereign, who himself bore out his country's boast of lavish hospitality, I was enabled to traverse Montenegro from end to end, and gain an insight into her people's lives, such an insight as seldom falls to the lot of a stranger.

The road from Cetinje to the Lake of Skutari descends nearly three thousand feet, every step has been fiercely contested by the "Cross" and the "Crescent" for centuries, and every stone has been dyed red with blood, not once, but times innumerable. The road at first rises perhaps five hundred feet, writhing among the grey rocks like a serpent in its death throes. At last it reaches the summit, and our eyes are feasting upon a panorama unsurpassed in Europe. Fifteen hundred feet beneath us lies a rock-strewn valley whose furthest extremity ends in a limestone spur,

itself a thousand feet above Rjeka. Beyond, as far as the eye can see, vast billows of mountains, an arid wilderness of rugged peaks. Beneath us and them glitters a mirror of burnished gold, the sunlight shining upon the placid Lake of Skutari. To the left, beyond the still waters, a weird and imposing range of mountains, the giant "Upvkremnje," or "Hills of the Damned," upon whose slopes no living thing can exist, and where no stranger's foot has ever pressed. It is the portal of Albania, the last possession of Turkey in Europe.

The ride down to Rjeka is an experience not to be forgotten, the road descending in great sweeps, a feat of engineering that Montenegro may well be proud of. Rjeka lies upon the Lake of Skutari, and here King Nikolas possesses a modest house where he spends the colder months on account of his rheumatism. The village is small but interesting, the façades of the few houses are blue and pink, and their appearance is not unlike a Turkish bazaar. Tobacco, gunpowder, shot and bullets are for sale at the lowest price. The parade of the men is noteworthy, and the scene very picturesque.

Podgorica is the most important town after Cetinje. It would be the capital of the country were it not for the threatening background of Albanian Alps, and its exposed position to a sudden raid. From Rjeka to Podgorica is about forty miles, and the road climbs a rocky saddle that gives one the impression that the immense limestone crags have been welded together by some seething volcano. Again we suffer from the overwhelming hospitality of the people; from every house we pass comes out its owner with refreshments, which in time becomes embarrassing. As we approach the frontier, the people carry in addition to their revolver both knife and gun, the latter seldom leaving their hands. There is no escaping this profuse hospitality; truly may one journey far and wide before encountering so generous a race. Brave, impulsive, and lavish to the verge of recklessness, they receive the stranger without suspicion. Did we halt for a moment, or even slacken our pace, to regard some battlement or vista, the first educated warrior that approached would pause and courteously explain every detail to us.

Podgorica (meaning "at the bottom of the hill") is full of interest, from its chequered history and the *éclat* it has obtained to-day as the war-base of Montenegro. It consists of two distinct towns separated by a small river, the Ribnica. The old Turkish town began to crumble away after its fall into Christian hands, and new buildings quickly sprang up upon the further bank. To-day the old Turkish citadel stands alone, rotting in the sunshine, the streets precipitous and brutally paved, every



ruined stone breathing pathetic tales of bygone glories long since faded into "the storied past." Only when the stranger has witnessed the market at Podgorica will he have gained a true insight into the life these primitive folk lead.

I visited the frontier and saw the "Crna Zemlja," or Black Earth, a strip of country covered with long pampas grass, lying neutral between Albania and Montenegro; here come the young bloods of both lands to try their courage, deliberately courting death by stalking each other, and, upon the first opportunity, shooting to kill.

I journeyed to Nikšić, the northern capital of Montenegro, surrounded by a rich plain wrested from the Turks. The stout old wall of the famous castle still dominates the town, but in place of the miserable huts under Moslem rule there has grown up a thriving community. With that foresight that characterises every move, King Nikolas has indulged his passion for road-making, knowing how quickly civilisation follows a beaten track. Nikšić possesses a growing brewery which turns out capital beer, much appreciated by its inhabitants. Between Nikšić and Podgorica we pass through scenery as magnificent and as arid as anything in Montenegro. Look where we will, it is as though the demons of the hills are watching, calculating to crush us as we pass under their overhanging rocks, that need but the touch of a mountain-elf's hand to send them crashing down upon the frail road beneath. On our way we pass Ostrog, that old monastery, and the Lourdes of the Balkans, dear to the heart of the people from the feats of daring heroic Mirko performed there.

To Kolašin is another interesting journey from Podgorica, for one traverses for nearly forty-five miles the frontiers of Albania. Every village is a citadel, every house a fort, and, armed with gun, pistol, and "Handjar," every man a warrior from his boyhood. The ages of compulsory service in Montenegro are from sixteen to sixty, so that one often sees mere youths taking their stand by the side of white-haired veterans who repelled the last Turkish invasion.

Returning to Rjeka, I passed over the desolate road to Vir Pazar, the picturesque Montenegrin port on the Lake of Skutari; thence over the Sutormann Pass and down the giant staircase to the Adriatic. Antivari and Dolcino are Montenegro's two seaports. Dolcino is a little village three-quarters Turkish, and upon the frontier, Antivari, or, rather, Pretan—for Antivari lies rotting two miles inland—is overshadowed by Austria, and Montenegro gains but little service from her coast possessions.

Under the Berlin Treaty the little kingdom is debarred from possessing a fleet, and the gunboats of the hated Austrian patrol

the coast. Once a certain syndicate approached the King with a fabulous offer of ready money if he would grant them the right to erect a casino at Pretan, similar to the one at Monte Carlo. King Nikolas's answer was typical of the man who made it: "I am a leader of *men*! not the keeper of a gambling-hell," were his words.

A steamer leaves Vir Pazar every day for Skutari. The sail is a very beautiful one; after touching at Plavnica (the port of Podgorica), the steamer keeps to the centre of the lake, crossing the Turkish boundary.

Skutari is typical of Moslem Albania: it is without exception the most filthy, dirty, abominable, and disgusting sight in Europe; to begin with, drainage is unknown, and in consequence fevers and horrible pestilences sweep the town from time to time. The Bazaar is one of the finest I have ever seen, being a huge, complex structure of wooden huts in rows, the whole fronts open and extending until they meet, thus protecting the streets from the sun and rain. Great rough cobble-stones protrude from the roadway, and in the hollows are gathered pools of stagnant water whose stench is indescribable. The refuse of the filthy houses is thrown into the roadway to encourage the efforts at scavenging of the half-starved dogs. Putting aside the insani-tary horrors, I found Skutari one of the most interesting places I have ever seen. The intermingling of vivid costumes, and the variety of peoples form a constant attraction. Though the town is chiefly Moslem, there is a large Christian colony, and the Turkish officials are hard put to it to restrain the fanatical passions of both creeds. A few angry words, a hasty shot, and the whole town is in a turmoil. The air rings with the rallying cries of Christians and Mussulmen, a regiment of green-uniformed *nizams* appear at the double, and, stationing themselves between the contending factions, load in readiness to put down with unsparing hand the first signs of disturbance. That is how I remember Skutari!

It was with a feeling of profound regret that I left Cetinje upon the morning of my departure from Montenegro. In the short time I had spent in the hospitable little kingdom I had learnt to respect the aspirations and traditions of the people, and to feel something of their love for the Crnagora.

The drive to Cattaro is typical of the country, and doubly magnificent in the early morning when the thick mists cover the valleys and only the naked peaks are visible. Njeguši is a small village half-way, and we pass a low, two-storeyed house of white stone where the present ruler was born. Onward, and at last we burst through the wilderness of rocks, and three thousand feet directly beneath us lies Cattaro—and Austria.

THE WINDOWS.

You will remember that Socrates considers every soul of us to be at least three persons? He says, in a fine figure, that we are two horses and a charioteer. "The right-hand horse is upright and cleanly made; he has a lofty neck and an aquiline nose; his colour is white and his eyes dark; he is a lover of honour and modesty and temperance, and the follower of true glory; he needs no touch of the whip, but is guided by word and admonition only. The other is a crooked lumbering animal, put together anyhow; he has a short thick neck; he is flat-faced and of a dark colour, with grey eyes of blood-red complexion; the mate of insolence and pride, shag-eared and deaf, hardly yielding to whip and spur." I need not go on to examine with the philosopher the acts of this pair under the whip and spur of love, because I am not going to talk about love.

For my present purpose I shall suggest another dichotomy. I will liken the soul itself of man to a house, divided according to the modern fashion into three flats or apartments. Of these the second floor is occupied by the landlord, who wishes to be quiet, and is not, it seems, afraid of fire; the ground floor by a business man who would like to marry, but doubts if he can afford it, goes to the city every day, looks in at his club of an afternoon, dines out a good deal, and spends at least a month of the year at Dieppe, Harrogate, or one of the German spas. He is a pleasant-faced man, as I see him, neatly dressed, brushed, anointed, polished at the extremities—for his boots vie with his hair in this particular. If he has a fault it is that of jingling half-crowns in his trouser-pocket; but he works hard for them, pays his rent with them, and gives one occasionally to a nephew. That youth, at any rate, likes the cheerful sound. He is rather fond, too, of monopolising the front of the fire in company, and thinks more of what he is going to eat, some time before he eats it, than a man should. But really I can't accuse him of anything worse than such little weaknesses.

The first floor is occupied by a person of whom very little is known, who goes out chiefly at night and is hardly ever seen during the day. Tradesmen, and the crossing-sweeper at the corner, have caught a glimpse on rare occasions of a white face at the window, the startled face of a queer creature who blinks and wrings at his nails with his teeth; who peers at you, jerks and grins; who seems uncertain what to do;

who sometimes shoots out his hands as if he would drive them through the glass : altogether a mischancy, unaccountable apparition, probably mad. Nobody knows how long he has been here ; for the landlord found him in possession when he bought the lease, and the ground floor, who was here also, fancies that they came together, but can't be sure. There he is, anyhow, and without an open scandal one doesn't like to give him notice. A curious thing about the man is that neither landlord nor ground floor will admit acquaintance with him to each other, although, if the truth were known, each of them knows something—for each of them has been through his door ; and I will answer for one of them, at least, that he has accompanied the Undesirable upon more than one midnight excursion, and has enjoyed himself enormously. If you could get either of these two alone in a confidential mood you might learn some curious particulars of their coy neighbour ; and not the least curious would be the effect of his changing the glass of the first-floor windows.

It seems that he had that done directly he got into his rooms, saying that it was impossible to see out of such windows, and that a man must have light. Where he got his glass from, by whom it was fitted, I can't tell you, but the effect of it is most extraordinary. The only summary account I feel able to give of it at the moment is that it transforms the world upon which it opens. You look out upon a new earth, literally that. The trees are not trees at all, but slim grey persons, young men, young women, who stand there quivering with life, like a row of Caryatides—on duty, but tiptoe for a flight, as Keats says. You see life, as it were, rippling up their limbs ; for though they appear to be clothed, their clothing is of so thin a texture, and clings so closely that they might as well not be clothed at all. They are eyed, they see intensely ; they look at each other so closely that you know what they would be doing. You can see them love each other as you watch. As for the people in the street, the real men and real women, as we say, I hardly know how to tell you what they look like through the first-floor's windows. They are changed of everything but one thing. They occupy the places, fill the standing-room of our neighbours and friends ; there is a something about them all by which you recognise them—a trick of the hand, a motion of the body, a set of the head (God knows what it is, how little and how much) ; but for all that—a new creature ! A thing like nothing that lives by bread ! Now just look at that policeman at the corner, for instance ; not only is he stark naked—everybody is like that—but he's perfectly different from the sturdy, good-humoured, red-faced, puzzled man you and I know. He is thin,

woefully thin, and his ears are long and perpetually twitching. He pricks them up at the least thing; or lays them suddenly back, and we see them trembling. His eyes look all ways and sometimes nothing but the white is to be seen. He has a tail, too, long and leathery, which is always curling about to get hold of something. Now it will be the lamp-post, now the square railings, now one of those breathing trees; but mostly it is one of his own legs. Yet if you consider him carefully you will agree with me that his tail is a more expressive remnant of the man you have always seen there than any other part of him. You may say, and truly, that it is the only recognisable thing left. What do you think of his feet and hands? They startled me at first; they are so long and narrow, so bony and pointed, covered with fine short hair which shines like satin. That way he has of arching his feet and driving his toes into the pavement delights me. And see, too, that his hands are undistinguishable from feet: they are just as long and satiny. He is fond of smoothing his face with them; he brings them both up to his ears and works them forward like slow fans. Transformation indeed. I defy you to recognise him for the same man—except for a faint reminiscence about his tail.

But all's of a piece. The crossing-sweeper now has shaggy legs which end in hoofs. His way of looking at young people is very unpleasant;—and one had always thought him such a kindly old man. The butcher's boy—what a torso!—is walking with his arm round the waist of the young lady in number seven. These are lovers, you see; but it's mostly on her side. He tilts up her chin and gives her a kiss before he goes; and she stands looking after him with shining eyes, hoping that he will turn round before he gets to the corner. But he doesn't.

Wait, now, wait, wait—who is this lovely, straining, beating creature darting here and there about the square, bruising herself, poor beautiful thing, against the railings? A sylph, a caught fairy? Surely, surely, I know somebody—is it?—It can't be. That careworn lady? God in Heaven, is it she? Enough! Show me no more. I will show you no more, my dear sir, if it agitates you; but I confess that I have come to regard it as one of the most interesting spectacles in London. The mere information—to say nothing of the amusement—which I have derived from it would fill a volume; but if it did, I may add, I myself should undoubtedly fill a cell in Holloway. I will therefore spare you what I know about the Doctor's wife, and what happens to Lieutenant-Colonel Storter when I see him through these windows—I could never have believed it unless I had seen it. These things are not done, I know; but observed in this medium

they seem quite ordinary. Lastly—for I can't go through the catalogue—I will speak of the air as I see it from here. My dear sir, the air is alive, thronged with life. Spirits, forms, lovely immaterial diaphanous shapes, are weaving endless patterns over the face of the day. They shine like salmon at a weir, or they darken the sky as redwings in the autumn fields; they circle shrieking as they flash, like swallows at evening; they battle and wrangle together; or they join hands and whirl about the square in an endless chain. Of their beauty, their grace of form and movement, of the shifting filmy colour, hue blending in hue, of their swiftness, their glancing eyes, their exuberant joy or grief I cannot now speak. Beside them one man may well seem rat, and another goat. Beside them, indeed, you look for nothing else. And if I go on to hint that the owner of these windows is of them, though imprisoned in my house; that he does at times join them in their streaming flights beyond the house-tops, and does at times carry with him his half-bewildered, half-shocked and wholly delighted fellow-lodgers, I have come to the end of my tether and your credulity, and, for the time at least, have flowered myself to death. The figure is as good as Plato's though my Pegasus will never stable in his stall.

We may believe ourselves to be two persons, at least, in one, and I fancy that one at least of them is a constant. So far as my own pair is concerned, either one of them has never grown up at all, or he was born whole and in a flash, as the fairies are. Such as he was, at any rate, when I was ten years old, such he is now when I am heavily more than ten; and the other of us, very conscious of the flight of time, and of other things with it, is free to confess that he has little more hold of his fellow with all this authority behind him than he had when we commenced partnership. He has some, and thinks himself lucky, since the bond between the pair is of such a nature as to involve a real partnership—a partnership full of perplexity to the working member of it, the ordinary forensic creature of senses, passions, ambitions, and self-indulgences, the eating, sleeping, vain-glorious, assertive male of common experience—and it is not to be denied that it has been fruitful, nor again that by some freak of fate or fortune the house has kept a decent front to the world at large. It is still solvent, still favourably regarded by the police. It is not, it never will be, a mere cage of demons; its walls have not been fretted to transparency; no passing eye can detect revelry behind its decent stucco, no passing ear thrill to cries out of the dark. No, no. Troubles we may have; but we keep up appearances. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and if

it be a wise one, keepeth it to itself. I am not going to be so foolish as to deny divergences of opinion, even of practice, between the pair in me; but I flatter myself that I have not allowed them to become a common nuisance, a cause of scandal, a stumbling-block, a rock of offence, or anything of that kind. Uneasy tenant, wayward partner as my recondite may be, he has had a relationship with my forensic which at times has touched cordiality. Influential he has not been, for his colleague has always had the upper hand and been in the public eye. He may have instigated to mischief, but has not often been allowed to complete his purpose. If I am a respectable person it is not his fault. He seeks no man's respect. If he has occasionally lent himself to moral ends, it has been without enthusiasm, for he has no morals of his own, and never did have any. On the other hand, he is by nature too indifferent to temporal circumstances to go about to corrupt his partner. His main desire has ever been to be let alone. Anything which tended to tighten the bonds which held him to his co-tenant would have been a thing to avoid. He desires liberty, and nothing less will content him. This he will only have by inaction, by mewing his sempiternal youth in his cage and on his perch.

But the tie uniting the pair of us is of such a nature that neither can be uninfluenced by the other. It is just that you should hear both sides of the case. My forensic, eating and arguing self has bullied my other into hypocrisy over and over again. He has starved him, deprived him of his holidays, ignored him, ridiculed him, snubbed him mercilessly. This is severe treatment, you'll allow, and it's worse even than it seems. For the unconscionable fellow, owing to this coheirship which he pretends to disesteem, has been made privy to experiences which must not only have been extraordinary to so plain and humdrum a person, but which have been, as I happen to know, of great importance to him, and which—to put the thing at its highest—have lifted him, dull dog as he is, into regions where the very dogs have wings. Out upon it! But he has been in and out with his victim over leagues of space where not one man in ten thousand has been privileged to fare. He has been familiar all his life with scenes, with folk, with deeds undreamed of by thirty-nine and three-quarters out of forty millions of people, and by that quarter-million only known as nursery tales. Not only so, but he has been awakened to the significance of common things, having at hand an interpreter, and been enabled to be precise where Wordsworth was vague. He has known Zeus in the thunder, in the lightning beheld the shaking of the dread Ægis. In the river source he has seen the breasted nymph; he has seen the Oreads stream over the bare

hillside. There are men who see these things and don't believe them, others who believe but don't see. He has both seen and believed. The painted, figured universe has for him a new shape; whispering winds and falling rain speak plainly to his understanding. He has seen trees as men walking. His helot has unlocked the world behind appearance and made him free of the Spirits of Natural Fact who abide there. If he is not the debtor of his comrade—and he protests the debt—he should be. But the rascal laps it all up, as a cat porridge, without so much as a wag of the tail for Thank-you. Such are the exorbitant overlords in mortal men, who pass for reputable persons, with a chief seat at feasts.

Such things, you may say, read incredibly, but, *mutatis mutandis*, I believe them to be common, though unrecorded, experience. I deprecate in advance questions designed to test the accuracy of my eyesight or the ingenuous habit of my pen. I have already declared that the windows of my first-floor lodger are of such properties that they show you, in Xenophon's phrase, "τὰ ὄντα τε ὡς ὄντα, καὶ τὰ μὴ ὄντα ὡς οὐκ ὄντα." Now consider it from his side. If I were to tell the owner of those windows that I saw the policeman at the corner, a helmeted, blue-tunicked, chin-scratching, ponderous man, some six foot in his boots, how would he take it? Would he not mock me? What, that rat? Ridiculous! And what on earth could I reply? I tell you, the whole affair is one of windows, or, sometimes, of personally-conducted travel; and who is Guide and who Guided, is one of those nice questions in psychology which perhaps we are not yet ready to handle. Of the many speculations as to the nature of the subliminal Self I have never found one to be that he may be a fairy prisoner, occasionally on parole. But I think that not at all unlikely. May not metempsychosis be a scourge of two worlds? If the soul of my grandam might fitly inhabit a bird, might not a Fairy ruefully inhabit the person of my grandam? If Fairy Godmothers, perchance, were Fairy Grandmothers! I have some evidence to place before the reader which may induce him to consider this hypothesis. Who can doubt, at least, that Shelley's was not a case where the not-human was a prisoner in the human? Who can doubt that of Blake's? And what was the result, forensically? Shelley was treated as a scoundrel and Blake as a madman. Shelley, it was said, broke the moral law, and Blake transcended common sense; but the first, I reply, was in the guidance of a being to whom the laws of this world and the accidents of it meant nothing at all; and to the second a wisdom stood revealed which to human eyes was foolishness. Windows! In either case there was a martyrdom, and human

exasperation appeased by much broken glass. Let us not, however, condemn the wreckers of windows. Who is to judge even them? Who is to say even of their harsh and cruel reprisals that they were not excusable? May not they too have been ridden by some wild spirit within them, which goaded them to their beastly work? But if the acceptance of the doctrine of multiple personality is going to involve me in the reconsideration of criminal jurisprudence, I must close this essay.

I will close it with the sentence of a philosopher who had considered deeply of these questions. "It is to be observed," he says, "that the laws of human conduct are precisely made for the conduct of this world of Men, in which we live, breed, and pay rent. They do not affect the Kingdom of the Dogs, nor that of the Fishes; by a parity of reasoning they need not be supposed to obtain in the Kingdom of Heaven, in which the schoolmen discovered the citizens dwelling in nine spheres, apart from the blessed immigrants, whose privileges did not extend so near to the Heart of the Presence. How many realms there may be between mankind's and that ultimate object of pure desire cannot at present be known, but it may be affirmed with confidence that any denizen of any one of them, brought into relation with human beings, would act, and reasonably act, in ways which to men might seem harsh and unconscionable, without sanction or convenience. Such a being might murder one of the ratepayers of London, compound a felony, or enter into a conspiracy to depose the King himself, and, being detected, very properly be put under restraint, or visited with chastisement, either deterrent or vindictive, or both. But the true inference from the premisses would be that although duress or banishment from the kingdom might be essential, yet punishment, so-called, ought not to be visited upon the offender. For he or she could not be *nostri juris*, and that which were abominable to us might well be reasonable to him or her, and indeed a fulfilment of the law of his being. Punishment, therefore, could not be exemplary, since the person punished exemplified nothing to Mankind; and if vindictive, then would be shocking, since that which it vindicated, in the mind of the victim either did not exist, or ought not. The Ancient Greek who withheld from the sacrifice to Showery Zeus because a thunderbolt destroyed his hayrick, or the Egyptian who manumitted his slaves because a God took the life of his eldest son, was neither a pious, nor a reasonable person."

There is much debatable matter in this considered opinion.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

A CAPTURED WAR CORRESPONDENT.

THE number of correspondents attached to the Turkish Army who were captured by the Bulgarians totalled five in all, and was represented by Mr. Robert Long, of the New York *American*; Mr. Francis McCullagh, of the London *Daily News*; Monsieur Lavanture and his assistant, who were the representatives of *Pathe's Journal*; and myself, who was the correspondent of the Central News Agency.

Unlike the treatment accorded to Mr. Robert Long and Mr. Francis McCullagh, the attitude of the Bulgarians towards the two Frenchmen and myself for a long time was charged with the most objectionable suspicion. Unfortunately for myself, I was captured in what the Bulgarians chose to regard as the *premier ligne*, or fighting line, of a cavalry skirmish, but the two Frenchmen were captured on the road from Rodosto, while the other Englishmen fell into the enemy's hands near Alvasan. In no case was there any irregularity in the papers which we all carried, and it is difficult to understand the reason which caused the Bulgarian military authorities to refuse to accept the *bona fides* of men whose credentials were in perfect order. As events were to show, however, it was not until inquiries had been instituted by the *Daily News* on behalf of Mr. Francis McCullagh, and by the Central News Agency on behalf of myself, that the Bulgarian Army headquarters manifested any disposition to facilitate our release.

Looking back on the experiences of the three weeks which we spent in captivity, it is impossible to avoid a feeling of relief that they ended as satisfactorily as they did. There were moments, as my narrative will show, when the situation bore for a time, so far as I was personally concerned, a distinctly unprepossessing aspect. Even when matters had become easier, there was a multitude of petty annoyances to be endured, while the perpetual presence of an escort by day and night was very irksome. Captured in different places we were brought separately to Fenner, and it was not until we were leaving that village for Chorlu that we travelled together.

So far as it was humanly possible the escort made their presence as agreeable as circumstances permitted, and the chief unpleasantness arose in places like Kirk Kilisse, where we were detained a week through the inability of the authorities to remember our existence. In Kirk Kilisse the English corre-

spondents were confined in one house and the French correspondents in another, while it seemed that nothing would induce the authorities to move in the matter of our release. Happily, in the end a message was sent through a secret channel to Sofia and from thence to London, whence steps were taken which ultimately secured our transference to the Bulgarian capital.

Captured on the morning of the 10th November, it was not until December 2nd, so far as I was personally concerned, that I secured my release. The circumstances in which the Bulgarians caught me were quite unheroic, for I was riding alone from Chatalja village to Silivri with the intention of watching the fighting in the vicinity of the latter place, when I came upon a Bulgarian patrol belonging to the 10th Cavalry of the First Bulgarian Army, who had been engaged but a few minutes before with the outposts of Ibrahim Bey's cavalry division. Ibrahim Bey, who commanded the cavalry division belonging to the Second Eastern Army, had previously established his headquarters in the village of Indjigiz, which lay some ten miles in advance of Chatalja by a direct road through the hills, and stood as the pivot of a right angle between Silivri and Chatalja.

Leaving Chatalja at an early hour, I had determined to pay a call at Indjigiz before proceeding to Silivri, and half the distance had been covered when I came up with a squadron of the 3rd Regiment of Ottoman Cavalry and learnt that Indjigiz had been occupied by the Bulgarians. The squadron of the Third was acting as reserve to some patrols who could be seen on duty about the hills above the village. As it was impossible to proceed, after a brief halt and the exchange of some walnuts for some cigarettes, I turned westwards across the hills in the hope of picking up the Silivri road. There was really nothing to indicate the presence of any large force of the enemy, though a peasant who was at work in his fields informed me that the Bulgarians had also occupied Fenner. The news was significant but not alarming, and hardly sufficient to deter a traveller from going to Silivri.

Proceeding westwards, and keeping in the shelter of the hills, my direction led towards Alvasan, in the vicinity of which the patrols of Ibrahim Bey's cavalry gave place to those of Salih Pasha's cavalry division, which was attached to the First Eastern Army, and was engaged in watching Silivri in the same way that the cavalry of the Second Eastern Army was engaged at Indjigiz. The road from Indjigiz to Alvasan struck the Alvasan-Silivri road about a mile in advance of Alvasan, and, at the junction, two squadrons of the Second Regiment of Ottoman Cavalry had dismounted and were standing as a reserve to a third squadron that, with a couple of maxims, had just gone into action

on the crest of an adjacent ridge. For a few minutes after I had reported to the officer in command there was a spirited fire, but it soon died away and we understood that the enemy had fallen back. After reassembling his men, and waiting for about half an hour, the little force rode off towards Alvasan, and left me to continue my journey to Silivri.

From the point where we parted, the distance to Silivri was some twelve miles, the track passing over open undulating country which was traversed by ridges that, again, were united by easy saddles. Silivri lay as due west as Indjigiz had been east, and putting my horse to a canter I moved off, confident from the deliberate movements of the Ottoman patrols that there was no enemy in the vicinity. Unhappily my anticipations were speedily shattered, for I had barely surmounted the next ridge when a couple of shots passed close to my head, and drew my attention to the presence of a Bulgarian cavalry patrol some two hundred yards in front of me. There were six of them, each with his carbine delicately pointed in my direction. Overcome with astonishment I checked my horse to a trot, and then to a walk, and, as it was impossible to escape, I waited with no little anxiety the upshot of events. When the distance between the enemy and myself had narrowed to some twenty-five yards, the corporal in charge of the patrol waved to me to halt; which I did, since there was no doubt that the men could have made certain of their target. As I stopped two men, drawing their sabres, at once rode towards me, while the others covered me with their carbines. As the two men approached I called out that I was an English correspondent and pointed to the brassard on my arm.

"English correspondent?" exclaimed the first in Bulgarian as he drew alongside my horse. I nodded my assent.

"Revolver?" demanded the second man, who also had now arrived. I carried no revolver, and explained in signs that I had none. For a second or two the three of us looked at each other, when suddenly the two men burst into laughter, and turning in their saddles called out something to the corporal, who now came along. He repeated the demand for my revolver, and followed it with a request for my papers. I again explained that I had no revolver, but handed over my papers, which he took with a salute as he slipped the reins of my horse over its head and gave them to one of his men. Pointing to my pockets, the corporal asked permission to search them, and proceeded to remove my field-glasses, water-bottle, a sum of money, and a few minor things. My capture was now complete, and as the tension of the situation broke, the patrol, sheathing their sabres and slinging their carbines, surrounded me and moved off.

When we had proceeded a short distance the little procession was stopped by a group of officers who had just come out of a village which I had reason to believe was Kadikeui. After receiving a report from the corporal, one of the officers, addressing me in French, asked politely the reason of my presence with his men and how I came to be in such an advanced position. I explained briefly that I was an English correspondent representing the Central News Agency, and had fallen by ill-luck into the hands of the patrol. He smiled, condoled with me on the fortunes of war, and willingly assented to my request that I might be permitted to guide my own horse. As we moved off he apparently caught sight of my glasses slung across the shoulders of the corporal, and halting the party he asked if anything had been taken from me. When the corporal explained what had been done, the officer ordered everything to be given back, with the exception of my papers, and at the same time reduced my escort from six men to two.

Resuming the journey, we had ridden about a mile when the escort caught sight of General Popoff, who was in command of the First Army, and took me before him. Leaning across his horse, General Popoff shook hands very warmly and treated my arrest as a capital joke. Asking my name, he inquired in French how I came to be in what he described as the *premier ligne*. I explained that English correspondents preferred to see for themselves what actually was taking place, whereupon, pointing to the advancing columns of his own troops, he congratulated me upon the opportunity of seeing what was taking place on both sides of the theatre of war. I laughed at his little sally, and, taking advantage of his good-natured manner, suggested that my good luck might be completed by his allowing me to turn back the way that I had come. Pointing to the top of a ridge some four hundred yards off I said that, if he would give me that amount of start, I would give his men a sporting gallop. General Popoff laughed, and replied that as I had risked the fortunes of war I must abide by them. I sighed mournfully, and telling me to cheer up his Excellency asked me what I thought of the Turkish troops. I remarked that I thought his own army was very well organised. "But," said he, "you have not seen very much of it." "Sufficient," said I, "to show me that the First Army is as well officered now as it was in 1903," adding that my experience on the present occasion confirmed the impressions that I had received on the earlier one. "In 1903?" said his Excellency, and I explained that I had been attached to army headquarters for the Macedonian rebellion, again suggesting that, as I had been treated so kindly on that occasion, the present one

afforded an agreeable opportunity for its repetition. General Popoff agreed with my point of view, but said that his own pleasure in the matter would be found in the evening, when he could welcome me at his headquarters. I accepted the remark as a hint for my dismissal, and saluting, proceeded to turn my horse. As we moved off his Excellency suddenly realised my crestfallen appearance, and waving his hand called out cheerily : "Until this evening ! Do not be sad. It's only the fortune of war."

While General Popoff rode off in one direction, the dreary business of moving down the Bulgarian line began again. From time to time I was stopped and cross-examined by various officers, whose manners were kindly though impressed with a not unnatural curiosity. As a prisoner of war, however, one had no alternative but to accept the situation with as much philosophy as one could command, though the constant repetition of the same statement was a little wearying, and the jeers and applause of the rank and file extremely disconcerting. At the same time, the occasion was not without interest, for the fortunes of war had made me an involuntary spectator of the preliminary stages of the Bulgarian advance against Chatalja. It appeared that the First Army was advancing in a half-circle, the extremities of which reached out to Indjigiz in one direction and to Silivri in the other, the centre being represented by the village of Fenner, which had already been occupied, while the position at Silivri had been masked and left for another day.

The spectacle of the advancing forces of the enemy was supremely attractive—and instructive, for it revealed the care and method with which the Bulgarian arrangements were carried out. Away to the right there were long columns of infantry, and on the left there was a train of artillery, while in the distance one could see winding over the down-like country further masses of infantry and cavalry, and lines of transport. Across the immediate front there was a screen of cavalry patrols moving forward in Cossack groups, the order and precision of the whole operation being in unhappy contrast with what existed on the Ottoman side of the ridges. One of the first things to attract my attention was a field wagon loaded with bicycles and a section of motor-cyclists which was accompanying the infantry. Motor-cars were also numerous, while the field telegraph was almost level with the vanguard. Against this efficiency it was surprising to find as one proceeded down the lines that the infantry were straggling rather freely, and I saw numerous instances of officers whipping men who had either fallen out or who were temporarily resting. The first few miles of the march showed, of course,

troops who would form the fighting line, but it was something of a revelation to find that the whole first line, with field artillery, first-aid hospitals, ammunition reserves, and emergency stores, moved as an independent unit and was entirely self-contained.

I had been captured some time between ten and eleven in the morning, and about two I was led past the halting-place of the officers of the 36th Infantry, where I was stopped and questioned. The escort explained that I was being taken to the quartier general by General Popoff's orders, but the explanation was not sufficient for the Colonel commanding, who ordered me to dismount. Before I could comply I was seized by a number of people and dragged from my horse, a revolver was held to my face, and a sword at my throat, and my arms twisted behind my back. I was again searched, and asked for my revolver and my papers. Everything I possessed was taken from me, the Colonel himself going through my pockets with a delicacy which suggested that I might have been a thief caught red-handed in the act of committing some crime. The conversation was pointed and personal and was conducted in French, German, and English. I was called upon to explain what my papers meant, what was indicated by various pencilled marks on the map which I carried, and why I was wearing Turkish uniform. I explained that I was not wearing Turkish uniform but the ordinary shooting kit of an Englishman, and protested against the treatment I was receiving. My protest elicited nothing more satisfactory than a tightening of the grip on my arms. When this little scene had continued for some considerable time I was warned that I was in peril of my life, and that if I attempted to get away I should be shot. I was then ordered to mount my horse, my knees were strapped to the saddle, my escort was increased from two men to six men, one of whom was an officer who rode behind me with a loaded revolver pointed at my back.

In this fashion I proceeded along the line of the marching troops until nightfall, when it became apparent that the officer could not find the quartier general. Numerous villages were visited without success, so finally the attempt was given up and we rode back along the line until we came up once again with the night bivouac of the officers of the 36th Infantry. The officers were sitting in a group on the ground as my escort rode up, and I was told to dismount and to sit with them. When I had done so my knees and ankles were bound with ropes, and the whole wearisome business of ascertaining my identity was repeated. I was asked my name and my reasons for being in the *premier ligne*, where I was informed no correspondent was ever permitted to go. I explained that the only positions occupied by English

correspondents in war were those from which the fighting could be seen, which statement was accepted with incredulity, and declared anyhow to be false, because the officers had been informed by Turkish prisoners that there were no correspondents with the Turkish Army! I explained as politely as the circumstances permitted that there were thirty-two correspondents with the Turkish Army, which remark elicited the retort that I was thirty-two times a liar.

In the intervals of cross-examination and re-examination, during which I was called a liar and threatened with death if I tried to escape, my opinion was asked upon the qualities of the Turkish troops. I explained that if it were not possible to have a very high opinion of the Turkish troops at the present moment, it was because the best troops had not yet entered the field, and that no army could be expected to contend successfully when it was attacked by four others at the same time. I suggested that even the Bulgarians might well feel sympathetic for a race with the traditions of the Turks in such circumstances, but my remarks elicited unmeasured condemnation of Mussulman rule throughout the world, while in general I was regaled with long stories of Turkish inefficiency, cowardice, and demoralisation, beside many epic narratives of Bulgarian bravery.

When the conversation turned to the condition of the Bulgarian Army I explained that it had been my privilege in 1903 to be attached to their army headquarters. I was informed that I was a liar, so I suggested that they should telegraph or cause a telegram to be sent to his Excellency Monsieur Goudeau, who, in 1903, was Renter's correspondent in Sofia, and more lately has retired from the position of Minister of the Interior. It appeared that most of the officers present were acquainted with this gentleman, but the fact that I knew him too was no proof that I was not a Turkish spy. Under these circumstances I found conversation an ineffective relaxation, and replied solely to inquiries which were addressed to me. These questions concerned my clothes, which were held to be Turkish, but which really were a suit of gaberdine made by Burberry; to my moustache, which was clipped in military fashion and worn for reasons which are observed by everyone who has anything to do with the Turks; and to my putties, which were proclaimed Turkish, though they had been actually purchased in Bombay. When this treatment had continued for some time I requested that the ropes round my ankles and knees might be loosened, and putting my hands down to my knees, tried to reduce the pressure of the ropes by slipping my fingers under them. The action was a very simple one and perfectly obvious, but it was sufficient to cause the

Colonel to order my hands to be bound, while several of the people present warned me that if I moved again I should be shot. I expressed my regret for my carelessness, and by way of changing the conversation asked for some food. My request was refused. I asked for a drink, which was also refused; but when the men round me had had their evening meal and were dispersing for the night, I was taken into a small tent by the officers of the 36th Infantry and for the best part of an hour subjected to an experience which I never wish to have repeated.

The ceremony was prefaced with the statement that if I would confess to being a Turkish officer I would be given a comfortable bed for the night and a good dinner. I confess now that the prospect of food and a decent night's rest was very alluring, but I was unfortunately unable to adopt the point of view that I was a Turkish officer, and had therefore to submit to the treatment which followed. I was made to stand, my arms were twisted behind my back and held while an officer with a red moustache and a drawn revolver sat just behind me. In front of me were other officers, who proceeded to strip me, to bind my arms, and to examine my skin and my body generally for marks which would prove that I was a Turkish officer. Without being able to go into the details of what happened in the tent, I may say that it was proved beyond doubt by a Red-Cross man who was present that I was a true Constantinople Turk. I denied the soft impeachment, but I found that a couple of scars on my body, which were relics of the siege of Mafeking, had really been received either in Albania or Arabia.

When it was satisfactorily established that I was a Turk, the officers proceeded to examine my wearing apparel. It happened that I was wearing a pair of boots that had been bought in Constantinople, a pair of native socks that had come from Chorlu, and that on my arm I bore a bandage inscribed in Turkish characters with the words, "Correspondent of the Central News Agency." As a correspondent with the Turkish troops I was naturally wearing a fez, while, tucked away in one of my pockets, was a Mahomedan chain of beads. These things were regarded as direct evidence of my Turkish origin, and it was useless to explain that the fez and the bandage were worn at the order of the Turkish authorities, or to state the simple truth with regard to the other things.

After my body and my clothes had been examined the officers proceeded to go through my papers, which comprised a passport from the Foreign Office, with a photograph attached to it; credentials from the Board of Directors of the Central News Agency signed, sealed, and stamped in the most official fashion;

a permit from the Turkish War Office, a letter of identification from the Ottoman Bank, and a number of receipts which happened to trace my movements from London to Constantinople and from Constantinople to Chorlu. Unfortunately, these papers were not sufficient to establish my *bona fides*, and I was informed that they had been stolen or forged; while, as regards my clothes, which, in addition to the suit of gaberdine, included a khaki shirt and collar, I was once more told that they were the uniform of a Turkish officer.

I was now re-dressed, my arms being rebound after my clothes had been put on, when, as the officers were discussing my fate, there was a disturbance outside the tent, and some soldiers thrust through the flap a boy who was between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. He may have been a Greek or Bulgarian, he certainly was not a Turk; but having been beaten across the face with a whip, and so reduced to a condition of absolute terror, he was asked whether my clothes were not those of a Turkish officer. Without a moment's hesitation he identified both myself and my clothes, his willingness in this respect being only equalled by the engaging candour of one of the officers present, who suddenly recalled my name as that of a Turkish officer he had learned about at Salonica.

Confronted with this situation I took refuge in silence, though when the examination was finally concluded I ventured to address the officers present who spoke English in English, in a last attempt to prove my identity. One officer who spoke English perfectly, explained that he was sorry to find that I had taken refuge in such a mean excuse as to claim to be English when I was Turkish. I was then informed that I should be shot in the morning, and was taken outside the tent to a cart which stood about three or four yards from the tent, put in a sitting position, and bound to the cartwheel. As my arms were already bound, by way of securing them still further a rope was passed round my neck to my wrists and then fastened to the spokes of the wheel. My thighs and my legs were next bound, and a rope passed round my ankles and feet, caught up with the rope round my neck, and secured in turn to the wheel. In this position I was left, though my reflections were soothed by the officer with the red moustache, who from time to time came out of the tent to explain that as he was a man of humanity it was his sorrowful duty to advise me to confess so that my soul should be in peace. as in the morning I was to be shot.

In these circumstances I gave up the position, for I could think of nothing that would explain anything in any way that these officers would accept; and accordingly, as counselled, I tried to compose myself as much as possible. It was a little

difficult, for my arms had been twisted to such a degree that my shoulders ached with the pain, while the rain had tightened the ropes until my skin began to be chafed. I think that I must have been two hours lying on the ground, watched over by a sentry with a loaded rifle and a fixed bayonet and in the possession of orders to shoot me if I attempted to escape, when an officer passed and stopped, attracted by the singular spectacle of a man lying bound to a cart-wheel. By a curious coincidence he had seen me and spoken to me during the course of the day. He was good enough to take an interest in me, and in reply to his inquiry I explained as rapidly as possible what had taken place. I requested him to go to General Popoff, or at least to telegraph to Monsieur Goudeau. He was considerate, but explained that before he could do anything he would have to consult the officers in the tent. He disappeared into the tent, and coming out in about a quarter of an hour, explained that he had heard the other side of the question, and had been informed that I was a Turkish officer, and suspected of being a spy. I repeated my previous statement, and in the end he rendered me the service of going himself to headquarters.

Another hour passed, when a mounted orderly arrived with an order from headquarters, and the officers turned out of the tent, unbound me from the cart-wheel, took the ropes from my legs, though the ropes round my neck and round my arms were kept in position, and sent me off. With an escort of four men and the end of the rope which was round my neck held by an officer of the military police, I was half led and half dragged across country to where divisional headquarters was established. As it was a little difficult to walk with a rope round my neck and with my arms bound I stumbled a good deal, being steadied each time by a tug on the rope from the officer who held its end.

After marching some considerable distance we reached headquarters at half-past one in the morning, when I was shown into a room where six staff officers were in bed, one of whom apparently was expecting me. He got up, appeared to be exceedingly indignant that I should have been bound, had my arms and shoulders rubbed, gave me some brandy, and disappeared into an inner room. When he came out he was accompanied by another officer, who apologised for the treatment I had received, waived the question of identification until later in the morning, found me a room in which to sleep, and provided me with blankets. I slept with a sentry in the room, while two other sentries stood outside the door all night. In the morning it was decided that I was English, and that my papers were in order.

ANGUS HAMILTON. .

HINTS ON SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS OF SMALL EXPERIENCE.

INTRODUCTION.

AFTER my serious illness in February, 1912, I went to Bournemouth to recover. Whilst there I took daily drives in my motor car to the New Forest. The charm of that fascinating locality awakened in me a desire to try my hand at making small sketches from the windows of the car. I had never attempted such irresponsible sketching, having been brought up in a school that held the dictum, "Make a picture of everything you do." At first I felt like a beginner in a new art. I was hopelessly at sea with the water-colour medium, although it was the medium with which I commenced my career, and I did not get a footing until I worked in oils. With every effort a distinct feeling and desire for certain qualities grew, and during the progress of my development the mind analysed the manipulative struggles for mastery in this new "seeing" and (to me) new art; and in writing them down whilst they were still fresh, I thought my experiences might prove of some use to students who are struggling to grasp this art of sketching from nature, and perhaps might save them from some pitfalls. I lay down no laws; I preach no creed; I do not interfere with individual taste, nor do I point to any special style that should be followed. I merely point out certain practicable methods, which, though obvious enough to the practised landscapist, are not yet within the grasp of the inexperienced student, and it is *this student* whom I now address.

THE CHARM OF SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

Just as one cannot always be serious in life, so one cannot always be serious in art. A painter who has made a name, of whom important efforts are expected year by year in exhibitions, has many moments when he longs to shake off the great responsibility thrust upon him by the exacting public, and, so to speak, indulge in some relaxation that is "play," yet not alien to his art. Let spring and sunshine come, he longs to get out of the studio and take his paint-box, canvas, and stool out of doors, to absorb the new nature's meaning, to be cheered by the freshness of spring and song, and to clear away the cobwebs of a winter's

studio work. His very soul expands; he is free to choose any subject that attracts him, without a thought of the *picture market or the critics*. He tastes freedom, pure and unadulterated, and for once forgets the tyranny of the masses who have ticketed him with the one article that first brought him into note. The sketch is the key to this pleasure, therefore the student should, early in his career, practise the art of sketching from nature, whether he select to be a figure or a landscape painter.

PLACING ON CANVAS. OUTLINE. DESIGN.

The placing of the subject on the panel is the first problem, and this very important question can be settled by means of the dark-bordered mount, described later on. But a sense of design must guide the student not only at this stage, but throughout the effort. He is not to aim at topographical exactitude, but at the good lines and well-proportioned masses belonging to *design*. A little adjustment of objects will do this; elimination is also permissible; nay, may sometimes be imperative.

In sketching from nature, therefore, the less the student relies on an arbitrary outline the better; for the quicker he gets to the realisation of his impression, the less likely will he be to weaken it by the irritating labour of making an outline. Of course, I am now not speaking of starting an architectural subject. The fact is that, for a landscape sketch, the fewest possible lines in charcoal should suffice as outline. *It is with the brush and paint that the student must learn to draw.*

In placing a scene on the canvas, let the student aim at getting the appearance of a large landscape on a small scale. Let him not fall into the error—a very common error—of making the objects too large for the size of the canvas. There should always be sufficient introductory foreground, sufficient to lead the mind into the *heart of the subject*, which should never start from the spot on which the artist stands. This principle has not been observed by the majority of modern landscapists, hence so much “bit-painting.”

The advent of photography is the initial cause of the modern lack of design in landscape painting, and has substituted for it “bit-painting.” Some masterly pictures have been painted of sections of nature, of just paintable bits. But that can never make for *monumental landscape*. Bit-painting, or sectional selection, is a quality born of the snapshot camera. It has been the parent of modern indolence in young students, and has been the death of the pencil and sketch-book. But twenty snapshot films could not give the student the intimate understanding of a

subject that a few hasty pencil lines would effect. With pencil and book in hand his observations are sharpened and his memory strengthened. The snapshotter, on the contrary, has his observing faculties but slightly aroused, and his memory rather stunted than otherwise. He hurries home to his dark-room hoping for *something*; but for what? For something that proves to be useless and disappointing, as photography will never give him a true representation of the impression the scene made upon him. No; the student who wishes to become a landscape painter should fill his sketch-book with sketches, but not his cupboards with snapshot photographs.

To the practised and experienced painter the camera can sometimes be a useful auxiliary to the drawing of studies in the studio, or for suggestions of moving figures in a crowd, or animals in motion. But for landscape it is at best a misleading machine, and for the student distinctly dangerous.

ON FRAMING NATURE.

The proper estimate of tonality is greatly assisted by viewing a scene through the window of a carriage or car, or by means of some contrivance, such as a (collapsible) box covered with black velvet with an opening at the end, through which the landscape is looked at. But as this would be rather a cumbersome thing for the student to carry, in addition to easel and stool and canvas, for it would also require a stand or tripod, a simpler contrivance can be recommended, *i.e.*, an opening cut in a piece of cardboard, the margins of which are covered with black paint. This the student can hold in his hand before his eyes for frequent reference and correction of his tonality. According to the distance from the eyes at which it is held, it will take in a larger or smaller area of the landscape, and in any case will help the student to place the subject advantageously on his canvas; but for that he must look only with one eye.

When I first tried to work outside of my car, with the full open daylight all round me, I felt the obvious advantage of the framing method. For more *serious* work on a moderate scale—say up to four feet—I have made, and used for years, a small hut on wheels, with side window and a top light. It is a wooden-framed structure covered with waterproof (Willesden) canvas, and has a wooden floor. This hut can be left in some yard near the subject, and in it the painter is safe from draughts and damp ground, and he can thoroughly concentrate himself on his subject. And let me warn the student to watch his health in youth, to avoid chills or damp feet. The mischief is easily done, as, in the eagerness

and excitement of work, he is apt to forget his bodily discomforts. But his physique will have its revenge in later years.

ON SELECTION. ON EMPHASIS OR ACCENT.

Selection will at first baffle the student. He will pass a paintable scene a dozen times and never be drawn to it, until one day when he is in a mental state of special receptivity, or when he sees the subject under an effect which will reveal a beauty that, until then, he never suspected to lurk in the particular scene.

There is no use in sitting down to sketch the first best thing that comes to hand. The landscape painter must learn to wait and watch, and not begin until he is sure of his subject and of himself; that the subject is worthy of an enthusiastic effort; and that he feels he can do it justice. A hesitating beginning, a lukewarm state of the artist's feelings at starting, is almost sure to end in failure.

It is well that the student should have seen some subject beforehand, and allowed it to simmer in his mind prior to attempting to paint it. To go out haphazard, hoping to find something worth painting, is a plan fraught with unpleasant uncertainty, likely to end in a "disastrous retreat," that takes the spirit out of the student and discourages him.

Above all things, let the student, after selecting a good subject, wait for the right effect, as "effect" is the enhancing and magic quality in a landscape. It can glorify the simplest material: without it no landscape, however good the subject, can be of value.

"As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life." If I were a collector of landscapes I would ask for sunshine to illumine my rooms, to obliterate the dulness of life, to make the heart beat faster, more joyously.

A sunny day in England is incomparable. In countries where the sun is almost perpetually in evidence, the atmosphere is too clear to give the sunlight that particular charm which is found in the British Isles.

Laborious technique belongs to another age. The modern importance given to tonality has done much to make representations of nature convincing. But, of course, it can be overdone, as we see in so many absurd pictures in low tones, with unrelieved, flattened forms—a sham-artistic performance.

This deadly overdone tone-work certainly relieves the artist of many difficulties. But I urge the student to take a sensible, instead of a silly, view of nature and art. *Apropos* of wrong seeing, a good story is told of Whistler. One of his pupils had done an

outrageous study. She said, "I paint what I see. One should paint what one sees; is it not so, Mr. Whistler?" "No," said the latter, "certainly not, if you see nature like *that*!"

Of accent there is little more to be said than that, by grasping essentials the student will be led naturally to the proper accent, which will not hurt by a little exaggeration.

COLOURS.

In these times of aniline dyes it is well to get accustomed to colours of tested durability.

I was much perplexed with my yellows, as I could not get the brilliancy of sunlight on grass. I have benefited by a hint from Professor Laurie, viz., to place your yellows on blotting-paper first, so as to draw out some of the oil, then to add some mastic varnish (I use amber) or vibert. This will not only cause them to dry better, but will enable them to retain their brilliancy when dry.

From my list the student will see that I stick to the cadmiums, for although the chromes are more brilliant their durability is very doubtful.

YELLOWS.

Raw Sienna.
Permanent Yellow.
Aurora Yellow.
Yellow Ochre.
Spectrum Yellow (new—Winsor & Newton).
Cadmium, Pale, and Deep.
Daffodil, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 (Madderton).

GREENS.

Terra Verte.
Cobalt Green.
Veridian.
Oxide of Chromium.
ditto. (Transparent).
Emerald Oxide of Chromium.

BLUES.

Cobalt Blue.
Cobalt Violet.
Cerulean Blue.
French Ultramarine.
Genuine Ultramarine (very expensive).

REDS.

Vermilion.
Burnt Sienna.

Purple Madder.
Rose Madder.
Pink Madder.
Light Red.

Raw Umber.
Ivory Black.
Flake White.

ON THE SIZE OF CANVAS FOR SKETCHING.

It is not well for the student to work on too large a canvas to start with; he will hurry to get it covered, and so lose the "grip" of the effect. A 15×11 board, covered by a canvas of medium texture—such as most colourmen sell—will be found most advantageous. Let the student only avoid the ordinary prepared mill-board. These canvas-covered boards are easy to carry in a box with grooves. Colour-boxes have grooves for a couple of panels, but if much colour be on the palette, in shutting the box the colours are apt to mess the back of the board. In any case, when working in a sitting position, the colour-box held open on the knees forms an excellent easel.

ON WHITE OR SLIGHTLY TONED CANVAS.

The Pre-Raphaelites, I have read, used to cover the bit they intended to finish in the day with flake-white mixed with pure varnish. Into that, when "tacky," they painted with very pure colour, which gave an unprecedented brilliancy. This wonderful art, of working out every part of a picture in its highest key, necessarily deprived the work of tonality, and, fascinating and charming as were the "parts," it seldom produced the "oneness" that our present "seeing" aims at, and is unsuited to the kind of sketching under consideration at present. A panel of 11×15 could, of course, be covered with white before going out to a subject. But the student would find it very disconcerting for rapid sketching, and it would necessitate too slow a process for grasping the essentials of nature's momentary mood. For quick realisation of colour I have found a slightly *toned* canvas of greatest advantage—a rather warm drab colour.

PALETTE-KNIFE VERSUS BRUSH.

The student must be guided in the technique by the exigencies of the subject. One subject will be best rendered broadly with brush work, another best expressed by accidental qualities given with a small spatula or palette-knife. Paint put on with the brush has often a more monotonous quality than paint put on

with the knife; both qualities are valuable, and both are capable of being used together or separately. Their proper application is a matter of feeling, of "paint-feeling," and is *unteachable*. Only let the student studiously avoid the thin tone put simply over a ribbed canvas, which becomes pure and simple *tapestry*, a wretched, lifeless quality.

To gauge the different effect of paint put on with the brush or with the palette-knife, let the student put on tones in the sky thickly with brush, then palette-knife it, and he will at once see the change the latter produces. It drives the colour well into the texture of the canvas, and gives the colour a "resonance" which increases its brilliancy. For accidental touches, likewise, it is incomparable. Let the student look at those wonderful commenced landscapes of Turner's in the Tate Gallery to see what expression he gave with a turn of the palette-knife.

Whether the student make brush-work his aim, or whether he do most with a small palette-knife, is a matter of individual feeling. All that matters is that the colour should have an artistic charm in itself, of "paint-feeling."

It is not high finish of parts that gives value to this kind of sketching, therefore one or two sittings ought to suffice. It must not be forgotten that light changes, and it is not advisable to work longer than two hours; nor will the faculty of concentration in the student hold out longer than this.

I have used the expression "paint-feeling," which I take as the equivalent to what philologists and grammarians call "speech-feeling." It is the charm as well as clarity of expression given by the manipulation of paint.

I strongly advise the student to start with oil rather than with water-colour, although he thereby risks making a worse mess at first. For the student in his career it is not a good transition from water-colour to oils. I was first a water-colourist, and loved it; but it took me years to become an oil painter. Oil-colour, moreover, is more direct, and enables the student more quickly to get his tones right, which he can do by the first touch—a training in "mind-seeing"—whereas in water-colour he deals with tiresome washes, stippling, and changes in the drying; also the tender medium too readily lends itself to prettiness, a quality to be as much avoided as sheer ugliness.

THE SKY.

Let the student not neglect or shirk the sky, for it is one of the glories of nature. From the sky he starts his tonal gamut. He pitches the "key" on the possibilities of his paint, and works

downward from that in his scale of gradations. It is well for him to mix some sky-tones on his palette before he begin, so as not to have to worry with little mixings of colours whilst dashing in with the greatest rapidity the salient characteristics of cloud shapes and colour before they move out of all recognition. He must keep his memory acute during this process, so as to assist him in finishing the sky after he leaves the spot. This after-work has a double advantage, for the paint is then in what is, in studio vernacular, called a "tacky" condition, which enables the student to "draw together" tones and add lights.

The clouds that form themselves over a landscape are generally right. Of course, at any one moment they may suggest a better or a worse design, and it behoves the student to select carefully the design that will enhance or emphasise his landscape. Be it remembered that the sky can make or mar a landscape even more than a background can a portrait. It is seldom that a sky, done in one locality, can be grafted on to another. It is different in a *composed* landscape, in which case a painter will select from many promiscuously painted sky studies. But I advise the student to gain his experience by working from what is before him, for some time at least, so as to train his mind from *subjectivity* to *objectivity*.

Stormy skies often lead students (and even practised landscapists) into the error of making dark storm-clouds look too near. No matter how dark a cloud is, it must always be treated as a *distant* object.

Let the sketch-book and pencil ever be in readiness, as sudden changes may take place, giving some startling effect that should be secured by a few lines, with words written on as to colour. If the student have a book of toned paper and some white and black chalk, he can complete quite a comprehensive study in an incredibly short time. But even the slightest memorandum will fix the design of a sky in his memory. Let him not dream of trying to photograph it. It may happen that the student will have to rely on such slight memoranda entirely, as, for instance, in sunset skies.

ON PROPER SCALE OF TOUCH TO SIZE OF CANVAS.

This is of importance, and is a matter in which students often fail, for they are apt to cover a small canvas with touches of altogether disproportionate size. The scale of touch must be in proportion to the size of the canvas. A canvas of 14 inches requires touches on quite a different scale from a canvas of 14 feet. Herein painters who have been used to small work, and suddenly

launch out into a big picture, often make the egregious mistake of continuing the small touches until they have *covered* the canvas, without realising that the size of the larger canvas requires a larger scale of touch for effect at the distance at which the eye can take in the whole canvas. If you accept the rational principle that a picture must look right at a distance of twice its size, you realise at once that a picture the size of your hand must be looked at nearer than one of 10 feet. Hence you cannot expect the latter to be effective at the distance where the eye can take it all in, unless you give the atmosphere between the spectator and the picture something to do. As the atmosphere softens and subdues workmanship, this necessitates strong accent and touch, otherwise the picture will look weak and flat.

ON ORIGINALITY.

Straining after originality or bizarre treatment is to be avoided like poison by the student. It is a poison of modern art, and greatly to be deplored, for it has stopped the growth and development of many a young painter.

Young, spirited artists, if possessed of inordinate self-esteem by nature, are rather prone to follow some new craze in art, started perhaps by a painter who has evolved some eccentric form that arrests attention, even if it does not satisfy sober critics. They do not mind their performances being laughed at: but to be ignored, *that* hurts them deeply. Let me say that there is no harm in indulging in a little private art-intoxication, but a painter must not flaunt such a condition before the public.

The best advice to students as regards originality is to start the sketch by "ignoring the fact," as Constable said, "that any picture had ever been painted before." Such a feeling brings the student directly in contact with nature, and a sympathy is set up between him and the subject before him, uninterrupted by the memory of any painter. Originality will then show itself without hindrance. If he follow another man too closely it will take him years to get rid of such an infatuation, before he "finds himself." This sympathy with nature at the moment will enable him to grasp the mood of the scene, its atmospheric peculiarity, and entice "elasticity" in his technique. Repetition of technique, even in good painters, becomes very tiresome, leads to degeneracy, and should be discouraged early in a career. The colloquial phrase, "Let yourself go," is full of meaning technically and æsthetically; but, of course, it assumes that there *is* a self to let go!

ON THE DANGER OF DEXTERITY.

I have already spoken of the training obtained by the practice of rapid sketching, but there lurks a little danger, on which a word of warning may not be out of place. Unless the student have large and important work going on simultaneously with this joyous and irresponsible sketching, he may become "flippant" with the acquired dexterity. It is something akin to the actor who commits to memory too readily, and in consequence never learns his part thoroughly, never gets deeply into the meaning of it. The too ready sketcher, who exhausts his interest in the subject after a one-sitting effort, has not gone very deeply into the meaning of his subject. He will use his bag of tricks for quick results and be satisfied. He deadens that all-important desire, the desire for "quest."

I would like to recommend the student to hang up his sketches on the walls of his studio. They will act on, and counteract, each other. He will then see to what type of work he is drifting. Further, by seeing his rapidly done and expressive impressions of nature in so many moods, he may feel inspired to select one or other of these for a bigger effort, and return to the spot again for fresh study.

There are students and young, clever artists who sketch with extraordinary dexterity, and with the honest belief that it is the best way of acquiring knowledge. It is certainly the best training for the observing faculties and quickness in grasping essentials. But I claim that the more dexterous they get in *that* form of sketching the less likely are they to grasp the larger art, monumental landscape art. Knowledge is the accumulation of facts; but no artist can accumulate enough facts to serve him for the rest of his life—a stock-in-trade, as it were. Every new subject is a new problem. The animal painter, however, does need detailed knowledge of his animals, which cannot be attained without an intimate knowledge of anatomy. He must be able to draw his animals in every imaginable attitude without nature. With anatomy of the human figure it is different. The Greeks did not study dead anatomy; they were guided by observation of the living, and by perpetual contact *with* nature. The study of anatomy has never helped a student to draw well. The study of geology or botany has never helped the landscapist. Knowledge of the muscles under the skin has not enabled the student to grasp the human form, *as it looks* to "artistic seeing." I know this is heresy, but it is true, nevertheless: be it remembered that the "formative arts" are not an exact science.

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER'S FIGURES.

A whole thesis could be written on the landscape painter's figures. Many subjects make the introduction of some figure or figures imperative. The landscape painter invariably feels where figures should be, but seldom attempts to work them out as a figure painter would do, who very frequently gives the figures too much importance, so that the picture becomes a figure with a landscape background rather than a landscape with a figure introduced: this is a most important point, and should be uppermost in the student's mind. In Fred. Walker's works the balance of importance between figures and landscape is frequently so equal, that one is often puzzled to know which he intended should attract the eye most.

Claude's figures were painted by other hands, and look it—painfully so, for there is no unison between them and the landscape in manipulative feeling. Turner's figures were always *welded* to the landscape, and in their right places, but often childish in drawing. He showed where and how figures should be introduced, but not how they should be painted. Strangely enough, figure painters who introduce figures into their landscapes always use models, yet landscape painters nearly always paint figures without nature. Turner once brought a picture to Goodall (the engraver) to be engraved, and told him to introduce into the foreground a girl with a goat. Goodall refused, and demanded that Turner should do it himself. The latter then locked himself in a room and worked at this goat and girl. Next day he came again and continued this secret labour; in fact, he repeated the process for four days before it was done. He had no nature and no sketches from nature to work from; he simply plodded on in this "faking" method (if I may use studio slang) until he was satisfied, whereas a quarter of an hour's work from nature would have saved him endless worry and labour.

Yet, paradoxical as it may sound, the figure in a landscape should not be too well done. Gainsborough hit off exactly the right amount of finish and significance required in the figures he introduced into his conventional landscapes. In modern times Mr. David Murray always succeeds in not only placing his figures well, but in giving them just the right significance *as* figures in a landscape.

It is in the technique that a figure can be made to harmonise, or not, in a landscape. It cannot be logically right to work up in miniature minutia a face in the middle distance of an otherwise boldly painted landscape, as was the case in Walker's picture of "The Plough." Walker evidently did not consider the

question of the balance in significance between the figures of the boy at the horses (a little Greek God for grace), the ploughman (another Greek type), and the landscape. With all its charm, therefore, the picture leaves a certain feeling of want of homogeneity. George Mason, a contemporary of Walker's, who also painted rustic figures in landscape, never fell into this error. But, then, he was essentially an oil painter, whereas Walker was essentially a water-colour painter, in which medium a disproportion in technique more often than otherwise gives an additional charm or piquancy. In short, a sketch or a landscape with or without figures should look, as the Germans say, "*aus einem Guss*"—out of one mould.

A point of warning to the student occurs to me here. Figures are so often painted into a landscape when the latter is nearly completed that the student is tempted to paint his figure over the paint already on the canvas. Such a procedure is in every way to be avoided. In the first place, a figure thus painted always looks a makeshift, an after-thought; whereas a figure should either be conceived at the commencement of the landscape, or else the paint should first be carefully removed from the place, even down to the canvas. There are many ways of doing this, but the use of chloroform is perhaps the best, as scraping gives a glassy smoothness of surface not pleasant to work on, and not conducive to homogeneity with the technique of the landscape painted on the canvas.

THE SEASONS.

Every season has its paintable aspects. For the artist, the difference of the seasons is a matter of bodily comfort in working out of doors. Therein lies the value of working out of a window, either of car or carriage, or the little hut on wheels already described. But the melancholy of winter in England is intensely poetic and rich in colour, and of all the seasons the easiest to paint (I am not speaking of snow), whereas midsummer is the most difficult, owing to the monotonous green. Let the student carefully select his effects at the latter season, and the most thankful will be sunlight, behind and through the trees. In any case, let him not shirk the green of midsummer, it is so joyous and lovable in nature and should be reflected in art.

ON RE-DOING.

One more practical hint. It may happen that, after a student has seen his sketch on the wall, he may feel that he could have done some parts better, he may see flaws in the design, in colour.

If he be convinced that it is a good subject, worth doing well, let him at once copy it off on to another canvas with the alterations. He can work on this with a deliberation not possible when painting at the first impression from nature, with all the excitement and worries of technique, changes of light, and other innumerable difficulties. He can always take this second impression out to nature again and carry parts further; but the greatest care must be taken not to patch a new feeling on to the old.

I take this re-doing to be a most potent factor in the development of the student's critical faculty. He will find in after years that unless this faculty be kept keenly active he will never be able to judge his work, and in consequence never know when he takes the first steps towards decay. His friends will not tell him, and his enemies will not be believed. To the end, it is the *artist himself* who must be his own judge.

A WORD ABOUT THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.

The pendulum of taste in art has at present gone to the other extreme from the Victorian "prettiness" to that of absolute ugliness; in fact, ugliness has become a *cult*. Naturally, the painter bent on securing "beauty" hovers dangerously on the border-line of the "pretty." The strong painter is safe enough, he will not succumb; not so the weak, who will swell the list of the so-called "pleasing" artists, whose banal performances have so aroused the ire of the modern extremists, and have thereby been the true cause of this cult of ugliness.

Let the student not be led into extremes, either in selection of subject or in the treatment of it. Caviare is all right, but it isn't a safe *diet*! Byron, when he said, "England! thy beauties are tame to one who has roamed o'er the mountains afar," plainly showed the over-exciting impressions to which he had accustomed himself. *Let us not tread on the sweet flowers to worship the storm.*

IMAGINATION.

A word, in conclusion, on that all-important and much misunderstood word imagination. There are many interpretations of the word. According to the dictionary, it is (1) "the act or faculty of forming a mental image of an object; (2) the act or power of presenting to consciousness objects other than those directly and at that time produced by the action of the senses; (3) the act or power of reproducing or recombining remembered images of sense-objects, especially the higher form of this power exercised in poetry and art; (4) it is divided into reproductive and

productive, *reproductive imagination* being the act or faculty of reproducing images stored in the memory, *productive imagination* being the creative imagination which designedly recombines former experiences into new images."

That is clear enough, and, note, it does not *exclude* the use of direct nature. Let it be understood that no man can copy nature as it is; he can only copy that aspect of it which is the outcome of what he "sees." This "seeing," again, is the outcome of his idiosyncrasy and training. But without imagination appreciation of nature would be impossible. Many things can be learnt; but, alas! imagination is beyond the power of man to acquire. It is a gift, born in the individual; it is the originator of ideas; it is the source of all invention, of all action; it is the foundation of man's art, and is the crown of genius, for it parts talent from genius. Talent without imagination is but a poor mechanical thing, and, as an old Welsh bard once said to me, "Talent is the pump, genius the stream." We see endless results of the "pump" in our art exhibitions, and but little of the "stream." Talent cannot designedly recombine former experiences into new images. But imagination may lie dormant or quiescent for years in certain minds, and then suddenly, with one effort, burst into activity. Further, as Maudsley says, "It is evident that true imagination is vastly different from fancy: far from being merely a playful outcome of mental activity, a thing of joy and beauty only, it performs the initial and essential functions in every branch of human development."

HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

THE REPORT OF THE DIVORCE LAW COMMISSION.

It may be permissible to remind the readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* that in December, 1906, the Editor kindly allowed me to make the following suggestions to them in regard to divorce law reform :—

1. To make wilful desertion for three years a cause for divorce.
2. To give equal rights for both sexes as regards adultery.
3. To give a discretionary relief of divorce when the home is broken up by lunacy.
4. To afford facilities for divorce in the County Courts.
5. To restrain the present publicity of divorce proceedings as to newspaper reports.

In November, 1909, I modified elsewhere the suggestion in regard to insanity to making it a cause of divorce only in cases where "the insanity of the spouse had continued uninterruptedly for five years and was certified by the court doctors to be incurable." Though these suggestions were sympathetically received in many quarters, there was a widespread impression that they were merely Utopian.¹

Yet in less than six years they have all been endorsed by the Majority Report of the Divorce Commission in every particular, except that the County Court judges are not to dispense local justice in those Courts, but in the district of the High Court Registries. Habitual drunkenness and commuted death sentence have been added as causes, together with some useful checks on permanent separation. Even the three signatories to the Minority Report, including (*horresco referens*!) an archbishop, concur in giving equality to the sexes, local justice (on a stingier scale) to the poor, and in five new grounds for annulling marriage with which I will deal hereafter. They also concur in some most reasonable recommendations in regard to the right of remarriage after seven years' disappearance, and obtaining "presumption of death," as well as in a raking criticism of the Summary Jurisdiction Act, 1895—one of those "non-controversial measures" which exhibit and bring into play, on a large scale, not only the gross and thoughtless negligence displayed at times by both Houses of Parliament in regard to measures of vital

(1) These essays have been republished in a book entitled *Divorce Problems of To-day*. (Heffer and Sons, Ltd.) 2s.

importance to the poor though not to themselves, but also all the wholesale blundering of which officials like magistrates' clerks can be capable.

This result is not surprising to any person who has either any practical acquaintance with the intolerable misery on which the Commission has turned a searchlight, or who has sufficient imagination to realise what misery is likely to result from the actual state of the law. But as most people in England either have no such practical acquaintance with the facts, or if they hear of a particular case forthwith attribute the failure of the marriage to some mysterious delinquency of the parties, or persuade themselves that such suffering is morally wholesome and socially useful, the findings of the Commission are likely to prove a considerable shock. In ecclesiastical circles, where the English Church Union had until recently captured "the machine," what the secretary of that union calls "a storm of protest" is likely to occur. Even in more profane circles there is likely to be some resentment against this influential attack on accepted moral usages.

For in all circles alike there is a general persuasion, bred of long custom, that the domestic life of the poor is inherently, and must necessarily remain, disreputable, that wives must put up with tactful infidelity, that children would go to perdition if they did not see the quarrels and vices of their parents at close quarters, and that separated husbands and wives, or the healthy spouses of the insane, must learn to console themselves with furtive irregularities if they are not inclined "to take up their cross."

The prejudices of the British public against divorce law reform are not entirely religious or ascetic. There are, of course, many persons who, not content with subordinating their own lives to a transcendental martyrdom, desire to impose the same on their unfortunate fellow-creatures; and even more who, being completely happy in their own surroundings, demand sacrifices which they would loudly deplore in their own case. To them it seems a righteous duty to subject unhappily married persons either to a cat-and-dog life under the same roof, or to a worse than monastic system of permanent separation. Our system is worse because monastic morality, for what it is worth, is perhaps easier, if not more conspicuous, in a monastery than it is in the world.

But the less Pharisaical prejudices are to be found among the efficient, prosperous, and unimaginative. To them divorce savours of "throwing up the sponge." We all know that the most successful marriage depends on the mutual good-will and endeavour of the parties and on a certain readiness for com-

promises—possibly, indeed, sacrifices. Society naturally frowns upon mere slackness and caprice, to say nothing of rapid changes after the fashion of Henry VIII. Again, the whole question is further complicated by the disharmonies of sex with the ordered life of friendly partnership. The deepest possible affection may exist between husband and wife without satisfying all the æsthetic and sentimental functions of the sexual instinct. Hence may arise complications quite unconnected with any desire for divorce. Either spouse may be tempted to adventures without the least desire to abandon the home. M. Rémy de Gourmont, in his admirable monograph, *Physique de l'amour*, boldly states a solution to which our British timidity in regard to the discussion of sex denies open expression, but the main idea of it no doubt underlies British reflection on the subject. He writes as follows :—

“La polygamie actuelle, temporaire ou permanente, est moins rare encore chez les peuples de civilisation européenne, mais presque toujours secrète et jamais légale; elle a pour corollaire une polyandrie exercée dans les mêmes conditions. Cette sorte de polygamie, fort différente de celle des Mormons et des Turcs, n'est pas non plus la promiscuité. Elle ne dissout pas le couple, elle en diminue la tyrannie, le rend plus désirable. Rien ne favorise le mariage, et par suite, la stabilité sociale, comme l'indulgence en fait de polygamie temporaire. . . . On dirait que l'homme, et principalement l'homme civilisé, est voué au couple, mais qu'il ne le supporte qu'à condition d'en sortir et d'y rentrer à son gré. Cette solution semble concilier ses goûts contradictoires : plus élégante que celle que donne . . . le divorce toujours à recommencer, elle est conforme non seulement aux tendances humaines mais aussi aux tendances animales. Elle est doublement favorable à l'espèce en assurant à la fois l'élevage convenable des enfants et la satisfaction entière d'un besoin qui, dans l'état de civilisation ne se sépare ni du plaisir esthétique, ni du plaisir sentimental.”

These trenchant sentences embody much of the superficial common sense in the arguments against allowing a wife to divorce a husband for adultery only, though we seldom hear the equally strong argument against allowing a husband to divorce a wife for a single act of adultery. Nor is the general line of thought alien from that of the Catholic Church, which has always, in practice, adopted a lenient attitude to matrimonial offences if duly confessed and repented of as and when committed. Even the signatories to the Minority Report refer complacently to the standard of “conjugal fidelity” in South Carolina, where the law provides for concubinage.

There is an odd kind of alliance between the ascetic and the man of the world both in Church and State regarding this matter, though their reasoning does not quite cover the whole ground. Complications often result from this apparently simple state of

affairs, since, to say nothing of children accidentally or otherwise born out of wedlock and subsequently regretted, amorous experiments sometimes end very unexpectedly. Men, and especially women, are apt to be blinded by passion, for varying intervals of time, and to neglect their matrimonial business. If this occurs under present conditions, a society, openly converted to a system of what may be called matrimonial holidays, might be almost uprooted by chronic disturbances.

These observations do no more than illustrate certain phases of common prejudice, but such prejudice is, in fact, entirely irrelevant to the question of divorce law reform. The circumstances which demand the solution of divorce are *toto coelo* different. They involve not a partial, but a total, misfit; they imply no mere disharmony, but absolute incompatibility. Yet the whole foundation of the ecclesiastical position is the fixed idea that divorce is only required to satisfy carnal desires. Churchmen insist that there is "no demand for divorce," and then predict a "terrible increase" in it, as if such increase were not merely the public revelation of secretly festering misery, such as we find in Miss Llewelyn Davies' evidence before the Commission. Divorce means nothing to the priest but the emergence of "Original Sin." This belief is naively and forcibly expressed in the opening passages of the Marriage Service.

I will now deal with the recommendations of the Majority and Minority Reports in detail. To start with, many will regret that the suggestions in regard to publication do little to protect innocent parties to divorce suits. Public morals are to be vindicated in the matter of reporting, and no case is to be reported until it is finished. This may do a good deal to prevent blackmailing suits, and innocent parties may often prefer publication in order to exculpate themselves. But there are necessarily many innocent parties who would no more prefer publication than a trader who has defeated an abortive bankruptcy petition, or a solicitor who has defeated an abortive attempt to strike him off the rolls. Not so very long ago a case failed which involved the conduct of an unmarried girl who was throughout the proceedings referred to as "Miss A." If both sexes are to be on an equal footing as regards causes for divorce, why should a man be worse treated than a woman in this particular matter? The hardship is unquestionably grave in the case of clergymen, solicitors, doctors, or prominent politicians.

It may also be regretted that the Commissioners felt unable to tackle such questions as the statutory age of marriage (at present fourteen for males and twelve for females), the legitimization of children by subsequent marriage, or the general questions of

family law, such as a man's power to cut his wife and family entirely out of his will. They begin their report on the question of local justice for the poor, and recommend that the High Court should exercise jurisdiction in districts corresponding with the existing registries of the High Court through Commissioners of Assize, who will generally be County Court judges specially chosen for this work in rotation. Only cases within a certain limit will be heard in this way, and this limit will be a joint income of not more than £300 a year, with assets of not more than £250. It is stated that matrimonial cases cannot be satisfactorily conducted "without the assistance of the Bar," but we are not told why. It is difficult to see why solicitors should not be as well qualified to deal with divorce cases as with the ordinary County Court cases, except possibly where complicated questions of domicile arise.

Mr. Tindal-Atkinson adds a note to the report in order to record his opinion that the divorce jurisdiction can be exercised and justice administered by the County Court with complete satisfaction to all parties. He thinks that many of the witnesses who gave evidence against this jurisdiction being given to the County Court have in their minds the "condition of these Courts twenty-five to forty years ago." He does not, however, meet the objection of the Commissioners that some of the judges may be Roman Catholics, and may, therefore, not wish to do this work. It is difficult to see why any man should be allowed to postpone his professional duties to his religious convictions. If he does, it is not unreasonable that he should be expected to resign. The Minority Report agrees with the suggestion of local jurisdiction, but wishes to cut it down as much as possible. The signatories perhaps hope that such facilities will become as obsolete as they did after the Act of 1857.

As regards the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, all the Commissioners agree that the power of these Courts to make orders having the effect of a permanent decree of judicial separation should be abolished, and they make a number of very sensible recommendations in regard to what powers should be preserved. They think that orders should only be made for the "reasonable immediate protection of the wife," or husband, or the maintenance of the wife and the children with her. No separation order is to last more than two years, at the expiration of which time an application may be made to the High Court to have the order converted into a decree of judicial separation, or of divorce if there are grounds for divorce. This application can, of course, be made by the injured party, but, later on in the report, the Commissioners recommend that the Court should have discretion

when a decree of separation is asked for on grounds which would justify divorce, to make a decree of divorce on the application of the respondent.

A similar recommendation is made where the petitioner omits to apply for a decree to be made absolute. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Minority Report disapproves of any step being taken to convert separation into divorce after this fashion. On this important point Mrs. Tennant adds a note: "I cannot feel that the guilty person should have any power to impose on the innocent a remedy, against which he or she may have conscientious scruples"; while Mr. Spender writes: "I am in favour of giving such respondent the right on application to the Court of having a decree of separation converted into a decree of divorce after the lapse of two years," and I infer that he does not mean to limit this to cases where there are grounds for divorce. Mr. Spender's opinion seems far more sensible than the Report itself on this point, since the express intention of the Commissioners is to abolish separation orders and decrees whenever possible, and to substitute the remedies of divorce or maintenance.

All this part of the report is most excellently drawn, and includes a number of admirable suggestions. There is only one point on which the Commissioners have not touched, and that is the hardship due to a wife being able to issue a new summons against her husband in respect of arrears of maintenance during the period when he has been in prison, immediately he comes out. I am told that a magistrate has no discretion in such cases except as to the length of the sentence, and I know of a case where a man found himself back in prison simply because he had been unable to earn money while in prison.

Concerning the question of further grounds of divorce, the Commissioners desire to give the wife the same right as the husband to divorce for adultery. Their decision is carefully reasoned. They elaborately weigh the arguments on each side, and appear little moved either by Puritanical prejudices or Suffragist clamour. They emphasise the physical dangers of venereal disease to a wife, as to which the medical evidence is overwhelming, and they refer to Lord Salvesen's evidence as showing that the wife can usually be trusted not to exercise the power of divorce except where the husband's conduct in other respects makes married life intolerable. This recommendation is unanimous, and it includes a suggestion to make wilful refusal of intercourse a ground for annulling a marriage which has not been consummated, and an act of desertion where the marriage has been consummated. It will, therefore, be impossible for a woman to refuse intercourse to a series of husbands, and to divorce

them all in turn for the sake of alimony, as some persons were inclined to fear when they first heard of the report. This would, indeed, be a serious abuse, because under the present law a wife receives the same alimony whether she marries again or not, and it is a pity that alimony cannot be reduced where the wife marries again, though not so as to cut down the maintenance of any children in her custody.

Dealing with the question of desertion, the Commissioners suggest that desertion for three years should be a ground for divorce. Mr. Spender in his note wishes to reduce the period to two years. They also think that divorce is the proper remedy for cruelty, and give a careful definition of the term.

On the question of incurable insanity they draw a very strong distinction between insanity and other diseases, and it is difficult to quarrel with their conclusions, except where they recommend that relief should only be given when the insane person is, if a woman, not over fifty years, and if a man, not over sixty years. Yet a lunatic of sixty may quite often have married a woman twenty or thirty years younger than himself, and there is no reason why she should not have the same relief as anyone else. No suggestion is made in cases of "intermittent insanity," where the husband may emerge from an asylum and force his wife to have children, who are more than likely to be insane; but this hardship is mitigated by the provisions for nullity on this head to which I shall hereafter refer. The Commissioners, however, point out that under the existing Lunacy Acts: (1) an insane spouse can get out of an asylum before convalescence is established in defiance of medical opinion; (2) patients, subject to intermittent insanity and allowed out of confinement at intervals between the attacks, may resume marital relations; (3) married patients allowed out on probation are allowed to resume marital relations while still on probation; and (4) there are no provisions by which an insane person can be restrained from cohabitation against the wish of the other party.

As regards habitual drunkenness, the Commissioners recommend that no separation order should be granted for more than two years by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction. If this order is not effective an application should be made to the High Court for a further order of probation, and if at the expiration of three years from the first order of separation there is no reasonable prospect that the drunkenness of the respondent will be effectively cured, then the High Court should be entitled to grant a decree of judicial separation or of divorce.

Mrs. Tennant objects to this part of the report on the ground that every incentive should be given to the sober spouse to help the other spouse, but she does not appear to have weighed the

frequency of crime in such cases as these, and this danger is copiously illustrated day by day in the police news.

The recommendation of divorce in the case of a commuted death sentence seems reasonable enough, and I should not personally be disposed to go further, but Mr. Spender goes so far as to recommend divorce in the case of all sentences of five years and upwards. The result of this would, of course, be a wholesale reduction in the length of sentences.

The Commissioners profess themselves incapable of distinguishing between "unconquerable aversion" and "mutual consent" as regards divorce. They do not recognise unconquerable aversion as necessarily putting an end, *de facto*, to married life, nor do they appear to recognise the possibility of divorce for such a cause as desertion resulting in any kind of divorce by consent. In procedure the Commissioners make a gallant attempt to clear up the muddles due to adopting domicile as the test of jurisdiction, although they admit that the factor of intention as regards domicile is bound to cause doubt. They wish to give a deserted wife a separate domicile so that she may have the right of applying to the English Courts. They recommend, generally, that British subjects should be permitted to have their cases tried in the place of their residence within the British dominions, and that the decree, when registered in the place of domicile, should be operative as if made there, provided it is made on grounds permitted by the law of the domicile. This certainly cuts a number of knots, especially in regard to the conflict of laws between, for example, England and India. For in England the test of jurisdiction is domicile, while in India and at least one British Colony, the test is residence. I venture to think, however, that fifty years hence my own suggestion may be preferred. I have long suggested that there should be an uniform nationality for the British Empire, coupled with the test of residence in regard to local laws, and that the test of residence should be universally substituted for that of domicile. This would cover not only the Imperial difficulties, but also the international difficulties, if only foreign countries can be induced to recognise the very sensible doctrine of English law that a marriage is good if it is celebrated in accordance with the country where it takes place, irrespective of the nationality of the parties. Thus, an Imperial subject living in the West Indies, where there is no divorce, would be entitled to obtain a divorce according to the law of England, Scotland, or any Colony, by (say) five years' residence, while there would be no conflict between the tests of domicile and nationality in foreign countries. This test of residence would also avoid the difficulties of giving a separate domicile to a wife living apart from her husband. Few persons, however, will quarrel with the recom-

mentation that where the Courts of any foreign country declare a marriage null the English Court shall be at liberty to pronounce it null also, even though it may have been celebrated in accordance with the law of celebration.

All the Commissioners recommend certain causes of nullity arising from fraudulent concealment in cases of (1) mental unsoundness, (2) epilepsy and recurrent insanity, (3) where one of the parties is suffering from a venereal disease in a communicable form, and (4) where the woman is pregnant at the time of her marriage by another man, provided the suit be brought within a year of the marriage. They suggest no rules as to the legitimation of any children by such marriages, but the legislature would presumably not impose any disabilities on such children.

Certain provisions are made for cases where one spouse has been absent for seven years; in such a case the other spouse is to have the right of applying to the Court for a decree of presumption of death, so as to be able to contract a second valid marriage. This can also be done in circumstances where it is reasonable to suppose that the other spouse is dead, even though the period of seven years has not elapsed. This procedure would follow the same lines as the present procedure before the Probate Court.

Regarding the question of recrimination, it is suggested that the Court should have a much wider discretion in regard to granting a divorce where both parties have been guilty of adultery. The existing discretion of the Court is very much fettered by some timid decisions given soon after the Act of 1857, but we are told that the Court should have a wide discretion to grant divorce where it is obviously in the best interests of the parties, their children, and the State. There are, no doubt, many persons who think, as I do, that two parties should never be tied up by the bond of mutual adultery, but they may perhaps be reassured when they learn that for three hundred years the Scotch Courts have had the power of refusing divorce in all such cases, and have never thought fit to exercise that power; although, of course, the question of adultery affects the financial position of the parties after the divorce.

The Commissioners wish to stop the suit for restitution of conjugal rights being made a stepping-stone for divorce, but in its place they substitute the much better suggestion that a deserted woman may be entitled to apply to the High Court for immediate maintenance before the period of desertion has expired. This provision is much needed by wives in the more prosperous classes.

A decree absolute can at present be disputed for an indefinite period on the ground of jurisdiction, but the Commissioners recommend that it should be unimpeachable after the expiration of five years. It seems a pity that this recommendation cannot

also apply to the law of Scotland, where a decree can be impeached for forty years afterwards.

In lieu of damages in divorce the Commissioners substitute a power for the Court to order the co-respondent to pay any actual pecuniary losses sustained by the petitioner, and to make any other financial payments for the benefit of the parties or their children. It is interesting to find the same recommendation as regards a woman found guilty with a respondent husband, pushed even to the extent of defeating a "restraint on anticipation" if necessary. There are certain minor recommendations as to divorce suits being heard before a judge alone, instead of before a judge and jury, and as to adopting the ordinary High Court procedure of writ instead of petition. Every charge of adultery in a petition is to be specific.

The recommendation to give the High Court power, on the application of either party, to set aside any deed or agreement for separation on such terms as it may think fit, or to vary its terms, should meet with widespread approval. If such a deed is set aside, or the parties are living apart without any deed, then on any *bonâ fide* application by either party to the other to resume cohabitation, the other party shall be deemed guilty of desertion if he or she refuses cohabitation without reasonable cause. The adoption of these proposals would go far to reduce the scandals arising from the complacency of the English law during the last hundred years towards a system of voluntary and permanent separation which, before 1800, was rightly considered contrary to public policy, and was never approved by the Canon lawyers.

The Minority Report is a welcome contrast to the views officially entertained by the Church before the Commission reported, and it certainly leaves any Unionist Government at liberty to introduce legislation on these lines without affronting the Church. It is signed by the Archbishop of York, Sir William Anson, and Sir Lewis Dibdin. The report reads as if these gentlemen, although convinced against their will, were not of the same opinion still, but felt considerably alarmed by the far-reaching reforms to which they agree in the Majority Report, and which include everything but the extension of divorce for causes other than adultery, and the provisions for converting separation into divorce. They will, no doubt, be supported by most religious denominations in their desire to make adultery a condition precedent to divorce. This is partly due to the atmosphere of "taboo" which influences all religious bodies in regard to sexual intercourse, and partly due to their view of divorce as a proceeding which must either be squalid in itself, or, if not, should be made so. On humane and rational grounds it is preposterous to maintain that a solitary act of adultery causes more

misery to the parties than cruelty or desertion, or that divorce should be regarded as quasi-criminal; but it is no doubt difficult to expect the most priest-ridden country in Europe, with the possible exception of Spain, to adopt rational or humane tests in a matter of real importance to society. It is surprising to find these gentlemen solemnly quoting the evidence of a firm of lawyers in South Carolina to the effect that "conjugal fidelity is greater, and desertion less, in South Carolina than in any other State." The opinion of these lawyers is confessedly influenced by a determination to stand up for local institutions at any cost, and the reader of certain documents referred to later will find exactly the same local pride in the States of South Dakota and Nevada, where the divorce laws are extremely lax. The report, however, entirely suppresses the interesting circumstance that the State of South Carolina has long been compelled to enact a law that no man may leave more than one-fourth of his property to his mistress and illegitimate children. Without quarrelling with the common sense of this law, which might with advantage be enacted in England, it is noteworthy that a witness who strongly defended the present law of South Carolina, was compelled to admit that the precaution in regard to concubinage was not taken without very good reason. In these circumstances "conjugal fidelity," in a sense not incompatible with concubinage, may well be "greater than in other States," nor is it uncommon to find that where men have these privileges, the women are dragooned into the chastity of an Oriental harem.

The observations on divorce in the United States are equally surprising. After recording the efforts of a Divorce Congress to agree upon an uniform divorce law which is almost identical with the recommendations of the Majority Report, except as to lunacy, we are told that the freedom of divorce in America "scandalises all decent people," and that "America is appalled at the consequences." "America" appears to consist of Mr. Roosevelt and Dr. Dike. The correspondence with lawyers in various States, printed in the appendices, does not confirm the statements in the Minority Report, nor do they deal with the circumstances referred to in the Majority Report as explaining the frequency of divorce in the States. This frequency is, no doubt, largely due to the emigration of Europeans to various States in order to get easy divorce, and to the very lax administration condemned by the American lawyers whose opinions are invited.¹ Easy divorce is said to be the cause of immorality in ancient Rome, whereas

(1) Twenty-eight opinions are given by lawyers from various States on the question whether the divorce laws should be altered and whether such laws diminish respect for marriage. Of these, nineteen answers uphold the *status quo*, six answers suggest alteration, two are inconclusive, and one states that opinions are divided. Seven answers condemn lax administration.

it is abundantly clear from the excellent historical account given by Mr. de Montmorency in an appendix that easy divorce was merely the expression of a laxity which had grown up from quite different causes. The Archbishop and his colleagues complain that no witness has been able to tell them of a country where "public morality, &c., has been promoted by greater facilities for dissolution of marriage." It is, of course, difficult to prove such a proposition, especially now, since they refrained from asking any witness to do so; but it is possibly more than an historical accident that sexual morality in Catholic countries, where there is no divorce, is far more lax than in Protestant countries where there is divorce. The same inference may be drawn by any student of mediæval history, or by any person who studies the sexual morality of England before 1857 and after 1857, not to mention South Carolina. After being informed that further facilities for divorce would cause a "terrible increase in divorces," we are told that there is "no demand for divorce among the poor." It would be just as reasonable to say that there would be no demand for surgical operations among the poor supposing that hospitals did not exist. It is equally untrue to assert that an extension of causes for divorce would injure the community. The evidence of Mrs. Parr and Miss Davies alone refutes the Minority Report. No fair-minded person is justified in accepting it without reading all the evidence. This head-counting Minority has no right to ignore the claims of *one hard case* for which a proper remedy exists.

Throughout this report we are expected to presume that marriage is a condition in which the spouses are always guiltily desiring other intimacies at the expense of all those sentiments which, even apart from mutual affection, are derived from common interest and parental feeling. We may possibly understand this professionally cynical view of human nature in an ecclesiastic, but why should we find it expressed by two amiable lawyers, even though one of them is a bachelor? The truth is that ecclesiastical presumptions die hard, though that they can die is obvious when we read that the State must "legislate for the general good of the whole nation," instead of "translating the canons of the Christian Church into Acts of Parliament."

The only substantial point in the Minority Report is the suggestion that divorce for such a cause as desertion, however well deserved by a really innocent party, is sure to end in divorce by consent. This at once raises the vital question whether divorce by consent is such a bugbear as it is represented to be in both reports.

This question I hope to deal with in a subsequent number.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

ALFRED DE VIGNY ON GENIUS AND WOMAN.

THERE is a Vigny, we all know, whose words may be unfamiliar, whose strains are not. Akin to Wordsworth's in the *Highland Girl*, "His plaintive numbers flow, for old unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago" :—

"Qu'il est doux, qu'il est doux d'écouter des histoires,
Des histoires du temps passé;
Quand les branches d'arbre sont noires,
Quand la neige est épaisse et charge un sol glacé." (La Neige.)

And, alone by moonlight in some mountain grove, with Scott and Milton he has sighed : "Oh ! for a blast of that dread horn on Fontarabian echoes borne !" :—

"J'aime le son du cor, le soir, au fond des bois."

To which complaint Fancy has sent in sweet response :—

"Les airs lointains d'un cor mélancolique et tendre,"

"coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain," which sing of Roland and great Charles's knights, slain but victorious and of all sins cleansed in bloody Roncevaux :—

"Âmes des Chevaliers, revenez-vous encor?
Est-ce vous qui parlez avec la voix du cor?
Roncevaux ! Roncevaux ! dans ta sombre vallée
L'ombre du grand Roland n'est donc pas consolée !" (Le Cor.)

Than which martial dirge nothing could be more daintily or more massively Gothic in the best 1830 manner. But then, such ditties, however exquisite their native virginity of outlook and the unruffled freshness of their music or colouring, are only the perfection of that manner—a manner illustrated, besides, and with greater frequency, by numberless poets of Vigny's day. Of their kind they are two admirable samples, still widely admired and quoted in France, more so, in fact, than any other poems of de Vigny's, who is commonly known there as the author of *Le Cor*. And yet they would suffice at most to give him a distinguished, and not a foremost, place among the one-time brilliant score or so of French romantic heralds and ballad makers. But he is infinitely more than that. What, for instance, could be more serenely classical (if, indeed, to be classical nowadays, in this world of hobbled curves, wilful scrimps and shrillness, is not the very acme of self as against social expression, hence, too, of romanticism, as I understand that term?) in its softly rounded contours and the sensuous discretion of its opalescent flesh and

mosaic tints, than this picture of the Roman damsel, dreaming of the youthful Consul as she yields herself to her bevy of fair slaves :—

"Sa tunique est livrée aux femmes de Milet,
Et ses pieds sont lavés dans un vase de lait.
Dans l'ovale d'un marbre aux veines purpurines
L'eau rose la reçoit; puis les filles latines,
Sur ses bras indolents versant de doux parfums,
Voilent d'un jour trop vif les rayons importuns;
Et sous les plis épais de la robe onctueuse
La lumière descend molle et voluptueuse.

A domain of art, of pure Parnassian art, this, in which so many poets, and of the greatest—a Chénier, a Keats—have sought and found a haven from the sordid or tawdry pageant of modern life. Some of them, and they not the least Olympian, having once reached there, and verified the truth of Gautier's saying that "Art is the best solace for life," have dwelt there ever after, "safe in the hallowed quiet of the past" and "in their devotion to something afar from the field of our sorrow." But the more human among them, hence the truer men, if not the truer poets, have none the less, from time to time, felt and responded to the call of their fellow-sufferers below. Thus Keats himself :—

"And can I ever bid these joys farewell?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
Where I may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts."

So Vigny, as well, the shy and aloof Vigny, and more often than Keats. Once even, if once only, he relaxed into frankly popular and jingling rhymes :—

"Qu' elle était belle, ma Frégate,
Lorsqu' elle voguait dans le vent!
Elle avait au soleil levant
Toutes les couleurs de l'agate;
Ses voiles luisaient le matin
Comme des ballons de satin,
Sa quille mince, longue et plate,
Portait deux bandes d'écarlate. . . .
Qu' elle était belle, ma Frégate,
Lorsqu' elle voguait dans le vent!"

Lines which in their salty nimbleness vie with the following from Mr. Newbolt :—

"She's the daughter of the breeze,
She's the darling of the seas,
And we call her, if you please, the bright Medu-sa;
From beneath her bosom bare
To the snakes among her hair,
She's a flash of golden light, the bright Medu-sa."

So much for Vigny's single whiff of sea-breeze and of joy ; the latter not unalloyed ; for the frigate of his dream is battered and sunk in Aboukir Bay, by Mr. Newbolt's squadron ! And all this will have revealed to you, in Vigny, if you did not know him as such already, a very versatile artist and graceful poet *de genre*, charming, but, let us readily admit, not great ; not creative in either substance or manner. Would you now have him really great, and still charming, you need but turn to one of his nocturnes or twilights. For he is a master of evening shades and nocturnal symphonies. There is a Miltonic strain about his several descriptions of the night in *Eloa*, while, on the other hand, the following picture of dusk would strike me as a wonderful variation on Wordsworth's hint, "The eve is quiet as a holy nun, breathless with adoration" :—

"La Nature t'attend dans un silence austère,
L'herbe élève à tes pieds son nuage des soirs,
Et le soupir d'adieu du soleil à la terre
Balance les beaux lis comme des encensoirs ;
La forêt a voilé ses colonnes profondes,
La montagne se cache, et sur les pâles ondes
Le saule a suspendu ses chastes reposoirs.
Le crépuscule ami s'endort dans la vallée
Sur l'herbe d'émeraude et sur l'or du gazon,
Sous les timides joncs de la source isolée,
Et sous le bois rêveur qui tremble à l'horizon,
Se balance en fuyant dans les grappes sauvages,
Jette son manteau gris sur le bord des rivages
Et des fleurs de la nuit entr'ouvre la prison."

From which you might infer that Vigny was a lover and fond interpreter of Nature. He is not ; in fact, he is Nature's most impassioned hater among poets, although a lover of scenery in a purely decorative sense, as a medium for word painting in mellow and suggestive tones. His true spirituality, unlike Hugo's and Lamartine's, lies not here, in an intimate communion with nature, but in his communion, or rather, his failure to establish a communion with his fellow-men. This failure has inspired the first of his greater and more philosophical poems, *Moïse*. For it is as a philosophical poet, the first in date for France, and, with Leconte de Lisle, the only great French poet of that kind, that he takes rank as a world poet and critic of life in the Arnoldian sense. Moreover, from an English viewpoint, *Moïse* illustrates an interesting aspect of Vigny's formal art, which has been overlooked by French critics. I refer to his treatment of biblical themes and biblical style—for France, exceptional in the spirit as in the letter. To us, the Bible speaks through our Authorised Version, if I may put it so,

in an archaic but almost native tongue; to the French, from a literary standpoint, it has ever remained a somewhat exotic treasury. As such it has been freely drawn upon by their poets for devotional paraphrase in verse (Malherbe, Racine, Lamartine), or devotional paraphrase in prose (Chateaubriand, Lamennais); but, in either case, it has been approached through the Vulgate, and rendered into a super-unctuous and florid style, very remote from the Hebraic. Again, the Bible has been used by French poets for purely profane purposes, as an arsenal of Apocalyptic visions and frescoes by Hugo, or, more often, as a frame for voluptuous pictures of the East. Alone, Leconte de Lisle can be said to have thoroughly assimilated the Hebraic spirit, but then, he was a Hebrew scholar. Of the others, Vigny has perhaps come nearest to it in an æsthetic sense. His rendering, for instance, of the following passage from Proverbs,

"I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works,
with fine linen of Egypt.
I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon.
Come, let us take our fill of love, until the morning."

into :

"Mon lit est parfumé d'aloès et de myrrhe;
L'odorant cinnamome et le nard de Palmyre
Ont chez moi de L'Égypte embaumé les tapis;
J'ai placé sur mon front et l'or et le lapis;
Venez, mon bien-aimé, m'enivrer de délices
Jusqu'à l'heure où le jour appelle aux sacrifices !"

is far more effectual, in its weird and sensuous musical appeal, based on the assonant *laisse* in *i*, than Oscar Wilde's dilute rendering into rhythmical prose, *La sainte Courtisane*. But, more interesting even than such textual *tours de force*, are the ruthless deformations to which Vigny's agnosticism subjects the biblical narrative and teaching. To give but one example, in the poem from which I have just quoted, "La Femme Adultère," Vigny brands the man as the seducer and seeks to awaken our pity for the woman, whereas in Scripture the woman is primarily to blame. Deformations of this kind teem in *Moïse*, in the opening portion of which Vigny may be said to have rivalled the harsh glamour of Hebrew poetry.

The Holy Land: the land of God-made song and God-like agony, of prophets and of poets and of martyrs. The sun is setting o'er the tents of Israel, clothing the country all around in shimmering hues of purple and old gold. A solitary human form stands out, as Moses is seen to climb the steep and barren slopes of rugged Nebo. The skin of his face shines, as once before it shone on Sinai. When he has gone some way he halts, for

but a moment, to cast a farewell and wide-embracing glance upon the vast prospective :—

“ Moïse, homme de Dieu, s'arrête, et, sans orgueil,
 Sur le vaste horizon promène un long coup d'œil;
 Il voit d'abord Phasga, que des figuiers entourent,
 Puis, au delà des monts que ses regards parcourent,
 S'étend tout Galaad, Ephraïm, Manassé,
 Dont le pays fertile à sa droite est placé.
 Vers le Midi, Juda, grand et stérile, étale
 Ses sables où s'endort la mer occidentale;
 Plus loin, dans un vallon que le soir a pâli,
 Couronné d'oliviers, se montre Nephtali;
 Dans des plaines de fleurs magnifiques et calmes
 Jéricho s'aperçoit; c'est la ville des palmes.”

We recognise the scenery for we have read of it before.¹ But I am not sure that we recognise this Moses. He is called the Man of God, but has not waited for the Lord's voice to summon him unto the mountain of Death. He has set out towards it of his own will or impulse. He is said to be free from pride, no doubt in accordance with the verse in Numbers : “ Now the man Moses was very meek, above all men which were upon the face of the earth ” ; yet has no need of the Lord's aid in order to see that vast stretch of country. He sees it with his naked human eye, not by virtue of any miracle, but, it may be, as the outcome of the clear, still Eastern sky (the kind of solution a higher criticist might propound) ; or, more likely, because the poet sees both deep and wide. Again, this Moses beholds the whole of Canaan and the Promised Land, where he knows full well that he will never rest, not, apparently, because God has told him of it, but rather because the poet knoweth men and their thanklessness. Still, his parting gesture is one of blessing on the heedless and ungrateful throng below :—

“ Il voit, sur les Hébreux étend sa grande main,
 Puis vers le haut du mont il reprend son chemin.”

And they in the valley weep, for he “ is one whom men love not and yet regret.” They weep, soon they will dance and sing. For there is no man so great that his fellows cannot do and thrive without him ; no burden of power so great that a man cannot be found willing to shoulder it when another man has laid it down in weariness.

(1) And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. *And the Lord shewed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan,*

And all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea,

And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar.—(Deut. xxxiv. 1-3.)

And Moses should now be face to face with the Lord, in an impenetrable cloud. In the Bible God speaks to Moses and bids him die. In the poem Moses speaks to God, and to a silent God. Why silent, we shall learn later. Indeed, to use Coleridge's phrase, "within that cloud, so lonely 'twas, that God himself scarce seemed thus to be!"

Or, if present, would He have remained thus deaf and dumb to Moses' questionings and reproaches:—

"Pourquoi vous fallut-il tarir mes espérances,
Ne pas me laisser homme avec mes ignorances?"

which are more akin in spirit to the large utterance of a certain Lucifer in Byron's "Cain,"

"Then my father's God did well
When he prohibited the fatal tree?
—But had done better in not planting it."

than to the humble reluctance of the biblical Moses in accepting his crushing mission: "And Moses said unto the Lord, 'O, my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, not since Thou has spoken Thy servant, but I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue.'" So the biblical Moses, but not he of the poet's reading. *He* is not slow or spare of speech, neither is he unaware of his eloquence and manifold gifts, nor loath to display them in the Almighty's presence and for our own edification:—

"J'ai fait pleuvoir le feu sur la tête des rois;
J'engloutis les cités sous les sables mouvants;
Je renverse les monts sous les ailes des vents;
Mon pied infatigable est plus fort que l'espace;
Le fleuve aux grandes eaux se range quand je passe,
Et la voix de la mer se tait devant ma voix. . . .
Et cependant, Seigneur, je ne suis pas heureux;
Vous m'avez fait vieillir puissant et solitaire,
Laissez-moi m'endormir du sommeil de la terre."

Now, this sonorous fugue in the grand manner, with its deep organ notes and stately rhythm, and, above all, its sorrowful refrain on the loneliness of power, of genius, strikes one as something more than a mere poetic amplification on the vanity of earthly greatness. Rather is it the voluntary swan-song of a born leader of men, fully conscious of his high mission and responsibilities; conscious, too, of the success with which he has fulfilled them, as it were, single-handed, under the august but somewhat honorary patronage of his acknowledged King and Lord—by courtesy. He reminds one in a way of a forceful minister to a constitutionally-minded monarch, not to say *roi fainéant*, whom he would not consult overmuch, but to whom he might report

progress whenever convenient, and only if convenient. We look in vain here for the humble servant to an awe-inspiring Master, of whose minute commands he is the yet humbler and almost reluctant executor.

For the biblical Moses, once again, bewails, not his genius and success, but his very weakness and shortcomings. And his Master is neither angered nor mute, but answers his appeal forthwith, by appointing seventy from among the elders "to bear the burden of the people with thee, that thou bear it not thyself alone." Concerning which scheme of divided authority I am certain of one thing: that it would not have been agreeable to Vigny's "theocrat," benevolent as he doubtless is, and dutiful. For it is release from power he craves, not the pruning of it; and release, not so much from the material cares of government as from the coldness and want of sympathy of his fellows. They honour and obey him as a leader; as a man they neither love nor hate him. He is to them a stranger, wonderful, inscrutable, hopelessly outside their ken of understanding, hence of sympathy:—

"Sitôt que votre souffle a rempli le berger,
Les hommes se sont dit: 'Il nous est étranger.'"

He is no longer one of us, they feel, since glowing inspiration lights up his brow. "He stands among them, but not of them"; nay, not even among them. He walks before them, a sad and lonely figure in his glory!

"J'ai marché devant tous, triste et seul dans ma gloire.

You will have grasped by now the romantic *leit-motif* which underlies the biblical tale, that is, the penalty of genius breeding solitude all around. For "with the common thoughts of men genius holds but slight communion." How, then, can they be expected to commune with its herald? They may admire, and revere, and tremble in his presence, as they do here, largely because the inspiration is divine. Or they of an unbelieving and less reverential age may envy and mock and hate; unless, perchance, they remain perfectly indifferent, probably unaware, and certainly unconcerned, whether their attitude give him pain or not. And he, in any case, will suffer, alike from their hatred or their indifference or their misconception of his own attitude towards them. "None think the great unhappy, but the great." For he *is* unhappy, not after the fashion of René or the Childe, because men fail, or wilfully refuse, to acknowledge his ascendancy, but rather because he finds they cannot rise to share with him the higher life and knowledge. Indeed, Renan once wrote, rightly, as I think, and most pathetically: "Imagine the grief of the true scholar and thinker on finding himself by his very

qualities cut off from the rest of mankind, and living in a world apart, with beliefs peculiar to himself? Can you wonder that he is sometimes sad and lonely?" Which pithy remark, in my view, would give us the keynote to Vigny's mood as expressed in this line from *Moïse* :—

"Aussi, loin de m'aimer, voilà qu'ils tremblent tous."

Now, regarding the later verb as purely circumstantial, and reading the line in the spirit rather than the letter, it would seem to crystallise the whole tragedy of the thinker born in this modern democratic world, if he happen to be a man of action as well as a thinker, conscious of his worth, and longing to devote to his country and his fellows the pulsating energies of his manhood. For such energies as his there is no outlet in our public life; since, as a thinker, he must needs be relentless in his personal quest for truth, and, once in possession of it, equally unshakable in his resolve to convey its message to all, heedless of consequences, because spurred on by personal ideals and not by the compounded interest of class or party greed. Now such utterances may on rare occasions have carried weight with an aristocracy; in a democracy they are choked, shouted down, laughed out of court into the obscure columns of some brilliant but unread weekly. For whereas an aristocracy, if not exactly appreciative, is, as a rule, yet playfully tolerant of even hostile genius, democracy frowns upon all such talents as do not cater directly for its lusts, or look to it for every prompting and sanction. Democracy favours creatures, brilliant creatures if you will, but creatures none the less, not *creators*—creatures who lead it, not whither their wisdom or their conscience, but whither its momentary passions impel it. Democracy fights shy of independent spokesmen, preferring merely collective thought and representative talent. What it wants is a sonorous gramophone to sing tunes of its own composition, and with itself as operator. It welcomes specialists, whose sphere of work and influence is easily defined and circumscribed. It dreads all-round ability. It requires a poet, for instance, to remain a poet: free, if he so choose, to sow the seeds of the coming harvest or millennium, but content in such a case to watch those seeds germinate and ripen from afar—from his study. Woe betide him if he show any signs of claiming an active share in things of government! Democracy will then see in him nothing but a self-seeker after power. For just as to be witty is to be thought malicious, according to Mr. Bernard Shaw, so, too, to be strong is to be thought self-seeking and corrupt. In brief, democracy—I do not say as it should be, but as we know it—hates all such merit as stands alone. Personal eminence, to me the corner-

stone of a true democracy, it regards as its direst foe, more abhorrent even than conventional rank, after which it ever hankers with secret and illicit love. And here, and here only, democracy joins hands with the aristocracy of birth in the rigid maintenance, and possible multiplication, of our numerous tables of precedence. There is one, for instance, for our hereditary and gold-topped peerage; another for our gilt-edged mayors, sheriffs, and aldermen; yet another for our several orders of knighthood. Indeed, of all our orders, there is but one that confers no precedence, and that is the "Order of Merit." I remember our being told by the papers on the morrow of its foundation how admirably democratic was the omission, and it may *seem* democratic and it may be admirable; it is certainly convenient. True, it does not affect the great soldiers, sailors, and statesmen on its list, who derive their precedence from other sources. But what of the scientists, the artists, the men of letters? They, as usual, are left behind and submerged, so deep is our concern for their modesty, so deep, too, our wholesome distrust of intellectual eminence in public life! In saying which I am merely lending local colour in time and space, and, it may be, just a little acquiescence, to Vigny's own train of thought on the subject, as revealed by numberless references scattered throughout his "Diary of a Poet," and epitomised in his verse diatribe against our modern oracles. At the same time, I am doubtful whether at bottom he is more patient of his own social order, this nobleman, academician, and poet (he himself would have reversed this hierarchy) who wrote in that truly wonderful profession of intellectual faith, "l'Esprit pur":—

"Si l'orgueil prend ton cœur quand le peuple me nomme,
Que de mes livres seuls te vienne ta fierté.
J'ai mis sur le cimier doré du gentilhomme
Une plume de fer qui n'est pas sans beauté;
J'ai fait illustre un nom qu'on m'a transmis sans gloire;
Qu'il soit ancien, qu'importe! il n'aura de mémoire
Que du jour seulement où mon front l'a porté.

Which splendid self-consciousness of the man who knows and values only that which he owes to himself might sound a trifle harsh and forbidding, did it not blend with as full a consciousness of what he owes to his fellow-men. But, to quote Renan once more, "The life of men of genius presents to us a really delightful vision of vast intellectual capacity blending with a most charming sweetness of soul. Were such men to possess the infinite, the absolute truth, they would undoubtedly still suffer from being alone in its possession." We have already seen that it is a feeling of this kind which is at once the originality and moral justification

of Vigny's *Moïse*, and distinguishes the latter from all his elders, from Obermann, René, and Manfred.

Not his the chill aloofness and compressed disdain of Senancour; nor Chateaubriand's jaded and fastidious pose of the sentimental epicure, ever wearing his heart in a sling, while lamenting all the while that men and women tire him with their persistent love and homage; nor his, again, the Byronic strain of some Titanic quarrel with his fellows. He, Vigny, if a brother of all these, is a younger and more tender and more purely human one, in a mood recalling rather Shelley's wail from Naples; while with Tennyson he shares the Hate of Hate, the Scorn of Scorn—and, more than Tennyson—the Love of Love. Thus, man's friendship having failed him, he will now seek a new and fairer mate, to whom Intuition may perhaps reveal what Reason could not grasp, his loneliness and need of sympathy. But Genius, as a rule, is either celibate, or, when married, soon widowed or divorced of its ideal; I should have added: never mated—but for the memory of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett.

In love Vigny is no kinsman to either of those twin romantic showmen: the superman, Don Juan, high priest; or the sub-man, Adolphe, consumptive clerk in unholy orders. No, he is simply a man, the son of woman, of a noble, tender woman, his mother's son:—

"L'Homme a toujours besoin de caresse et d'amour;
Sa mère l'en abreuve alors qu'il vient au jour,
Et ce bras le premier l'engourdit, le balance,
Et lui donne un désir d'amour et d'indolence."

An original and magnificent conception this, which sees in the stammerings and vague clings of the child the seeds of man's great lusts and man's great love. A false conception, none the less, since it tends to confuse two irreducible passions, one of which is rarely selfish, and the other rarely anything but selfish. Above all, a dangerous conception when pursued beyond the domain of unconscious childhood into that of sensitive boyhood. Indeed, this very holiness of maternal love which, in a frantic impulse to shield his purity behind its own, will have tried to conceal from the youth and his smouldering emotions the shock of the brutal realities of life, he, later, will seek it afresh with all the more persistence, and believe that he has found it again in every woman—and there will be many such—who will recall to him that early picture of ineffable love. Moreover, so strongly, so tenaciously will this sentiment, this illusion, encompass him, even though notched by cruel and repeated deceptions, that something of it will ever remain enshrined in his heart. Men who

have been brought up by their mothers, and Vigny is one—happily for the world, happily for women, if most unhappily for themselves—these men always remain idealists, in love at any rate. Meantime the inevitable day must dawn when, having at length become men, and emerging from their tender wadded seclusion, they are let loose in the pungent whirlwind of the cities. With their fresh and over-acute sensibility, neither damped nor jaded by the promiscuous jostlings of urban adolescence; with their virgin senses—they are the first to be caught in the toils so cunningly woven by the wiles and seductiveness of women! They will detect the fumes of the censor in the most common scents, and looks of the Madonna in eyes pencilled with kôhl:—

"Il ira dans la ville, et là les vierges folles
Le prendront dans leurs lacs aux premières paroles."

And do not talk to me of strength of soul, or character, which will prevent him from falling. Perhaps he will fall a little later, but then, to all the greater depths. Strength of soul, of character, only serve after the deception to raise him, or, more likely, to re-kindle in him just enough idealism to ensure of his falling again, if always with nobility:—

"Plus fort il sera né, mieux il sera vaincu,
Car plus le fleuve est grand, et plus il est ému."

Yes, the stronger he is, the stronger will be his capacity for illusion, for emotion, for desire. And, besides, if the spoiling which he has undergone at the hands of maternal love have not killed all manliness in him, this kindness of woman to the weak and helpless child will awaken, from a feeling of gratitude, a corresponding kindness of the man, which will bid him see in every woman a weak and helpless creature—a child almost—whom he, in turn, must needs protect with all his strength. "For love," he exclaims somewhere, "is a sublime kindness." The unfortunate part of it is that, more often than not, in such regions as he will look for, but hardly discover it, this child-woman will know twenty times more about life than he, and out of her apparent and alluring helplessness will devise a fruitful bait for his artless strength. For of childhood she has retained but the simpering ways. But he, the strong, guileless one, will not see that. At some time or other of his adolescence, as he stood, a lonesome figure in the ivory tower of his ancestral castle, and its library empannelled with ancient tales of ladies and of knights, he will have dreamed; it may have been of some vernal brow wreathed in silken curls, seen on the lawn through the

gothic pane, it may have been over a softly-coloured print hidden away in some old chronicle or prayer-book. But in his heart, in his imagination, there did then arise the vision of some maiden, a being all of kindness and of pity, who, to allay his solitude, would bend over him, and for him and him alone would shed her vestal raiment. Which vision, white as his own soul, and possibly unmeaning in the youth of eighteen, will, in the poet-made man, rise up anew, a form diaphanous and radiant. Vigny's *Eloa* to wit, that angel of pity, born of a tear of Christ's by the tomb of Lazarus :—

“Toute parée, aux yeux du Ciel qui la contemple,
Elle marche vers Dieu comme une épouse au Temple;
Son beau front est serein et pur comme un beau lis,
Et d'un voile d'azur il soulève les plis;
Ses cheveux, partagés comme des gerbes blondes,
Dans les vapeurs de l'air perdent leurs molles ondes,
Comme on voit la comète errante dans les cieux
Fondre au sein de la nuit ses rayons gracieux;
Une rose aux lueurs de l'aube matinale
N'a pas de son teint frais la rougeur virginalle;
Et la lune, des bois éclairant l'épaisseur,
D'un de ses doux regards n'atteint pas la douceur.
Ses ailes sont d'argent : sous une pâle robe
Son pied blanc tour à tour se montre et se dérobe,
Et son sein agité mais à peine aperçu
Soulève les contours du céleste tissu.
C'est une femme aussi, c'est une Ange charmante.”

“An angel, but a woman too!”

Now to what, in real life, did this ideal of chaste womanhood, recalling Shelley's *Cythna* in the “Revolt of Islam,” induct the poet? Well, not to the love of a maid—maids are shy, or were, in 1830! and he, too, being shy, requires that advances be made him—but to a passion for her, who interpreted that ideal ideally (in “Chatterton”), although she herself was nothing less than ideal. He thought he loved her with a man's love; but, I fancy, rather worshipped her with an artist's, unless it was as a moralist, as a “Brother of Mercy,” for love of the perils of this woman, of her misfortune, of her humiliations and of her very sins: “He would like to be her friend only, to renounce love, so that infidelity, when it came, should not compel her to leave him.” The “sublime kindness” again, as you see. She, on her side, hardly loved him; I should say, loved him not at all, but was pleased to drag the great poet in her train, as a precious token of her charms—while simply trifling with the man. I do not mention her name, because I fail to see what details of like nature concerning such

wretched personalities can either add to or take away from a work of art, excepting on very rare occasions. If a poem do not explain itself—I mean to say as much as it is necessary that any poem should explain itself to a cultured, competent reader—then, as a work of art, it is faulty. And if it explain itself, then why sully or sadden the memory of one whose spirit we have justly learned to reverence—in spite of very human weaknesses? I abominate the literary ghoul. Besides, in the case before us the poet himself has undertaken to give us a portrait of the woman, wholly freed from trivial actualities, and thereby gaining much, artistically speaking; a picture which, although in its essence a human document, remains none the less a personal document of inestimable worth, thanks to his faculty of generalisation. By the physical portrait alone we know the type immediately, that of the woman-vampire :—

“L'une est grande et superbe, et l'autre est à ses pieds;
C'est Dalila, l'esclave, et ses bras sont liés
Aux genoux réunis du maître jeune et grave
Dont la force divine obéit à l'esclave.
Comme un doux léopard elle est souple, et répand
Ses cheveux dénoués aux pieds de son amant;
Ses grands yeux, entr'ouverts comme s'ouvre l'amande,
Sont brûlants du plaisir que son regard demande.”

Which, however, does not prevent this Eastern courtesan from aping Western modesty even in the matter of dress :—

“Ses deux seins, tout chargés d'amulettes anciennes,
Sont chastement pressés d'étoffes syriennes.”

Yes; how the *fausse ingénue* in her wise indifference smiles at and triumphs over the ingenuousness of the man, strong, but, like Milton's Samson, yoked to her weakness, her bond slave! But there, he loves, with a poet's love, an artist's love, a heady love, if you will, but in any case that of a lover yielding his whole self to the creature—more or less—of his fancy. She does not love him, and makes no secret of it. She has confessed it to her best girl friend. A creature of luxury, of artifice, of fashion almost, she would be absolutely incapable of giving herself to anyone, no matter whom. But she relishes the distinction of being loved by a strong and famous man, of whom others will envy her the conquest. She will make it a point of honour for herself to find out just to what sacrifices and humiliations he will bend his pride for love of her. “For it is indeed through pride that she to whom love goeth, and who giveth life, becomes our foe.” By pride again, that the “feeble and lying creature,” as the poet calls her, bears no good will to Samson for his kindness

to her; nay, almost bears him a grudge for it; a kindness so great, however, that thrice already he has forgiven her betrayal. And she will betray him a fourth time, as though for spite at seeing herself unmasked and subjected to his kindness—crushed, as it were, by his forgiveness. For only a woman knows how to pardon, without words, and with a smile on her lips. Man's forgiveness on a like occasion is almost inevitably accompanied by a sermon on his generosity, which makes the pardon so hard of acceptance to a woman of spirit! But then, why, you will ask, does not our Samson, knowing what he knows, seek happiness in other climes or in seclusion? Perhaps by remaining here he has unconsciously obeyed a mysterious law of temperament, which Vigny formulated thus in his *Journal*: "Physical love, and physical love alone, forgives all infidelity. The lover knows or believes that he will find no like delight elsewhere, and, while bewailing, feasts himself upon it." Although he adds immediately: "But thou, love of the soul, passionate love, thou canst forgive nothing." To me the amorous fatalism of Samson is certainly other than that of the purely physical passion. He is tired, horribly tired, of life "in his gigantic body and his mighty head," firstly, we have seen it in *Moïse*, of the struggle, material and psychic, against his fellow-man, which God imposed on him; tired also—we see it in *La Maison du Berger*—of the struggle that God imposed on him against the forces of nature. What he asks for, then, is a truce in this arduous struggle against men and the elements, repose, a kiss; since he was born sensitive, with an insatiable longing for woman, although he no longer over-rates the true value of her caresses:—

"Quand le combat que Dieu fit pour la créature
Et contre son semblable et contre la nature,
Force l'homme à chercher un sein où reposer,
Quand ses yeux sont en pleurs, il lui faut un baiser.
Mais il n'a pas encor fini toute sa tâche;
Vient un autre combat, plus secret, traître, et lâche;
Sous son bras, sur son cœur, se livre celui-là;
Et, plus ou moins, la Femme est toujours Dalila."

"And, more or less, every woman's a Delilah." He knows it, he says it and repeats it, but does not cling to her any the less,

"Ce compagnon dont le cœur n'est pas sûr,
La femme, enfant malade, et douze fois impure."

He calls her a sickly child. Be careful now. He is seeking an excuse for the woman in order to excuse himself at the same time for clinging to her. She is mentally but a child, therefore irresponsible. She is frail of body; she has therefore need of a

protector. And lo! he, thrice betrayed, is rocking her again in his powerful arms while murmuring

"Le chant funèbre et douloureux,
Prononcé dans la gorge avec des mots hébreux,"

a song wherein "there sobs I know not what ground-tone of human agony"; the agony of a great soul disillusioned, which resigns itself to bear life and wait for death:—

"J'ai donné mon secret, Dalila va le vendre.
Qu'ils seront beaux, les pieds de celui qui viendra
Pour m'annoncer la mort! Ce qui sera, sera."

And she, meanwhile, yielding herself unreservedly to his mighty grip, defenceless but smiling and flattered at the power of her own weakness, reminds me of another woman, in George Meredith's poem "Modern Love." For "the poet's black stage-lion of wronged love frights not our modern dames. Well if he did!"

Samson sings, and his sad and plaintive notes are sweet to her. They pour sleep into her feather brain, although in reality she does not understand "the foreign tongue." A significant and deep shaft this, whether you take it literally and apply it to Madame de Vigny, who spoke French but imperfectly, while he spoke imperfect English; or, again, if you read into it, as I incline to do, the suggestion that she cannot understand his genius. For, to revert to Meredith:—

"Woman's manly God must not exceed
Proportions of the natural nursing size;
Great poets and great sages draw no prize
With women, but the little lap dog breed," etc.

But the genius—I do not say the sage—if he be not utterly spoilt by success, will remain modest in love; more so perhaps than another man, for he of all men would like to be loved simply as a man. And if he fail, then he will generalise his failure with a superb flash of the imagination, and in his sumptuous picture of the frail and false Delilah, rocked by the colossal and guileless Samson, he will portray for us the conflict, to him usual and eternal, between elemental man and artificial woman:—

"Une lutte éternelle, en tout temps, en tout lieu,
Se livre sur la terre en présence de Dieu,
Entre la bonté d'homme et la ruse de femme;
Car la femme est un être impur de corps et d'âme."

Again, it is in the name of the whole male sex that in a similar curse, equally beautiful and equally untrue in its cosmic bearing,

he will formulate the terrible decree of the future, the eventual extinction of the sexes by hatred and voluntary separation :—

“ Bientôt, se retirant dans un hideux royaume,
La Femme aura Gomorrhe, et l'homme aura Sodome;
Et, se jetant de loin un regard irrité,
Les deux sexes mourront, chacun de son côté.”

Having duly admired in these imprecations, as in this prophecy, their intensity and sincerity and actual truth—whereby I mean their truth at the time of utterance—we feel tempted to inquire : but, are these, Samson's imprecations and prophecy, Vigny's last word on love and woman? Of course not. He himself—Vigny—has spoken elsewhere of divine fires which, as they gnaw us sometimes, we may curse, but none the less hold dear. “For feeble souls alone fear passion unalloyed.” Besides, for a man with whom love clothes this vestment of mystic adoration. “Yes, love; thou art a passion, but the passion of a martyr, a passion like that of Christ, a passion crowned with thorns, from which no thorn is missing,” the feeling of love is imperishable, however perishable the objects which kindled it. It may be that in future this feeling will no longer take concrete shape—although one pricks oneself with a thorn of this kind willingly enough! It will scarcely be weakened. It will not die; it will be subtilised, that is all. The hour will come, so admirably described by Holleck in these lines,

“There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion waves are lulled to sleep.”

when the beguiled lover will observe himself and find himself again, and, having done so, will turn to observe others. He will then understand that there are, and always will be, two kinds—I do not even say degrees—of love, which Blake has dissected in this stanza :—

“Love seeketh not itself to please
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.”

And in that :—

“Love seeketh only Self to please
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease
And builds a hell in heaven's despoite.”

and brought together in these lines, yet deeper and more exquisite :—

“There is a smile of love,
And there is a smile of Deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles
In which these two smiles meet.”

Moreover, the poet will understand that of these two loves, of these two smiles, the latter is met with everywhere, the former very rarely ; that even rarer, therefore, will be the occasion when the former will meet another of its kind—a bliss so perfect and divine that a mortal can scarcely hope to win, still less to claim it ; although everyone of us, no matter what the quality of his or her love, looks for the higher quality in the other's. From which collision—be it of two egoisms of varied intensity, or of one egoism and one perfect devotion—is born the sexual duel, with its alternatives of victory and defeat for the woman as for the man—a fatal, terrible, and ceaseless evolution, described in Blake's symbolical poem, "The Mental Traveller" :—

"For the strife of Love's the abyssmal strife
And the word of Love is the word of Life."

She suffers nobly as he, as much as he, more than he, in her modesty and frail womanly constitution. For in the poet's new conception she, the woman, is frail of body as of yore. But in return, though weak in body and of uncertain thought, her heart—ah ! her heart, the heart of woman, how infinitely greater and braver than ours, with her words of fire which move multitudes and her tears which wash away all wrongs :—

"Mais aussi tu n'as rien de nos lâches prudences,
Ton cœur vibre et résonne au cri de l'opprimé,
Comme dans une église aux austères silences
L'orgue entend un soupir et soupire alarmé.
Tes paroles de feu meuvent les multitudes ;
Tes pleurs lavent l'injure et les ingraturités ;
Tu pousses par le bras l'homme. . . . Il se lève armé."

Yes, "this sweet and plaintive angel who speaks in a sigh," with her "pure smile so full of love and pain," is indeed the foster-mother of man, the nurse of all humanity. For she alone can understand its still sad music :—

"C'est à toi qu'il convient d'ouïr les grandes plaintes
Que l'humanité triste exhale sourdement."

But to give free scope to the beauty of her *elemental* nature, of her instinct, for *she is Instinct*—and we, poor men, are Logic, Reason—she must be taken away far from the cities where Man's Reason even is corrupted, but still more so Woman's Instinct. We have seen this in Delilah. She must be enthroned anew within her own true realm of nature free and virginal. "Come hither," exclaims the poet to his ideal and primitive woman, his Eva, the mother of man and sister of his soul ; and so he strikes up the rapturous and ecstatic pæan of woman, the centre, queen of nature :—

"Viens donc! le ciel pour moi n'est plus qu'une auréole
 Qui t'entoure d'azur, t'éclaire et te défend;
 La montagne est ton temple et le bois sa coupole;
 L'oiseau n'est sur la fleur balancé par le vent,
 Et la fleur ne parfume, et l'oiseau ne soupire
 Que pour mieux enchanter l'air que ton sein respire;
 La terre est le tapis de tes beaux pieds d'enfant."

For she has been the first to understand him, and he the first to understand her, because, in short, he has resigned himself not to understand her fully—"no longer to apply that fatal knife, deep questioning, which probes to endless dole," but has forced his logic to respect the deep and painful secrets of her Instinct. And so he leaves her rightly alone when she should be, and remain—even to him—the most inviolable and sealed mystery of nature, in those dark hours :—

"Où tu te plais à suivre un chemin effacé,
 A rêver, appuyée aux branches incertaines,
 Pleurant comme Diane au bord de ses fontaines
 Ton amour taciturne et toujours menacé."

And let us leave her there, this white, elusive form of the eternal feminine; this Diana with the bold yet delicate outlines, with a soul, bold, too, and delicate, weeping o'er her speechless love and dreaming in the twilight across the forest glade, dimmed with a shimmering, silvery haze.

Which gentler Diana of the Crossways will not please our modern Amazons—whom I admire sincerely, but regret no less sincerely; I mean, the sad necessity for them. Nor will she please such members of her sex—for whom this time I can see no such necessity at all—as fake their platform cues from that clean, well-meaning word, and beastly thing, misnamed Eugenics. I am not alluding to the scientists of either sex, whose right and duty it is to probe into such matters, but to the fair and fashionable amateurs, unblushing, loveless, and over-ripe, who revile Love's spiritual emotions, and wallow in its chemical decompositions, since to them Love is apparently but glycerophosphate of lime, of a more or less synthetic quality! *They* would denounce in the name of bio-chemistry love's most beautiful devotions, that of good health to ill, or of youth to age. For them, indeed, Diana has no charms. But this the poet cannot help, nor need he mind. He lives, the true love poet, a bachelor, husband, widower—that is of little import. He dies, a lover—betrothed . . . to his ideal woman!

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

BRITISH POLICY IN THE NEAR EAST.

SIR EDWARD GREY has been considerably happier in his handling of the Near Eastern crisis of 1912 than he was in 1908. Four years ago he risked and sustained the diplomatic defeat that must always lie in wait for the statesman who advocates a policy he has no means of enforcing. When Germany sprang to the side of her ally "in shining armour," and Russia gave way beneath their joint pressure, it became clear that there had been on the part of our Foreign Secretary some miscalculation of the forces with which he was dealing, and that the Conference for which he had pressed as the fittest means of regulating the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina and Bulgaria's proclamation of independence, was destined never to come into being. The result, or one result, of the line he took was that the friendship and understanding which had endured between Great Britain and Austria-Hungary for upwards of fifty years was subjected to a temporary but irritating strain. The two peoples and the two Governments for a moment got out of touch with one another, and failed to appreciate each other's position. There ensued a brief, though regrettable, collision, not so much of interests, as of emotions and instincts. There were faults on both sides. We imputed to the incorporation of the two provinces a degree of malignity it did not deserve. We resented it not only because it seemed to flout a formal European compact, but because it dealt a left-handed blow at what we believed to be the brightest prospect of Turkish regeneration that the past hundred years had witnessed. It is very possible that we overdid our indignation. The annexation, after all, only made permanent in form what was already permanent in fact. It was in no sense comparable with such flagrant crimes as the partition of Poland or the seizure of Silesia. The Austrian case was, indeed, a considerably stronger one than we could bring ourselves to acknowledge. We did not sufficiently realise that quite apart from the Turkish Revolution, the inclusion of the occupied provinces in the Hapsburg dominions was fast becoming a political necessity; that the ideal of a Greater Serbia was being pressed with a determination which the statesmen of Vienna could not ignore; and that the further development of the two provinces was seriously impeded by the doubt as to whether they formed part of the Hapsburg or the Ottoman Empire. Nor did we do adequate justice either to the administrative brilliance, not surpassed even by our own record in Egypt,

with which Austria-Hungary had ruled Bosnia and Herzegovina for thirty years, or to the importance and sincerity of her retirement from the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar. If she snatched from Turkey a formal title to which she had no legal claim, she at least endeavoured to modify the theft by a tangible sacrifice in another direction. In the past three decades few things have more perturbed the Balkans or put Austro-Italian relations to a severer test than the fear that Austria might some day seize Novi-Bazar as a preliminary to establishing herself at Salonica. In that welter of irrational assumptions and perversities which makes up the average man's knowledge of foreign affairs, the idea that Austria-Hungary was always hoping and scheming to get down to Salonica has been a fixed point since the Berlin Congress. I do not believe it ever had any basis in fact, or that a single Viennese statesman or publicist of any position and responsibility can be quoted in support of it. But even on the assumption that it was true, and that Salonica at one time really represented the goal of Austria's Balkan policy, then her voluntary retrocession of Novi-Bazar, the most direct and, indeed, the only route to the Aegean, was all the proof that was needed to show that on that particular ambition Austria-Hungary had definitely turned her back. If the public mind in 1908 had been a little less agitated we should have been readier to recognise that, while the formal annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina merely registered a *fait accompli*, the Viennese Government paid for their acquisition, financially and politically, on the spot. The Austrians, on their side, seemed unable to grasp the reason of our attitude. The resentment we showed and felt over Baron von Aehrenthal's *coup* was partly a species of moral indignation and partly on Turkey's account. The Viennese journals, however, persisted in attributing it to some inscrutable plot against the dignity and interests of their country. They tried to fasten upon us and upon Downing Street the responsibility for the embarrassments in which their Foreign Minister had involved them. They accused us of egging on Turkey, Servia, and Montenegro to attack the Dual Monarchy, of proposing a European Conference for the purpose of checkmating or humiliating Austria, and even of attempting to detach Austria-Hungary from her alliance with Germany. It was a period, in short, of all-round and unreasoning suspicion and misapprehension.

One of the redeeming features of the present crisis is that it has enabled the British Government to work in apparent harmony and accord both with Germany and with Austria-Hungary. Both the German Ambassador and the German Foreign Secretary have borne testimony to the "peculiar confidence" and "happy

intimacy" and "sincere relations" that have marked Anglo-German co-operation in the cause of peace. The immediate interests of the two Powers, indeed, have stood throughout on an almost identical footing. Each has striven earnestly and effectively to head off any expansion of the Balkan struggle, and the notion that Germany's rôle in the politics of South-Eastern Europe must always be that of a stirrer-up of strife and an instigator and abettor of Austro-Hungarian Chauvinism is now, one may hope, thoroughly exploded. Neither Great Britain nor Germany are vitally and directly concerned in the conflict between the Allies and the Turks, or in its upshot, or in the territorial readjustments that are to follow it. But each is affected at second-hand by its alliances and friendships, Germany realising that, if the wider conflict were to ensue, she must, and Great Britain that she might, be drawn into it. The war, again, has wiped the slate clean of the old-time Anglo-German rivalry for political predominance in Stamboul, while reducing their commercial and financial interests to a substantial identity. There has been nothing, therefore, to prevent Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse from labouring cordially together for a common object. One hails their association as a good sign with all the more assurance because it has not in any way been forced, and because on both sides it has been remarkably free from gush. It has been the outcome of a practical, business-like, and common-sense view of the situation and its requirements. For either Power to have refused the assistance of the other would have been to betray its own interests. Circumstances had placed them in a position of mutual helpfulness or mutual obstruction, and they sensibly chose the former alternative. One of the reasons for the persistence of the Anglo-German feud is that the two Powers have had, on the one hand, few definite causes for a quarrel, and, on the other, still fewer opportunities of acting advantageously in common. There has been an Anglo-German question, but hardly any Anglo-German questions. But while the disability of being without any specific issue that could be made the subject of a diplomatic bargain, and disposed of by a matter-of-fact negotiation still remains, the two Governments and the two peoples have at last found themselves able to render one another valuable and timely services; and it is not perhaps extravagant to hope that the memory of their beneficent co-operation may help to sanitise and tranquillise their future relations.

In our official dealings with Austria-Hungary, again, during the past three months, there has been nothing at all of the somewhat obtuse and captious spirit that marked our diplomacy four years ago. A well-considered Austrian and a well-considered

British policy ought, one may safely assert, to find little scope for divergence or antagonism. For half a century and more there has been nothing but the kindest feelings towards Austria-Hungary among the people of this country. Nowhere in Europe is an Englishman more at home and more in sympathy with the life around him than in the cities, mountains and rural districts of Austria. For the Emperor-King all Englishmen feel an affectionate veneration akin to the regard in which Queen Victoria was held throughout Europe. They look upon his reign as a triumph not only for the monarch, but for the cause of monarchy itself; and they have not forgotten that when Anglophobia, fourteen years ago, was raging over the entire Continent, Francis Joseph and the great majority of his Austrian and Hungarian subjects stood staunchly by the British side. Englishmen have never lacked interest in the fascinating problems of racial adjustment that Austria-Hungary presents. They have watched with genuine sympathy and goodwill her political development from absolutism to universal suffrage. They possess a considerable stake in her material progress. They recognise that her unity and stability are indispensable make-weights in the balance of European power. They are aware of no point at which British and Austrian interests are likely to clash. They admired the eminently pacific and unaggressive policy which the Dual Monarchy pursued up to the advent of Baron von Aehrenthal, but they have not on that account been disconcerted or alarmed by the later tokens of an assertive Imperialism. On the contrary they have welcomed Austria-Hungary's recovery of the diplomatic initiative as a proof of her renewed vitality and cohesion. Some Englishmen, it is true, profess to find a cause for disquietude in the spectacle of Austria's naval expansion. A fleet of Austrian Dreadnoughts in the Adriatic, they say, acting in conjunction with a fleet of German Dreadnoughts in the North Sea, must in the long run alter, and not to our advantage, the whole naval position in the Mediterranean. The presence of the Austrian Dreadnoughts will introduce a new factor into our naval calculations. They must make it proportionately more difficult for us to maintain that naval supremacy in the Mediterranean which is essential to our rule in Egypt, and extremely desirable if the highway to India is to be kept clear and open. But this line of reasoning is subject to two modifications. The first is that Austria-Hungary's naval expansion will affect her relations with Italy long before it affects her relations with ourselves, and that while we may legitimately regard it as a possible source of embarrassment in the future, to Italy it has all the appearance of a direct challenge, and a challenge that the Peninsula, whether

she likes it or no, will be driven to take up, ship by ship. The second is that we can only estimate Austrian naval policy aright if we understand the new spirit which has seized the Dual Monarchy. The assumption that Austria-Hungary will be the pliant tool of her German ally, and that the Dreadnoughts she is building will practically constitute a Mediterranean squadron of the North Sea fleet, and will lie at the ready disposal of Germany whenever she may need them, is one that hardly coincides with the recent trend of events, and opinion, and sentiment inside the Dual Monarchy. The new Austria-Hungary, the Austria-Hungary of which the Archduke Ferdinand is to be the guiding spirit, the Austria-Hungary that emerged four years ago so abruptly from a long period of quiescence and effacement, will continue to be Germany's ally, but will not be her satellite. On the contrary, she is far more likely in the not distant future to take up a position of power and independence, not only in the Triple Alliance, but in international affairs generally, such as she has not held since the days of Metternich. Of all expectations the one which would relegate Imperialist Austria to the rôle of a mere brilliant second on the duelling-ground seems to me the most mistaken. The statesmen of the Ballhausplatz intend to be masters in their own household, framing and pursuing inside the Triplice a policy as exclusively Austro-Hungarian as the policy of the Wilhelmstrasse is exclusively German. We miss much that is vital to a true understanding of their hopes and aims if we do not realise that the forward policy initiated by the Archduke Ferdinand and Baron von Aehrenthal was essentially, among other things, an effort of emancipation from the tutelage of Berlin. To suppose in these circumstances that the Austro-Hungarian Dreadnoughts are intended to serve as a mere auxiliary to German sea-power, or that Vienna will lend a hand to its already too-powerful ally for the purpose of humbling Great Britain, is to indulge in a highly gratuitous form of conjecture. Austria-Hungary has many problems and many difficulties, internal and external, ahead of her. Her manner of meeting them will be watched by the people of this country with sympathy and solicitude. There is much in her future that is admittedly obscure. Perhaps the only certain thing about it, indeed, is that she will neither instigate nor second an anti-British policy.

In the Balkans, and without pretending to have mastered the infinite cross-currents of South-Eastern politics, the British people have vaguely thought of Austria-Hungary as a "reactionary" Power, a Power not deeply or sincerely interested in the cause of Balkan freedom, apt to repress every movement among the smaller Slav States towards economic or political

union, bent on keeping things as they were "till all be ripe and rotten," hampering rather than assisting the European Concert in its work of reform, handling her own Southern Slavs with short-sighted severity, maintaining the Ottoman Empire but maintaining it in a state of weakness and distraction, and using the arts of the *agent provocateur* to forward vast designs of commercial and political expansion. But the reasonableness, good temper, and moderation of Austro-Hungarian policy throughout the present crisis have induced a much sounder appreciation of her position and its difficulties. It has been freely recognised by British opinion that while it is easy to take a dispassionate or a merely sentimental view of Balkan affairs in London, it is not easy, and is, indeed, impossible, in Vienna; that of all the Great Powers Austria-Hungary is the one whose policies and interests are most closely touched by the convulsive events of the past few months; that the enlarged States that are being carved out of the Ottoman Empire will be her immediate neighbours as they have been in the past, but with an importance and a potentiality they have never before possessed; and that while other nations are affected only for the moment and indirectly and at no vital spot, Austria-Hungary is affected permanently, immediately, and at many crucial points in the circumference of her commercial, political, and strategic interests. And on these admissions there has followed a very general acknowledgment that to give stability to the terms of peace negotiated between Turkey and the Allies, Austria-Hungary must in effect countersign them, and that the new dispensation which is to change the map of South-Eastern Europe can only possess a real guarantee of security in so far as it is endorsed at Vienna and meets the legitimate rights and claims of the Dual Monarchy. It is therefore with profound satisfaction that Englishmen have observed the absence of any disposition in the Ballhausplatz to belittle the magnitude of the Turkish *débâcle* or to deprive the Allies of the reasonable fruits of their victories. To all appearances Austria-Hungary stands ready to ratify whatever distribution of the interior territories conquered from the Turk the Allies may be able to agree upon among themselves. She has asked for no "compensation" of any kind; she has put forward no claims either to Novi Bazar or to any other region; she realises acutely the peril of goading Slav sentiment in Russia until nothing can hold it; she is anxious to live at peace with the Balkan States, and to share in the expanding prosperity that will follow upon their growth and independence. And this self-denying restraint is all the more praiseworthy when one remembers that Austria-Hungary is a State with a Slav majority ruled by a German and Magyar minority, and that the

rise of a formidable Slav kingdom or series of kingdoms in the Balkans, immediately to the south of her, in sympathy if not in league with Russia and affiliated by ties of racial kinship and sentiment to many millions of her own subjects, must profoundly react on her internal as well as her external problems.

The forbearance and good sense which have thus characterised the general policy and attitude of Austria-Hungary have made it all the easier for the British Government to work with her, and for British opinion to comprehend, and in large measure to support, the stand which she has felt impelled to take on certain specific issues. Those issues are three, and, so far as is known, three only. Austria-Hungary, definitely renouncing the ambition, if she ever cherished it, of establishing herself on the Aegean, none the less asserts a commercial interest in the future of Salonica. She is indifferent as to whose flag floats over it so long as Austro-Hungarian goods and produce suffer no discrimination, either in transit or at the Customs House. Secondly, she peremptorily vetoes the appearance of Serbia on the Adriatic. Thirdly, she confronts the victorious Allies with the formula of "Albania for the Albanians." Of these questions the second and third are by far the most important and contentious, the commercial status of Salonica presenting probably fewer difficulties than even the rectification of Roumania's frontier in return for her benevolent neutrality, as to which any arrangement which satisfies Bucharest will also satisfy Vienna. The really crucial matter in dispute, both in its Balkan and its European aspects, the issue which must be solved if the major peace is to be preserved, is that of an Adriatic outlet for Serbia and the concomitant problem of the disposition of Albania. M. Pashitch, the Prime Minister at Belgrade, in the remarkably inopportune manifesto which he issued towards the end of November, put forward as an irreducible minimum the extreme pretensions of the most advanced school of Servian Jingoism. Serbia, he asserted, and quite rightly, must have independence of trade and economic liberty. She is at present an artificially land-locked State, very largely, though not so completely and abjectly as was the case a few years ago, dependent upon the Austro-Hungarian market. To secure her commercial emancipation an outlet to the sea is indispensable, and such an outlet can only be found by giving her free access to the Adriatic. What accordingly M. Pashitch demanded, and what alone he declared would satisfy Serbia, was the possession of some fifty kilometres of the Albanian coast-line from Alessio to Durazzo, with a spacious hinterland. To that demand, and to anything at all resembling it, both Austria-Hungary and Italy return an absolute *non possumus*. It is a very simple matter to

describe the attitude of these two Powers as that of the dog in the manger. But the fact that neither will allow the other or any third party to build up a naval base on the Albanian coast suggests at least the extraordinary importance which each attaches to this question. Austria-Hungary cannot tolerate it that her left flank should be jeopardised either by the predominance of Italy on both shores of the Adriatic or by the erection of a naval station on the Albanian littoral, and under the control of a non-Italian and conceivably hostile Power. Italy, again, would feel her security directly menaced if Durazzo, for instance, opposite Brindisi, fell into Austrian hands, or into the hands of any Power that might one day be Austria's ally. Both Powers, therefore, are at one in vetoing the Servian claim.

Yet Servia must have breathing-space. She will have fought to no purpose at all if she does not succeed in unbarring some serviceable route to the markets of Western Europe. Austria-Hungary for her part disclaims, and to all appearances disclaims sincerely, the intention of keeping the smaller kingdom in a state of economic subjection. But she insists that its freedom cannot be purchased at the cost of interests which Vienna is bound to hold vital. If the enlarged Servia which is about to emerge from the present negotiations still feels that Salonica is too distant to serve as an adequate port of distribution, if she regards an economic convention with the other members of the Balkan League as an insufficient lever for the development of her trade, Austria-Hungary has doubtless other alternatives to suggest—a railroad, for instance, linking up the Servia of the future with the Montenegrin port of Antivari on the Adriatic, or a commercial and financial arrangement between Vienna and Belgrade, or, better still, facilities for Servian exports through Bosnia and on the Dalmatian coast. What she cannot bring herself to accept is the creation of a Serb State on the Adriatic, which not only cuts across her main line of communication with the East, but involves the partition of Albania. So far as can be ascertained the statesmen of Vienna do not expect to maintain Albania intact. They do not apparently object to an enlargement of the Montenegrin boundaries in the north, or to Greece succeeding to considerable parts of Greek-speaking Epirus in the south. But they ask why Albania proper should be subject to Servian, any more than to Turkish, rule; they claim for the Albanians the same freedom to shape their own destinies that the Servians themselves have successfully asserted; they argue that Albanian autonomy is the only solution reconcilable with the principle of "the Balkans for the Balkan peoples"; and they prophesy a futile and wasting war between the two races if the Servians attempt a permanent

occupation of, and rulership over, Albanian territory. For what is Albania, or, rather, since no such country exists, what are the Albanians? They are perhaps the most primitive of European peoples. They are somewhat as the Irish were in the tribal days. They are torn by inveterate dissensions of household, clan, and religious strife. They have no alphabet, no common tongue, no roads, no railways, no racial unity, no central and effective government, and they pay no taxes; Turkish authority over them has never been anything more than nominal; they are a people of a keen natural intelligence which, like the Irish both of the past and the present, they seem to turn to better account in any country but their own; and they have furnished successive Sultans with some of their ablest and most honourable and trusted administrators who, with the inducement of self-government, might form the nucleus of a stable Albanian State. Undoubtedly Austria-Hungary carries with her the opinions of those who know the Balkans best, and who are most eager for their liberation, in asserting that the Servians are no match for such a people, and in desiring to see the experiment of an autonomous Albania, whether under Turkish suzerainty or international control, fairly tried.

The deadlock, therefore, is, or seems to be, complete. But we do not yet know how far a compromise may be possible. If the extreme positions so far taken up on both sides are maintained, if Austria-Hungary refuses to allow Serbia to debouch on to the Adriatic in any form or any terms, and if Serbia persists in claiming not merely a port, but a stretch of the littoral and the approaches to it, without any further consideration for Austrian rights and interests or Albanian sentiment, then the worst is to be feared. But it may prove feasible to allow Serbia an unfortified and purely commercial port on the Adriatic, fed by an internationalised railway, that would still no doubt leave to the Powers the delicate problem of delimiting Albania, but would not seriously jeopardise its autonomy. Great Britain has in this question no direct interest. But she is more interested than she is perhaps altogether aware in seeing that it is settled without a war. To speak even of the possibility of a European conflict over such an issue seems like a confession that diplomacy has gone bankrupt and that sanity has fled from the minds of men. But the Austro-Servian dispute is merely the screen behind which huge forces are moving, forces of racial antagonism and of deep-seated political rivalry. It is difficult to put in concrete form the nature and scope of Russian interests in the Near East. A somewhat shadowy and sentimental claim to the leadership and guardianship of the smaller Slav peoples—that, and a dream that Constantinople may one day be Russian, seem to comprise the

impulses that move St. Petersburg in its Balkan policies. But they are very far from being as unsubstantial as they sound. The Balkans are, perhaps, the only region in the world where Russian policy is appreciably influenced by Russian opinion; and the inflammability of racial and religious emotionalism among the Russian masses, when a Teutonic Power is suspected of oppressing a Slav community, is a factor always of great, and not infrequently of decisive, moment. That feeling is running high at this moment throughout the Tsardom—a feeling of enthusiasm for “the Slav idea,” of antagonism towards Austria-Hungary as its nearest and most obvious enemy, and of eagerness to wipe out the humiliation of 1908—cannot be questioned. Russia is arming; Germany and Austria-Hungary have already armed; the Teuton and the Slav confront one another with a gladiatorial sharpness and intensity, bearing on their respective shields—disguise it or deny it as we may—the crests of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente; any one of a score of conceivable and uncontrollable incidents might precipitate a conflict that would cause all Europe to reel.

It is with legitimate pride that Englishmen may reflect that no one has worked harder, more quietly, or more effectively, to ward off so appalling a development than Sir Edward Grey; and that the diplomatic honours of the crisis so far rest with him, and have been fairly earned. He was the first to deprecate the premature and isolated raising of questions that could only engender a needless heat and confusion if discussed too soon and incompletely, and that might, on the other hand, be disposed of with comparative ease if held over for consideration as parts of a wider settlement; and he was the first to suggest the novel and flexible machinery of an Ambassadorial Conference for keeping the Powers in touch, and therefore to some extent in line, with one another. These were wise, timely, and fruitful contributions to a general understanding, and the acceptance they met with among the Powers was a tribute both to Sir Edward's initiative and personality, and to the peculiarly disinterested position that Great Britain has occupied throughout the crisis. We have fought to maintain the Ottoman Empire in the past, and we are also regarded by many of the Balkan peoples as the authors and champions of their freedom. Alone or almost alone among the Great Powers we have neither desired the disruption of Turkey nor exacted a price for postponing it. At the same time we have often thrown material and political interests to the winds in order to indulge our instinct for eloquent knight-errantry on behalf of the Christian population in the Ottoman dominions. So long as we hold Egypt, are concerned in Asia Minor, dominate the

Persian Gulf, and remain in India with eighty million Muhamadans among our subjects, and so long as we are affected by the balance of naval power in the Aegean, the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, so long is it impossible for us to wash our hands of the Near East. We have not always seemed to remember this. We have repeatedly alienated Turkish goodwill and forfeited both commercial and political influence at Constantinople by our abuse of the Sultan and our zeal in pressing for reforms in Macedonia and elsewhere. But, with all this, the Turks, or the wiser among them, have realised that they had in us a sympathetic and unselfish friend who sincerely wished to buttress Turkish rule on the only safe foundation—the contentment and prosperity of the ruled; and while the preponderant sympathies of our people have been with the Balkan Allies in their brilliant dash for freedom, enough of the old pro-Turk sentiment obtains among us, apart altogether from the pull of political and strategic interests, to temper our congratulations to the conquerors with a word of sincere condolence to the conquered. There could not, therefore, be anything more fitting than that the belligerents should have chosen London as the capital in which to arrange, if any arrangement be yet possible, the terms of peace.

Moreover, none of the issues so far stirred up by the war touch us at any vital or even at any important point. We are seeking nothing for ourselves; and on the questions that chiefly threaten to divide the Powers on the spot we can afford to look with a dispassionately neutral eye. Our commercial and financial interests in Constantinople will, no doubt, stand in need of some diplomatic assistance if they are to be adequately safeguarded when peace is restored; but that is a matter for the future. Meanwhile the interest we feel in the tremendous drama that has so swiftly enacted itself has been in the main a sentimental, spectacular and historical interest. Our concern that the Balkan peoples who have effected their own liberation should not again be thrust under Turkish rule, and our relief that that part of the Turkish Question should at last be on the way to settlement, are nothing singular to ourselves, but on the contrary represent a point of agreement which all the Powers, though with different feelings, may be said to have reached. Matters, no doubt, would be greatly altered, from the European and particularly from the British standpoint, if the possession of Constantinople were to become an open question. But that is a problem which has not arisen, and to all appearances is not destined to arise, for the present. Nor, again, so far as an outsider can tell, have the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles been made the subject of diplomatic *pourparlers*; and even if they were to come up for serious discussion it is scarcely

credible that British and Russian interests in the matter would not be readily harmonised. It seems, indeed, hardly an exaggeration to suggest that the fate of the islands that are at present held by Greece and Italy as prizes of war is a question that more specifically concerns Great Britain than any other that has yet come to the surface. This almost absolute detachment from the imminent contentions that engage the thoughts of St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna, our palpable and acknowledged disinterestedness, and the reputation which Sir Edward Grey has deservedly won as a statesman of candour and straightforward dealings, have been of enormous assistance to Downing Street in playing the honest broker between the rival Powers. Nor is it at all unlikely that the general uncertainty as to our course of action if a European conflict were to supervene, has also lent to our diplomacy an added persuasiveness. Making the preservation of peace our supreme objective, friendly with Russia, and yet in a position to co-operate with the Teutonic Powers, the passionate partisans of no single nation or group, no Government has been better placed than our own to induce the spirit and atmosphere of reasonableness and to indicate the diplomatic stepping stones that may yet save Europe from sliding into the morass.

But it is very much too early to assume that the appeal for compromise and conciliation is destined to succeed. It is too early even to be sure that the negotiations between Turkey and the Allies, dependent as they are not merely on the cohesion of the Balkan States, but also on the stability of the Government at Constantinople, will result in the conclusion of peace. There is hardly even now a single circumstance that encourages, and there are many that ought to give pause to, the facility of mankind for believing that the disagreeable thing is the thing that will never happen. It is true that Peace Conferences rarely break down, that the odds in the majority of given cases are against war, and that of all political prophets the one who is readiest to descry Armageddon is the most hopelessly discredited. But the forces in this instance are so numerous, so discordant, and some of them, at any rate, are so unpredictable in their operation, that optimism itself might well take refuge in a hesitating silence. We do not know what calculations may be working in the minds of the statesmen at Vienna and Berlin, or how far Russia may feel impelled to go, or what excess one or the other of the Balkan States may not be meditating. It is, therefore, the merest common sense that we in Great Britain should be prepared, mentally as well as materially, for an eventuality that, if it ensues, must leave a profound and ineffaceable mark on British foreign policy. Were war unhappily to break out between the Great

Powers, what line should we take? Where would our interests lie? What would be our obligations under the somewhat fluid and incoherent *ententes* we have entered into with Russia and France? Could we maintain our old and customary aloofness, or would it be mandatory on us to plunge into the struggle? "Any support we would give France or Russia in times of trouble," said Sir Edward Grey a little over a year ago, "would depend entirely upon the feeling of Parliamentary and public opinion here when the trouble came." Parliamentary and public opinion can hardly as yet, I apprehend, be said to have even considered Great Britain's engagement in a European conflict as a serious possibility of the next few weeks; and to the average Englishman, less educated to-day in the realities of international politics than perhaps at any period of British history, it would probably come as a profound shock to be told that he must take sides in a quarrel that, so far as his knowledge goes, has no vital or intelligible bearing on British interests. He does not clearly understand, and no one has authoritatively instructed him, that neutrality would mean the destruction of that policy of European insurance which Downing Street has laboriously built up in the past nine years; that we should return in that event to our old position of isolation, with all its perils indefinitely multiplied; that in the long run it is not possible for us to be inside the Triple Entente one year and outside it the next, as the mood of the moment may decide; and that our agreements with France and Russia which, so long as they are effective, remove the possibility of an anti-British coalition wielding the balance of naval power, commit us to the support of those Powers whenever their existence is menaced by European foes. If these premisses are sound the conclusion to which they point is irresistible; yet it is a conclusion that would not only be repelled by a very considerable body of "Parliamentary and public opinion," but that the man in the street hardly regards as more than a highly speculative inference from a series of extravagant abstractions. It has been useful to our diplomacy in the present crisis that our ultimate policy should be half-veiled in doubt. But it may be disastrous should it prove, if and when the hour strikes for a definite decision, that the haziness and uncertainty in which all predictions as to our future actions are enveloped are not an artificial device, to be thrown aside at the proper moment, but proceed at bottom from the fact that we do not know our own minds.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE MASTERS OF THE SOUTHERN SLAV.

STEPHEN POLLYAK was until recently a farmer and he has returned now to the land, for in that period when he was serving in the Budapest police he should have helped on one of the occasions when the deputies were being forcibly removed. But he explained to his superiors that he was quite unable to lay hands upon Hungarian deputies, and as his comrades were arresting him—what time the Opposition deputies and many of the public shouted “Elyen,” which is the Magyar expression of approval—he was hailed by Count Michael Karolyi and another magnate, who both vowed, amid applause, that if his family required material assistance it would be forthcoming, while the man would be employed on their estates. . . . It is the fashion now in Budapest to celebrate the institutions of Great Britain, possibly because they differ from those which prevail in Austria and Germany. The British Parliament is frequently extolled in feuilletons, and satisfaction is displayed when the Hungarian Parliament approaches its high model; when policemen have to interfere it is a comfort for the Magyars to remember the removal on a certain evening of Mr. Flavin by no less than four policemen. We may be excused, however, if we think in England that such men as Stephen Pollyak will clog the wheels of the machinery, and yet he is a symbol. Francis Joseph has among his diverse subjects a great multitude of Pollyaks, of humble and distinguished ones. In almost every question which arises of importance more than transient there will be the check which other countries would regard as fatal. And in the wide question of the Southern Slavs we must, before considering how they are blessed or the reverse, and what the future holds in store for them, examine swiftly in what points their masters try to thwart each other.

We are dealing with the Southern Slavs in Austria and Hungary; those others in the Balkans are their own masters, with the numerous exceptions in the provinces of Macedonia and Albania. But this article intends to deal with those whose lot is cast in the Danubian Monarchy. Before, however, we approach this burning subject we may tarry in the academic grove awhile and listen to the men who most ingeniously, if fantastically, seek to found a great Slav Kingdom. There have long been Russian publicists and others who, in spite of all discouragement, have used themselves most zealously for this idea; the gentleman who now is at the head of the chief Pan-Slav corporation is a

General Officer, lately of the Russian army, whose headquarters are in Paris. His own private fortune he has lavishly expended, but I understand that the society is far from opulent. The Russians are fine dreamers, but apparently they have awakened to the frigid facts, and comprehend how little it has always weighed between two peoples that they both are Slav when they have been brought face to face with different religions and political ideals in each other. The good General in Paris may be very eloquent and plausible, he may send hundreds of enormous telegrams to Kaisers, Presidents and Popes, in which he speaks magnificently for the whole Slav world; he will but use his substance and his energy. To anyone who knows how Russia is regarded by the more advanced among the Slavs, say the Bohemians and the Poles, it is unthinkable that any union, even of the loosest, should be formed in which the lion's share of influence would naturally go to Russia with her overwhelming population. Also there are Slavs who bear in mind that Russia, the "protectress" of the Balkan States, has hitherto at the psychological moment, invariably taken good care of her own interests. If she let the same discretion play on her internal politics one is inclined to think she might avert the catastrophic revolution which is coming ever nearer. When the Russian Minister at Belgrade marches up and down for half an hour beside the King—what time the other diplomats stand looking on—there are in this world Slavs enough who know that when it comes to business there will be some urgent business elsewhere for the Muscovite. And apart from Russia there are enmities so serious that only in the presence of a common peril are they put aside: the Montenegrins and the Servians, for instance, do not love each other, though in their religion and their language they are undivided, but events have made them rivals rather than allies, and—apart from being members of the Balkan group against the Turk—were only brought together for a moment in 1908 after the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina. Would it not indeed be strange if Serbia the radical should think of Montenegro the reactionary as a Slav and nothing more? Will Montenegro, with her patriarchal monarch who is wont to sit in judgment for the humblest of his subjects in the open air outside the so-called palace at Cetinje, will this kind of kingdom wish to be allied in any way with one whose dynasty has sunk so low? Assurances may be exchanged and compliments upon the morrow of the Bosnian annexation, and King Nicholas may go so far as to allude to the two branches of the Serb races being indissolubly reunited by this crisis: in 1909 relations were apparently as bad as ever. The anti-dynastic movement which is carried on against

King Nicholas at Belgrade is not stopped by the authorities—who, by the way, are well and gloomily aware that in the Servian proletariat King Peter is not half so much respected as his shrewd and picturesque old father-in-law—and now in one of Montenegro's prisons are such members of the pro-Servian party as King Nicholas could lay his hands on. These include his ex-Prime Minister, the husband of his niece, M. Radovich, who was the Leader of the Opposition in the days when it was fondly thought that the new constitutional *régime* established by King Nicholas would want an Opposition Leader. But a patriarchal monarch really should not have endowed his country with a constitution; he would then not have been under the necessity, as he imagined, of attacking the whole Opposition deputies in their own houses—nowadays there is no Opposition.¹ And the very fact that Radovich is said to have been innocent will show to what extremes the Montenegrins are prepared to go against the men whom nothing more than rumour brands pro-Servian. He is not in that island prison on the Lake of Scutari, where six and thirty men in six and thirty dungeons have no task except to struggle with malaria; but he is kept in chains, and he must often curse the day when he came back from Paris for a trial. So, then, do the Montenegrins and the Servians love each other; nor are these by any means the sole antagonists to prove how futile is the dream of men who advocate a pan-Slav union.

As for the proposal that the Slavs in Austria-Hungary should be united, this idea is known as Trialism, as opposed to Dualism, and the country might be called the Kingdom of Illyria. This would embrace Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, Slavonia, Carniola, certain parts of Styria and Carinthia, Görz and Trieste and Istria, with Zagreb (Agram) probably the capital. To compensate the Magyars for the loss of Croatia and Slavonia it is proposed to give Galicia with the Polish parts of Silesia and the Bukowina. It is obvious that just as Hungary cleaves now to Fiume in Croatia, which practically is her only port, so would

(1) "Vous n'avez pas de contradicteurs, sous votre régime, dans le Monténégro dépeuplé," said Baron d'Estournelles de Constant the other day in an open letter. The Baron does not make this assertion simply because he, with Sir Vincent Caillard and others, had, after the Treaty of Berlin, "l'ingrate mission de dépouiller l'Albanie des territoires que vous n'aviez pas conquis." It is alleged in Montenegro that the documents which show depopulation have been burned, and that depopulation is not merely due to the greater fertility but also to the greater freedom of the United States. It is doubtful whether, in these complicated days, even a country of the size of Montenegro can be governed by one man. Your patriarchal, pastoral monarch has so many things to do—I will not vouch to the precise figures, but the brokers in Vienna say that in the movements of the bourse which accompanied his recent declaration of war King Nicholas netted five million francs.

she be opposed to any scheme that bars her from the Adriatic. We need not enumerate the difficulties and the obstacles which lie in wait for this idea, but there has been a change in Austrian opinion at all events. About ten years ago the German-speaking Austrians would not, as they do now, discuss the matter. And the late Dr. Strossmayer, who for over half a century was Bishop of Djakovar in Slavonia, would not be roughly reprimanded nowadays by Francis Joseph for upholding the great Slav ideal; though I doubt if the Hungarians would even now think well of him. He was not only occupied in championing the Slavs of Austria-Hungary; he was extremely interested in all Slav affairs, and, for example, in Bulgarian Folk-Song, which it was that brought me to Djakovar about ten years ago. In Austria it is beginning to be thought that this proposed Slav kingdom would, if that alone, sweep many clouds away from the horizons of both Austria and Hungary. These two are on bad terms at present, one need scarcely say, and a good deal of the friction has to do with governing the Slavs. The fortunes of these people either fall or rise, not in accordance with their own deserts, but as their masters chance to be towards each other. Roughly speaking, Austria assists the Slav—perhaps unduly—while the Magyars do not; but there are scores of wheels within these wheels.

In Croatia we have got a good example of a country, populated almost entirely by the Slavs, where the inhabitants are made to feel how much their masters hate each other. The Banus, who resides at Agram, is a member of the Hungarian Government, and he is nominated by the King. His actions, under Austrian pressure, have sometimes not been such as please the Magyars and the consequent unpopularity the Magyars have to bear. [The present holder of this awkward office—temporarily the dissolution of the Croat Chamber has conferred on him a higher title, and has swollen Croat criticism—is reported to do no more than to execute the wishes, if he can, of the Government in Budapest.] If no Austria existed the relation between Hungary and Croatia would be difficult enough, and the Hungarians allege that from Vienna the Croats constantly are instigated to rebel. The advocates “live very good of it,” as I am told in Budapest. And since the policy of playing off one race against another stands at the foundation of Austrian statesmanship, it well may be that it is not neglected in Croatia. But nowadays the Serb and Croat there assist each other; this good movement started in Dalmatia, and owes much to the Dalmatian journalist, Supilo, a most brilliant person, who is not yet forty, and is in control now of a Croat paper in Fiume, where until recently the Press laws were

much more enlightened than in Agram. Meanwhile it is impossible for a Hungarian bank to be established in Croatia, no Hungarian flag may be exposed. The schools are anti-Hungarian; they refuse to learn Magyar, and as a result they are, of course, unable to obtain positions in Hungary. And whether the Hungarians are right or wrong it is unfair to want them to be more broad-minded—if you like to call it that—than is Rhodesia, where the Government is being asked to give protection to the English language. The most favourable of statistics only give the Magyars 58 per cent. of the population in their own country; and the language, whether beautiful or not, is from their point of view to be preserved. It is not easy, therefore, to be very sympathetic towards the Croat and Slavonian schoolmasters and would-be schoolmasters who find the streets of Belgrade paved with nothing golden; if they would but learn the Magyar language there are places and to spare for them in Hungary. It is the custom there, when all the posts are occupied, to make some others. Perhaps they have a satisfaction in remembering that 20,000 Magyars in Slavonia scarcely can establish a Hungarian school. Perhaps the Austrians who contemplate these education-politics remember sometimes what is going on in other portions of the Empire; for example at Triest, where the Italians are played off against the Croats and will be denied a University until the time is ripe to offer them the half of an Italian and Croatian one; it is impossible for the Italians to accept the offer of a University at Capodistria, since those poor students who support themselves by teaching cannot live in such a place, no more than the Italians of Tyrol could accept a University at Rovereto, where men live for spinning cotton—but if Innsbruck may remain a German institution it appears to be a matter of indifference as to whether certain of the lecture-rooms are in a state of ruin. From the education-politics that rage between the Magyars and the Slavs it is the Austrians who derive advantage.

Let the Austrians, ignoring this, accuse the Magyars of tyrannical behaviour to the Slavs. No judicious person will pretend there is no tyranny, but the Hungarian Opposition has to bear it just as much as any Slav or other race. Two wrongs do not make a right, but in recalling the experience of Count Theodore Batthányi, nephew of the Premier who in 1848 was executed in a somewhat barbarous fashion, I submit that Mr. Seton-Watson would do well to say the tyranny is governmental, and not Magyar against Slav. Here you have a Magyar nobleman of great benevolence and great ideals, not less than his brother's, who maintains a hospital near Pressburg at his own expense. Count Theodore came to the railway station with a

crowd of followers, intending, as the custom is in Hungary, to travel with them to the place where he was going to speak, his own constituency. It was in a Magyar district, his opponent was a Magyar, so, of course, is he—but by the orders of the Government one dozen tickets only could be bought, and when, with his eleven friends, he reached the railway station of the other town his sympathisers were restrained by the police from any form of welcome—one young lady was allowed to go with a bouquet. It was commanded that those present at the meeting should consist of voters, the adherents of the Count, and when he canvassed round the town he was escorted by a group of seven police. This gentleman is one of those who are in favour of a far more liberal suffrage; he does not admit that all the other races would combine against the Magyars: the descendants of the German settlers, for example, who flourish in Transylvania, have to save themselves against the chauvinist Roumanians, while other people will go with the Magyars, says Batthányi, for less interested motives. To return to the prevailing tyranny, it will be understood that with constituencies of 128 voters—Budapest, with 900,000 inhabitants, elects no more than nine deputies—it will be understood that everything, as the late husband of Tom Jones's landlady expressed it, is not what it seems to be. And not the Slavs alone, but many Magyars, say that practices the most tyrannical will hold their own until the ballot is made secret. One may possibly object that such among the Magyars who have cherished these opinions are an insignificant minority, but they are numerous enough to have obliged Count Tisza to call in police; thus an ironic fate has made Count Tisza, the reactionary President of the Chamber, give to those reforms which he detests an impetus that they have never yet received.

It has been mentioned that the Magyars strive to imitate in many ways the parliamentary procedure of Great Britain, and if their success is sometimes moderate—we think it curious, for instance, that a member of the Labour party should be challenged to a duel by a fellow-member on the ground that, in the recent tumult, he exclaimed: "You are no gentleman!"—but there is nothing very novel to us in the statement by the Opposition that the Government, who chance to be in the majority, do not stand for the people's will. And in the case of Hungary we must admit that what the Opposition say seems rather obvious—the people with a franchise so restricted, and with open voting, never have been truly represented—and we have an explanation why the Magyars generally are on good terms with the Slavs, and why the Government allows itself to harass them. That railway clerk who would not sell a ticket to Dr. Bauer, the Archbishop of

Agram, because he could not ask for it in Magyar, was assuredly not acting as a Magyar citizen but as an emissary of the Government. It is the Government which gives illegal help to a society that has established schools for the Hungarian railway servants' children in Croatia and Slavonia, and which, saying that these schools are private, does not cease to lure to them the children of the local farmers, who are thus subjected to Magyarisation. Now, why is the Government of Hungary oppressive to the Slavs? We may ascribe to them a patriotic motive, which is all too conscious of the victories that other Slavs, the Czechs, have recently been gaining, and it is not in Bohemia alone, but in Vienna and the heart of Austria, that the Germans have been losing ground. However, those who, with more circumspection than is in the careless character of average Hungarians, may be taking steps to save their nationality from being swamped, do they not know that there is all the world of difference between these northern and these southern Slavs? Whatever faults the Croat may possess—and he admits that the Hungarian has been to some extent provoked—the fault of capturing the most desirable positions is, one thinks, by no means latent in them. And if the Croats were as formidable as the Scots, it surely would be wiser to behave in such a way to them that a Hungarian bank could be established in the province, and preserve its windows for a day intact. We have no reason to suppose the Government of Hungary more foolish than the general run of Governments, so that this persecuting attitude may have been thrust upon them. Even if the Austrians do not stir up the Croats, they will own that what the Croats are about is not displeasing to them. When the hands of Hungary are so much occupied the task of Austria is made more easy. Then those inconvenient demands for the Hungarian emblems on the soldiers' uniforms, and many, many other questions, can be very well postponed. We must remember, also, that the Slavs have been oppressed by all the later Governments of Hungary: this so-called Liberal Government which now has office, and the Coalition Government of Count Batthányi and his friends, which for a short time held the reins. These gentlemen, in fact, are the initiators of the railway law that is so much resented by the Croats. And these gentlemen, the party of 1848, the party of independence, said it was impossible to do in office that which hitherto they had so thunderously proclaimed—and they were right. It is essential that the Government should be on terms of, at the least, mild friendship with the Austrians. This is the sort of friendship, though, which of suspicions is compact, and Hungary, Croatia's lord, has long been doubtful as to her fidelity. Yet is

there any reason why the Croats should be proof against the Austrian wiles, or call it kindness, more than the Dalmatians? These have been enjoying signal favours at the cost of the Italians who dwell amongst them, and at present the Dalmatians, who are Croats, or say Serbo-Croats, also, have become the dominating party, save in one or two towns of the coast. We may see in the columns of a Zara journal (*Il Dalmata*) how the Italians are on the defensive now, against both Austrian authorities and favoured Croats. In a recent issue there was an attack on the *Narodni List*, the Croat organ, which had said that those who study the Italian language, the Italian literature, are renegades. And in the course of this article *Il Dalmata* acknowledges in anger and in sorrow that many thousands of Croats in Dalmatia were born of Italian parents, that in thousands of Croat families, such as that of the editor of the *Narodni List*, Italian used to be the only language. (By the way, the Croats reached Dalmatia in the year 620, after it had been occupied by the Goths and the Avars. The Slav state was broken up at the end of the eleventh century, when part of it was conquered by the Hungarians and the remainder placed itself under the protection of the republic of Venice.) With regard to diverse persecutions which we hear that the Italians suffer at the hands of the imperial authorities, it is not insignificant, remembering their nationality, if we allude to the performance of Italian music being stopped at Cittavecchia, because, said the authorities, it caused the audience to be excited—this although there was not any of that music which is known as patriotic. Naturally the authorities make frequent use of the Croatians, not appearing to concern themselves in movements great or small against the influence of the Italians. The first of Austrian Dreadnoughts has been named the *Viribus Unitis*, practically all her crew are from Dalmatia, both Croatians and Italians; if the Government did not seem to be moderately impartial then events might happen which would render the ship's name ironic. Elsewhere down the coast the Austrians are not obliged to wear a diplomatic mask: at Antivari, for example, there is an Italian company which has not been a huge success in working Montenegro's only railway and the steamer on the Lake of Scutari, to where the railway leads; likewise the tobacco monopoly has given little satisfaction to either party; and the Montenegrins have retaliated by leaving the town of Antivari mostly unbuilt, a wilderness of weeds and wooden booths. Yet the Italians have been trying for the last ten years with such a hinterland of barren mountains that the few oases hardly mattered; they have had a thankless task, and one must deprecate the action of the Austrians who placed a steamer,

several months ago, upon the Lake of Scutari. She flew the Turkish flag, and was much more luxurious than her rival, built in Lytham, which flies Montenegro's red, blue, white. The Austrian boat was ordered by her owners to start at the self-same instant as the other, quite regardless of the fact that in the devious channels leading out into the lake the yellow water-lilies leave no room for more than one small vessel. This arrangement only lasted for a day, however, since as the result of many telegrams Constantinople warned off both the boats from plying to the town of Scutari, and thus the Austrian rivalry with the Italians has resulted merely in great inconvenience to that town, from which it often is desirable to have a means of exit. . . . Just as Montenegro saw this rivalry, and as Albania sees it still, where Austrian Franciscans go to almost any length so that they can induce the warlike natives to frequent their schools, at any rate to patronise no longer the more modern schools set up by Italy, so down the length of the Dalmatian coast—we need not now discuss if Austria had no other choice—the Croats are encouraged. Thus we have it that the Austrians would naturally, in Croatia and Slavonia, face the Magyars very much as elsewhere the Italians, though in a more diplomatic guise.

Bosnia and the Herzegovina are politically in a period of transition. Occupied in 1878, after strenuous guerilla warfare, it was not until four years ago that they became a portion of the empire, while the southern district of Novibazar was at the same time restored to Turkey. But with the renouncing of the Turkish suzerainty it was settled that the old dominion of Tomashevitch, the last of Bosnia's princes, should acknowledge Francis Joseph—whether as the King of Hungary or as the Emperor of Austria, that is a problem which, like many others in the Dual Monarchy, awaits solution. For the present they are represented neither in Vienna nor in Budapest; they have a local Chamber, and the Government is represented by Dr. von Bilinski, the Austro-Hungarian joint Minister of Finance. The functions of this latter office are so nearly nominal that both the predecessors of the actual Minister, Kalláy and Burian, were placed in charge of Bosnia. These gentlemen were, both of them, Hungarians, while Dr. von Bilinski is an Austrian Pole, whom Budapest is waiting to condemn—as yet his term of office has been brief. In Sarajevo, on the other hand, the Government's chief office-holder is Hungarian. Roughly he may be compared with the Lord-Lieutenant in Dublin, whereas Dr. von Bilinski, stationed in Vienna, may be likened to the Irish Secretary. Furthermore, the Bosnian Chamber is divided by religious feeling; there are in the province some 800,000 Serbs, 600,000 Croats and 500,000 Mahometans.

The Serbs are members of the Greek-Oriental Church, the Croats are Roman Catholic, and that faith is in the majority which for the time being is supported by the Mussulman. In Ireland, after all, the religious differences correspond to a considerable degree with the differences of race, but all these Bosnians are Slavs, and one is apt to be impatient with a stupidly divided people. The Mahometans are Slavs whose ancestors went over on the fall of King Tomashewitch in 1463, and subsequently, to protect their lives and their possessions, being just as much convinced as was the Saxon royal family. But they will tell you they are Turks, albeit of that language they know merely certain prayers. They employ, like all the other natives of Bosnia, the Serbo-Croatian language; they are almost as ignorant of any other as I can assure Mr. Max Pemberton are the officials of Jezero, with regard to one of whom it is alleged by this gentleman that, "whispering a few words in Bosnian to him the prior led the way from the cell." Between the other Bosnian Slavs, the Serbs and Croats, there is just the same divergence: in the homes of Roman Catholic peasants it is held to be a mortal sin to have a book or newspaper in the Cyrillic characters, and many more exalted men are as the peasants: the Archimandrite, for instance, of a Greek-Oriental monastery in the Herzegovina told me with vast indignation that there is no Croat language, and that it is most iniquitous to talk about a Serbo-Croatian tongue. One may be at a loss to know why he who uses the Cyrillic letters, and speaks precisely the same language as other men who use the Latin letters, will not have it that the language of these other men exists. The Roman Catholics of the Bosnian Chamber are allied at present to the Moslems, thus obtaining a majority; but Dr. von Bilinski says that he is anxious not to rule against the Serbs. He pays them compliments, he vows that personally the Serb deputies are quite delightful, that in culture they are eminent, but that in politics, unfortunately, they have some defects. The sentiments with which they are imbued are very radical; and certain projects have been lately passed in their despite. Whoever is acquainted with the Servians of that kingdom will be perfectly prepared to find among the Serbs of Bosnia a want of ballast in political affairs. No doubt some instances can be adduced in which the wisdom of the Austrians has been to seek, but on the whole it seems as if the Serbs of Bosnia have almost as good reason to be happy—if they only knew it—as their brothers in Croatia and Dalmatia.¹ If it were not for a higher

(1) I will not be discourteous and ignore what Mr. Herbert Vivian said in the November number of this Review, in an article called "Montenegro." "Austria," said he, "has been engaged in a deliberate conspiracy to force Roman

motive, Austria would naturally act with kindness towards a people whose affection is to turn, if possible, from Budapest towards Vienna. Dr. von Bilinski has been branded as a tyrant by the foreign editor of a London daily paper; I submit that not alone has he small scope for tyranny—his actions have to please two masters, both the Austrian and the Hungarian Delegations—but even if he wanted to be hard upon these Southern Slavs it would be in divergence from the general policy of Austria. (The first of these two reasons is the more conclusive; for the latter it must be assumed that this official does not act impartially for Austria and for Hungary. But even if I go so far as to allow that it is possible for anyone to be impartial and maintain a policy which is coherent as opposed to one which contradicts itself, when he is subject to two influences that are pulling, all too often, one against the other—yet I may submit that Dr. von Bilinski will not be without concern for general Austrian policy.) My view is that the Southern Slavs of Bosnia are, to put it mildly, not oppressed.

Legislation being made for men—the opposite of this does not concern us now, although it may prevail in other lands than those of the Reichs-Deutsche, as the Austrians call them—we do not expect to find a legislation that is free from error. When the Bosnian Mahometans do mutter in their beards against the yellow Sheriat School, erected by the Austrian Government as a law-seminary for the cadis, it is permissible to regard such criticism as absurd. In other days the Moslem law-givers would come from every portion of the Sultan's empire, so that Bosnia may have enjoyed—as venerable Moslems swear—a constant stream of erudite and upright judges. Nowadays the judges cannot be imported, and it is extremely probable that such proceedings as were rampant in the Moslem Courts of Egypt gave, before the

Catholicism upon an Orthodox population." He says nothing of the Moslem population, and perhaps he knows that every mayor of Sarajevo, the capital, has been a Moslem, while the Government has stringently forbidden the Archbishop to accept a convert. With regard to the Orthodox, it seems surprising that Mr. Vivian should be better informed on this subject than are the various Servian priests whom I consulted at Jezero, Prozor, Sarajevo, Vardiste and other places. It would be an insult to praise Austria for being more enlightened than Servia, the country which Mr. Nevins, champion of the weak, has rightly called semi-civilised. But one may note the terrible religious disabilities of the Roumanians in Eastern Servia to-day, and the refusal of the Servians to allow even Dr. Strossmayer to send a Barnabite priest among the Catholic Italian labourers who were constructing Servia's railways. "It may, perhaps, be admitted," says Mr. Vivian, "in the matter of communications and superficial comforts, that she has been the interpreter of progress for Bosnia and Herzegovina." Let him study (to take only one subject) the statistics of the great campaign against syphilis, to which he presumably does not refer. His ignorance on Bosnia is the more lamentable in view of his marvellous and unique knowledge of Montenegro, where he actually spoke to the King and eke to Prince Mirko, the King's second son.

Austrians interfered, an evil reputation to the courts of Bosnia. Inheritance went, one supposes, through some rather devious channels, and divorce became as much a lottery as marriage. Anyhow, while the reforms were being introduced into these Courts in Egypt by Lord Cromer, he examined closely and with admiration what the Austrians had planned for Bosnia. When first the carpet factory received into its halls at Sarajevo those whom the authorities desired to make more useful and more affluent, the Moslem girls and the Spaniolas with the curious headgear (Israelites whose fathers fled from Ferdinand and Isabella), and the Roman Catholic girls and those of the Greek-Oriental Church were, to the scandal of the population, not permitted to remain in separate rooms. Now they vie merely in the skill with which they imitate rare Anatolian, Bosnian, Persian patterns, and the Government propose to found a village industry throughout the province. Dr. von Bilinski may be called a bureaucrat, but surely there is something human in a Government whose cleverest exponent in the art of imitating Gobelin tapestry, a Bosnian girl, is not compelled to learn to read and write. If Austrians themselves would pay a little less attention to this latter, it would make the task of government more easy. If they would not publish newspapers of personal and vile abuse it would be never needful for the Government to be repressive, and a paper is appearing every fortnight in Vienna, edited by a late railway servant, whose intentions may be the most chivalrous, but who transcends the canons of good taste when, in his argument that some officials of the railway take a Christmas or a New Year's present from the manufacturers, "How came it," he cries, "that Mrs. L—, the mistress of the man R—, secured her new kitchen furniture?"

The natives, Christian and Moslem, do not hold, in their opinion, a sufficient number of official posts. The more extreme among them would have all the other subjects of their monarch ousted from the service. It is more than likely that if such a state of things were brought about, the province would be in a plight more lamentable than is that of Servia. The murderers and other subjects of King Peter have, at all events, the same religious confession; but in Bosnia the turmoil would be ceaseless. Nor, as yet, do more than certain of the natives reach a standard that is high enough for such a civil service; in the Balkan kingdoms it is usual to speak of going from their country into Europe: let some of the eager Bosnians remember that they were themselves not European until 1878. To draw comparisons between the way in which the Turkish Government accepted its responsibilities and what the Austrians have done would be ridiculous.

Far better than to lean on old men's recollections or on books is it to travel over even a small part, as I have done, of Novibazar. It may be that the returning Turk did not maintain the Austrian improvements, for the reason that he thought this territory would revert to Christians. On the other hand, he seems to have been at considerable pains to make the country ruinously Turkish. Such comparisons, however, are not wanted. You may argue that the roads and railways have been built to benefit the Austrian, to facilitate the passage of his soldiers and his commerce, but it is indisputable that they have been much to the advantage of the native. Here we must discriminate between the more ambitious and that large proportion which is well contented with a rickety abode, some garments which their fathers had, a moderate amount of wine, a tin of Herzegovina tobacco—among the best in the world—and very little more. In time, no doubt, he will have other needs. But for the present he does not care much for what the Austrians are doing; even if he has to be an Austrian soldier—there are four Bosnian regiments in various parts of the monarchy—he has a feeling that the other Austrians do not concern him, and the Government of Bosnia, he feels, is far away from him. His more educated brother, brilliant as the Slavs can be, and often rather superficial, thinks at times that he is being put into the shade. Thus the town of Gačko saw the citizens and students marching through the streets on August the 18th, the Emperor's birthday, while they sang "Hercegovci i Bosanci," which proclaims a patriotism that is nothing if not provincial. Politics are everywhere discussed, and if a young man writes an article at which the Government takes umbrage—they do not seem to be easily upset—and if the youth is punished, he is subsequently visited by a procession of the deputies and editors and other sympathisers, he is publicly presented with a silver wreath, his portrait with the wreath around it is hung up for several days in the chief thoroughfare. He may have been objecting to the taxes, which are said to be more burdensome than in the Turkish days, but they are certainly not levelled in a fashion so irregular and so corrupt. He may have been objecting to the cost of the gendarmerie, which, as Mr. Geoffrey Drage points out, in his exhaustive and interesting work, rose by about 500,000 crowns between 1900 and 1908. He may have been objecting to the industrial ring which controls the brewing and other industries, and generally that the Servian race is handicapped. The Government reply that if a native shows that he is competent he is assisted, and that much is being done, by means of technical education, to develop the business capacity of the people. But he may have been objecting to the annual surplus

of some £82,000 which is paid into the Austrian Exchequer, and concerning which no answer was vouchsafed to Mr. Drage. The answer that is given to the Bosnians is that they are inaccurate, by roughly this amount, in calculating what proportion of the import duties levied at the Austrian frontier are on goods which find their way to Bosnia. And even, says the Austrian Exchequer, if this be not so, yet have we spent large sums in Bosnia, and most legitimately may recoup ourselves.

One thing that the Bosnians desire is that it shall be finally determined whether they belong to Austria or Hungary. "We deem the moment to have come," said Francis Joseph at the time of annexation, "to give to both lands constitutional institutions . . . and remembering the ties that existed of yore between our glorious ancestors on the Hungarian throne and these lands, we extend the rights of our suzerainty to Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and it is our will that the order of succession of our house be applied to these lands also." In Hungary the annexation was opposed, for the historic claim of Hungary to which the Emperor-King referred was being definitely set aside. Nor did the Magyars of the Opposition merely found their case upon the fact that Bosnia's princes had, before the Turkish conquest, been the feudatories of the Kings of Hungary. They argued that it had been the design of Nature to unite these countries: Hungary, Croatia and the neighbouring portion of the Bosnian province, seeing that the same beneficent alluvial soil is found until one penetrates towards the mountains of the south, and from that point the limestone region of Bosnia and the Herzegovina should be properly united to Dalmatia and the Austrian throne. While Hungary is, notwithstanding all her difficulties with the Slavs, prepared to take the Bosnians into her domestic circle, she does not expend her time in yearning for improbable events to happen. And the Bosnian commercial field provides her with much surer ground, for 34 per cent. of Bosnian orders in the Dual Monarchy are placed with her—she sees to it that the proportion is maintained. This complicated system is a reason why the natives wish—apart from those who long for independence—to be finally incorporated with the Austrian or with the Hungarian realm. The Magyars certainly are losing ground, through the conditions in Croatia and Slavonia; just as certainly they cannot see the Austrians prevail, for then Croatia would be quite enclosed in Austrian territory. So the struggle must continue, with the Magyars also losing ground because of the unpopularity of her commercial representatives in Bosnia—they suffer in comparison with Austrian travellers. "While it remains uncertain," writes an Austrian officer in the *Orient Nachrichten*, "to whom these

provinces belong, while Austrian and Hungarians officials are opposed to one another, so long is a solution of the problem and a subsequent united striving made impossible. Unfortunately their interests are, as so often, diametrically opposed."

The faithful Tyrolese may be excused if he turns brusquely from the discontented Magyars, while the Swabians of the south may shrug their burly shoulders when a traveller would tell them why the Austrians remain dissatisfied. But if a Bosnian has any interest in national affairs he should not find it difficult to understand why this eternal conflict rages: he has been accustomed to men hating one another for no reason that is not religious, and that there are economic points of difference neither of them, Austrians and Magyars, will allow him to forget. These are, indeed, the rocks on which the Dual Monarchy is rent in twain. If Austria desires to feed her millions on frozen beef down comes the veto of the Magyar cattle-dealers, who assure the Austrians that such a meat would never feel at home on such fine palates. If the Magyars wish to send the produce of their fields to Germany, the route the most direct is via Oderberg, and Austria will only have a single railway track, on which account the long delays are highly deleterious, for example, to the grapes. And these are but two points of many which divide industrial Austria from agricultural Hungary. Then with regard to the religious rift, the simple fact that in most parts of Hungary one graveyard houses Catholics and Protestants, would, if it were well known in Austria, cause the Hungarians to be classed as savages. The papers now and then relate how the Hungarian Rabbis are received in villages or towns which have elected them: a string of gaily ornamented vehicles is waiting in the previous village, where the newcomer is welcomed by some worthies of his congregation who are not infrequently accompanied by the mayor. It seems to be the custom for the other clergy, Catholic and Protestant, to introduce themselves outside the village of their ministration, after which the whole assemblage streams into the synagogue, where the new Rabbi in his sermon praises God for Hungary, her King, her liberal spirit. One may say, with little fear of contradiction, that the Austrian subjects of this King do not consider such a spectacle as edifying. What they do is first of all to cry that every Magyar is an Israelite, and then to read the *Reichspost* for a day or two, declaring that the *Neue Freie Presse* and the *Fremdenblatt* and all the rest of them are nothing but the organs of capitalists and Jews. Unluckily the *Reichspost* seems to let too many of its correspondents live in Rome, so that the readers cling to it less rigidly than does the paper to its principles. There is a movement now among the

Magyar aristocracy to let themselves be nominated bishops ; nearly all the new appointments have been counts, but this will not do much to mitigate the Austrian disapproval of his fellow-subject. (When it is mentioned that the Croat is even more broad-minded than the Magyar, it will be understood with what mixed feelings he is looked upon in Austria. Politically he is a good fellow, and the greater pity that he should be hurrying towards damnation, for he does not hold that when you rent a flat, as in Vienna, you should have to make a solemn proclamation of your faith, and he does not think that in a lawsuit any questions should be asked as to the parties' good or bad religious faith, and he would ridicule that publicist on Trialism who is taken rather seriously and who has suggested that the district of Trentino, which in sympathy is so Italian, should be handed over to the Pope. Such are the complicated sentiments with which the Austrian regards the Croat. But the subjects of Francis Joseph seem to thrive on complications.)

The continued lack of harmony between the Empire and the Kingdom does not place the Bosnian in any worse position, since his masters keep a sharp look-out on one another. Those among the Bosnians who say that they are kept unjustly from official posts would have to show that no attention has been given to the law which lays it down that when a native and another man are equal then the native is to be preferred. Yet certainly this is a law which has been kept, some prominent examples being that in two out of the six divisions of the country the chief political officer is a native, while at one end of the scale we see Dr. Zurunič in the highest place which an official, as distinguished from a politician, can occupy ; and at the other end we see the Austrian engine-drivers being ousted by the Moslem, one of them, in fact, a gipsy, who thus reconciles the ancient habits of his people with their present ways, for now they have become non-migratory. If a proof were needed that the natives as a whole are satisfied, one could adduce the Servian deputies who have been coming over to the Moslem-Croat Coalition, so that Dr. von Bilinski's hope of governing with all the people at his back, at any rate with all the deputies, seems that it might be realised. No, I believe it would be much more accurate to speak of the Utopian mildness than of the despotic nature of this ageing gentleman, who in his native Poland used to be Professor of Political Economy. Another proof of native satisfaction is that when the Moslem pack their baggage and set out, as sometimes will occur, for the dominion of the Sultan, they return invariably to their Bosnian home, and even when they are deserters from the Austrian army. I could not find any instances of Serbs who

had been so adventurous as to cross over to the Servian kingdom.

In conclusion, then, the Southern Slavs in Austria-Hungary do not belong to the unhappy races of the world. It is true that they are part of a Teutonic-Magyar realm, but though the Slav has reached proficiency in various arts he never has excelled, save for the briefest intervals, in that of governing. The Poles are a more normal instance than the Russians, for these latter have a government which is less Slav than German-Mongol. Those in Austria-Hungary who are the worst off are undoubtedly the Croats, but with all their grievances they know that they are better off than are the Slavs of Russian Poland or the Ukraine. Also they are better off than if they formed a little Balkan State whose army is so burdensome for those who pay the taxes and whose interest on foreign loans is so much higher. Probably the large majority of Croats would not think these disadvantages are compensated by the glory of exchanging alien for native tyrants—every governor is more or less a tyrant, and a Slav one usually more so.

Come what may upon the Balkans there is not a Croat in his senses—and *a fortiori* not a Bosnian nor Dalmatian Slav—who would attempt to seek another master. What he will hope is that from the differences which obtain between his masters, and which are apparently incapable of being solved, his own may—stranger things have happened—find solution.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE CHILDHOOD OF ISABELLA II.

THE first Carlist War raged round Isabella's cradle. She was too young, at the early stages of the struggle, to understand very clearly what it was all about, but not too young to be frightened. The earliest anecdote which it is possible to pick up about her gives us a graphic picture of the way in which the little Queen who was presently to have such a stormy time on the throne of Spain grew up in the midst of alarms, and was almost scared out of her dawning wits by Bogey Men.

It was in February, 1836, when she was a little more than five years old. Her uncle, the Prince of Capua, whose name was Carlos, paid an unofficial visit to Madrid, and came to see Isabella's mother, Queen Cristina, at nine o'clock in the evening. Naturally it was proposed that the children, who had gone to bed, should be brought down to be kissed. Their nurse, who was sent to wake them, told them that their uncle, the Prince Don Carlos, was below, and wanted them. Thereupon, to quote an anonymous work entitled *Scenes and Adventures in Spain* :—

“The children burst into tears, crying out :

“ ‘*Aya! El tío Carlos esta in Madrid—Oh dear! Uncle Carlos is in Madrid! Keep us out of his sight, por Dios! What will become of us all? Uncle Carlos is in Madrid!*’ and, weeping and wailing, they declared they would not see him. The name of Don Carlos frightened them; they thought it was their Spanish Uncle Carlos instead of the Neapolitan one, and consequently were in an agony at the idea of being brought before a sort of Ogre who was longing to gobble them up.”

The anecdote is of no particular importance except as “atmosphere”; but “atmosphere” is important to biography. One gets a further example of the atmosphere of that exciting childhood in the story of the Revolution of the Sergeants at La Granja, some of the scenes of which Isabella may possibly have witnessed from her nursery window. The most striking scene, whether she witnessed it or not, was that of the extortion of a Constitution from her mother by the threat that, if the demands of the soldiers—the men of her own bodyguard—were not met, her lover, Muñoz, the promoted private of the Guards to whom she was secretly married, should be shot before her eyes. The most graphic description of that amazing drama is the one given in George Borrow's *Bible in Spain* :—

“Early one morning,” George Borrow writes, “a party of these soldiers, headed by a certain Sergeant Garcia, entered her apartment, and proposed

that she should subscribe her hand to this Constitution, and swear solemnly to abide by it. Cristina, however, who was a woman of considerable spirit, refused to comply with this proposal, and ordered them to withdraw. A scene of violence and tumult ensued, but the Regent still continuing firm, the soldiers at length led her down to one of the courts of the Palace, where stood her well-known paramour Munoz, bound and blindfolded. 'Swear to the Constitution, you she-rogue,' vociferated the swarthy sergeant. 'Never!' said the spirited daughter of the Neapolitan Bourbons. 'Then your *cortejo* shall die,' replied the sergeant. 'Ho! ho! my lads; get ready your arms, and send four bullets through the fellow's brain.' Muñoz was forthwith led to the wall and compelled to kneel down; the soldiers levelled their muskets, and another moment would have consigned the unfortunate wight to eternity, when Cristina, forgetting everything but the feelings of her woman's heart, suddenly started forward with a shriek, exclaiming: 'Hold, hold! I sign, I sign.'"

Terrible events truly for a child of six-and-three-quarters to be in touch with; and this time, indeed, Isabella was consciously in touch with what was happening. An attempt was made to suppress by force the revolutionists who had thus taken Cristina by surprise. There was an exciting scene in the Puerta del Sol, where the fury of a mob was quelled by the intrepidity of a single man: General Quesada, who rode into the midst of the rioters without an escort, and drove the ring-leaders before him with the flat of his sabre. "No action of any hero or conqueror on record," writes George Borrow, who saw him do it, "is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada, for who, by his single desperate courage and impetuosity, ever before stopped a revolution in full course?"

But he only stopped it for a moment. His colleagues forsook him in the very hour of his apparent triumph, and he himself lost nerve. He fled in civilian disguise, and was pursued and overtaken; and, that very night, in a café in the Calle d'Alcala, a gory hand and three or four dis severed fingers, cut from Quesada's corpse, were produced by a group of riotous National Guards from a blue handkerchief, and used, amid the roaring of revolutionary hymns, for the stirring of a huge bowl of coffee. With the result that the Radical Calatrava now became Prime Minister, and Cristina had to repeat before the Cortez the oath which she had already sworn to the Sergeants, concluding with the words:—

"And if I should break my oath, I ought not to be obeyed. And so God help and defend me, or call me to account if I fail."

With the further declaration in the speech from the throne:—

"Here, in the face of Heaven and earth, I again declare my free and spontaneous acceptance of the political institutions I have just sworn to respect, in the presence and in the name of my august daughter now before you."

Her august daughter, in fact—aged six and three-quarters, old enough, presumably, to understand a little but not very much—sat by her during the ceremony; and we may take it that from that hour Isabella began really to understand something about the forces which were shaping the destiny of Spain. During the years which followed she had a certain respite from horrors, if not from excitement; for it is hardly to be supposed that the atrocities of the Carlist War were the subject of conversation in the Palace nursery. Those were the years during which Espartero, the coachbuilder's son who had risen to be the greatest of the Spanish generals, dealt with the Carlist bands in a slow but sure style, which reminds one of Grant's famous resolve to "fight it out on this line even if it takes all summer," and emerged, in 1840, as the acknowledged saviour of Spain: a man confidently believed to be honest, and presumed to be anxious, now that there was no more fighting to be done, to take a hand in politics. At the end of those years came the tussle between Espartero and Cristina, which, once again, and more emphatically than before, made political intrigue a real thing for the girl queen.

Cristina had intrigued against Espartero even when he was winning her battles, believing that a dandy of blood and iron, like young General Narvaez, was more likely, on general principles, than a self-made man, to protect royal privileges against popular encroachment. She gave Narvaez a high command and an army of 40,000 men, in spite of the fact that he and Espartero were known to be personal enemies; and Espartero understood why she had done so, and took his measures. He announced that he wanted those 40,000 men at the front, but did not want Narvaez; and Narvaez, after causing only a moderate amount of trouble, first retired, temporarily, into private life, and then left the country.

The self-made man had triumphed. The dandy of blood and iron had been flicked away, for the moment, like a noxious insect. He had not been out of the way very long before Cristina and Espartero quarrelled openly.

Nominally the quarrel was about the privileges of provincial municipalities; actually it was due to incompatibility of temper. Espartero was no courtier; and Cristina preferred courtiers to self-made men, unless they vied with courtiers in subservience. So there ensued a deadlock, a situation only to be resolved by the unconditional surrender of either the Regent or the General. Cristina's reactionary friends who had incited her to get into the mess by asking her whether she or Espartero was the ruler of Spain, were powerless to extricate her from it. "It is very simple," one of the O'Donnells said to her. "If you want your

own way, you have only to send for a file of soldiers and tell them to shoot Espartero"; but that must have been said in irony. O'Donnell knew, and Cristina also knew, that both military and popular enthusiasm supported Espartero against her, and that the guns would not go off in response to such an order. So Cristina stamped her foot, and said that, if she could not have her way, she should abdicate and go.

"I have made you a General. I have made you a Duke. I have made you a Grandee of Spain. But I could not make you a gentleman. *Eso se nace, no se hace.*"

Such was her parting shot, to which progressive Spain replied by entertaining Espartero at a public banquet and presenting him with a wreath in the course of the evening. It is said on credible testimony that she spoiled the Spaniards before leaving them, packing off and carrying off with her not only the contents of her late husband's strong box, the crown jewels, and the Palace plate and linen, but also her daughters' wardrobes, including their very underwear. A search instituted after she had gone discovered, it is said, only six spoons and only six pairs of stockings; though it is, of course, possible that that statement exaggerates the bareness of the royal cupboards. It is certain, at any rate, that she went off in dudgeon, with the deliberate intention of fomenting intrigues from Paris; and the intrigues took a form very alarming to Isabella—nothing less than an attempt to have her kidnapped in the Palace. Isabella may well have had the impression that her whole life was destined to be terrorised by Bogey Men.

Whether she regarded Espartero as a Bogey Man is uncertain; but it is certain that, having been appointed—or having, in effect, appointed himself—her guardian, he did his conscientious best for her in that capacity. He gave her a most respectable tutor in the person of Don Arguelles, known as "the Spanish Cicero," on account of his eloquence, though he "lived with great simplicity and went about in a threadbare coat." Arguelles's assistant was Quitaño, the poet; and the governess was the Countess Mina, the daughter of a shopkeeper, and the widow of the great guerilla leader. Altogether, therefore, we may say that Isabella was in good hands, though not in the hands of the Smart Set. Most of the members of that set were her mother's friends, bought with her mother's money, and pledged to seize her, carry her off, and deliver her into her mother's hands—her and her younger sister, the future Duchesse de Montpensier.

Truly it was a case for the little girls of Bogey Men here, there, and all around them: one set of Bogey Men who had snatched

them from their mother's arms, another set who broke in and tried to steal them with every circumstance of violence. It has been said, of course, that they were only too anxious to be stolen; but that was the sort of thing that naturally would be said by the authors of the enterprise. The story of the attempt told by their governess gives the opposite impression; but she, too, must be reckoned a prejudiced witness. The probability is that, though they might have been willing to be stolen if they could have been stolen quietly by persons whom they knew and trusted, they had received no hint of what was about to happen, and understood nothing except that they were living in the midst of alarums and excursions.

One cannot say, of course, that there is no modern parallel for such alarums and excursions in a palace. In Balkan palaces, at any rate, more awful things have happened in more recent times—but not to little children. In the stories of the lives of royal children—the eldest of these children being, it must be remembered, not yet eleven years of age—one finds nothing resembling this extraordinary and audacious attempt to kidnap. It was only by a hair's breadth that it missed success; and in order to understand how, though destined to failure, it seemed feasible, we may borrow a description of the *mise-en-scène* from one of the letters of Washington Irving, who was then American Minister at Madrid:—

“The royal palace,” Washington Irving writes, “stands on the confines of the city, on the brow of a steep descent sweeping down into the valley of the Manzanares; it overlooks the open country toward the Guadarama Mountains, which is so lonely, in the very vicinity of Madrid, that ten minutes' gallop from its walls takes you into scenes as savage and deserted as any of Salvator Rosa's. The palace is guarded every night by a body of troops, and is capable of a powerful defence; but the troops who were to mount guard that night were mostly under the influence of Generals Concha and Leon, who had been gained over to the conspiracy. It was a dark, tempestuous evening when the attempt was made.”

Bribery, in short, having done its work, the way seemed fairly clear for a dashing *coup-de-main*. If Leon and Concha and their company could gain ten minutes' start with their captives in that dark valley, all Espartero's horses and all his men might fail to overtake them; and they might expect a good deal more than ten minutes' start before the National Guard would be on foot and in pursuit. Resistance was only to be looked for from the halberdiers who were on guard within the palace under Brigadier Domingo Dulce; and there were only a score of these to face some three hundred assailants. So the kidnappers proceeded to their task with a light heart and an easy confidence, and we are

able to follow the events of the memorable night step by step from a long letter written by Countess Mina to Arguelles and recently printed, at length, in Señor Cambronero's *Isabel II. Intima*.

The date was October 7th, 1841. The weather was wet, and the two princesses had, by the doctor's orders, stayed indoors all day instead of going for their usual drive. Countess Mina was with them until half-past six, when she withdrew for a little while to her own apartment, leaving them in charge of an assistant governess. At a quarter to eight she was on the point of returning to them when she heard shouts and cheers proceeding from an outer courtyard. She ran into the crystal gallery, where the halberdier on duty there asked her if she knew what the noise meant. She did not stop to reply, but ran on at the top of her speed until she reached the head of the main staircase. Then she could see as well as hear :—

"A considerable number of armed men were on the landing of the Lions; while the Halberdier Guard was stationed by the balustrade at the edge of the staircase, also armed and ready for action. They were receiving the first volley of the rebels at the very moment when I was passing."

She passed unharmed, though in the line of fire, and continued to run until she reached the rooms occupied by the princesses' maids—hearing another volley smash the mirrors before she got there. She banged in terror at the door, believing that she was still in the way of the fusillade, and had to bang several times before the assistant governess hesitatingly and timorously opened it. Admitted at last, she went on with the assistant to the princesses' boudoir, where she found her royal pupils, attended by several maids and their music master: the fear of Bogey Men who might come for her being obviously uppermost in Isabella's mind.

"As soon as she saw me, her Majesty threw herself into my arms, and asked me in an agony of alarm :

" 'Aya! Tell me, aya, are they rebels? ' "

" 'No, no, señora. They can't be rebels,' I replied.

" 'Then who are they? What do they want? Have they come for us? ' "

"I replied that I could only tell her what I had seen on the staircase, where fighting was going on. The answer did not quiet her. Still less did it quiet her Royal Highness,¹ who was, if possible, even more excited and frightened than her Majesty, clutching convulsively at the assistant governess and sobbing and shrieking in her arms: 'What is the matter? What is the matter? I won't be quiet unless you tell me.' "

The shouts of the soldiers which had startled Countess Mina

(1) Isabella's sister, the Infanta.

had also, it seemed, been heard in the royal apartments at the very moment when Isabella's music lesson was about to begin ; and the music master had no claims to be a hero. One hears no more of him in the course of the narrative, and presumes that he claimed the privileges of a non-combatant and retired ; while it appeared that the attendant ladies had, without waiting to inquire what was the matter, instantly closed and bolted all the doors and windows of the royal suite. Then they had heard other noises—musket-shots and a sound of knocking, as if someone were trying to smash his way through a partition wall. That was the rude awakening of the royal children to the realities of royal life in Spain. The word rebel meant to them just what the word bogey means to other children. They were persuaded that the bogeys had come for them at last ; and the younger child was sobbing to her nurse, "Inez ! Inez ! Please let me say my prayers !"

They heard afterwards what was the nature of the altercation which had taken place outside their door. A certain Lieutenant Borria had run up the stairs at the head of the mutineers, and found General Don Domingo Dulce waiting to receive him. "What the, &c., &c. ?" the General had asked. "I'm here to do my duty. Out of the way," the lieutenant had answered. But general officers do not take such orders, so peremptorily conveyed, from subalterns ; and General Don Domingo Dulce was not the man to set the precedent. He called up his halberdiers and posted them so that they commanded the staircase from behind the solid balustrade. Borria rejoined his men ; they fired, and the halberdiers returned their fire. That was the stage which the attack had reached when Countess Mina ran by behind the halberdiers, running under fire from her own suite to that of her charges, whom she now, with admirable self-possession, tried to calm, assuring them that the trouble would soon be over, but at the same time making ready for all eventualities :—

"At about half-past ten we were able to persuade the Princesses to lie down, though we took the precaution of making them do so with their clothes on, so that, whatever happened, we might not be found unprepared. In order that our attention might not be divided, we improvised a bed for the Infanta in the Queen's alcove ; and we had hardly put them to bed when a bullet came through the window, breaking the glass, tearing off the hinge, and remaining embedded in the shutter ; so that if, in our excitement, we had forgotten to fasten the shutter, her Royal Highness might have been killed, and would almost certainly have been hit."

That gave the children a fresh fright. They jumped out of bed and ran back into the sitting-room ; but Countess Mina felt that

they would be no safer there than in the alcove. She remembered the existence of an old door, recently bricked up, which communicated with another quarter of the palace. She searched for it and found it, but then she was baffled. There was no possibility of breaking through that partition with the poker, or any other tool at her command. And meanwhile the noise of the fighting without continued—the sound of the firing being, from time to time, interrupted by the shouts of angry voices.

Generals Concha and Leon, in fact, had now joined Borria and the Guardsmen, and were taking charge of the attack. They suspended the firing in order to reason with the halberdiers. They meant no harm, they explained. They came, they said, as the Queen's deliverers—they only asked to be let pass; but Domingo Dulce and his halberdiers were not to be persuaded. Their orders were formal—no one should pass except over their dead bodies. Urgent messages had been sent to headquarters, and help would surely come to them if only they could hold out a little longer. So they once more swept the staircase with their fire; and the mutineers returned their fire, and the slow hours passed.

"At twelve o'clock on that awful night," Countess Mina continues, "we decided to remove the Princesses to an inner room, the position of which seemed to offer greater security, while the thickness of the walls would be a protection against any fire which might be directed at the windows. We could still hear the firing very clearly there—the firing in the Hall of the Ambassadors in particular made a terrible noise; but still the Princesses were somewhat reassured, and the noise of the volleys no longer seemed to trouble them very much."

They were reassured to the extent of remembering that they were hungry, and asking how they would ever be able to get anything to eat if the fighting did not stop. Their governess replied by persuading them to lie down again; and as they were not safe in their beds, she had mattresses laid out for them on the floor, where no stray bullet could possibly reach. "Nurse, dear; why don't you send a message to the Duke of Victory¹ and tell him to make haste and come?" Isabella asked; but though Countess Mina explained to her that that was impossible, the strong claims of nature presently asserted themselves, and both she and her younger sister fell asleep. But still the battle raged, and at two o'clock another bullet came crashing through the window, though without disturbing the sleepers.

Upon that Countess Mina, accompanied by one of the nurses, stole out to reconnoitre. Whatever the rebels wanted, she felt sure, they could have no design upon their girl queen's life. She would tell them of the queen's peril—appeal to their honour and

(1) Espartero.

chivalry; but it was a halberdier, not a rebel, with whom she had speech. He told her, in a hasty, whispered colloquy, what had happened: how the guard had been bought, but the halberdiers were loyal, and might be trusted to defend their queen with their lives. Then she stole back and found that the princesses were still asleep. And still the battle raged.

It lasted, in fact, until a quarter past six in the morning. At that hour the firing ceased, and the voices of friends were heard at the door of the royal apartment. The voice of the Steward of the Palace was recognised, and the door was opened. The Steward announced that the Regent was coming, with the Secretary of State for War; that the trouble was now over, and that the halberdiers who had had the honour of defending her Majesty now sought permission to kneel and kiss her hands: an honour which the Regent supplemented by conferring the Cross of St. Ferdinand upon every one of them.

The news of the rising, it now transpired, had got through to Espartero in time. Bodies of regulars and National Guards had surrounded the Palace, and as the mutineers took alarm and fled the cavalry charged and scattered them. Concha, who was in mufti, hid among the trees in the garden, and stole away unseen in the dark—a distinguished career eventually in store for him. Leon leapt on his horse and rode for the mountains; but he had engaged in his enterprise in full general's uniform, so that he was quickly recognised and arrested, and now he had to pay the penalty.

Attempts were made to save him, and there seemed a chance that they might succeed. His services were distinguished; his breast was covered with decorations won on the field. He had been Espartero's companion in arms on many glorious occasions, and had warm personal friends among the members of every political party. Some friend, in some party, it was confidently believed, would be powerful enough to save him. Even Gonzalez Bravo, the Radical journalist—an embittered man with the look of a hungry wolf, who had lately been jeering at Cristina and Private Mañoz in his scurrilous print—went about among the National Guards, seeking signatures to a petition for clemency, while a deputation of Grandeos addressed their appeal to Isabella herself.

She found them waiting for her when she was being taken out for her daily drive. They crowded round her carriage and begged her to be merciful—to use her "authority"—to "command" the Regent to pardon the offender: a moving spectacle truly when we realise that it was to a child of less than eleven that the Spanish nobility knelt, assuming that she had the power of life and death, and beseeching her to exercise the royal prerogative

of mercy. She was no more cruel then than in her later years. She was moved by the entreaties; moved also a little, it may be, by the flattery, as what child of her years would not have been? She had been frightened, but no harm had come to her; so she was willing, if it rested with her, to forgive, and even to kiss and be friends. But it did not rest with her. Countess Mina, who was with her, spoke :—

“ ‘Your Majesty,’ she said, ‘is a minor, and has a tutor. Nothing that your Majesty may do without his consent has any legal validity. Your Majesty can only send for her tutor and explain the circumstances to him.’ ”

So Arguelles—that excellent professor in the threadbare coat—was fetched; and one can only guess what he said to Isabella or what Isabella said to him. He promised, however, to convey a message in her name, and he conveyed it; and the answer to Isabella, as well as to the other petitioners, was to the effect that “the Regent considered that, in the excited state of public opinion, the granting of a pardon would be contrary to public policy.” So that General Leon, still in full uniform, and with all his medals on his breast, was driven to the place of execution, the sole privilege accorded to him being that of facing the platoon with his eyes unbandaged, and giving his executioners the word of command to fire.

In a sense, it may be said that Isabella’s childhood ended with the culmination of that tragedy—her first emphatic and unmistakable experience of the realities. Still, she had to go back to the school-room, or, if not to the school-room, at least to the nursery. Her life there aroused the pity of Washington Irving, from whose letters to his sisters we may extract yet another quotation :—

“You seem to pity the poor little Queen, shut up, with her sister, like two princesses in a fairy tale, in a great, grand, dreary palace, and ‘wonder whether she would not like to change her situation for a nice little cottage on the Hudson.’ Perhaps she would, Kate, if she knew anything of the gaieties of cottage life; if she had ever been with us at a picnic, or driven out in the shandry-dran, with the two roans, and James, in his slipshod hat, for a coachman, or *yotted* in the *Dream*, or sang in the Tarrydown choir, or shopped at Tommy Dean’s; poor thing, she would not know how to set about enjoying herself. She would never think of appearing at church without a whole train of the Miss —s and the Miss —s and the Miss —s, as maids of honour, nor drive through Sleepy Hollow except in a coach and six, with a cloud of dust and a troop of horsemen in glittering armour. So I think, Kate, we must be content with pitying her, and leaving her in ignorance of the comparative desolateness of her situation.”

It is a pleasant contrast between happiness and grandeur : a contrast more striking in Isabella’s case than in many. Intrigue

continued to rage round her, and did not cease to rage until she was old enough to take a hand in the intrigues herself. Once again, before it is possible to speak of her as grown up, we find her in peril from those who claimed to be her deliverers from tyranny: at the time when Cristina tried a second time—this time with Narvaez to help her—and the self-made man, who had found it impossible to govern Spain without making enemies in all directions, went down before the dandy of blood and iron much as a junk supposed to be safely moored in a harbour disappears in a typhoon.

Such military operations as marked the course of that brief hurricane need not detain us. Espartero lost his nerve; and his men, seeing that he was losing it, deserted him. He began to besiege Seville; and some of his shells burst in the convents there, with the result that the Virgins of the Lord, as they were styled in a municipal proclamation, ran out into the streets, screaming that he was a shameless and sacrilegious ruffian, and exhorting all pious men to fight him furiously. So he fled to London, to receive the Freedom of the City; and the question was: What would happen in Madrid, where the National Militia were threatening to resist, in spite of his discomfiture? And, if they did resist, what would be the fate of Isabella and her sister?

To them, of course, neither the assault nor the defence intended any harm. They were to be the prizes of the conflict round whom the battle was to rage. But their peril nevertheless was great, and their terror must have been great also if they were made acquainted with the plans of their defenders:—

"Troops," Washington Irving tells us, "were stationed in the houses along the main streets, to fire upon the enemy from the windows and balconies should they effect an entrance; and it was resolved to dispute the ground street by street, and to make the last stand in the royal palace, where were the Queen and her sister, and where the Duchess of Victory, wife of the Regent, had taken refuge, her own palace being in one of the most exposed parts of the city."

Nor was that all. There was also "a declaration of that fanfaron Mendizabal, who had the control of affairs, that, if pushed to the utmost, he would sally forth with the Queen and her sister in each hand, put himself in the midst of the troops, and fight his way out of the city." That was indeed a cruel resolution fraught with awful possibilities—the more cruel because the fight was, after all, only a faction fight, the issue of which could make no difference worth considering to the children. The chivalry of the whole *corps diplomatique* was stirred. They proposed in a note which Washington Irving drafted to proceed in a body to the palace and "remain there during the time of peril," shielding the

little Queen with the ægis of their official sacro-sanctity, and challenging any one who sought to harm her to pass first over the dead bodies of all the representatives of all the Powers.

Such was the programme at the time when Isabella was twelve : with diplomats instead of halberdiers blocking the staircase and defying the intruders to do their worst. The offer of the diplomats, however, was declined ; and the danger which it was designed to meet fortunately did not arise. Narvaez made certain promises. Madrid accepted them and threw open its gates to him, with the result that he entered the gates and broke the promises. He had promised, in a formal convention jointly signed by himself and Espiroz, to respect the rights of the National Militia—and he instantly disarmed them all. He had promised permission to quit the service to all soldiers who deserted Espartero ; and when eight men came forward demanding that permission, he had them ranged against a wall and shot.

That was his first intimation that, whatever he might have pledged himself to in the hour of his necessity, he now meant to rule, not as King Log, but as King Stork. His next step was to dismiss innumerable officials and replace them with his own nominees. Notably, he sent Madame Nina and Arguelles packing, and put representatives of the old Spanish aristocracy in their places—practically reproducing Cristina's camarilla at her daughter's court. And then, or very soon afterwards, Olozoga, a lawyer with an Old Bailey manner, became President of the Council ; and the Cortez solved the problem of the Regency by declaring Isabella of full age, and competent to reign, just two months after her thirteenth birthday.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

WINTER TRAVEL.

AN ingenuous apologist of the Canadian winter has demonstrated, at any rate to her own satisfaction, that its severity fosters the hearth spirit among a community drawn from many nations, some of which, at least, are, in their original homes, not remarkable for the domestic virtues; and even if this particular instance be far-fetched, the influence of climate, and of its lesser manifestations which we call weather, on the character and customs of races cannot well be exaggerated. It is the result of climate, rather than of temperament, that the natives of these islands are such passionate colonisers and inveterate tourists, going gaily forth to the ends of the earth to make their homes where they earn their bread, or, in lighter vein, making short journeys, chiefly southward, for a change of scene and weather. In one of the less hackneyed of his two-edged sayings, King Charles II. once remarked of the English climate that "it invites men abroad on more days of the year than that of any other country." It does. It invites many people abroad just as often as they are free to go, and it invests the dry tables of the Continental Bradshaw with a romance that in kinder climates it would lack. Indeed, the relation of rainfall to "run off" has, for some of us, a homely significance wholly distinct from its technical interest for the experts of geological surveys.

It is mainly to escape from the gloom of an English winter, which reminds us of Apollo's command that Alcmaeon, slayer of his mother, should hide in a land ignored by the sun, that these happy folk take up their beds and walk. Yet another English summer like the one we have lately survived might well turn men's thoughts to climates like that of British East Africa, where, as Lord Cranworth says,¹ "June, July and August are the glory of the year." Scientifically, our winter is about a week shorter than our summer, but in recent experience it is some fifty weeks longer; and the absence of sun brings pious longing for Joshua's intelligent anticipation of the Daylight Saving Bill. Yet, even with our summers at their worst, two considerations keep many people at home at that season. First, there is the continuous round of outdoor social functions; second, there is the knowledge that popular playgrounds, like Switzerland and the South of France, are not at their best in the summer months. The first is too mild for those who love Alpine sports, and attracts

(1) *A Colony in the Making.*

only the mountain-climber; the second is too hot for those who stifle when the thermometer is above 80° F.

These two regions, than which it would, indeed, be difficult to name any more dissimilar in climate or scenery, illustrate the alternate reasons which move most folk to winter abroad: either to enjoy those strenuous ice sports precluded by our slushy winters at home, or to bask in daily sunshine unobtainable in countries north of 40°. For those who are devoted to English field sports, an English winter, however unpalatable to their neighbours, must always have irresistible attraction, since the shooting man is undismayed by grey skies, and the hunting man is grateful for prolonged thaw. Those, however, who either live in cities or lack enthusiasm for such sport, have no affection for winter nights "when icicles hang by the wall," and find life anything but jolly when the winter wind is blowing and the bitter sky is freezing. On the contrary, they turn for comfort to their time-tables, and at the first opportunity they occupy a berth on the luxurious "Mediterranean express." Thus only may they forget the November nightmare of Victoria in the golden radiance of Cannes, or in the exhilarating atmosphere of St. Moritz, twenty-four hours later, taking advantage of one of those magic-carpet miracles of which the modern tourist agent makes so little. Martial, knowing only ancient Rome, called December the "smoky month." What words would he have found to describe that month in modern London?

Doleful as is our climate at its worst, none other is perfect. All that can reasonably be effected is a temporary change for the better. English people commonly associate the Italian winter with Paradise, but the Italians themselves are free from all such illusion.¹ The ancient Romans, indeed, hated winter, as witness the interesting Latin tags collected by Sir Archibald Geikie in his admirable essay on a little-discussed aspect of social life among the ancients.² Thus, Lucretius refers to the cold that sets men's teeth chattering. Horace gives thanks for the ending of winter. Ovid is glad that "ice-mantled winter now at length departs." True, the Romans had their winter sports (*Epod.* II. 29), but many of them, none the less, impatiently awaited the coming of spring, and those whose homes were in the hills habitually spent the coldest weather at the seaside. It is true that the extreme rigours of the Italian winter are confined to the higher altitudes

(1) The erroneous belief that the winter is a warm season anywhere in the latitude of Naples is widespread in this country. When contemplating a winter in Constantinople some years ago, I was gravely advised to take only light clothing. Fortunately, I made further inquiry, and found the results confirmed by snowstorms and blizzards that lasted for weeks.

(2) *The Love of Nature among the Romans.*

inland. Yet even the sea-level climate of the Riviera has its blemishes. The glory of the sun is too often dimmed by the treacherous *bise* and depressing *mistral*, two of the most evil winds let loose on Europe. To the Provençal this accursed *mistral* may sing of home, but the only man not of that nationality who called it friend was Nietzsche. Perhaps he found in its desolating blast kinship with his own more bitter mood; perhaps he was a super-tourist, since, whereas most of us have to be satisfied with the circumference of the modern earth, he tells us that his one ambition was to travel over the circumference of the modern soul.

Even this ideal winter retreat has, in its day, suffered from both flood and frost.¹ In 1330, for instance, rain fell continuously for six months, which must have brought the Riviera winter very near our English summer. In 1694, torrential rains brought about the collapse of a hill. In 1744, the Paillon rose high enough to sweep away a regiment of soldiers. In 1563, frost killed all the orange trees, and they were again destroyed by snow and ice in 1709, 1767, and 1819. True, such abnormal weather was rare enough to attract the notice of historians, but its periodic recurrence is a reminder that what has been may be.

It is for the sunshine they would lack at home that English tourists winter anywhere between Marseilles and Spezzia. As Stevenson said, there is something in the mere mention of the South that carries enthusiasm along with it, and tourists are driven south at the first menace of winter just as, in the Lowlands of Scotland, grouse come down into farmlands in the valleys as soon as the hilltops are powdered with snow. Every healthy human being is a sun-worshipper at heart, and comparatively few would be indifferent to the taunt of the Parsee who, when laughed at by a Londoner for worshipping the sun, retorted, "Ah, if you could only occasionally see it!"

It is no strenuous ideal of travel that packs these towns of the Riviera with winter visitors. Their outdoor exercise is confined to an occasional round on the golf links outside Nice or Cannes, or on the mountain over Monaco, or to a set on the tennis courts in their hotel garden. For the rest, they seek, according to their taste and temperament, either the excitement provided by saloons crowded with gamblers like themselves, or the repose of hillsides ablaze with sweet-scented flowers. There is no need to criticise either choice. To the one, breaking himself on the wheel, to the other the silence of a garden, represents the ideal holiday. For my neighbours what they please; but for me, always, loitering on the viaduct that spans the Gorges du Loup, or beneath the trees

(1) See Loveland: *The Romance of Nice*.

on the peaceful Iles des Lerins, or rambling amid the flower-beds of Ospedaletti, or, with a pocket Dante for company, along the winding banks of the smooth Entella.¹ Dickens revelled in the loveliness of the coast-road between Genoa and Spezzia, and there is, perhaps, no other, even westward along the Corniche, to equal it in all the Riviera.

Those who winter abroad for warmth, not content with the pale radiance of the northern littoral of the Mediterranean, unattracted by the wheel-fever of Monte Carlo, the gay boulevards of Nice, or the Anglo-Russian society of Cannes, must go further afield, to Egypt, Uganda, India, or the West Indies. Algiers may, with some reservation, be regarded as a compromise between the Riviera and Egypt. It is warmer than the first, without its treacherous sunsets. It is cooler than the second, but, as winter includes its rainy season, it is also less dry. Biskra is drier, and it is only disagreeably hot in winter when the thirsty sirocco blows up from the desert, raising appalling clouds of dust and putting everyone, resident and visitor alike, out of humour. The mountain breezes, on the other hand, are refreshing; the nights are much colder than the days; and the atmosphere is of an amazing clearness that can be realised only on the spot and that photographers, in particular, give thanks for.

The tourist's Egypt is so warmly appreciated by Americans that the occupation seems British in name only during the winter months. Ears attuned to more restrained accents are occasionally offended by the "English" that echoes in the Hall of Columns, yet, these and some other drawbacks notwithstanding, December in the Nile delta is an undeniably lovable month. Here are none of the treacherous blasts that shrivel humanity in the maritime foothills of the Alps, none of the depressing mists that sometimes shroud the Esterels and brood over the Corniche. Here is a lasting symphony in blue and gold, a triumphant succession of rainless days, a happy release from the Christmas-card jollity of the frozen north. He who sees the New Year in at Cairo will hardly regret the keen east wind that blows through leafless woods at home. Purposeless the life may be, but *malaish!* Let to-morrow bring its own troubles—it is good to live to-day in the sun. The climate of Cairo itself is damper than that of Upper Egypt, and the mornings may even be foggy. Yet, compared with that of Northern Europe at the same season, it may be termed very dry. The mean winter temperature is probably below 60° F., December and January being the coolest months. There is little rain and no snow, though, sitting on the terrace of Shepherd's, I have seen hailstones as large as any

(1) See Lees: *Wanderings on the Italian Riviera*.

we get at home. The worst feature of Cairo is its dust, and the dust is anything but clean. The water of the Nile should be drunk only when boiled, and malarial mosquitoes must be guarded against day and night. On the whole, perhaps, the best advice to all who contemplate a winter in Egypt, even to those already familiar with other aspects of the East, is "Follow the man from Cook's!"

The popularity of British East Africa as a winter resort is to some extent prejudiced by the fact that, lying as it does south of the Equator, its summer synchronises with our winter. Yet though the winter perfection of its climate corresponds with the season we call midsummer, there is no good reason why cold-blooded folk should not keep Christmas at Nairobi, since, according to Lord Cranworth, even the summer temperature does not much exceed 80° F., and normally falls to 60° F. in the evenings. Unlike the majority of popular winter resorts, moreover, the Protectorate holds out varied attractions to the sportsman, for the big-game shooting is unsurpassed in the whole of Africa, and the fishing, in both river and sea, is also out of the common. What the tourist must, however, keep in mind is that he is in Equatorial Africa, and if July and August are described in settlers' vernacular as "cold" months, they are by no means so in the English sense of the word.¹ The hot sun and rarefied air combine to make men moody and out of sorts, a result attributed by Sir Frederick Treves to the white man's ignorance of the peculiar climatic conditions of this recently acquired territory. Time will teach its lessons, and meanwhile the climate of Uganda, four or five thousand feet above the ocean, shows neither extreme of heat nor cold, and, with some little variation in different years, June and July are dry months.

For those who can afford the expense, and whose health will bear the somewhat heavy calls of a tour in the gorgeous East, India is an ideal land to winter in, since the "cold weather," particularly in the Punjab, lasts from October to March. The tourist is not likely to settle in one spot, as he would in Europe, but will in all probability plan a round tour, landing at Bombay and re-embarking at Calcutta, with Peshawur as his farthest objective; and in three or four months he should be able to include a dash to the hills and a glimpse of many of the great cities and historic monuments of that wonderful empire.

The lure of the West Indies is different, and rest rather than sight-seeing is the keynote of these resorts. Here are the Isles of Sleep, in which, catching the infection of laziness from the coloured folk, a man may dream away the winter of his content

(1) See Treves: *Uganda for a Holiday*.

in a climate not, perhaps, the most invigorating in the North Atlantic, but certainly, for an idle holiday, among the most enjoyable in winter time. Nearest to Southampton, on the track of the Royal Mail Company's boats, lies Barbados, a breezy island to windward of the rest and planted right in the teeth of the north-east trades. While it lacks the mountain scenery that beautifies its Leeward neighbours, as well as Trinidad and Jamaica, it has *en revanche* complete immunity from malaria and comparative absence of hurricanes. Malaria is an absentee, thanks to the inhospitable treatment of the disease-carrying *Anopheles*, which, thoroughly at home in the rest of the archipelago, has nowhere to lay its eggs in Barbados. This island also lies outside the zone of the hurricanes that, elsewhere in the West Indies, periodically devastate both shipping and plantations, though their fury is usually spent before the coming of the winter tourists. Indeed, the negroes have an old adage that recalls that current in rural England about the cuckoo :—

“ June, too soon.
 July, stand by!
 August, come it must.
 September, remember.
 October, all over.”¹

Tourists bound for the Leeward Islands transfer at Bridgetown to the intercolonial boat, and these remoter islands include some of the finest scenery in the Caribbean : the hill and vale beauties of well-watered Dominica ; the wooded slopes of Soufrière in Montserrat ; the sugarloaf peak of Nevis, an island rich in memories of Nelson's ill-starred marriage ; the flatter charms of waterless Antigua. In the direct course of the mail steamer from Southampton, Trinidad comes after Barbados, and the purely tropical character of this beautiful island is apparent to anyone approaching Port of Spain in the ship moving half-speed through mud washed down by the Orinoco. A closer acquaintance reveals hillsides gay with *flamboyant* and hibiscus, and with the riot of roses in old French gardens, by contrast with which the sultry brink of the Pitch Lake might well make a background for scenes in Dante. Jamaica is by far the largest of the British islands in that region, and is accounted, with the possible exception of Dominica, the gem of the whole tiara of emeralds. To the tourist it also offers greater variety of sport and scenery than any of the rest. Its mountains are lofty, and its rivers swift and well stocked with mountain mullet and, in their lowest reaches, with tarpon. The temperatures vary with the altitude. On winter nights at the Moneague the thermometer may fall to 45° F., but

(1) See Aspinall : *A Pocket Guide to the West Indies*.

in and round Kingston the daily range would be between 60° and 85°. At Montego Bay, on the north side of the island, the tourist will find the finest sea-bathing in the world. This is at Doctor's Cave, a short distance from the town. So clear is the water that the eye can see a threepenny piece lying on the bottom in three fathoms. So soft is the sand that it feels like silk. There are no sharks to scare swimmers, and no quicksands to trouble those who only wade.

Cuba, despite its official Americanisation, retains much of the colour and picturesqueness of the old Spanish *régime*. As, however, prices in Havana are rapidly approximating to those of New York, with no more value than can be had in Kingston for half the money, it is not probable that the island will seriously attract English visitors for a long stay, though being, from its situation only just within the tropics, cooler than the rest, it is worth at any rate a short visit. Among the enduring memories of Havana are its green parks and busy streets, the enthusiasm of the crowd at contests of *jai alai* (which is the *pelota* of Biarritz under another name), the serene beauty of the Morro by moonlight, and the fascinating spectacle of a cigar factory when the gates are thrown open and there emerges a great throng of dark-skinned women, singing, laughing, chattering, quarrelling, just as if, for all the world, they were rehearsing a chorus in *Carmen*.

Madeira offers something of the warmth of the West Indies. There are no hurricanes, and there is little fever, though the spectre of plague occasionally stalks through this lovely island, paralysing its trade and ruining its tourist traffic. Most of those who land at Funchal look upon it merely as a halt on the Cape route, but it is affectionately regarded by many winter tourists, who stay for weeks either at Reid's hotel or in a furnished *quinta* in the hills.

M. Bergson tells us, quoting appropriate authorities for the statement, that those parts of the body which feel the cold are not the same as those that feel the heat, but such fine distinctions of sensibility will scarcely appeal to the average tourist when, in winter or in summer, he feels the call of the road. So far, we have glanced at such resorts only as attract people abroad in winter for the sake of the warmth and sunshine that they cannot find at home. Others, however, seek colder, drier winters, with weeks of unbroken frost in which they can skate, *ski*, or sledge without the daily disappointment of a thaw. Canada, Norway, Switzerland and Russia are among the lands in which Nature offers the necessary conditions.

Canada which, though under the British flag, exacts American prices for her hospitality, is attractive only to those of robust

physique, since the midwinter mood of Our Lady of the Snows is severe for ordinary tastes. In the cities of the Dominion, however, these rigours notwithstanding, winter is the gay season, if only because, at any rate in the middle section, from Montreal to the Rockies, the cities are at their worst in summer time. On the other hand, the intense cold of the Canadian winter is guarded against indoors by scientific heating and in the open air by suitable clothing. With such aids to comfort, Canadians regard this as the heyday of their year, a glad season of skating and tobogganing under conditions more natural than any dreamed of at Andermatt or Davos. Of Norway the winter vogue is in what biologists term a condition of arrested development, though a certain number of winter visitors go north in the early weeks of the year to enjoy those extremes of snow and ice which the less appreciative Norsemen of olden time regarded as *jötunn*, or evil spirits, at war on mankind. The reason for the standstill in the progress of Norway as a winter resort is that towards Easter the Norwegians want their hotels for themselves and grudge foreigners any of the accommodation. It is, in fact, an open secret that this attitude, so different from that of the Swiss, effectually baffled Sir Henry Lunn, one of the pioneers in developing *ski*-ing centres, in his efforts to make that northern playground popular as a change from Switzerland. Swiss winter sports have been exhaustively advertised of late years, and must now be among the most valued assets of tourist agencies. Half a century ago the winter lure of that lovely land was all unknown, but as Mr. D'Auvergne says, "the Swiss delightedly awakened to the commercial possibilities of snow and ice."¹ No one can blame a *nation boutiquière* for taking advantage of its heritage so as to profit at the expense of the foreigner. Since, a little more than forty years ago, Davos was first recommended by English physicians as a cold cure for chest patients, winter visitors have not been slow to find out the attractions at this season of St. Moritz, Grindelwald, Adelboden, Beatenberg, Zermatt, and, to a lesser extent, Montreux, with Caux, Les Avants, and other frosted glories of the Bernese Oberland behind it. There are admittedly seasons—that of 1911–12 is generally execrated as a case in point—in which the Christmas weather is not all that the schoolmasters, undergraduates, and other strenuous folk could wish it. Too often, as they stand at the window and watch the pitiless thaw, their hearts must echo the pathetic cry of Villon,

" *Mais où sont les neiges d'antan ?* "

(1) See *Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow*; and Bonney: *The Building of the Alps*.

Too often, at the lower levels, comes a long succession of disappointing days, such as that vigorous old sportsman, Colonel Peter Hawker, condemns, under other skies, as "nasty, foggy, rotten, undertaker's weather." It is to the high places that members of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club resort during the Christmas vacation and "bob" and skate, and even dine and make speeches.¹ Switzerland of the high places, the Mecca of these winter pilgrims, presents scenes very different from those of summer Switzerland of the lake shores. Those who love the sun-kissed valleys carpeted with jonquil and narcissus, and merry with the laughter of children driving the goats and cattle in from the pastures at sunset, will find a lack of charm in the sternly athletic atmosphere in which co-operative parties while away the Christmas holidays on the Cresta Run. Sunshine and shelter from harsh winds make the Davos Christmas lovable. Nearly five thousand winter visitors flock each season to the upper end of the valley, sledging on the Schatzalp course, *ski*-ing down from the hut on the Parsenn Furka or down the Kerbshorn, skating or curling on the rinks. At St. Moritz, another popular winter resort, may be seen the sport of *skikjøring*, in which horses are driven over the snow by men on *ski*. Such delights are to be enjoyed all over that vast white plateau, from the Austrian frontier westward to Mont-Soleil, in the Bernese Jura. Yet this winter Switzerland of the tourist must needs strike the ultra-fastidious as just a little common. In summer time the tourist trail is thinner, for it spreads over a wider surface of lake and city. It is, with the exercise of a little ingenuity, possible in June to get afar from the professional sightseer and to rusticate amid an agricultural peasantry whose one idea is not the *Fremden-Industrie*. When, however, the acres are in the iron grip of winter husbandry is at a standstill, and all who are not busy fleecing the stranger within the gates seem to burrow out of sight like the marmots of their native hills.

Russia, like Canada, is a land in which, taught by bitter experience, people know how to spend the winter. St. Petersburg, a dour and foggy city at the best of times, is certainly seen at its brightest when horsed *droschkes* and sledges drawn by dogs or deer bowl merrily over the frozen Neva. Moscow is far more beautiful, and the vivid colours and gilded domes of Kremlin, as I last saw them sparkling with frost, are unforgettable. It must be infinitely preferable in winter to its northern rival, for the modern capital of all the Russias can scarcely, even by its coldest admirers, be called an ideal winter resort. Knowing both in November, I unhesitatingly award the palm to London. Built

(1) See *The Year Book* for 1913.

on the swampy shore of the Gulf of Finland, St. Petersburg lives through six months of indescribably depressing gloom. The fond dream of Peter the Great took strange shape, and he exacted a heavy price from his loyal *boyars* for the dubious privilege of the coveted window that should open on Europe. Those, however, who like the real thing will find the Russian winter four days nearer home than that of Canada, for the Nord-Express takes the traveller comfortably in little more than forty hours from Ostend to Petersburg.

The charm of such a visit to Russia lies, perhaps, in the unusual combination of a cold climate with those restful habits which we more commonly associate with hot countries farther south.¹ Time seems to be no object, particularly at meals, and a Russian banquet is one of the most protracted functions of the kind in all the world. The *zakuska* alone, a stand-up meal of *hors d'œuvre*, may last for half an hour, and, indeed, so excellent are the caviare, the cold sterlet, *rebchik* (a native partridge), and smoked herrings, washed down with vodka or kwass, that the time might be worse spent by anyone with a respect for good cooking. The banquet that follows recalls the wildest days of Lucullus, with its infinite variety of hot and cold soups, fish, game, *schaslik*, *pirojki*, and so forth; and I never got more than half-way through a Russian dinner without a breathless memory of Quin's request, when he was the guest of one of the City Companies, that he might be allowed to take the rest out in cash. The Russian language is as rich as its neighbours in homely proverbs, but few are more frequently honoured than that which says that "a large piece makes the mouth happy." St. Petersburg, one of the most hospitable cities in the world, only wakes up about noon, and the social gaiety lasts far into next day. A fur coat will be found indispensable, and either goloshes or snow-boots will be welcomed by many who would tolerate neither at home. Let the tourist (male or female) be cautioned against smoking in the open air. Even the padded *isvoschiks*, who sit on their box-seat through blaze or blizzard with the same calm serenity, rarely smoke out of doors in winter, for the effect is damaging to the throat. These Russian coachmen are the most patient sufferers I ever met in their capacity, east or west. They have to sit outside the opera in the falling snow for hours, and have been known to freeze to death. Of this tragedy one may say, with Dante, that

"Necessità l'induce e non diletto,"

since they are, literally, unable to descend from their perch till lifted down by the ostler on getting back to their stable.

(1) See Wood: *The Tourist's Russia*.

Winter travel, then, with its definite object, lacks the spirit of the *Wanderlust*, which should have no object at all, loving travel for its own sake in the winning mood of Stevenson's, "I travel not to go anywhere, but to go." The goal is everything; the journey but a means to an end, to be performed as quickly as possible in the warm comfort of the *train de luxe*. So far, at any rate, as Europe is concerned, travel for its own sake is a summer joy. It is delightful in the warm days of June to ramble through Switzerland or the Black Forest, but in the shorter daylight and uncertain weather of December the tourist goes straight to his journey's end, and stays there until it is time to go north again with the first of the swallows. His one object is to escape from a climate not unlike that described by the Spaniard as consisting of *diez mezes de invierno y dos de infierno*. Also he may be informed with the desire to get away, if only for a little, from the silly fret of humanity and to rest his tired eyes on the exalting prospect of the great spaces. The inspiration of such retreat is to be found in the Psalmist's

"Lo, then would I get me away far off and remain in the wilderness," with which Thomas à Kempis took leave of a naughty world. Seeing him, in an old engraving, seated beside the windmill that slowly turned beside the monastery of St. Agnes, his books beside him, and on his books what dimly suggests a well-smoked pipe, I have felt envious of that untroubled life.

Winter travel is a consequence of our climate. Some day, perhaps, the nations, wearying of their armaments, may devote their surplus millions to the building of that gigantic jetty planned to intercept the Labrador current and to prevent it from mingling its icy flood with the Gulf Stream. Then, no doubt, Oban and Omsk will become fashionable winter resorts. But until then, I imagine, happy *hiverneurs* from both Scotland and Siberia will continue to spend their winters, if not in the flesh then certainly in the spirit, in the kinder conditions of Cannes or Cairo.

F. G. AFLALO.

ST. JOHN HANKIN, AND HIS COMEDY OF RECOGNITION.

THE English drama as Oscar Wilde left it, is the English drama that St. John Hankin took up. "I took the drama," wrote Wilde, at the end of his life, "I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or sonnet; at the same time I widened its range and enriched its characterisation." That he did not do all these things it is needless to say. Wilde made the theatre, or found the theatre rather, a perfect vehicle for his own personal wit; in a sense, by producing *Salome* with the one hand and *The Importance of Being Earnest* with the other, he may be said to have widened its range; but certainly he did not proceed, by elevating character into its rightful importance above action, to open up a new path for contemporary drama. This he left to be done by his successors, and as much by St. John Hankin as by any man. Wilde enriched the English theatre with one perfectly delightful play, the Continental theatre with another play of peculiar beauty, and the theatre everywhere with a tradition of wit at any cost that has proved, in the hands of lesser men, an embarrassing possession. He did not enrich at all the theatre's characterisation, if by this we mean the creation of living and recognisable persons, to know whom is to know more of life, and to wonder at it more pleasurably. If Wilde could surprise us, he was well enough pleased; and his way of surprising us was by shining dialogue and by situations so artfully contrived as often to be quite impossible, rather than by the greater artist's way, which is to show us the wonders within the heart of man. At least he does surprise us, by dialogue and situation; and to do that is out of reach of the journeymen. But there is another way that the lesser and more sincere artist than Wilde may take. He may take the beaten path and, by keeping close to character, although he may surprise us very little, he may yet give us the real and constant pleasures of recognition. The advantage of keeping upon this path is that it is the path the great dramatist, when he comes, will inevitably tread, only he will find great surprises in it at every turn. The pioneer dramatist like Hankin (and the beaten path in the arts is always in great need of pioneers), if his bent be gently ironical, will write comedies with an intention very like that of the Restoration writers:—

Follies to-night we show ne'er lashed before,
Yet such as nature shows you every hour;
Nor can the pictures give a just offence,
For fools are made for jests to men of sense

Hankin's people—one might almost write Hankin's fools, but not quite—may not, as Mrs. Cheveley in *An Ideal Husband* did, "make great demands on one's curiosity." But then, in reality, neither do Wilde's people, in the just sense that Shakespeare's or Sheridan's people do. The complete justification of Hankin's minor comedy of recognition is that Nature shows us such people every hour, and that the dramatist has rendered them noteworthy by his own fine sense of dramatic style.

Hankin's work for the theatre¹ took the form of five full-length comedies, two short plays, and some clear-headed and witty criticism. If we look at the plays, we shall soon see how close, in 1904, he was to the Wilde tradition :—

LADY FARINGFORD (to MRS. JACKSON). You remember her? She was Stella's governess. Quite an intelligent, good creature. But I daresay you never met her. She never used to come down to dinner. I always think German governesses so much more satisfactory than English. You see, there's never any question about having to treat them as ladies. And then they're always so plain. That's a great advantage. And German is such a useful language, far more useful for a young girl than French. There are so many more books she can be allowed to read in it. French can be learnt later—and should be, in my opinion.

MRS. PRATT. I quite agree with you, Lady Faringford. But the Rector is less strict in these matters. He allowed my girls to begin French directly they went to school, at Miss Thursby's. But I'm bound to say they never seem to have learnt any. So perhaps it did no harm.

MRS. JACKSON. Yes, I have always heard Miss Thursby's was an excellent school.

But Wilde would never have written *The Return of the Prodigal*. He would never have studied so patiently as Hankin did the lesser country houses of Gloucestershire, Leicestershire, and Dorsetshire. Hankin's first play is set in the suburb of Norwood, and in the suburb of Norwood Wilde could never have been prevailed upon to set foot at all. Lady Stutfield and the Archdeacon, Lady Bracknel and the Honourable Gwendolen, the Duchess of Berwick and her little chatterbox, were seen for a moment in galvanic action during the London season ; their stage counterparts, without the wit, were already types in the theatres of Wilde's day. Hankin is at no pains to keep his people from appearing types, the vaguely fatuous old lady or the "very pretty girl of twenty-two" is of frequent recurrence ; but Lady Faringford and Stella, Lady Denison and Margery, Mrs. Jackson or the Countess of Remenham, may at any moment falsify their author's small hope of them and develop a character. Hankin was happy in this too, that no sudden success in the theatre set him writing plays out

(1) Collected Edition, *The Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin*. With an introduction by John Drinkwater. London : Marti Secker. Three vols. 25s. net.

of his mere cleverness and facility. He waited, as the wise artist waits, for an idea, and then he made a play of it. Five plays, with Hankin, mean five genuine ideas, apt for comedy. A bad Mr. Wetherby, living in a bachelor flat, and a good Mr. Wetherby, living *en famille*, may shake hands over the walnuts and wine and congratulate one another, "My bad reputation is as hollow as your good one. We're both frauds together." A prodigal son so arranges his return that he gets the whip-hand of his family and is enabled to go out into the wilderness again replenished in his resources. An excellent lady and her pretty daughter arrive at an interesting distinction between the false hospitality and the true, in accordance with which they invite a lot of people to their house, not because they like them, but "out of kindness"—with results that are both dreadful and amusing. A wise little lady of family, whose son has engaged himself to the usual musical comedy actress, puts into practice, in the belief that "love thrives on opposition," a plan of killing it by kindness—an exercise, almost mathematical in its neatness, in the process of exhaustion. A minor county family, that has run all to tarnished family portraits and not at all to brains or character and now not even to sons, turns out of doors the daughter who has spirit enough to seek to live her life in her own way; and then, when she produces an heir, would like to take her back again—but she won't come. The "idea" of a Hankin play is always concrete and well-imagined enough to be readily statable in a few words; and its progress is never cluttered up with a lot of unnecessary "ideas." Hankin is perfectly clear about the essential thing. "It is the dramatist's business," he says, in one of his essays on the plays of other people, "to represent life, not to argue about it."

He is equally clear about the things that make up good stage-craft, the audible and visible things in the dramatist's art that subserve dramatic idea in its illumination of character; but these he did not always achieve so clearly as he may have wished to have done. The critic, who finds it comparatively easy to know what he thinks good, is liable when he becomes author to find himself resting contented with the less good. It is probable that Hankin never wished very consciously for an art of the stage that was much in advance of that which he found around him—no more consciously than Wilde did; but in technical matters, in matters of the general ordering of his stage, his taste was for neatness and the elimination of conventions that were accepted merely because they were easy. His sense of the theatre, together with its subtlety, we see very early, when at the final curtain of his first play we have the bad Mr. Wetherby, newly constrained to accept his wife's dominion, and still very easy in his own mind

about it, going out carrying "BOTH the bags." In a later play there is a true instance of the way in which the authentic dramatist will secure effect out of the interplay of dialogue with stage possibilities. The Denison family, and guests, are at dinner, and as the man who looks after the dynamo has been accepted on the same principle as the guests, that of true hospitality—he isn't *really* an electrician—the lights suddenly go out. The ordinarily placid Lady Denison is worried, and hopes it isn't going to be one of his bad nights. The lights come on again, and she has no sooner said "That's better" than they go out afresh. This depresses her, but a moment later the lights recover, have a series of spasms, and finally settle to work again. This is very good; as good as the moment in Wilde's play, when Jack, having gone out of the room in great excitement to find the natal hand-bag, a terrible noise is heard overhead; "It is stopped now," remarks Lady Bracknell, and immediately the noise is redoubled. We all catch ourselves in these little acts of premature congratulation, and the recognition of other people making themselves ridiculous is always pleasant. In addition, Hankin's is a touch of the truest comedy; a great deal of dialogue could not give us with such beautiful precision the full amenity of life in this household where charity begins at home.

But Hankin's plays are not especially notable for their good ordering of the stage. He put up with most of the conventions of the theatre as he found them. He suffered his first play to be printed with R.C. and L.C. and R.U.E., like a proposition in Euclid; because he was frankly contented that his play should be acted by amateurs, and amateurs have to be told when and where and how to come on, to "move up" or to "cross" or to "come down," otherwise they would not be able to act a piece at all. (Happily, in the new collected edition, the play may be read without these things.) Later, of course, he evolved a form of literary stage-direction that is particularly his own; something more must be said of this in a moment. In the meantime we may see, by a glance at any one of the plays, that Hankin was content, even at the height of his powers, to ask actors and producers to do things that they should not be asked to do by a dramatist who has full mastery of his art. In *The Return of the Prodigal* there is a love-scene at one side of the stage while, we are told, *everybody else is immersed in conversation*—conversation that goes nevertheless, by one of the most popular and arbitrary conventions of the stage, unreported. Shakespeare has no stage-directions that are of guidance on this point, but he, of course, did not pretend to observe the new unity of the stage that, with its retirement within the picture-frame, has come by general

consent to be desirable. By the time of the Restoration, however, we may read in several dramatists the direction, *They talk in dumb show*—that is to say, one pair of characters has been made to relapse into a sudden silence, not because in reality they would have done so, but factitiously, in order that another pair may have the centre of the stage. This expedient of convenience is a characteristic part of the Pinero technique; and in *The Cassilis Engagement* we read, sure enough, *They converse in dumb show*—while another couple “come down stage” and engage our ear. There is no question of right or wrong in this, merely the confession that the dramatist has taken the easiest way instead of conquering an unnecessary convention; for “to conquer an unnecessary convention is one of the greatest delights of an art: to loyally accept and work within a necessary convention is no less a delight”—a remark that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones made once, but did not proceed conspicuously to exemplify. Much depends, of course, upon what are the necessary conventions. But here is Hankin, in illustration of the general willingness we have found in him to be upon the side of good sense and economy in technical matters, doing very much better only a few minutes earlier in the same play. Major Warrington and Ethel, it will be remembered, have just been having a rather intimate little talk together. “*Meantime*” (we read)

LADY REMENHAM *has been conversing in an undertone with MRS. HERRIES, occasionally glancing over her shoulder at the other two. In the sudden hush which follows WARRINGTON'S movement towards the fireplace, her voice suddenly becomes alarmingly audible.*

LADY REMENHAM. Such a common little thing, too! And I don't even call her pretty.

This is at least an admission of the claims of good technique, and an honest attempt at their satisfaction; it is a scene that need not distress the best of producers. In itself—and Hankin's work is full of instances of such honest good workmanship—it is an advance on anything Wilde saw to be necessary, who would crowd his stage with conversational groups and bring out one after another into audibility like couples circulating on a merry-go-round; while any necessary business that there might be to be considered, he would generally impart quite naïvely in a soliloquy. Hankin is never guilty of soliloquy—or almost never: Janet de Mullin remarks “under her breath,” it is true, “Monty Bulstead! engaged!” a lapse which gives us a bad quarter of a minute in an otherwise good play. But Hankin's returned prodigal, having safely secured admission to the family drawing-room, and everybody having run in various directions in search of restoratives, does not get up and tell us all about himself. Oh, no. He takes

advantage of the moment to "raise himself cautiously from his recumbent posture and wring out the bandage on his forehead, which he finds disagreeably wet." This done, he hears the sound of returning footsteps, and "resumes his fainting condition." Everything about the prodigal is revealed in due order and with a proper piquancy; this moment is used in masterly fashion, and is a true instance of Hankin's faculty of quietly humorous surprise. It is a moment of very good comedy indeed.

We cannot go further without considering the general question of stage directions. Every play that can be read (and every good play can be read, make no mistake about that) must make plain to the reader by means of commentary upon the words and actions of the persons all those things which, in the theatre, would be made plain to the spectator by the actor's art and by the constant co-operating service of the stage. Drama is one half a matter of visual demonstration: a blind man sitting in a theatre could take away only one half of a true play's content; and to read the bare printed words of a play is to be in the position of the blind man. The function of the printed stage directions is to supply all that difference between what would be apprehended by the blind man and what would be apprehended by the spectator with the whole quintette of his senses about him. But their function is not to supply more. Mr. Shaw's stage directions do supply more; they will give us the appearance of the front steps, of the entrance-hall, and of the staircase of a house, of which in the theatre we see only the interior of one room; and when we get to this room the stage directions will describe it, perhaps, from the point of view of a supernaturally observant sparrow on the windowsill. Mr. Shaw's stage directions do not stop short of giving us the whole flora and fauna of the neighbourhood, together with the prevailing political opinion, and the amount of the water-rate. But Mr. Shaw's narrative excursions are not in any strict sense stage directions at all; they are delightfully readable, and he could no more issue a play without them than he could issue a play without a preface. Hankin, who did issue a Play without a Preface, hit upon a very happy mean between Mr. Shaw's narrative excursions and the alphabetical efforts of the school whose plays looked like a proposition in Euclid or a handbook of instructions for one desirous of becoming proficient in the Morse code. His stage directions, besides adding to our pleasure by the neatly pointed wit of their expression, do really achieve their true function, that of giving us exactly, or almost exactly, what we miss through not seeing the play in the theatre. The best moment in the best of Hankin's comedies is thus one in which dialogue plays a small part. Ethel Borridge, bored stiff in the Cassilis drawing-

room, and rendered quite reckless by the German ballad Mabel has just sung very prettily, determines to show these people what *she* can do. She plunges into a "refined ditty," in which the Hankin who wrote *Lost Masterpieces* has caught quite perfectly the style of the less-than-first-rate music-hall article. The effect is critical :—

MAJOR WARRINGTON. Splendid, by Jove! Capital!

That, however, is clearly not the opinion of the rest of the listeners, for the song has what is called a "mixed" reception. The ladies, for the most part, had originally settled themselves into their places prepared to listen to anything which was set before them with polite indifference. A few bars, however, suffice to convince them of the impossibility of that attitude. LADY REMENHAM, who is sitting on the sofa by LADY MARCHMONT, exchanges a horrified glance with that lady, and with MRS. HERRIES on the other side of the room. MABEL looks uncomfortable. The RECTOR feigns abstraction. MRS. CASSILIS remains calm and sweet, but avoids everyone's eye, and more particularly GEOFFREY'S, who looks intensely miserable. But WARRINGTON enjoys himself thoroughly, and as for MRS. BORRIDGE, her satisfaction is unmeasured. She beats time to the final chorus, wagging her old head and joining in in stentorian accents, finally jumping up from her chair, clapping her hands, and crying "That's right, Eth. Give 'em another." In fact, she feels that the song has been a complete triumph for her daughter, and a startling vindication of old Jenkins's good opinion of her powers. Suddenly, however, she becomes conscious of the horrified silence which surrounds her. The cheers die away on her lips. She looks round the room, dazed and almost frightened, then hurriedly reseats herself in her chair, from which she has risen in her excitement, straightens her wig, and—there is an awful pause.

Here we are told—very well told—everything we need to know, and nothing that we need not. If we have an ounce of imagination we can see the whole scene for ourselves; but no foolish attempt is made to leave nothing to the imagination. To understand how well and surely this scene is done, we have to read, not only in the stage directions of other dramatists, but in those of Hankin himself. He is not always, as we have seen, equally sure of himself: if he had been quite as conscious as he might have been that the burden of the dramatist's directions is merely What the Actor Has to Show, and nothing else, he would hardly have set Margery Denison the task of showing that she was "quite unconscious of her mother's agitation, as she sat too far from her at luncheon to notice that she was not in her usual spirits." Margery, by her demeanour in the drawing-room, could hardly be expected to show all that. No, Hankin is here frankly telling us something—as frankly in his own interpolated person as when he tells us somewhere else in the same play that Verreker does not like Hylton, "I'm afraid." This is, however, the defect of a quality. Hankin really did believe in the drama as "the most objective form known to art." He is determined that his people

shall stand upon their own feet ; and, in the light of this admirable determination, his affectation that he knows no more about them than does the reader or spectator is seen to be an amiable little pose.

Of course an absolute objectivity is as impossible in drama as in any other of the arts. Hankin himself is not for ever speaking through the mouths of his people, as Mr. Shaw is, reducing them to mere *raisonneurs* ; but in their every utterance there is something of his own sense of style and form—his people bear the impress of their author, or they would not be his people at all. The most realistic of artists has thus to put shape upon events and speeches, or he is no artist. It is probable that Hankin was not a very conscious realist ; but because he kept character in the forefront, and refused to give in to what was sentimentally expected of him, he was able to make that scene of Ethel shocking her *fiancé's* drawing-room as truthful a scene as any on the modern stage. We see most clearly his views on objectivity in drama in the essay, already quoted, "On Happy Endings." Being content to represent life, and not wishing to argue about it, he need not "end," as the writer with a thesis wishes to end. His plays have each the neatness and inevitability of a theorem or proposition, but at the end of them there is no Q.E.F. or Q.E.D. This is what he set out to do with his plays : "I select an episode in the life of one of my characters or a group of characters, when something of importance to their future has to be decided, and I ring up my curtain. Having shown how it was decided, and why it was so decided, I ring it down again. The episode is over, and with it the play. The end is 'inconclusive' in the sense that it proves nothing. Why should it?" Why should it, indeed? Does not *Le Misanthrope* of Molière end with the words, "Come, Madam, let us leave no stone unturned to hinder the plan he has in view"—inconclusive words, and yet we are left in no discontent, because the play is certainly over. It is quite a different matter from the ending on a question mark (which is thought to be so clever just now), for no other reason than that the writer has not skill enough to bring his play to a proper end. Hankin, who took the liberty, before he wrote plays of his own, of showing in his *Dramatic Sequels* that other people's plays need not have ended so soon as they did, showed, in his own turn, that plays need not go on so long. They might stop short of wedding bells. His own do, invariably ; partly because to end thus pleased his amiable cynicism, partly because to end thus was quite right. One play, his first, he spoiled : after first begging the question ("I wonder how you two ever came to marry") the courage of his cynicism failed him, and he flattered the amateurs by reuniting

his Constantia and his Dick. Afterwards the endings are uniformly "inconclusive" and uniformly right; the disturbing person, having fluttered the dovecote—Eustace or Verreker or Ethel Borridge or Janet de Mullin—goes out, and the dovecote settles once more into its lazy and unimaginate peace. The country house is at rest again, free to take cold baths and to shoot part-ridges, to crochet counterpanes for the sick and to manipulate orphans into asylums. That is the true ending for the people Hankin chose to depict. The interesting, disturbing people in such circles generally do disappear. There is nothing more manifestly recognisable in Hankin than the truthfulness of his endings.

The chief defect in Hankin's plays is their lack of emotional momentum. His comedy is as minor as that of the Restoration writers, but what he makes up in sincerity they made up in splendid, spirited speech. "How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion," says Sir Harry Wildair, a damnable sentiment, stated quite beautifully; and Hankin's people always do everything "without passion." Their author doubtless felt it was pleasanter so. His inability, after he has given his people life, to give them ardour, does not matter much until we come to Janet de Mullin, whose tirade against her family sounds a little thin and tinny for lack of her eagerness in life having been made real to us. Hankin's last play is in many ways his ablest; but on the title-page of his first play he wrote a line from Horace Walpole: "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel," that retained its application to his own work to the end. For Hankin thought his way successfully through most of his comedies. But the theme of *The Last of the De Mullins* is one that demands more feeling than he was able to give it. "Then I met—never mind. And I fell in love with him. Or perhaps I only fell in love with love," says Janet. It is a subject for feeling; but we feel it no more than we feel the "One may like the love and despise the lover, I hope," of Farquhar's pert Melinda. It would not be quite true to say that Hankin worked with his brain alone; numberless touches that we recognise for their emotional truthfulness would have been beyond him so; there are passages like the following, with sufficient feeling:

GEOFFREY (*picking rose and bringing it to ETHEL*). A rose for the prettiest girl in England.

ETHEL. Oh, Geoff, do you think so?

GEOFFREY. Of course. The prettiest and the best. (*Takes her hand.*)

ETHEL. You do really love me, Geoff, don't you?

GEOFFREY. Do you doubt it? (*Kisses her.*)

ETHEL. No; you're much too good to me, you know.

GEOFFREY. Nonsense, darling.

ETHEL. It's the truth. You're a gentleman and rich, and have fine friends, while mother and I are common as common.

GEOFFREY (*firmly*). You're *not*.

ETHEL. Oh, yes, we are. Of course I've been to school and been taught things. But what's education? It can't alter how we're made, can it? And she and I are the same underneath.

GEOFFREY. Ethel, you're not to say such things, or to think them.

ETHEL. But they're true, Geoff.

GEOFFREY. They're *not*. (*Kisses her.*) Say they're *not*.

ETHEL (*shakes her head*). No.

GEOFFREY. Say they're *not*. (*Kisses her.*) *Not!*

ETHEL. Very well. They're *not*.

GEOFFREY. That's right. (*Kiss.*) There's a reward.

The last thing to leave Hankin's hand, *The Constant Lover*, is all as good as that, a beautifully sustained trifle, very amiable, rather cynical, and very human. Fortunately, being in one act, it has only one curtain. Hankin's final curtains are always good, but he often fails at his intermediate curtains—because of his lack of emotional momentum. For it is the fact that criticism may test a dramatist most surely at the moment when he is ringing down his intermediate curtain: it has merely to ask itself the question, Do I want this play to go on? Is the veil that is coming between me and this uncompleted world almost intolerable?—it should be, except at the last; when its very inevitability should, of course, be satisfying. By however little the dramatist may have left the beaten path of everyday experience, here, nevertheless, is a moment that must have been so contrived as to "make great demands on one's curiosity." With Hankin, it must be said, one is not so anxious as one should be for the play to go on. Of course one wants his plays to go on—they would be unreadable otherwise, or unable to hold their place in their theatre; which emphatically is not the case. But one is a little—what shall we say?—subdued in one's eagerness. Partly this is because the plays, by their nature, hold no great surprise; they will work out, we know they will work out—we know the prodigal will return to the wilderness, the Cassilis engagement end only one way, and so on. Essentially the pleasure of recognition we have in his work is of two kinds—the pleasure of meeting people we know, the pleasure of seeing the episode in which Hankin has involved these people come to its logical end. This end will not surprise us; there is no great crisis being, at each curtain, cleverly deferred. It is a patient, amiable enjoyment that a Hankin play offers. But it might well have a greater, a more steadily growing, momentum; this comes in only with true feeling, and the measure of its absence in Hankin is the measure of the difference of his drama from the greatest.

There are, nevertheless, two acts quite perfectly ended: the first act of the *De Mullins*, with its skilfully contrived passage

between the sisters; and the first act of *The Cassilis Engagement*. "Marry her! Nonsense, my dear Margaret." These are evidence once more of the good things Hankin could do, for which his work will always be valued. He could be quite heartless, as when he is emphasising someone's "fatuity," or in the uncharitable episode of the maid Anson, in the charitable comedy; and then again he could make real a Mrs. Cassilis or an Ethel or a Mrs. Jackson, which no merely clever man could do. At any moment, too, he may demand our pleasure by the gently reminiscent skill with which he reminds us that if we breakfast in our room the crumbs get into our bed, or that it is the custom after a really terrible experience to thank our hostess for such a pleasant evening. It is a quality that is near, at least, to the humour that is universal. By an accident of commercial organisation Hankin's work has been kept from the general theatre, but it will find its place there, and it will keep its place, because it will continue to give this pleasure.

P. P. HOWE.

THE "GRAND PRIX DE LITTÉRATURE" OF 1912.

THE award, for the first time, of the "Grand Prix de Littérature," founded two years ago by the Académie Française, constitutes the chief literary sensation of the year 1912 in Paris.

For many years past, prizes of more or less value have been offered by private venture for the encouragement of literature. Although the system is doubtless open to criticism, it has achieved excellent results. To it we owe the recognition and fruition of several splendid talents. Claude Farrère, Madame André Corthis, Abel Bonnard, Madame Marguerite Audoux, Madame Myriam Harry, Edmond Jaloux, are a few of those who have reason to felicitate themselves on the institution of the Prix Goncourt and that offered by "La Vie Heureuse." Both are worth two hundred pounds. The Grand Prix Gobert, given annually for the best historical work, amounts to four hundred pounds.

The Académie suddenly awoke to the fact that its trivial recompenses of forty and sixty pounds were outbidden, ignored; that, in consequence, its paramount influence in matters literary was waning. Something had to be done. On the initiative of M. Thureau-Dangin, the new prize, of four hundred pounds, was founded and endowed from funds left over from a legacy. Its aim was defined by the august Forty in the following words: "Récompenser un roman, ou toute autre œuvre d'imagination, en prose, d'un caractère élevé." The desire was expressed that the book should be of a high moral tone; the condition, that the reward should under no circumstances be divided; and the intention, that it should be given annually, if a work of sufficient distinction appeared.

Last year the rival merits of Charles Péguy, an original thinker, a master of style, and of Louis de Robert, the most touching of emotional writers, presented a problem the Académie found itself unable to solve. The result was that no award was made.

This year no such negative course could be countenanced, under pain of drawing ridicule upon the newly-instituted prize.

Grave and exhaustive were the deliberations of the judges—poignant the suspense of the aspirants. The condition that candidates should not present themselves, but that the Académie should select the competitors for its favour, left a field as wide as France itself, and greatly enhanced the excitement.

Writers there were in plenty whose feet were already placed on the ladder of fame. The Académie was fully alive to their claims, but its desire was rather to distinguish some new author, to discover some hitherto unrecognised talent.

A committee of the most illustrious among contemporary *littérateurs* was appointed to make the initial selection. It was composed of the Comte d'Haussonville, Ernest Lavisse, Paul Hervieu, Jules Claretie, Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, René Bazin, Maurice Barrès, and Marcel Prévost; the five latter rank as the first novelists of France.

Numerous works were subjected to the critical scrutiny of the members, and finally, Mr. Maurice Barrès was deputed by his colleagues to draw up a report for the Académie.

Again Péguy was a hot favourite. Rumour had it that the first, the epoch-making award, was to fall into his eminently deserving hands. But on the great day a member rose, and with all the persuasive force of polished oratory, pleaded the cause of a youthful, unknown usher of a country college, who, he said, had produced a work perfect in tone, insight, and delicate charm.

André Lafon, the author of *L'Élève Gilles*, had only just been made aware that his book was under consideration.

Émile Ollivier and Maurice Barrès conducted the campaign in such masterly fashion that the prize, which had been almost within the grasp of Charles Péguy, again eluded him. "Scrutin," and a powerful majority, ratified the selection, and Péguy had to console himself with a lesser recompense.

And what of the hitherto obscure author who awoke one morning in his suburban college to find the great crown of the year resting, unsought, unexpected, upon his shrinking brow?

André Lafon, the only child of middle-class parents, was born at Blaye, twenty-seven years ago. Reverses of fortune compelled him to interrupt the course of his education at the early age of fifteen, and enter a house of business as a clerk. Though he did his best, he disliked the life, and was unable to settle down in the line Fate seemed to have chosen for him. His whole heart was in literature. He continued his studies at night and at every spare moment. At the end of seven years of hard, solitary toil, his perseverance received its reward. He took a University degree, and initiated his scholastic career with an appointment as *répétiteur*, or what we should term usher, in his former school at Blaye. Thence he passed successively in the same capacity to a school at Bordeaux, and to the Lycée Carnot. Finally, he joined the staff of the Collège de Sainte Croix, at Neuilly, near Paris, as *préfet*. This office does not exist in any other school in France. A *préfet* is practically the superintendent of the boys'

morals and amusements; a sort of "boys' friend." As such, he must be present in the dormitory and at recreations, as well as during preparation hours; he escorts his pupils to museums and galleries, reads the news of the day to them, and is always at hand to answer questions or administer advice and assistance.

Lafon is peculiarly fitted by temperament to fill this niche at Neuilly. His book is the best proof possible of his wide sympathy with the needs of youth. Indeed, so well does he love his boys that his recent honours have failed to induce him to leave them. It is his present intention to remain at Neuilly and continue writing in his leisure hours. *L'Elève Gilles* was produced thus, in the stray moments he was able to snatch from his exacting duties.

A correspondent who visited him to discuss the topic of the hour found him in his Spartan little room adjoining the study hall. His surroundings were of the utmost simplicity—merely a huge desk strewn with papers, a round table with a lamp, a few wooden chairs, some shelves containing his favourite books, and in a curtained recess a bed, washing stand, and wardrobe. As he stood at his desk smilingly answering questions, but proffering no information on his own account, the author of *L'Elève Gilles* looked almost as young as one of his own pupils. He is very retiring in manner, and seems almost bewildered by the publicity so unexpectedly thrust upon him. A twinkle lighted his eye as he described the humours of his daily letter-bag. Love-letters from romantic girls form not the least important item; fathers consult him about their sons' careers; an old woman begged him to get a manuscript of her own writing published, giving as her reason that it would please her children so much, and that "she feels sure it would have a considerable sale in New Orleans"; a boy asked for a loan of forty pounds on the ground that he is one of eight sons. To these freakish missives are added the kindest of congratulations from such leading members of the Académie as Maurice Barrès, the Comte d'Haussonville, Paul Bourget, and Paul Hervieu, besides sundry offers for his next novel from enterprising publishers.

André Lafon admitted under pressure that his book was partly autobiographical: for instance, the school described is the one where he received his own education; Gilles is "myself, plus imagination"; all the incidents have occurred within his experience, though not in the order given; the boys are real, but the father is fictitious. Lafon stated his conviction that "although imagination should be a leading factor in a novel, the setting and characters must be built on a solid groundwork of personal experience and observation."

It is self-evident that the remarkable sincerity and vividness of the story are due to the fact that the author makes little Gilles the mouthpiece of the joys and sorrows and fancies of his own emotional childhood.

Several years went to the planning of the book, though only one was spent in actual writing.

The next novel from his pen will describe the life of a young man, again "myself, plus imagination," but under another personality; the idea of a series, all representing the same character, does not attract him. He means to introduce more incident, and possibly a love episode, and he remarks modestly that as he grows older and his horizon widens, he hopes to be able to make his books more interesting. His former works have been written in verse. They show traces of the influence of Francis Jammes, and, more remotely, Lamartine. *La Maison Pauvre*, which won the Prix Virengue, recalls, by its ardent piety and graceful simplicity, Lamartine's beautiful poem, *Jocelyn*.

The much-discussed *Élève Gilles* is not a novel in the true sense of the word.

A child's eyes gaze awe-struck into the world; through a child's lips the story of an uneventful life is related in all the wealth of detail dictated by the limitations of his vision. To such, the outside world does not exist, the processes of nature are all-sufficient. Of what account are war, politics, literature, art, to the little fellow engaged in observing the growth of an individual flower, the wonder of the snail he has rescued from underfoot, the habits of the family cat, or the household operations of Segonde, faithful servant, arbiter of destiny, provider of treats, administrator of punishment. Through the open gate the distant line of horizon marks the limit of the world. The farm, the garden, the fields, are his realm.

There is a sense of finality ever present in childhood. Each day is complete in itself, every incident the all-engrossing pre-occupation—the child does not peer into the future, neither does it look back—hence the extraordinary vividness of those early impressions, the keenness of enjoyment, the turbulence of emotion. As life progresses, the perspective changes; past and future become merged in the present, and, with a truer sense of proportion, the sharpness of vision fades. Why else are certain scenes of our childhood fixed so indelibly on our brain? Who among us does not see, impressed on the mental retina in colours that will never fade, incidents absolutely trivial in themselves, that occurred in by-gone days?

André Lafon, still a youth himself, an introspective, nervous, slightly morbid youth, has managed to convey all this. His own

early years still loom so large on his horizon that his little Gilles forces us to understand by sheer directness and simplicity. To the child nothing is vulgar or ridiculous; the people around him are friends, protectors, in whose tenderness he has the unquestioning faith of carefully-guarded childhood. He sees nothing repulsive in their homeliness, nothing funny in their foibles, though these may bring a smile to our own lips in reading his artless recital. His surroundings are minutely described: we see the grim, toil-lined, honest countenance of the peasant servant, framed in its black kerchief, hear the festive rustle of the silk apron she wears on Sundays, smell the hot coffee and toast, feel the warmth of the new-laid egg unexpectedly found in the old horse's manger; with Jean we play in the garden and find absorbing interest in the first snowdrop, the downy plums, the berries on the ivy.

André Lafon possesses the combined gifts of feeling and expression. Other authors have endeavoured to portray the workings of a child's mind: Tolstoi, in his *Souvenirs*, Dickens in *David Copperfield*, Pierre Loti, Daudet, Henry James—but these have all written in later life, when the vividness of their own impressions has faded, and disillusion has laid its withering grasp upon them. They relate, as mature men, the story of infancy—André Lafon, a youth not long emerged from adolescence, who stepped straight from boyhood into the teaching profession, has never lost touch. He knows exactly what every type of schoolboy thinks and feels.

There is no distinct plot in *L'Élève Gilles*. The style is autobiographical, like that of so many of the books written in recent years. Baldly stated, a little boy is placed in the care of an old aunt in the country, in order that his invalid father may enjoy complete repose at home. He spends several months at the farm, and later is removed to a neighbouring school. He is perfectly normal and natural, though unusually sensitive, and subject to the peculiarities common to most children brought up exclusively in the company of their elders.

The chief art of the book is its wonderful faculty of suggestion.

The first impression one is conscious of is that some calamity surrounds the child. In point of fact, the father's mind is failing. Slowly, but surely, insanity is creeping upon him. A word here and there, the wife's tears, her mysterious confabulations with the old aunt who brought her up, the discovery that the invalid spends whole nights playing the piano, the fright he inspires in his son, the picture of the afflicted man brooding gloomily on a garden seat, all prepare the reader for the tragedy of the last pages.

Although the secret is carefully guarded from the boy, some mysterious subconsciousness of evil affects him. He feels, but cannot identify or express his sensations. He is saddened, puzzled, worried, yet, with the unquestioning resignation of childhood, does not seek for an explanation. He ponders, yet hesitates to guess. The reader is himself affected by the mysterious atmosphere. He has a vague intuition that the child *knows*—but that is impossible; *suspects*—nay, the word is too harsh for the innocent candour of his outlook. Yet Jean plainly suffers under a sense of apprehension; dim clouds spread their mist about him, breaking the shafts of sunlight that seek to reach his mind. He is too loyal, too tender to question; but he is saddened, his horizon is overcast. Hence the atmosphere of *grisaille* through which he scans the familiar events of daily life. All this one perceives by virtue of a marvellous quality of suggestion on the part of the author. Genius lies therein. All praise and thanks to the Académie which has recognised it and drawn the artist forth from his obscurity!

Jean's character is daintily portrayed. To him religion is a living thing, the Deity a private friend whom prayers reach without delay and are all-powerful to influence. Keenly alive as he is to painful impressions, he is equally sensitive to beauty or kindness. The rose that peeps in at the window, the star he sees from his bed in the school dormitory, the scent of the fruit-room, the protecting affection of his old aunt, all contribute to his private happiness. The incidents of life at the farm and school are trivial enough, but are invested with the charm of the child's own soul. One sees through his eyes, and thus seeing, is filled with shame at one's own capacity for criticism and discontent.

Another point worthy of remark is the masterly way in which heredity is shown in Jean—again by suggestion, seeing that we are never definitely informed that he is the son of a mad artist. All the traits that mark the little fellow as different from his companions, set apart in some intangible manner, are traceable to paternal inheritance: his intense love of nature, sensitiveness to the moods of others, longing for appreciation, unnaturally developed tenderness, terror of darkness, psychic, prophetic horror of the staircase where eventually his father is to commit suicide. Witness the following passage:—

"Le couloir dallé m'impressionnait de sa résonnance et du jour mystérieux dont l'éclairaient les carreaux peints placés au dessus des portes. Le large escalier me glaçait."

The book closes on the suicide of Jean's father, on the self-same spot.

André Lafon's success in producing a vivid photograph on the mind is due to the minuteness of his description. A picture like the following is not easily forgotten. Jean's aunt suspects that the child neglects his evening prayers :—

"Elle décida que nous ferions la prière en commun. Le jour même, quand les cruches d'eau chaude montées et le feu allumé chez sa maîtresse, Segonde vint me chercher, ma tante se mit debout devant la Vierge de la cheminée, attira une chaise que ses mains jointes tiraient inclinée, elle m'indiqua un tabouret à son côté, et Segonde s'agenouilla sur la plaque du foyer. Ma tante commença alors une longue prière, et récita le *Pater*, l'*Ave Maria*, le *Credo*, le *Confiteor*, d'une voix fervente à laquelle Segonde répondait; puis elle annonça qu'elle allait prier Marie pour le rétablissement d'une personne à qui, sans la nommer, elle nous invita de penser. J'entendis alors les Litanies de la Sainte-Vierge, et la statue de bois que fixait la récitante m'en parut auréolée : *Cause de notre joie, Rose mystique, Tour de David*. . . . A chaque invocation, Segonde jetait un rapide *Priez-pour-nous*, par lequel je craignais voir se clore la prière. Mais les louanges succédaient aux louanges : *Maison d'or, Arche d'alliance, Porte du Ciel, Étoile du matin*. . . . Il me semblait que ma tante les créât à mesure. . . . *Santé des malades, Refuge des pécheurs, Consolatrice des affligés*! . . . les deux femmes se turent, comme une cloche qui a battu tous ses coups, et ce fut une formule plus grave dite pour recommander à Dieu l'âme des morts : Nous vous recommandons, ô mon Dieu. . . , &c. &c.

"Ma tante se signa lentement et son baiser sur mon front fut très grave. Segonde releva dans les angles de la cheminée les deux tronçons de la bûche brasillante, couvrit de cendre les tisons du foyer, et, prenant la bougie qu'elle venait d'allumer, elle éclaira notre montée silencieuse vers les chambres."

Or again, the weekly cleaning of the little house :—

"Dès le vendredi, Maria la femme du métayer, battait le linge au lavoir; le lendemain, ses deux filles venaient aider Segonde qui, déjà, se multipliait. L'eau ruisselait sur les dalles de la cuisine; les vitres étaient frottées mieux que des miroirs; le cuivre des chaudrons, des chandeliers, l'étain des couvercles et des moules reprenaient tout leur éclat. On confiait le plancher de la petite salle et des chambres à une femme renommée pour le savoir rendre luisant. Un homme était distrait du soin des vignes pour celui de la cour et du jardin; la maison envahie devenait inhabitable. La salle à manger, le salon, surtout, restaient seuls paisibles, car, notre vie ne les troublant guère, Segonde ne leur infligeait que plus rarement son minutieux nettoyage. Au soir tombant, tout ce monde s'attablait, non dans la cuisine dont la servante défendait l'accès, mais dans une pièce contiguë où le jardinier pensait toujours ne pouvoir se loger. De bonne heure, Segonde congédiait les convives, coupant court aux causeries et pressant, au besoin, le repas. Puis, seule, elle commençait la revue, et, bien souvent, pour monter, je devais attendre qu'elle eût relavé quelque carreau, refrotté un chandelier pas assez brillant à son gré, savonné la table, ou donné le dernier coup de balai; car elle n'aurait souffert ni que je pusse gagner ma chambre sans elle, ni de laisser sa besogne pour m'accompagner, malgré le conseil répété que lui en donnait ma tante."

Jean describes the dark drive to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. One can almost feel the bumping of the antiquated omnibus over the cobble-stones, and see the mumbling of the old ladies'

lips as they bend over leather-bound Missals, in sober garb of black mantle and frowsy bonnet, their good, simple souls shining out of their kind eyes. He watches them and wonders whether they are praying about him.

The first Christmas Day spent apart from his idolised mother is full of mixed pain and interest. The contents of his stocking have been terribly disappointing—the old aunt, forgetful of the ways of childhood, has neglected to provide for it. When she discovers her omission, she explains with a comforting kiss: "Nous sommes loin de la ville, mon petit, et le Père Noël y laisse tous ses jouets."

The Christmas party consists of Jean, his aunt, and an old crony of the latter, a maiden lady of uncertain age:—

"Mlle. Aurélie arriva tôt, à pied, et par la cuisine, où elle dit quelques mots à Segonde, avant de nous rejoindre à la salle à manger. Elle était vêtue d'un châle et d'un bonnet noir, posé bas sur ses cheveux tirés et gris; son visage avait cet air d'attention craintive des gens à qui la vie a déjà beaucoup demandé. Elle caressa ma joue, embrassa son amie qui achevait de garnir un compotier et s'occupa de remplir l'autre, en mettant de côté les grains tombés des grappes fragiles, qu'elle me tendit ensuite dans le creux de sa main, avec un sourire. Elle parlait peu; assise devant la cheminée, et près de ma tante qu'elle écoutait en hochant la tête, elle fixait la flamme. Ma tante lui annonça l'arrivée de ma mère; leurs regards croisés s'abaissèrent sur moi, puis se cherchèrent de nouveau.

"Segonde parut enfin, portant le potage, et, le *Benedicite* récité, nous primes place. Vers le milieu du repas, pour fêter la dinde rousse et gonflée, la servante prit, devant le feu, un flacon de vin vieux qu'elle avait mis tiédir, et emplit nos verres, en insistant sur l'âge respectable de la bouteille qu'elle disait 'être née' avant moi. Je ne me souciais guère du vin vieux dont le fumet de truffe m'écœurait, mais on me forçait à le boire pour les forces qu'il devait me donner. Ma tante se contentait d'y tremper ses lèvres, et semblait ne chercher là qu'un prétexte à se souvenir. À demi-mots, avec son amie, elle rappelait la chaleur torride de l'année qui avait donné ce vin; la maison fermée où l'on vivait dans l'attente du soir; les lueurs d'incendies, au delà du fleuve, vers les Landes; les vendanges plus abondantes que jamais, parcequ'une pluie providentielle était tombée après les prières publiques de septembre. . . . La lumière jouait sur le liquide, dans le verre où se heurtaient des reflets chauds. Qu'y voyait-elle encore qui faisait ses yeux fixes, et son sourire mystérieux? Mlle. Aurélie regardait aussi, bien loin, par la fenêtre qui l'éclairait en face, et j'eus soudain l'impression, comme aux repas où se taisait mon père, d'être tout seul, près de ces deux femmes dont la pensée retournait aux étés d'autrefois, aux jours d'avant ma naissance, pour y retrouver le soleil d'alors, leur jeunesse et le rire de ceux-là qui n'étaient plus.

"Je laissai la table dès l'entremets et passai au jardin."

To these calm, prosaic days succeed the turmoil and excitement of entering for the first time the rough scene of school. The solitary boy is abruptly translated from the world of dreams to one of rules and regulations, publicity, ugliness, unfriendliness; yet through all his wondering disillusion, his artistic tempera-

ment is quick to discern unexpected solace. The flickering of the night-light dancing, beckoning, like a will-of-the-wisp, before his drooping eyelids, the slow breaking of dawn through the uncurtained dormitory windows, the scent of flowers from the neighbouring garden, help to connect him still with the realms of romance so dear to his beauty-loving nature. He speculates curiously about his school-fellows, shrinking from those who are coarse and rude, making faltering attempts to conciliate the pleasant ones. The first Sunday he is allowed to spend at home breaks dazzlingly joyful, after three dreary weeks of longing :—

"Lorsque la voiture m'emporte, je souhaitais en moi-même que ce fût pour longtemps; puis un tel besoin de parler me saisit que je persistais, malgré le tapage des vitres, à renseigner ma tante sur le règlement de ma nouvelle vie. Elle se perdait dans la distribution des heures, mais je me répétais avec complaisance, au point de ne pas m'apercevoir que nous arrivions.

"Il me fallait reconquérir mon domaine; je parcourus le jardin que j'avais laissé mort et qui s'éveillait. De hâtifs perces-neige jaillissaient partout, et, sous ses feuilles recroquevillées, je découvris une violette sans parfum que je cueillis. Le temps était doux, je me sentis libre, un grand bonheur vint en moi, et la journée tout entière fut heureuse."

Gradually, in the harsh atmosphere of raw boyhood, an uneasy sense that all is not well at home begins to dawn upon him. Though his parents are now staying with his aunt, he is no longer sent for on Sundays. His school-fellows watch him with hostile looks; he sees them whisper to each other, overhears a word here and there which clearly concerns him; then one cruel day the whole of his class fall upon him, chase him, bruise and taunt him, shouting, "Fils de fou! Fils de fou!" In a very frenzy of terror he dashes out of the gate, runs, stumbles, struggles on, until he reaches the friendly haven of the farm, and throws himself into the arms of his astonished mother. Three days of fever and delirium lay him on a bed of sickness, and by the time he recovers the midsummer holidays are in full swing. A thoughtful child like Jean must have brooded deeply over these things. Half-understood incidents and veiled phrases from the childish past must have recurred to him and joined threateningly with more recent happenings—yet he says no word, but spends his time, clinging and languid, at his mother's side. Even in that safe refuge the outer world penetrates; the gardener's child, with whom he occasionally plays, asks, grinning slyly, whether he has ever seen a lunatic, and proceeds to give a blood-curdling exhibition of gibbering and maniacal contortions. Jean withdraws still further into himself, follows his mother about, plays with the chickens, the cat, the flowers, makes abortive efforts to conciliate his father, and overcome his fear of him. The latter

makes his presence felt in the house by playing the piano all night long, tramping gloomily about the garden, sitting, head in hands, at meals.

The fateful morning is fast approaching :—

"Ma mère, qui était descendue, cousait près de ma tante, en costume de matin, attendant que le moindre bruit l'avertît du réveil de mon père." . . .

"Bien du temps s'écoula, sans doute; ma mère s'oubliait dans son travail comme moi-même dans ma contemplation silencieuse. La pendule sonna la demie de neuf heures sans qu'un seul bruit fût venue de l'étage; ma mère que l'inquiétude assaillit, jugea bon de monter. Elle prit l'escalier de service qui retentit presque aussitôt de sa descente précipitée. En la revoyant, je sentis s'imprimer dans chacun de mes traits l'angoisse qui chargeait les siens. Elle n'avait pas trouvé mon père dans sa chambre; elle pria vivement Segonde de regarder au jardin; elle-même fit quelques pas vers la cuisine où s'ouvraient le bûcher et la route des communs; mais, comme frappée d'une inspiration subite, elle traversa la salle à manger et tira la porte du vestibule où elle s'avança. Nous entendîmes ses pas sur les dalles; elle dût aller jusqu'à la cage de l'escalier. . . . La rauque exclamation qui rompit alors le silence m'emplit d'horreur, et fit se dresser ma tante. La femme qui réparut n'avait plus rien de ma mère; une voix que je ne reconnus pas, balbutiait: 'Un couteau . . . des hommes . . . qu'on appelle! . . .' Segonde qui rentrait se précipita; ma tante ouvrit la fenêtre, atteignit la chaîne de la cloche qu'elle ébranla de façon désordonnée, et fit signe de ses bras levés. Justin, le premier, sauta dans la pièce et la suivit dans le couloir dont la porte fut refermée.

"Je demeurai seul et tremblant, écoutant venir du corridor sonore, des ordres brefs à mi-voix, des exclamations contenues, les pas lourds, le halètement d'un homme qui monte, marche à marche, sous un fardeau."

After this frightful event the story marches rapidly to its ending, and concerns chiefly the change in its hero's character. Pathetically, Jean, aged eleven, seeks to shed his childhood and become a man. He overhears a conversation which reveals to him that henceforth his mother has only himself to look to, that in him are centred all her love and all her hopes :—

"'Il est,' déclara ma mère, 'tout ce qui me rattache à la vie, et tout mon avenir repose en lui.'"

These halting words, spoken brokenly by the mother he has always worshipped, suffice to waken the boy from his dreams and start him in his new rôle. He crushes down his desperate dread of returning to school, grasps that by education and self-discipline alone he can fit himself to fill the necessary place in her life. Bravely, unwaveringly, L'Élève Gilles sets his foot in the path of manhood.

The book closes with a touchingly suggestive phrase. Jean is sitting in the garden, deep in thought. School reopens the following day :—

"A ce moment, le vent poussa la petite porte de l'enclos qui s'ouvrit en gémissant; par la baie j'aperçus la route qui s'allongeait entre les champs plus sombres. C'était celle qu'il m'allait falloir suivre dans un temps si

proche que la nuit seule m'en séparait; mais il n'y avait plus en moi qu'un consentement docile, un immense vouloir de servir, contre quoi se trouvait sans force le pressentiment où j'étais que toute l'hostilité de la vie m'attendait au seuil du jardin."

As Maurice Barrès says, the great beauty of the book is the gradual inuring of a tender nature to pain. With the first touch of reality is born the sense of duty. It rises from the ashes of romance.

It is said by those who are familiar with André Lafon's former works that his prose recalls his verse. Certainly there is a poetry about both his thoughts and his phrasing that places him far above the ordinary novelist. Suggestion, as observed before, is carried to a fine art. What might be termed tricks of style in a more affected writer become, in Lafon's hands, merely the skilled expression of a perfectly straightforward mind.

One other point calls for remark: the sincere piety and high ideals manifested by those authors who have recently met with direct encouragement from the masters of their craft, are interesting and suggestive, in view of the present negation of religion in the official circles of France. "La Vie Heureuse" gave its principal prize, two years ago, to *Marie-Claire*, *Monsieur des Lourdines* gained the "Prix Goncourt." *L'Élève Gilles* has won the highest recompense in the gift of the Académie Française. All three are distinguished by simple piety and the cult of unobtrusive goodness.

THEODORA DAVIDSON.

THE JOY OF YOUTH:

A COMEDY.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE APOLLO OF TENEA.

THOSE who have descended into the cast room at the British Museum will be aware that copies of the world's masterpieces are there huddled together and displayed to very inadequate advantage. Space is lacking, and the juxtaposition of the pieces is such that they often rob each other of their finest attributes.

On a day in autumn it happened that a young man stepped backwards in the cast room to obtain a better view of the Apollo of Tenea. The result of his action was disastrous, for he collided heavily with a girl behind him and nearly brought her to the ground.

He flushed, bowed, and made abject apology; she treated the incident lightly, and took it in good part. He was a clean-shorn, athletic youth of six-and-twenty, with a clear, broad forehead, dark hair, and keen grey eyes; she was four years younger, and displayed unusual beauty and distinction of carriage. Her hair was of a light gold, and her eyes were brown. She was tall and rather slight, but straight and strong. Her mouth was beautiful, and her expression intelligent, inquiring, and laughter-loving. She laughed now at his embarrassment.

"Ten thousand apologies," he said. "I'm so sorry—clumsy fool."

"Not your fault. There's no room to turn round here."

"Exactly! You feel that too? It's like a Campo Santo, or some such place—where they bury the dead in one another's laps—so stuffy for them. A sin and a shame to stick all these things elbow to elbow. Don't you think so?"

She responded without the least self-consciousness and rubbed her arm.

"So it is—not to be able to get six feet away from the Nike!"

"Ah! you've found that out? Your arm's hurting. What a wretch I am, and—forgive me, your hat's just a thought too much to the left."

Active emotions were running in the hidden veins of this pair. The boy was an artist; the girl lived in the country, but vaguely hungered for all that art meant and felt affinity with it. The instinct

of the creator belonged to her—not as a conquering fire, but as a pleasant and abiding addition. She told herself sometimes that she, too, might have made things had her lot fallen among the makers. She was well born and accustomed to a society of conventional sort; but her soul was unconventional, and she hailed this meeting gladly, as a scrap of salt to uneventful days.

"Thank you," she answered; then she looked at him without concealing her interest. "You're an artist, I expect?"

He saw that she was a lady, and felt mildly surprised that she should have any more to say. He was also gratified, for exceedingly he admired her. But she little guessed the amazing frankness of the personality she had thus challenged.

"Yes, I'm an artist—any fool can see that. My eyes and my hands told you, no doubt."

The other began to wish herself away. But she was amused.

"I love art," she said.

"Do you? I love apricot jam, and a girl, and several other things—not art. That's too big a business for love. Art's my life."

"Well, you can love your life," she said quickly.

"Good!" he answered. "You're right and I'm wrong. You can love art—in the same large sense that you can love your life or your religion—if you've got one."

"I'm an artist myself," she deliberately declared; but he regarded her doubtfully.

"You hardly look like one—too much the very, very latest thing in clothes. What do you make?"

"Drawings in water-colours and short stories. I sold one for three pounds once."

"A picture, or a short story?"

"A short story."

"They're fearfully difficult, I believe. Probably it wasn't a short story at all really. Only you and your editor fondly thought it was."

"That's rude," she said.

"Not really—you see, a short story is so rare, and—you're so young and beautiful. No, you're not an artist. I don't see the signs—none of the pale cast of thought about you. If you were to look very closely at my forehead you'd find incipient lines there—just the first gossamers of that spider of intellect who always spins a pattern on the shop-front of the brain—to show what's doing inside. Now, the interest you take in me——"

She gasped.

"Good gracious! I don't take the least!"

"Yes, you do—I happen to know it—not egotism on my part, but intuition. I feel enormous interest in you, so, of course, you feel enormous interest in me."

"It doesn't follow at all," she said, preparing to fly.

"We are both rather fine things physically," he declared. "There

are some ripping lines about you, and the latest fashion can't kill them, though it tries to; and as for me, I'm in the style of the Canon of Lysippus—only not so massive."

They were passing a cast of the Canon at the time.

"I got my 'blue' at Cambridge," he said.

"My brother got his at Oxford," she answered, looking for the exit.

"Don't go yet. You're the very sort of girl who would have a brother who was a 'blue.'"

"What did you get yours for?" she asked, still hesitating.

"The Sprint."

"Did you win?"

"Now you fail of tact," he said. "No, I didn't win. Just before the race the Oxford man went to the photographer and said to him, 'Stand here, please, and photograph me as I break the tape.' It was too much for my nerves. He smothered me. He was a very great runner, and is at the Bar, I believe, now. That man must be a success at the Bar, don't you think? Rather a boulder, all the same."

"Was he called Merton?" she asked.

"He was."

"Then he's my brother!"

"Oh my! Now you'll go away!"

But the girl was not annoyed. Her desire to fly had apparently vanished.

"He is rather a boulder. He's doing great things at the Indian Bar," she said.

"You *are* large-minded," he declared. "How can I reward you and prove that I'm forgiven?"

She looked round to note that they had the gallery of casts to themselves. Only a caretaker sat at the entrance. His head drooped, and he regarded an omphalic button on his waistcoat which had hypnotised him into a slumberous state.

"Tell me about the statues—if you know," she said, greatly daring.

"I will, Miss Merton—proud to."

"I was studying the Venuses."

"Casts never give the expression. Here's a Roman copy of the Cnidian Aphrodite—without her tin petticoat from the Vatican, thank God. That head never did belong to her really; but it's a beautiful head, though rather fleshy. I like the Munich copy, too; that one kept her head, at any rate."

"Which is Venus Victrix?"

"Here she is—from Naples—a good cast. She makes the Venus of Arles look homely. It is as though an aristocrat and her lady's maid had undressed together. Here's the Aphrodite of Melos—of course, you know that. Somehow the lighting makes the expression wrong. She looks sulky. But she doesn't at the Louvre."

"I like the Cnidian best," declared his companion.

"But Praxiteles comes off badly in the cast," he answered. "His subtlety and texture are lost. His technique can't be copied in clay. Have you been to Rome?"

"No."

"Well, believe me, there's a gulf fixed between even the copies of him there and these casts of the copies. Take the Marble Faun—the inhuman fascination of it, the feeling that you are looking at a creature quite above good and evil, or kindness or cruelty—just a creature from another world than ours—that's utterly lost here. This is merely dull."

"Now I want to see the Esquiline Venus," she said, and he took her to it.

"What d'you think of her?" he asked, with his eyes on the statue.

"She's a darling."

"Well done you! So she is a darling; and so's Botticelli's Venus a darling, and so's Venus Urania at Florence a darling. D'you know why? Because they are not Aphrodite at all; they are just portraits of delicious women. You don't call Venus Victrix a darling, or the Venus of Melos. You call them goddesses. But this girl from Rome—you feel she could make a man happy. I swear she could make me. She's a cosy thing. I know somebody jolly like her, as a matter of fact. She's got a dear little face at the Palatine; but this cast rather wrecks that."

"Not a Venus at all, then?"

"Not she—a portrait—close—precious—intimate and human. You are rather like Botticelli's Venus yourself, by the way—only statelier. Look at the Corritrice over there in her little vest. That's a copy of a bronze from the fifth century—ages older than t'other girl, and finer really; but a portrait too."

"What d'you understand by Ruler Art?" she asked suddenly.

"Ha—ha! You've been reading Ludovicoi, or Nietzsche, or both. Ruler Art interprets the past and present in terms of the future."

The girl had time to wonder at herself before answering. This man already seemed to her a familiar incident of life. She felt absolutely at home in his company.

"That sounds all right," she said calmly. "But I wonder if there is anything in it?"

It was his turn to start.

"By Jove! you're jolly interesting," he answered. "Who ever would have thought—just passing through London—that I should have had such a bit of luck as you!"

"Don't waste time. I must go very soon," she replied. "Come to the Apollo of Tenea again, please. I was humbly trying to understand about it when you—— If I was a real modern, I ought to like it better than all these Greek splendours; but I don't."

"More don't I," he answered. "And there's not the least reason why you should. They say it's not archaic, you know; they declare

that it's the expression of a marvellous instinct for a new and sublime pattern of the *genus homo*—an inspiration that leaves poor, panting Nature hopelessly in the rear."

"Men might come to it—if they took to wearing stays," she declared, flippantly.

"Never mind his poor, hour-glass body. Consider his face. Now master those eyes and that mouth. That's archaic, I tell you—if every expert in the world said it wasn't; and if you doubt, then look at this. Here's the 'Hermes carrying a calf,' from the Acropolis—the same face—the very same! A human lifetime—seventy years—separates the works. The Apollo was by a late sixth-century artist; the Hermes came into the world three-score and ten years earlier. Nobody will deny the archaism of the first, and, allowing for the ordinary passage of evolution, the second springs quite naturally out of it. Of course, they are nearer Egypt than Greece—very beautiful and Ruler Art without a question; but turn now to the Lysippus, and you'll see that the Greeks were quite as great idealists as this sixth-century B.C. chap. Only the Greek idealises *inside* Nature, and the Apollo artist idealises *outside*. At least, that's what his friends say he does. A Philistine might think that he didn't know enough and wasn't idealising at all, but merely trying to imitate a human being without the necessary power. Anyway, to tell me that this conception is more glorious than the idealisation of the Greek—it's bosh! The Greeks never created a principle out of a falsehood. Lysippus and Phidias show what Nature might do if she were as great an artist as they; but the man who made this Apollo is teaching his grandmother, Nature, to suck eggs. She can beat him without trying; and what sort of art must that be that Nature can beat? No, the great ones give lordship and authority and divinity to human eyes and hands and feet. And that's what Egypt never did, or tried to do."

She gazed whimsically at him, and her expression fired him to personalities.

"Take yourself, Miss Merton, what would a Greek have made of you? He would have seen a fine head—spoiled for the moment by a perfectly grotesque head-covering, like a kitchen utensil; but still very beautiful, and set on a pretty neck and lifted above good shoulders. Then a bust, neat but not gaudy, as the devil said, and breasts set low——"

"Good heavens! Do people talk like this?" she asked.

"Not often in England," he admitted. "But I'm not often in England. I'll stop if it disagrees with you."

"In a perfect stranger it may be possible," she conceded. "Of course, if I knew you, it wouldn't be possible for an instant."

He laughed at that.

"Doesn't your betrothed talk to you like this?"

"How d'you know I've got a betrothed?"

He pointed to her hand. She wore gloves, but a ring was visible through the kid.

"No," she declared. "He does not." Then she laughed to herself.

The other began talking again.

"So remember, Miss Merton, that evolution makes a perfectly natural, though modest and trifling, stride from the Hermes to the Apollo; and then by many a toilsome step upward to Lysippus. There is a convention outside Nature that, speaking generally, means Egypt—a convention that always stuck in the Nile mud and never got any forwarder for sufficient reasons; but the *real* thing keeps inside Nature. Only it's easier outside—so all the little painters of to-day are going back to Egypt. Come and have a bun and a glass of milk."

"What a feeble offer!" she said.

"I saw you were a country girl, and thought you would feel on familiar ground."

"Does this frock look as though it had come from the country?" she asked.

"No—the frock would be up to any devilries; but the person in it—— You won't come, then? Doesn't that show you're a country girl?"

"I certainly won't come, and I'd a million times sooner be a country girl than a town one."

"Quite right; quite right. You wouldn't glow—like a ripe filbert nut—and have such a flash in your amber eyes if you lived in London. May I see you to the gate?"

"No—only to the steps."

"I'll show you a thing outside that will interest you—more Ruler Art."

"Outside?"

"Yes—bang outside in the rain and cold—here it is—an idol or something—New Zealand Ruler Art from Easter Island. I like it better than the Apollo of Tenes—it's grander. Don't you think so?"

"You ought to have been a schoolmaster," she said, inconsequently.

"Thank God—no necessity. I'm a creator; and I'm rich."

"So am I," she declared. "How funny that two rich people should meet like this and both really care for art!"

"And how horribly sad that they are never going to meet again."

She looked at him.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"Where could an artist live? At Firenze, of course."

"You're a painter, I expect."

"I am."

"I live in Devonshire," she said.

"And will marry a Devonshire man?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Oh, in a year or two."

"Have you ever been in Firenze?"

"Never; but I've often hungered fearfully to go."

"Well, go. Take him. I don't mean for the honeymoon; but now—this autumn."

She laughed.

"He's a sportsman. He would rather shoot a woodcock than see the loveliest picture in the world."

"And yet you call yourself an artist. You ridiculous girl!"

"Can't an artist marry a sportsman?" she asked.

"No," he answered decidedly. "It wouldn't be marriage; it would be suicide. Don't you bother any more about art. Extinguish it. Learn about killing things; not about making them. What part of Devonshire d'you come from?"

"Near Chudleigh, in South Devon."

"The deuce you do!"

"You know it?"

"Not I; but I've got an aunt—an old Elizabethan sort of aunt, who lives in an Elizabethan sort of house on the edge of the wilderness of Haldon."

"Good gracious! Then you're Bertram Dangerfield?"

"Hurrah!—then you can come and have lunch?"

"Most certainly I can't," she said. "Why, Lady Dangerfield—she has never a good word for you. But she's most refreshing—quite a tonic in our dull, out-of-the-world corner."

"She's lived. When are you going home?"

"Next week."

"Go and see her—and you'll be surprised; but don't say you know me, or the cat will be out of the bag."

"I don't know you, and I don't think I want to know you," she declared.

He smiled and took off his hat.

"I'm going back now to study Crocodile Art," he said. "There are very magnificent things in Crocodile Art, you know. Bound to be in a nation that made its beasts into personifications of its gods. Why not come back after your bun and your glass of milk?"

"I'm engaged this afternoon."

"To-morrow, then?"

"No—quite impossible."

"I'd tell you all about the Sekhets, and show you the most weird and wonderful of them. Great cats with women looking out of their faces—especially that terrible one dedicated to the goddess Sekhet, 'Crusher of Hearts,' by Amen-Hetep the Third. From Karnak she came—a grim, relentless, awfully wise thing—far, far more than a black porphyry lioness-head set on human shoulders. She smiles at the life and death of man. She wears the sun and holds the symbol of

life. Full face she's a lioness—side face, she's a human hag from eld, who hides fearful secrets behind her inscrutable eyes and lipless mouth. She tells you that it is not woman's beauty, but woman's serpent wisdom that crushes the hearts of men. Then we'd compare the Greek animals and show how and why they are so tame and trivial contrasted with the Egyptian. We'd work out the reason for that, and have a tremendous time."

Her heart quickened, and she answered truly:

"I should love it, but I'm engaged every minute until I go home."

"Good-bye, then, and thank you; you've taught me a precious thing."

"I taught you?"

"Not didactically—not deliberately. I mean the way your mouth curves when you are puzzled—heavenly! You ought always to be puzzled. By the way, your direction? I don't ask for curiosity, but because there are some points that must be cleared for you if you want art to be a real thing in your life."

"I'm not sure that there is room."

"Let me help you to make room," he said very earnestly. "Don't let life crowd it out. There's nothing wears like art."

She hesitated, then granted his request; whereupon he returned to the Museum, while she, feeling hungry, actually sought the fare he had proposed. And as she ate and drank, the girl was filled with a nervous emotion that he might reappear and find her.

She thought about the painter and summed him up.

"Young, horribly proud, good voice, thinks nothing in the world matters but art—jolly to look at—keen—strong—not much soul—egotistical. Might be cruel, or might be kind. Probably both. His eyes are lightning quick—of course, that's his trade. I wonder if he can paint, or only talk about painting?"

Another thought struck her.

"How Raleigh would hate him—and yet he's not really a hateable man. Perhaps they'd do each other good. No, they wouldn't. They're too dreadfully different."

CHAPTER II.

OF THE LOVERS.

LOVEDAY MERTON was an orphan, and lived with her mother's brother. Her own brother laboured in India, but his wife and infant dwelt at home. To them she sometimes went, but not when Foster Merton was in England. The brother and sister did not suit one another temperamentally, and he regarded Loveday as a girl of weak will and uncertain purpose. Her beauty he could not deny, and since, from the barrister's standpoint, it was her sole asset, he felt some satisfaction when to India came the news that she was engaged to be married and had made a very satisfactory match.

Sir Raleigh Vane was the fifth baronet, a man of thirty, strong in opinions, established in his values, sensible of his obligations, and a supporter staunch of the old order and all pertaining thereto. He had looked upon Loveday, and fallen to her perfections and vivacity. The vivacity indeed gave him pause sometimes; but he pardoned it in a girl of two-and-twenty. It was proper at that age, and a certain disinclination to take herself seriously, Sir Raleigh declared to be a charm that sat not ill on her youth. That it would vanish after marriage he was assured. He designed to wed when Loveday was four-and-twenty; because in his opinion that was the psychological and physical moment for an Englishwoman to take a husband. The man's age was not so important. He would like to have been thirty to her twenty-four; but the fact that he must be thirty-two did not seriously trouble him. She had a thousand a year; would have more; and was well connected. In addition to her personal charm, she possessed talent. She could play the piano and talk German and French reasonably well; she was fond of literature, and displayed a trifling gift for painting. All Sir Raleigh's friends praised her water-colour drawings, and said that they ought to be exhibited. Of art he knew nothing, but recognised the existence of it, and granted it a place among minor human interests. As a broad-minded man he could not do less; and as one who believed himself concerned with the things that matter, he felt that he must not be asked to do more. Art might be very well in its place; but naturally its place was not Vanestowe, the seat of his family.

In a dell of beauty under Haldon's western facing downs, the first Vane to distinguish himself had lifted a red brick mansion and decorated it with white stone. Four square, enormous, uncompromising, emblematical of the clan, it stood, and round about, thanks to the third baronet, who by good chance had loved horticulture, a rare garth now spread, enriched by the natural features of the estate. First rolled forest lands along the hills, climbing by narrow coombs to the ragged heaths that crowned them; then an undergrowth of azalea and rhododendron ran like a fire in spring along the fringes of the woods; while lower yet, after some acres of sloping meadow, where the pheasant coops stood in summer, began the gardens proper. Here were a collection of Indian rhododendrons, the finest in Devonshire; a dell of many waterfalls, famed for its ferns and American plants; a Dutch garden; a rose garden; an Italian garden, with some fine lead statues and a historic cistern or two; and a lily pond of half an acre fed by the Rattle-brook, a Haldon tributary of Teign. Then came the mighty walled garden of ten acres, the orchard houses, the palm house, and the conservatory—a little palace of glass that rose beside the dwelling and was entered from the great drawing-room. Twenty-five farms were spread over the estate, and a hundred and fifty humble families revolved about it. Sir Raleigh was a generous landlord; he gave liberally but exacted

payment in respect and reverence. These he demanded, not from vanity, but principle. He held himself as a natural bulwark and fortification of the State. He had been born to his position and educated for it. Generations had contributed to model his mind and throw dust in his eyes as to the real issues of life and the trend of human affairs. Yet he strove to be large-minded, and often succeeded. Justice was his watchword—the justice of a Justice of the Peace. He was a clean liver, honourable, highly sensitive, and absurdly sentimental under his skin. His mother still lived and kept house for him. He loved her dearly, and believed her to be a woman of exceptional insight and brilliancy. But she was far narrower than he, and imbued with a class prejudice which she concealed from him. She saw deeper into the coming social changes than her son, hated them, and used her little mop secretly to stem the tide as much as possible.

To Sir Raleigh Vane was Loveday plighted, and her affection greatly gladdened his days. He made a stately lover, and she found herself quite prepared to take most of the problems of life at his valuation. She felt very kindly to the poor, and lost no opportunity of being useful to them. To be anything but a Conservative in politics, and deplore the maladministration of the Government, when her side was out of office, had not occurred to her. It was in the air she breathed at Vanestowe, and at her own home, distant half a mile from her lover's. She accepted Sir Raleigh's opinions on every subject that did not interest her; indeed, only in the particulars of art and horticulture did she rebel. He slighted art, and, by a sort of instinct, she resented that attitude. The more he urged her to keep painting and literature in their just subordination to the larger issues of politics and religion, and the studies in economics proper for his future wife, the more she found that art must occupy a large portion of her existence if she were to be healthy-minded and happy. But she kept these convictions much to herself, for there was none to sympathise, none to advise, none to prescribe an occasional change of mental air, none to feel that the atmosphere of Vanestowe and the surrounding county required clarification and a breath from without.

To Sir Raleigh art was make-believe and no more—a decoration of life, a veneer—and of doubtful significance at that; while his betrothed, at rebellious moments when her days seemed more stuffy than usual, was tempted to feel that not art but politics, morals, religion, and all the interrelations of country life were make-believe—mere filmy tissue of unreality, against which art and the beauty of natural things stood as sweet and ordered and lovely as a rainbow against dark clouds. The need for contrast and change existed as a vital demand of her life, and she began to know it. There is no hunger like the hunger for art, and Loveday was a good deal starved in this sort. Kindred spirits dwelt in the county, but she knew them not. No machinery existed in the neighbourhood to bring

fellow-feelers together; no free-masonry to discover other art-lovers was known to Loveday; she possessed no divining rod to twitch and point when she found herself amid unknown men and women at balls or dinners, at garden-parties, or those cathedral functions to which Exeter occasionally called Sir Raleigh and his friends. Therefore she imagined herself a phoenix, and was sorry for her forlorn distinction.

Her future mother-in-law doubted these aspirations, but told her friends that the girl's vague yearnings would soon vanish after marriage. She did not like Loveday very much, for she discerned a grave fault in her. Lady Vane took her class too seriously, all other classes not seriously enough; but Loveday never committed this error. She had a sense of humour that Sir Raleigh's mother viewed from the first with suspicion. Lady Vane held that it was better for women to follow the rule and have no humour than be the exceptions to that rule. To be an exception to any rule is in itself dangerous. The portentous night of Lady Vane's gravity was seldom lifted into any dawn of laughter. Indeed, she held that there was little now to laugh at in life, granted that you had a heart and felt intelligently for the gathering sorrows of the Upper Ten Thousand. The levity that Loveday assumed, rather as a shield than a garment, caused Lady Vane uneasiness. She argued with her son about it, directed him to inspire his betrothed with more distinguished opinions; doubted when he assured her that Loveday's laughter was beautiful to him.

"Let her laugh now," he said. "You used to laugh when you were her age, mother."

"But not at the same things, Raleigh. She laughs at things which not merely should she not laugh at: she oughtn't even to see them. Her extraordinary affection for Fry is in itself a little—well, stupid. There's a lack of perspective."

Fry was the head-gardener at Vanestowe, and Loveday found in his outlook on life a ceaseless delight.

"Fry is rather a joy," confessed Sir Raleigh. "His ideas are wildly unconstitutional and ridiculous; but he's never vulgar, like the Board School taught people."

"'Vulgar'! No. Vulgarly at Vanestowe! We have not sunk to that. Vulgarly to me is spiritual death. Fry isn't vulgar; but he's apt to be coarse. I don't blame him: his work on its grosser side must breed coarseness; but Loveday is all too prone to show indifference before physical facts, such as the needful enriching of the soil and so forth. I would rather see a natural shrinking from everything common and unclean. At her age I only sought the garden to cull flowers, not to dig, like a gardener's boy."

"Better that she should garden than go in for feminine politics. Better that all girls should hunt and shoot and fish than distort their outlook with all this modern trash and poison. There seems

to be no alternative with a woman between mental toil and physical," he said.

"Women never seem to do anything by halves nowadays," mourned his mother. "In my youth it was such bad form to be so definite."

Here, then, were the atmosphere in which young Loveday dwelt and the man to whom she had given her most heartfelt, most cordial, most enthusiastic affection. A gentle home she had, cast among gentle people; and they were all content with their environment and desired its continuation; while she, from time to time, felt a call to escape for her soul's sake. She knew that as she grew older the need for these excursions and escapes would assuredly not lessen; and once she wondered whether the circumstances would be such that her husband would share these periodical migrations, or whether he would not. After they had been engaged for six months she discovered that he would not.

She loved him well, and he loved her devotedly; but his love would never make him take her round the world, or change his own conviction that his duties must keep him at the helm of his affairs. From time to time he sat on the Grand Jury at the Exeter Assizes; from time to time he attended shooting-parties; and that was the extent of his adventures from home. He had been to Eton and Oxford. He had subsequently filled the position of private secretary to a Cabinet Minister for six months. But by his father's sudden death his career was changed in youth. He inherited; accepted life as it presented itself to him; administered his little world to the best of his powers and convictions.

Loveday counted the hours to her lover's kiss, and she guessed that he would be at Chudleigh to meet her train. Instead, he planned a surprise, and met her at Exeter, that he might drive her home from there. After London, Sir Raleigh always came to Loveday like the scent of lavender and the breath of far-off things. His pale blue eyes were rather sad, and chance imparted to them an expression of thoughtfulness which was accidental rather than real. They had a supercilious expression, which libelled him, and they looked down the sides of his high, aquiline nose. He was very tall, large-boned, and of a florid, fresh complexion. He wore his straw-coloured hair parted in the middle, and his straw-coloured moustache described an imposing curve, so that the points of it almost met under his chin. He also permitted a little, old-fashioned patch of whisker to grow forward of his ear. Loveday hated these decorations, had once slighted them and begged him to make a sacrifice; but he pleaded with her for them successfully.

"My father wore whiskers, and my mother likes them; perhaps some day—after she has gone——"

Whereupon, of course, his lady declared that under no circumstances must they ever be mowed down.

Sir Raleigh moved slowly with a long stride, spoke slowly, and

thought slowly. Indeed, there was very little to think about, for his life moved like a machine. He had a good factor and two assistants. They respected him deeply, and were always grumbling at him among themselves, because he sided with the tenants—a fact the tenants accurately appreciated. This course, however, played its part in postponing the evil hour, and as Walter Ross, the bailiff, was now a man of five-and-fifty, his theories of ideal perfection in a steward had long since perished under the strain of practical politics. He meant to retire before ten years were past, and hoped to be dead ere the revolution came.

In a somewhat violent tweed suit, Sir Raleigh solemnly jolted up and down the arrival platform at Exeter Station, consulted his watch, and presently told a station inspector that the train was five minutes late. The official made no attempt to contradict him, and an announcement, that the sycophant had doubtless received with silent contempt from a lesser man, was humbly confirmed and regretted.

"I don't know what have come over the Torquay express, Sir Raleigh," said the inspector. "This is the third day—ah! she's signalled. You won't have to wait any time now, sir."

Then came Loveday, and a footman appeared for her parcels and her portmanteaux.

They were seated in a big Napier five minutes later, and, having cleared the city, Sir Raleigh kissed Loveday on the mouth, pinched her ear, and asked her if she were glad to see him. She assured him that she was, and he talked of foxes.

"The best news I've had for many a long day comes from Haldon," he told her. "Three litter within three miles! It's good to feel, though the world's such a difficult place and puts such ceaseless pressure on a conscientious man, that cub-hunting begins in a month."

"Hurrah!" said Loveday.

CHAPTER II.

LUNCH AT VANESTOWE.

THREE days after her return home there was a little luncheon at her lover's, and Loveday came to it. She arrived on her bicycle, an hour early, and Sir Raleigh met her at the outer gate and walked with her through the woods. Pheasants cried round about them, and the knight declared that he had seldom known such a successful year.

"The spring was just right and the birds came on wonderfully and never had a throw back," he declared. "There'll be too much leaf at the beginning of October, and I shan't shoot much before the big parties. Partridges are extraordinarily wild. It's a bore; I'm not shooting any too well this year."

"Perhaps you're a bit stale," she said, but he could not flatter himself it was so. He went into the possible reasons for his bad form at great length, while she listened and nodded and walked with her arm in his. Knowing that she loved them, he took her into an orchard house, where yellow figs grew, and watched her while she ate.

"Who are coming to luncheon?" she asked.

"Only the Misses Neill-Savage and Nina Spedding and her brother, and you and your uncle."

Loveday made a face.

"I hate the Neill-Savages."

"They play for their own hand a bit, I admit; but they're sound, and nowadays merely to be sound is something. We shall soon have our backs to the wall; but united we may stand a little longer."

"In politics and religion?"

"Another fig?"

"No; but they are lovely. Come into the potting-sheds. Has Fry got his autumn bulbs yet? I love to see them and touch them before they go into the ground."

Sir Raleigh laughed.

"What a gardener you are! I believe when you come to live here, you'll want everything turned upside down."

"Not I—everything is far too lovely and perfect. I adore things just as they are, and wouldn't alter a flower bed. You know that well enough. But I shall spend all my pin-money on plants—I warn you there. In plants, this glorious garden is behind the times, and nobody knows that better than Fry."

"I can see plots and counterplots."

"No—only tons of new plants—to bring the garden up to date."

He shivered slightly.

"Don't use that phrase, dearest heart. 'Up to date'—oh! the rich vulgarity of those three words. They always make me shudder, and I see they have crept into the highest journalism. You may find them in *The Times* or *Spectator* any day of the week."

She argued against him.

"Can you think of better words to say what they mean?"

"Certainly," he answered. "You mean that presently you want these gardens to be an epitome of contemporary horticulture."

They were alone and she kissed him at that. "You'll never use three words when you can say the same thing in ten, you precious boy!" she said.

An old man entered the orchard house as she kissed Sir Raleigh; but it was two hundred feet long, and he saw not the lovers until they had parted again.

"There's Fry. I must go and see the bulbs."

The head-gardener of Vanestowe was a Shropshire man, and thirty years of Devonshire had not slacked his northern energy, or inspired in him any sort of respect for west country labour. He was broad-

browed and broad-shouldered, and of late he had grown corpulent. Still he worked and made others work. He was not a Conservative, but entertained a passionate regard for his master's family, and never permitted any underling to criticise the opinions of the house in his hearing, even though he might agree with him. His hair was white and his eyebrows were black. He wore a beard, now grizzled, and was rumoured to live night and day in a blue baize apron. While a good "all-round" gardener, and a man more than common skilled in most branches of his business, Adam Fry regarded himself as a specialist in two branches of horticulture only, one indoor and one out. He claimed expert skill in orchids, and rhododendrons and American plants; in expansive moments he would occasionally add apples; but he did not deny that there lived men who knew more about apples than himself, whereas, where orchids and rhododendrons were concerned, he did deny it.

Loveday welcomed her friend with joy, because she had not seen him for six weeks. The autumn consignment from Holland was overdue; but Fry had several things to show her. They fell into deep garden talk, and Sir Raleigh, reminding his betrothed not to forget the luncheon hour, soon left them. He liked to know that his gardens were important and his rhododendrons the finest in the county; he also liked to hear from those who understood the matter that his gardener was a pearl of great price, a shining light and a tower of strength; but his heart was with his keepers and at the kennels; and he felt a passing regret that his betrothed could not share his enthusiasm for sport.

"To Shrewsbury I went," said Mr. Fry in answer to Loveday's question. "Yes, miss, and never hope to see a better show. The R.H.S. couldn't beat it at that time of year. Sir Raleigh let me spend fifty pounds."

"He never told me!"

"'Twas to be a surprise. Some wonderful fine things, and a peat plant or two I've wanted for years. Out of doors there's little for the minute. The new asters aren't no better than the old. Dierama did better than ever afore, and the white one made a stir, as you remember.

"Did the seed ripen?"

"I've got three pans coming on brave."

They went to look at certain new purchases and the peat lovers nigh the fern glade. Here *rodgersia*, *gunnera*, and *rheum* spread mighty leaves, while overhead was a stir of grey thrushes enjoying the ruddy fruits of *arbutus*.

"How's the seedling?" asked Loveday, and Mr. Fry's face became animated.

"Beautifully budded up," he said.

"You've waited long, Adam; I do hope it will reward you."

"May or may not. With a seedling rhodo you never can say nothing sartain till after, or prophesy afore you know. 'Tis like a

child, miss; you nurse it year after year and hope on and hope ever; but 'tis a brave long time before the boy or maid comes to blooming, so as you can tell the quality of the blossom."

"Sometimes they don't blossom at all, Adam."

"Nay," he said. "They always blossom—for good or bad they come, and we nurse 'em; but we can't always tell what they be good for in a minute, and the bud that doth promise least will often open into a very proper thing."

Under their feet was a green carpet composed of hundreds of seedling rhododendrons, and overhead the parents towered to noble specimen plants, some forty feet high. Here were Clivianum, Aucklandii, Falconeri, Roylei, arboreum, Manglesii, Fortunei, campanulatum, campylocarpum, Thomsoni and the rest, with many a choice hybrid from the famous Cornish growers and a treasure or two from Irish collections.

"It always seems to me a sin and a shame that these millions of babies should be allowed to perish," declared Loveday, bending and picking up half a dozen seedlings.

"It is," admitted the gardener; "and if Sir Ralegh wants to do a good turn to some young chap and set him up with a store of stuff that may be worth thousands in twenty years' time, then it could be done. There's countless young plants in the rhodo beds and rhodo walk. And there's not a shadow of doubt that out of every fifty seedlings—seeing what the parents must be—you'd get a treasure or two. You only want twenty years to come into your own, and in many cases no doubt the things would flower in fifteen or less."

They inspected a certain maiden seedling reverently. It promised well, and was full of flower-bud for the coming spring.

"I hope it's going to be your greatest triumph, Adam, though I don't see how it can be lovelier than Fry's 'Silver Trumpet,' or the 'Sir Ralegh.'"

"Wait and see, as Mr. Asquith says," answered the gardener. "If 'tis worthy of you, it shall be called 'Miss Merton.'"

"No," she said. "I should hate that. There are thousands of Miss Mertons in the world. You must call it—just 'Loveday.' There's only one Loveday Merton, that I know of."

Mr. Fry was doubtful.

"I'm with you; but Sir Ralegh would think it too familiar."

"Not he. How's Martha?"

"The missis is very tidy. Shropshire did her a power of good this year. There's nothing like native air sometimes if you are called to live in a foreign one. In this here snug hole under Haldon, we breathe cotton-wool instead of air three parts o' the year."

"All very well to growl, Adam; you know that, after all, gardening is more important than whether you breathe cotton-wool or not. You wouldn't leave Vanestowe for the greatest garden in Shropshire."

He admitted it. Then, far away, sunk to a mere drone in the distance, a gong sounded.

"It's luncheon," she said. "I must fly. I'll come and see Martha later if I can."

She ran like a child, descended to the drive, and met a dog-cart flashing up it. A woman drove, a young man sat beside her, and a groom occupied the seat behind. They were still three hundred yards from the house, and Loveday begged for a lift.

"What luck, Nina! Let me jump up by Joseph. No, don't get down, Joe. Then united we can defy Lady Vane. How is it you're late of all people?"

"Lost a shoe at White Gate. But am I late?"

"Just five seconds, no more."

Miss Spedding's famous trotter soon brought them to the ivy-mantled door of the house, and in a few moments Loveday, the elder girl, and her brother joined the luncheon-party.

Nina was a showy maiden of seven-and-twenty—dark and handsome, but with a virginal and cold beauty that became her reputation of the best woman rider in the county. She loved sport, and endured much secretly for it. Immense trouble was involved by a tendency to wealth of flesh, but she fought it, starved, and led a life of tremendous physical energies. Behind the scenes, dumb-bells and exercises filled a large part of her time. Her brother, Patrick, showed the family failing. He was fat and lazy and no sportsman. He made no attempt to fight the scourge. He had congratulated Nina when a man, to whom she was engaged, threw her over.

"Horribly distressing; but a blessing in disguise," declared Patrick Spedding. "She'll worry like the devil, because she was really fond of him, and it will help to keep her thin."

The Neill-Savage sisters were thin enough, as became women of slightly raptorial instincts. They suggested able, but elderly hawks, who made experience serve them for the vanished activity and enterprise of youth. They were both turning grey reluctantly, the tell-tale strands being woven in with a sparing hand. They were very poor, but well-born and related to the Vanes. Their lives flowed by subterranean channels, but flashed out intermittently in high places. They practised the art of pleasing, and lived on a huge circle of friends. With considerable genius, they planned their visits in such a way that they should never reappear too frequently in any environment. Their orbits were prodigious. They touched all manner of systems and contrived to do all the things that their social order did. Patrick Spedding said of them that they were the wisest women in the world, and had given all philosophy and ethics the go-by. "They have discovered the art of getting everything for nothing," he said; "they have defied nature, which has always asserted that that is impossible; and incidentally they have solved another everlasting problem—the secret of perpetual motion." The

sisters were on the Riviera in the winter, in London after Easter, in Scotland after July. They varied their rounds in detail, of course, from year to year; but their scheme of existence ran on general large principles which changed not. At times of special stress they disappeared, and it was suspected that they accepted temporal advantages in exchange for their social significance and prestige. There was no nonsense about them, and they used their connections and knowledge of good society for what it was worth. The middle-class was a healing stream, into which they occasionally sank, and from which they emerged refreshed. They were now women of fifty and fifty-three, and no men of their own rank had ever loved either of them. They were plain, yet still blessed with exceedingly fine figures. They had wondered in secret why offers of marriage had only come from well within the fringe of the middle-class; and Stella, who might have married a rich stockbroker, twenty-five years earlier in her career, felt disposed to regret refusal on her fiftieth birthday. Because, with the passing of mid-Victorian society, had also passed the old distinctions, and every year now made the Neill-Savage stock-in-trade: blue blood and an aristocratic connection, of less market value. They moved with the times, however, were without illusions, devoted keen intellects to the need and fashion of the passing hour, and both played a game of bridge that brought them invitations from eligible quarters.

Lady Vane sat at the head of the luncheon table and her son occupied the foot of it. She wore her hat, and Sir Raleigh's peculiarities of intonation and gesture were exactly revealed in her. From her he had his distinguished voice, peculiar glance of eye down the sides of his nose and lift of the eyebrow at moments of reflection. But his heart came from his father; and the lady lamented in secret that to her son belonged a characteristic softness she had always sought to combat in her husband. She was a Champernowne, and Love-day's uncle, Admiral Felix Champernowne, was her cousin.

The sisters Neill-Savage were in the best possible form. They had just come from Scotland, and were spending a week with acquaintance near Exeter. In the course of conversation Sir Raleigh begged them to join a house-party at Vanestowe in January, whereupon Stella turned to Lady Vane.

"How nice of him; but I know what men are. Does he mean it, or does he just say it on the spur of the moment, because he liked that story about the Duke of Flint?"

"He means it, I'm sure. You'll be doing us an enormous kindness. Raleigh hates bridge, and so do I. If you'll come and play bridge and keep the hunting men from going to sleep after dinner, it will be perfectly divine of you both."

"But we don't hunt, you know—not for years."

"It would just fit in before Costebelle," said Annette, the younger sister. "Your place must look very grand and stern in winter, Sir Raleigh."

Loveday thought she liked the Misses Neill-Savage better on this occasion. She always pitied threatening age. Now she talked to Annette and shared a gigantic pear with her when dessert came.

Admiral Champernowne discussed family matters with his cousin, while Sir Raleigh and Nina Spedding spoke of sport and the rapacities, not of reynard, but the farmers. The lord of the manor shook his head doubtfully.

"One is most reluctant to grumble; but it cannot be denied that Bassett and Luke—to name no others—are telling fibs about the destruction of poultry."

"The farmers are so mean-spirited and narrow and horrid about hunting," she said. "I'm sure your generosity is the talk of the hunt. There was never another Master who does so much himself."

"I am very glad to do it," he declared. "And, indeed, I've nothing to grumble about. I hate sending round the hat, but it always comes in full when I do."

They talked of horses and Miss Spedding's new hunter. Sir Raleigh knew its sire, and was very anxious for more information respecting its dam.

Everybody appeared to be concerned with things; none showed any interest in ideas. But it was Loveday Merton who lifted the conversation and made Annette talk of Italy and art.

To the Neill-Savages all subjects were alike, and many years of experience had fortified their minds with opinions on most matters of human interest. They simulated enthusiasm or aversion with the ease of artists, and none knew their honest convictions, their real hopes and fears and beliefs. This was not strange, because neither had been constitutionally endowed to feel anything in the abstract. Life, as it impinged upon their experience, alone made them feel. In matters of theory they could always take the side offered to them and agree with anybody quite seriously. Herein lay their power for the majority. They held that only the rich can afford the luxury of definite convictions; the poor must charm; and to do so with any sort of conscience, it is necessary that they should preserve a fluid mind and wide understanding. For suffer the intellect to crystallise, permit opinions to take the place of ready sympathy, and friends will begin to drop off, like fruit from the frost-bitten bough.

Lady Vane talked to Loveday about her visit to London, and for the first time she heard of the girl's meeting with Bertram Dangerfield.

"He banged up against me in the cast room at the British Museum, and in two minutes we were talking as if we had known each other all our lives."

"Talking?" asked Lady Vane. "What on earth had you to talk about to him?"

"Art. He lives for art; and he doesn't care about anything else. It's quite extraordinary. One would think it was the only interest in the world."

"How did you find out who he was?"

"He wanted me to go to lunch, and, of course, I wouldn't. Then I told him where I came from, and——"

"Why did you tell him that?" asked Sir Raleigh.

"I had to, because I had asked him where he came from. He lives in Florence. He's most entertaining. I wonder how he paints?"

"I can tell you," said Stella Neill-Savage. "At least I can tell you how I think he paints. He had a big picture at the British Artists last spring. It was a classical subject—in the Watts style, but very different colour—very large, very simple, and very beautiful—at least I thought so. D'you remember it, Annette?"

"I do," replied her sister. "A lustrous thing with plenty of rose and silver-grey and ivory in it—rather like a huge Albert Moore. 'Pandora' it was called. He wanted five hundred guineas for it."

"Good powers! A boy like that asking such an enormous price! But money's no object to him. His father loved art and left him a fortune. I've heard all about him from Lady Dangerfield. I think she has a sneaking admiration for him, though she says he's a godless reprobate."

It was Lady Vane who spoke, and Loveday answered.

"It came out that he was her nephew. I believe he's plotting to come and see her."

"Come and see you more likely," suggested Nina. "He'll want to paint you for certain."

"He was funny. His eyes are like lightning. He saw my engagement ring through my glove, and asked what you were like, Raleigh."

"The cheek of these artist men!" cried young Spedding. "Of course, he'll want to paint you, as Nina says."

"That is all settled," answered Sir Raleigh. "Loveday will be painted by—probably Shannon—when she is presented after our marriage. No *pictor ignotus* shall libel her—only an approved painter who has won his spurs—an Academician, of course."

"Quite right," declared Miss Neill-Savage. "Some of the moderns are atrocious. Art is in a flux at present. There is no law or order in anything. What with Post-impressionists and Futurists and other schools each trying to be madder than the last."

"We hear too much of art in my opinion," replied the host. "I see everywhere an almost insolent demand that art should be thrust to the forefront of life, as though it were destined to take the place of the real, vital interests. I must say the days of patrons, when artists were kept in their proper place, and not allowed to dictate to their betters and give themselves all these ridiculous airs, appeal to me. And, mark you, the masterpieces were produced in those days. When men of birth and breeding controlled and inspired the painters and poets, and such like people, then the best work was done."

"No doubt young Dangerfield is arrogant and ridiculous—like all

of them," suggested Nina Spedding, and Loveday felt compelled to fight for the absent painter.

"I'm an artist myself in a tiny way, you know, so I declare that you are rather too hard on him," she said. "He is arrogant, but he isn't ridiculous, and if you are to judge him, you must hear first how he stands among serious artists and what his opinions are worth."

"We are not judging him, Loveday—far from it. 'Judge not at all' is a very wise motto for the plain man before all questions of art and literature; but doubtless he belongs to the modern movement, which is striving to put art in an utterly wrong relation to life, and I cannot have my sense of perspective and proportion upset by these claims. The uglier the art, the more noise they make about it. Artists, in fact, like all other people, must be kept in their proper places. There is an inclination to dictate to the nation; and not content with sticking to their last, they must needs make themselves supremely ridiculous by becoming propagandists and flinging themselves into all sorts of questions that don't concern them."

"Art is undoubtedly becoming a great weapon in the hands of the intellectuals," declared Miss Neill-Savage. "Art for art's sake is a cry of the past. 'Art for life's sake,' is what they say now. Art must be alive, and it must challenge and arrest and give to think."

"So it must," declared Loveday, "and why not? Nietzsche says——"

"I'm almost sorry, Loveday, that you can——" began Lady Vane, but she broke off, conscious that it was not a happy moment to chasten her future daughter-in-law. She was, however, irritated, and soon rose. The women followed her, and, when they had gone, Sir Raleigh spoke to Admiral Champernowne, while Spedding, who was a familiar guest, left them to join the ladies in the garden.

"Why will Loveday read that trash? She knows so well that it bothers my mother. I don't particularly mind, because one cannot combat falsehood and folly without mastering the wrong motives and false arguments. At the same time, a woman's mind is so easily unbalanced. They lack our ballast, and have a certain unhappy instinct to fly to ills they know not of—witness the Suffragettes and anti-marriage women, and their last developments; but one looks on to the future. I cannot treat her like a child and tell her what literature I put on my index. It is so absurd."

"She's got a brain," declared the Admiral. "It's unfortunate in a way when a beautiful woman isn't content to reign as they used to, and have us at their feet, and rule the world through us, without bothering about the machinery that we have set up for our own uses. They throw away the priceless things with both hands in their struggle for our paltry privileges. Loveday is certainly a little

bitten with modernism. But I do my best to steady her. She is very young, and won't realise that she is very beautiful."

"I'm sure I've told her so often enough," said Sir Raleigh. "It is the old story, Admiral. Idleness always tends to mischief and Satan finds some mischief still."

"But she's not idle."

"We must saddle her with more responsibility," declared Loveday's betrothed. "Leave this to me and my mother."

"To you—not Lady Vane, Raleigh. You'll forgive my bluntness, but she and Loveday haven't found just the line of least resistance yet. They will, of course; but your mother's—well, reactionary, you know. Quite right—always right, for nowadays if you give the people an inch they'll 'go to hell,' as my groom said yesterday. You can't be too cautious—still—it's in the air—equality and one man as good as another, and all the rest of this infernal nonsense. Your plan is the wisest; Lady Vane is—but I'm on dangerous ground."

"Don't think that we have not thrashed out these questions," answered the younger man. "I go a long way with my mother, but not all the way. We must be prepared for changes and meet them in the right spirit. Concession and compromise are the watch-words."

The other nodded.

"The sea advances upon the land," he said, "but while the water swallows the earth in one place, it is the business of the earth to bob up again somewhere else, and so restore the balance. Capital is not doing this. The ruling classes have not solved the problem of how to give in one direction and get back in another. Now my theory——"

Admiral Champernowne fired a broadside of popguns from his "three-decker" mind, and then they went into the garden together.

(To be continued.)

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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. DLIV. NEW SERIES, FEBRUARY 1, 1913.

"FREEMEN NEED NO GUARDIANS."

BY DR. WOODROW WILSON, *President-Elect of the United States of America.*

THERE are two theories of government that have been contending with each other ever since government began. One of them is the theory which in America is associated with the name of a very great man, Alexander Hamilton. A great man, but, in my judgment, not a great American. He did not think in terms of American life. Hamilton believed that the only people who could understand government, and therefore the only people who were qualified to conduct it, were the men who had the biggest financial stake in the commercial and industrial enterprises of the country.

That theory, though few have now the hardihood to profess it openly, has been the working theory upon which our government has lately been conducted. It is astonishing how persistent it is. It is amazing how quickly the political party which had Lincoln for its first leader—Lincoln, who not only denied, but in his own person so completely disproved, the aristocratic theory—it is amazing how quickly that party founded on faith in the people forgot the precepts of Lincoln and fell under the delusion that the "masses" needed the guardianship of "men of affairs."

For indeed, if you stop to think about it, nothing could be a further departure from original Americanism, from faith in the ability of a confident, resourceful, and independent people, than the discouraging doctrine that somebody has got to provide prosperity for the rest of us. And yet that is exactly the doctrine on which the government of the United States has been conducted lately. Who have been consulted when important measures of government, like tariff acts, and currency acts, and railroad acts, were under consideration? The people whom the tariff chiefly affects, the people for whom the currency is supposed to exist, the people who pay the duties and ride on the railroads? Oh! no. What do they know about such matters! The gentlemen whose ideas have been sought are the big manufacturers, the bankers, and the heads of the great railroad combinations. The

masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States. It is written over every intimate page of the records of Congress; it is written all through the history of conferences at the White House, that the suggestions of economic policy in this country have come from one source, not from many sources; the benevolent guardians, the kind-hearted trustees who have taken the troubles of government off our hands have become so conspicuous that almost anybody can write out a list of them. They have become so conspicuous that their names are mentioned upon almost every political platform. The men who have undertaken the interesting job of taking care of us do not force us to requite them with anonymously directed gratitude. We know them by name.

Suppose you go to Washington and try to get at your government. You will always find that while you are politely listened to, the men really consulted are the men who have the biggest stake—the big bankers, the big manufacturers, the big masters of commerce, the heads of railroad corporations and of steamship corporations. I have no objection to these men being consulted, because they also, though they do not themselves seem to admit it, are part of the people of the United States. But I do very seriously object to these gentlemen being *chiefly* consulted, and particularly to their being exclusively consulted, and if the government of the United States is to do the right thing by the people of the United States it has got to do it directly and not through the intermediation of these gentlemen. Every time it has come to a critical question, these gentlemen have been yielded to, and their demands have been treated as the demands that should be followed as a matter of course.

The government of the United States at present is a foster-child of the special interests. It is not allowed to have a will of its own. It is told at every move, "Don't do that; you will interfere with our prosperity." And when we ask, "Where is our prosperity lodged?" a certain group of gentlemen say, "With us." The government of the United States in recent years has not been administered by the common people of the United States. You know just as well as I do—it is not an indictment against anybody, it is a mere statement of the facts—that the people have stood outside and looked on at their own government and that all they have had to determine in past years has been which crowd they would look on at; whether they would look on at this little group or that little group who had managed to get the control of affairs in its hands. Have you ever heard, for example, of any hearing before any great committee of the Congress in which the people of the country as a whole were

represented, except it may be by the Congressmen themselves? The men who appear at those meetings in order to argue for this schedule in the tariff, for this measure or against that measure, are men who represent special interests. They may represent them very honestly; they may intend no wrong to their fellow-citizens, but they are speaking from the point of view always of a small portion of the population. I have sometimes wondered why men, particularly men of means, men who didn't have to work for their living, shouldn't constitute themselves attorneys for the people, and every time a hearing is held before a committee of Congress should not go and ask, "Gentlemen, in considering these things suppose you consider the whole country? Suppose you consider the citizens of the United States?"

Now I don't want a smug lot of experts to sit down behind closed doors in Washington and play Providence to me. There is a Providence to which I am perfectly willing to submit. But as for other men setting up as Providence over myself, I seriously object. I have never met a political saviour in the flesh, and I never expect to meet one. I am reminded of Gillet Burgess' verses :—

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But this I'll tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

That is the way I feel about this saving of my fellow-countrymen. I'd rather see a saviour of the United States than set up to be one; because I have found out, I have actually found out, that men I consult with know more than I do—especially if I consult with enough of them. I never came out of a committee meeting or a conference without seeing more of the question that was under discussion than I had seen when I went in. And that to my mind is an image of government. I am not willing to be under the patronage of the trusts, no matter how providential a government presides over the process of their control of my life.

I am one of those who absolutely reject the trustee theory, the guardianship theory. I have never found a man who knew how to take care of me, and, reasoning from that point out, I conjecture that there isn't any man who knows how to take care of all the people of the United States. I suspect that the people of the United States understand their own interests better than any group of men in the confines of the country understand them. The men who are sweating blood to get their foothold in the world of endeavour understand the conditions of business in the United States very much better than the men who have arrived and are at the top. They know what the thing is that they are

struggling against. They know how difficult it is to start a new enterprise. They know how far they have to search for credit that will put them upon an even footing with the men who have already built up industry in this country. They know that somewhere by somebody the development of industry in this country is being controlled.

I do not say this with the slightest desire to create any prejudice against wealth; on the contrary, I should be ashamed of myself if I excited class feeling of any kind. But I do mean to suggest this: that the wealth of the country has, in recent years, come from particular sources; it has come from those sources which have built up monopoly. Its point of view is a special point of view. It is the point of view of those men who do not wish that the people should determine their own affairs, because they do not believe that the people's judgment is sound. They want to be commissioned to take care of the United States and of the people of the United States, because they believe that they, better than anybody else, understand the interests of the United States. I do not challenge their character; I challenge their point of view. We cannot afford to be governed as we have been governed in the last generation, by men who occupy so narrow, so prejudiced, so limited a point of view.

The government of our country cannot be lodged in any special class. The policy of a great nation cannot be tied up with any particular set of interests. I want to say, again and again, that my arguments do not touch the character of the men to whom I am opposed. I believe that the very wealthy men who have got their money by certain kinds of corporate enterprises have closed in their horizon, and that they do not see and do not understand the rank and file of the people. It is for that reason that I want to break up the little coterie that has determined what the government of the nation should do. The list of the men who used to determine what New Jersey should and should not do did not exceed half a dozen, and they were always the same men. These very men now are, some of them, frank enough to admit that New Jersey has finer energy in her because more men are consulted and the whole field of action is widened and liberalised.

We have got to relieve our government from the domination of special classes, not because these special classes are bad, necessarily, but because no special class can understand the interests of a great community.

I believe, as I believe in nothing else, in the average integrity and the average intelligence of the American people, and I do not believe that the intelligence of America can be put into commission anywhere. I do not believe that there is any group of

men of any kind to whom we can afford to give that kind of trusteeship.

I will not live under trustees if I can help it. No group of men less than the majority has a right to tell me how I have got to live in America. I will submit to the majority, because I have been trained to do it—though I may sometimes have my private opinion even of the majority. I do not care how wise, how patriotic, the trustees may be, I have never heard of any group of men in whose hands I am willing to lodge the liberties of America in trust.

If any part of our people want to be wards, if they want to have guardians put over them, if they want to be taken care of, if they want to be children, patronised by the government, why, I am sorry, because it will sap the manhood of America. But I don't believe they do. I believe they want to stand on the firm foundation of law and right and take care of themselves. I, for my part, don't want to belong to a nation, I believe that I do not belong to a nation, that needs to be taken care of by guardians. I want to belong to a nation, and I am proud that I do belong to a nation, that knows how to take care of itself. If I thought that the American people were reckless, were ignorant, were vindictive, I might shrink from putting the government into their hands. But the beauty of democracy is that when you are reckless you destroy your own established conditions of life; when you are vindictive, you wreck vengeance upon yourself; the whole stability of democratic polity rests upon the fact that every interest is every man's interest.

The theory that the men of biggest affairs, whose field of operation is the widest, are the proper men to advise the government is, I am willing to admit, rather a plausible theory. If my business covers the United States not only, but covers the world, it is to be presumed that I have a pretty wide scope in my vision of business. But the flaw is that it is my own business that I have a vision of, and not the business of the men who lie outside of the scope of the plans I have made for a profit out of the particular transactions I am connected with. And you can't, by putting together a large number of men who understand their own business, no matter how large it is, make up a body of men who will understand the business of the nation as contrasted with their own interest.

In a former generation, half a century ago, there were a great many men associated with the government whose patriotism we are not privileged to deny nor to question, who intended to serve the people, but had become so saturated with the point of view of a governing class, that it was impossible for them to see

America as the people of America themselves saw it. Then there arose that interesting figure, the immortal figure of the great Lincoln, who stood up declaring that the politicians, the men who had governed this country, did not see from the point of view of the people. When I think of that tall, gaunt figure rising in Illinois, I have a picture of a man free, unentangled, unassociated with the governing influences of the country, ready to see things with an open eye, to see them steadily, to see them whole, to see them as the men he rubbed shoulders with and associated with saw them. What the country needed in 1860 was a leader who understood and represented the thought of the whole people, as contrasted with that of a special class which imagined itself the guardian of the country's welfare.

Now, likewise, the trouble with our present political condition is that we need some man who has not been associated with the governing classes and the governing influences of this country to stand up and speak for us; we need to hear a voice from the outside calling upon the American people to assert again their rights and prerogatives in the possession of their own government.

My thought about both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt is that of entire respect, but these gentlemen have been so intimately associated with the powers that have been determining the policy of this government for almost a generation, that they cannot look at the affairs of the country with the view of a new age and of a changed set of circumstances. They sympathise with the people; their hearts no doubt go out to the great masses of unknown men in this country; but their thought is in close habitual association with those who have framed the policies of the country during all our lifetime. Those men have framed the protective tariff, have developed the trusts, have co-ordinated and ordered all the great economic forces of this country in such fashion that nothing but an outside force breaking in can disturb their domination and control. It is with this in mind, I believe, that the country can say to these gentlemen: "We do not deny your integrity; we do not deny your purity of purpose; but the thought of the people of the United States has not yet penetrated to your consciousness. You are willing to act for the people, but you are not willing to act *through* the people. Now we propose to act for ourselves."

I sometimes think that the men who are now governing us are unconscious of the chains in which they are held. I do not believe that men such as we know, among our public men at least—most of them—have deliberately put us into leading strings to the special interests. The special interests have grown up.

They have grown up by processes which at last, happily, we are beginning to understand. And, having grown up, having occupied the seats of greatest advantage nearest the ear of those who are conducting government, having contributed the money which was necessary to the elections, and therefore having been kindly thought of after elections, there has closed around the government of the United States a very interesting, a very able, a very aggressive coterie of gentlemen who are most definite and explicit in their ideas as to what they want.

They don't have to consult us as to what they want. They don't have to resort to anybody. They know their plans, and therefore they know what will be convenient for them. It may be that they have really thought what they have said they thought; it may be that they know so little of the history of economic development and of the interests of the United States as to believe that their leadership is indispensable for our prosperity and development. I don't have to prove that they believe that, because they themselves admit it. I have heard them admit it on many occasions.

I want to say to you very frankly that I do not feel vindictive about it. Some of the men who have exercised this control are excellent fellows; they really believe that the prosperity of the country depends upon them. They really believe that if the leadership of economic development in this country dropped from their hands, the rest of us are too muddle-headed to undertake the task. They not only comprehend the power of the United States within their grasp, but they comprehend it within their imagination. They are honest men, they have just as much right to express their views as I have to express mine or you to express yours, but it is just about time that we examined their views and determined their validity.

As a matter of fact, their thought does not cover the processes of their own undertakings. As a university president, I learned that the men who dominate our manufacturing processes could not conduct their business for twenty-four hours without the assistance of the experts with whom the universities were supplying them. Modern industry depends upon technical knowledge; and all that these gentlemen did was to manage the external features of great combinations and their financial operation, which had very little to do with the intimate skill with which the enterprises were conducted. I know men not catalogued in the public prints, men not spoken of in public discussion, are the very bone and sinew of the industry of the United States.

Do our masters of industry speak in the spirits and interest even of those whom they employ. When men ask me what I think about

the labour question and labouring men, I feel that I am being asked what I know about the vast majority of the people, and I feel as if I were being asked to separate myself, as belonging to a particular class, from that great body of my fellow-citizens who sustain and conduct the enterprises of the country. Until we get away from that point of view it will be impossible to have a free government.

I have listened to some very honest and eloquent orators whose sentiments were noteworthy for this : that when they spoke of the people, they were not thinking of themselves ; they were thinking of somebody whom they were commissioned to take care of. They were always planning to do things for the American people, and I have seen them visibly shiver when it was suggested that they arrange to have something done by the people for themselves. They said, "What do they know about it?" I always feel like replying, "What do *you* know about it? You know your own interests, but who has told you our interests, and what do you know about them?" For the business of every leader of government is to hear what the nation is saying and to know what the nation is enduring. It is not his business to judge *for* the nation, but to judge *through* the nation as its spokesman and voice. I do not believe that this country could have safely allowed a continuation of the policy of the men who have viewed affairs in any other light.

The hypothesis under which we have been ruled is that of government through a board of trustees, through a selected number of the big business men of the country who know a lot that the rest of us do not know, and who take it for granted that our ignorance would wreck the prosperity of the country. The idea of the Presidents we have recently had has been that they were Presidents of a National Board of Trustees. That is not my idea. I have been president of one board of trustees, and I do not care to have another on my hands. I want to be President of the people of the United States. There was many a time when I was president of the board of trustees of a university when the undergraduates knew more than the trustees did ; and it has been in my thought ever since that if I could have dealt directly with the people who constituted Princeton University I could have carried it forward much faster than I could dealing with a board of trustees.

Mark you, I am not saying that these leaders knew that they were doing us an evil, or that they intended to do us an evil. For my part, I am very much more afraid of the man who does a bad thing and does not know it is bad than of the man who does a bad thing and knows it is bad ; because I think that in

public affairs stupidity is more dangerous than knavery, because harder to fight and dislodge. If a man does not know enough to know what the consequences are going to be to the country, then he cannot govern the country in a way that is for its benefit. These gentlemen, whatever may have been their intentions, linked the government up with the men who control the finances. They may have done it innocently, or they may have done it corruptly, without affecting my argument at all. And they themselves cannot escape from that alliance.

Here is the old question of campaign funds: If I take a hundred thousand dollars from a group of men representing a particular interest that has a big stake in a certain schedule of the tariff, I take it with the knowledge that those gentlemen will expect me not to forget their interest in that schedule, and that they will take it as a point of implicit honour that I should see to it that they are not damaged by too great a change in that schedule. Therefore, if I take their money, I am bound to them by a tacit implication of honour. Perhaps there is no ground for objection to this situation so long as the function of government is conceived to be to look after the trustees of prosperity, who in turn will look after the people; but on any other theory than that of trusteeship no interested campaign contributions can be tolerated for a moment—save those of the millions of citizens who thus support the doctrines they believe and the men whom they recognised as their spokesmen.

I tell you the men I am interested in are the men who, under the conditions we have had, never had their voices heard, who never got a line in the newspapers, who never got a moment on the platform, who never had access to the ears of Governors or Presidents or of anybody who was responsible for the conduct of public affairs, but who went silently and patiently to their work every day carrying the burden of the world. How are they to be understood by the masters of finance, if only the masters of finance are consulted.

That is what I mean when I say, "Bring the government back to the people." I do not mean anything demagogic; I do not mean to talk as if we wanted a great mass of men to rush in and destroy something. That is not the idea. I want the people to come in and take possession of their own premises; for I hold that the government belongs to the people, and that they have a right to that intimate access to it which will determine every turn of its policy.

America is never going to submit to guardianship. America is never going to choose thralldom instead of freedom. Look what there is to decide! There is the tariff question. Can the tariff

question be decided in favour of the people so long as the monopolies are the chief counsellors at Washington? There is the currency question. Are we going to settle the currency question so long as the government listens only to the counsel of those who command the banking situation?

Then there is the question of conservation. What is our fear about conservation? The hands that are being stretched out to monopolise our forests, to prevent the use of our great power-producing streams, the hands that are being stretched into the bowels of the earth to take possession of the great riches that lie hidden in Alaska and elsewhere in the incomparable domain of the United States, are the hands of monopoly. Are these men to continue to stand at the elbow of government and tell us how we are to save ourselves—from themselves? You cannot settle the question of conservation while monopoly is close to the ears of those who govern. And the question of conservation is a great deal bigger than the question of saving our forests and our mineral resources and our waters; it is as big as the life and happiness and strength and elasticity and hope of our people.

There are tasks awaiting the government of the United States which it cannot perform until every pulse of that government beats in unison with the needs and the desires of the whole body of the American people. Shall we not give the people access of sympathy, access of authority, to the instrumentalities which are to be indispensable to their lives?

WOODROW WILSON.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE NEXT WAR.

I AM a member of the Anglo-German Society for the improvement of the relations between the two countries, and I have never seriously believed in the German menace. Frequently I have found myself alone in a company of educated Englishmen in my opinion that it was non-existent—or at worst greatly exaggerated. This conclusion was formed upon two grounds. The first was, that I knew it to be impossible that we could attack Germany save in the face of monstrous provocation. By the conditions of our government, even if those in high places desired to do such a thing, it was utterly impracticable, for a foreign war could not be successfully carried on by Great Britain unless the overwhelming majority of the people approved of it. Our foreign, like our home, politics are governed by the vote of the proletariat. It would be impossible to wage an aggressive war against any Power if the public were not convinced of its justice and necessity. For this reason we could not attack Germany. On the other hand, it seemed to be equally unthinkable that Germany should attack us. One fails to see what she could possibly hope to gain by such a proceeding. She had enemies already upon her eastern and western frontiers, and it was surely unlikely that she would go out of her way to pick a quarrel with the powerful British Empire. If she made war and lost it, her commerce would be set back and her rising colonial empire destroyed. If she won it, it was difficult to see where she could hope for the spoils. We could not give her greater facilities for trade than she has already. We could not give her habitable white colonies, for she would find it impossible to take possession of them in the face of the opposition of the inhabitants. An indemnity she could never force from us. Some coaling stations and possibly some tropical colonies, of which latter she already possesses abundance, were the most that she could hope for. Would such a prize as that be worth the risk attending such a war? To me it seemed that there could be only one answer to such a question.

It still seems to me that this reasoning is sound. I still think that it would be an insane action for Germany to deliberately plan an attack upon Great Britain. But unfortunately an attack delivered from mistaken motives is as damaging as any other attack, and the mischief is done before the insanity of it is realised. If I now believe such an attack to be possible, and it

may be imminent, it is because I have been studying "Germany and the Next War," by General von Bernhardi.

A book written by such a man cannot be set aside as the mere ravings of a Pan-Germanic Anglophobe. So far as appears, he is not a Pan-German at all. There is no allusion to that Germania *irredente* which is the dream of that party. He is a man of note, and the first living authority in Germany upon some matters of military science. Does he carry the same weight when he writes of international politics and the actual use of those mighty forces which he has helped to form? We will hope not. But when a man speaks with the highest authority upon one subject, his voice cannot be entirely disregarded upon a kindred one. Besides, he continually labours, and with success, to make the reader understand that he is the direct modern disciple of that main German line of thought which traces from Frederic through Bismarck to the present day. He moves in circles which actually control the actions of their country in a manner to which we have no equivalent. For all these reasons, his views cannot be lightly set aside, and should be most carefully studied by Britons. We know that we have no wish for war, and desire only to be left alone. Unfortunately, it takes two to make peace, even as it takes two to make a quarrel. There is a very clear statement here that the quarrel is imminent, and that we must think of the means, military, naval, and financial, by which we may meet it. Since von Bernhardi's book may not be accessible to every reader of this article, I will begin by giving some idea of the situation as it appears to him, and of the course of action which he foreshadows and recommends.

He begins his argument by the uncompromising statement that war is a good thing in itself. All advance is founded upon struggle. Each nation has a right, and indeed a duty, to use violence where its interests are concerned and there is a tolerable hope of success. As to the obvious objection that such a doctrine bears no possible relation to Christianity, he is not prepared to admit the validity of the Christian ethics in international practice. In an ingenious passage he even attempts to bring the sanction of Christianity to support his bellicose views. He says:—

"Again, from the Christian standpoint, we arrive at the same conclusion. Christian morality is based, indeed, on the law of love. 'Love God above all things, and thy neighbour as thyself.' This law can claim no significance for the relations of one country to another, since its application to politics would lead to a conflict of duties. The love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen. Such a system of politics must inevitably lead men astray. Christian morality is personal and social, and in its nature cannot be political. Its object is to promote morality of the individual, in order to strengthen him to

work unselfishly in the interests of the community. It tells us to love our individual enemies, but does not remove the conception of enmity."

Having thus established the general thesis that a nation should not hesitate to declare war where a material advantage may be the reward, he sets out very clearly what are some of the causes for war which Germany can see before her. The following passages throw a light upon them :—

"Strong, healthy and flourishing nations increase in numbers. From a given moment they require a continual expansion of their frontiers, they require new territory for the accommodation of their surplus population. Since almost every part of the globe is inhabited, new territory must, as a rule, be obtained at the cost of its possessors—that is to say, by conquest, which thus becomes a law of necessity."

Again :—

"Lastly, in all times the right of conquest by war has been admitted. It may be that a growing people cannot win colonies from uncivilised races, and yet the State wishes to retain the surplus population which the mother country can no longer feed. Then the only course left is to acquire the necessary territory by war. Thus the instinct of self-preservation leads inevitably to war, and the conquest of foreign soil. It is not the possessor, but the victor, who then has the right."

And he concludes :—

"Arbitration treaties must be peculiarly detrimental to an aspiring people, which has not yet reached its political and national zenith, and is bent on expanding its power in order to play its part honourably in the civilised world."

And adds :—

"It must be borne in mind that a peaceful decision by an arbitration court can never replace in its effects and consequences a warlike decision, even as regards the State in whose favour it is pronounced."

To many of us it would seem a legitimate extension of the author's argument if we said that it would have a virile and bracing effect upon our characters if, when we had a grievance against our neighbour, we refrained from taking it into the law courts, but contented ourselves with breaking his head with a club. However, we are concerned here not so much with the validity of the German general's arguments as with their practical application so far as they affect ourselves.

Brushing aside the peace advocates, the writer continues : "To such views, the offspring of a false humanity, the clear and definite answer must be made that, under certain circumstances, it is not only the right, but the moral and political duty of the statesman to bring about a war. The acts of the State cannot be

judged by the standard of individual morality." He quotes Treitschke : "The Christian duty of sacrifice for something higher does not exist for the State, for there is nothing higher than it in the world's history—consequently it cannot sacrifice itself to something higher." One would have hoped that a noble ideal and a moral purpose were something higher, but it would be vain to claim that any country, ourselves included, have ever yet lived fully up to the doctrine. And yet some conscious striving, however imperfect, is surely better than such a deliberate negation.

Having laid down these general propositions of the value of war, and of the non-existence of international moral obligations, General von Bernhardi then proceeds to consider very fully the general position of Germany and the practical application of those doctrines. Within the limits of this article I can only give a general survey of the situation as seen by him. War is necessary for Germany. It should be waged as soon as is feasible, as certain factors in the situation tell in favour of her enemies. The chief of these factors are the reconstruction of the Russian fleet, which will be accomplished within a few years, and the preparation of a French native colonial force, which would be available for European hostilities. This also, though already undertaken, will take some years to perfect. Therefore, the immediate future is Germany's best opportunity.

In this war Germany places small confidence in Italy as an ally, since her interests are largely divergent, but she assumes complete solidarity with Austria. Austria and Germany have to reckon with France and Russia. Russia is slow in her movements, and Germany, with her rapid mobilisation, should be able to throw herself upon France without fear of her rear. Should she win a brilliant victory at the outset, Russia might refuse to compromise herself at all, especially if the quarrel could be so arranged that it would seem as if France had been the aggressor. Before the slow Slavonic mind had quite understood the situation and set her unwieldy strength in motion, her ally might be struck down, and she face to face with the two Germanic Powers, which would be more than a match for her.

Of the German army, which is to be the instrument of this world-drama, General von Bernhardi expresses the highest opinion : "The spirit which animates the troops, the ardour of attack, the heroism, the loyalty which prevail among them, justify the highest expectations. I am certain that if they are soon to be summoned to arms their exploits will astonish the world, provided only that they are led with skill and determination." How their "ardour of attack" has been tested it is difficult to see, but the world will probably agree that the German

army is a most formidable force. When he goes on, however, to express the opinion that they would certainly overcome the French, the two armies being approximately of the same strength, it is not so easy to follow his argument. It is possible that even so high an authority as General von Bernhardi has not entirely appreciated how Germany has been the teacher of the world in military matters and how thoroughly her pupils have responded to that teaching. That attention to detail, perfection of arrangement for mobilisation and careful preparation which have won German victories in the past may now be turned against her, and she may find that others can equal her in her own virtues.

Poor France, once conquered, is to be very harshly treated. Here is the passage which describes her fate :—

"In one way or another *we must square our account with France* if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. This is the first and foremost condition of a sound German policy, and since the hostility of France once for all cannot be removed by peaceful overtures, the matter must be settled by force of arms. France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path."

It is not said how Germany could permanently extinguish France, and it is difficult to think it out. An indemnity, however large, would eventually be paid and France recover herself. Germany has found the half-German border provinces which she annexed so indigestible that she could hardly incorporate Champagne or any other purely French district. Italy might absorb some of Savoy and the French Riviera. If the country were artificially separated the various parts would fly together again at the first opportunity. Altogether, the permanent sterilisation of France would be no easy matter to effect. It would probably be attempted by imposing the condition that in future no army, save for police duties, would be allowed her. The history of Prussia itself, however, shows that even so stringent a prohibition as this can be evaded by a conquered but indomitable people.

Let us now turn to General von Bernhardi's views upon ourselves, and, first of all, it is of interest to many of us to know what are those historical episodes which have caused him and many of his fellow-countrymen to take bitter exception to our national record. From our point of view we have repeatedly helped Germany in the past, and have asked for and received no other reward than the consciousness of having co-operated in some common cause. So it was in Marlborough's days. So in the days of Frederic. So also in those of Napoleon. To all these ties, which had seemed to us to be of importance, there is not a single allusion in this volume. On the other hand, there are very

bitter references to some other historical events which must seem to us strangely inadequate as a cause for international hatred.

We may, indeed, congratulate ourselves as a nation, if no stronger indictment can be made against us than is contained in the book of the German general. The first episode upon which he animadverts is the ancient German grievance of the abandonment of Frederic the Great by England in the year 1761. One would have thought that there was some statute of limitations in such matters, but apparently there is none in the German mind. Let us grant that the premature cessation of a campaign is an injustice to one's associates, and let us admit also that a British Government under its party system can never be an absolutely stable ally. Having said so much, one may point out that there were several mitigating circumstances in this affair. We had fought for five years, granting considerable subsidies to Frederic during that time, and despatching British armies into the heart of Germany. The strain was very great, in a quarrel which did not vitally affect ourselves. The British nation had taken the view, not wholly unreasonably, that the war was being waged in the interests of Hanover, and upon a German rather than a British quarrel. When we stood out France did the same, so that the balance of power between the combatants was not greatly affected. Also, it may be pointed out as a curious historical fact that this treatment which he so much resented was exactly that which Frederic had himself accorded to his allies some years before at the close of the Silesian campaign. On that occasion he made an isolated peace with Maria Theresa, and left his associates, France and Bavaria, to meet the full force of the Austrian attack.

Finally, the whole episode has to be judged by the words of a modern writer : "Conditions may arise which are more powerful than the most honourable intentions. The country's own interests—considered, of course, in the highest ethical sense—must then turn the scale." These sentences are not from the work of a British apologist, but from this very book of von Bernhardt's which scolds England for her supposed adherence to such principles. He also quotes, with approval, Treitschke's words : "Frederic the Great was all his life long charged with treachery because no treaty or alliance could ever induce him to renounce the right of free self-determination "

Setting aside this ancient grievance of the Seven Years' War, it is of interest to endeavour to find out whether there are any other solid grounds in the past for Germany's reprobation. Two more historical incidents are held up as examples of our perfidy. The first is the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, when the British

took forcible possession in time of peace of the Danish fleet. It must be admitted that the step was an extreme one, and only to be justified upon the plea of absolute necessity for vital national reasons. The British Government of the day believed that Napoleon was about to possess himself of the Danish fleet and would use it against themselves. Fouché has admitted in his *Memoirs* that the right was indeed given by a secret clause in the Treaty of Tilsit. It was a desperate time, when the strongest measures were continually being used against us, and it may be urged that similar measures were necessary in self-defence. Having once embarked upon the enterprise, and our demand being refused, there was no alternative but a bombardment of the city with its attendant loss of civilian life. It is not an exploit of which we need be proud, and at the best can only be described as a most painful and unfortunate necessity, but I should be surprised if the Danes, on looking back to it, judge it more harshly than some more recent experiences which they have had at the hands of General von Bernhardt's own fellow-countrymen. That he is himself prepared to launch upon a similar enterprise in a much larger and more questionable shape is shown by his declaration that if Holland will not take sides against England in the next war it should be overrun by the German troops.

General von Bernhardt's next historical charge is the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, which he describes as having been effected upon hypocritical pretences in a season of peace. To those who have a recollection of that event and can recall the anti-European movement of Arabi and the massacre which preceded the bombardment, the charge will appear grotesque. But it is with a patchwork quilt of this sort that this German publicist endeavours to cover the unreasoning, but none the less formidable, jealousy and prejudice which inflame him against this country. The foolish fiction that the British Government declared war against the Boers in order to gain possession of their gold mines is again brought forward, though one would have imagined that even the gutter-Press who exploited it twelve years ago had abandoned it by now. If General von Bernhardt can explain how the British Government is the richer for these mines, or whether a single foreign shareholder has been dispossessed of his stock in them, he will be the first who has ever given a solid fact in favour of this ridiculous charge. In a previous paragraph of his book he declares that it was President Kruger who made the war and that he was praiseworthy for so doing. Both statements cannot be true. If it was President Kruger who made the war, then it was not forced on by Great Britain in order to possess herself of the goldfields.

So much for the specific allegations against Great Britain. One can hardly regard them as being so serious as to wipe out the various claims, racial, religious and historical, which unite the two countries. However, we are only concerned with General von Bernhardi's conclusions, since he declares that his country is prepared to act upon them. There remain two general grounds upon which he considers that Germany should make war upon the British Empire. The first is to act as the champion of the human race in winning what he calls the freedom of the seas. The second is to further German expansion as a world-Power, which is cramped by our opposition.

The first of these reasons is difficult to appreciate. British maritime power has been used to insure, not to destroy, the freedom of the seas. What smallest Power has ever been hindered in her legitimate business? It is only the pirate, the slaver and the gun-runner who can justly utter such a reproach. If the mere fact of having predominant latent strength upon the water is an encroachment upon the freedom of the sea, then some nation must always be guilty of it. After our mild supremacy we may well say to Germany, as Charles said to James: "No one will assassinate me in order to put you upon the throne." Her mandate is unendorsed by those whom she claims to represent.

But the second indictment is more formidable. We lie athwart Germany's world ambitions, even as, geographically, we lie across her outlets. But when closely looked at, what is it of which we deprive her, and is its attainment really a matter of such vital importance? Do we hamper her trade? On the contrary, we exhibit a generosity which meets with no acknowledgment, and which many of us have long held to be altogether excessive. Her manufactured goods are welcomed in without a tax, while ours are held out from Germany by a twenty per cent. tariff. In India, Egypt and every colony which does not directly control its own financial policy, German goods come in upon the same footing as our own. No successful war can improve her position in this respect. There is, however, the question of colonial expansion. General von Bernhardi foresees that Germany is increasing her population at such a pace that emigration will be needed soon in order to relieve it. It is a perfectly natural national ambition that this emigration should be to some place where the settlers need not lose their flag or nationality. But if Great Britain were out of the way, where would they find such a place? Not in Canada, Australia, South Africa, or New Zealand. These States could not be conquered if the Motherland had ceased to exist. General von Bernhardi talks of the high lands of Africa, but already Germany possesses high lands in Africa, and their coloni-

sation has not been a success. Can anyone name one single place upon the earth's surface suitable for white habitation from which Germany is excluded by the existence of Great Britain? It is true that the huge continent of South America is only sparsely inhabited, its whole population being about equal to that of Prussia. But that is an affair in which the United States, and not we, are primarily interested, and one which it is not our interest either to oppose or to support.

But, however inadequate all these reasons for war may seem to a Briton, one has still to remember that we have to reckon with the conclusions exactly as if they were drawn from the most logical premises. These conclusions appear in such sentences as follows :—

"What we now wish to attain must be fought for and won against a superior force of hostile interests and Powers."

"Since the struggle is necessary and inevitable, we must fight it out, cost what it may."

"A pacific agreement with England is a will-o'-the-wisp, which no serious German statesman would trouble to follow. We must always keep the possibility of war with England before our eyes and arrange our political and military plans accordingly. We need not concern ourselves with any pacific protestations of English politicians, publicists and Utopians, which cannot alter the real basis of affairs."

"The situation in the world generally shows there can only be a short respite before we once more face the question whether we will draw the sword for our position in the world, or renounce such position once for all. We must not in any case wait until our opponents have completed their arming and decide that the hour of attack has come."

"Even English attempts at a *rapprochement* must not blind us to the real situation. We may at most use them to delay the necessary and inevitable war until we may fairly imagine we have some prospect of success."

This last sentence must come home to some of us who have worked in the past for a better feeling between the two countries. And this is the man who dares to accuse *us* of national perfidy.

These extracts are but a few from a long series which show beyond all manner of doubt that Germany, so far as General von Bernhardt is an exponent of her intentions, will undoubtedly attack us suddenly should she see an opportunity. The first intimation of such attack would, as he indicates, be a torpedo descent upon our Fleet, and a wireless message to German liners which would bring up their concealed guns, and turn each of them into a fast cruiser ready to prey upon our commerce. That is the

situation as he depicts it. It may be that he mistakes it. But for what it is worth, that is his opinion and advice.

He sketches out the general lines of a war between England and Germany. If France is involved, she is to be annihilated, as already described. But suppose the two rivals are left face to face. Holland and Denmark are to be bound over to the German side under pain of conquest. The German Fleet is to be held back under the protection of the land forts. Meanwhile, torpedoes, submarines and airships are to be used for the gradual whittling down of the blockading squadrons. When they have been sufficiently weakened, the Fleet is to sally out and the day has arrived. As to the chances of success, he is of opinion that in material and *personnel* the two fleets may be taken as being equal—when once the numbers have been equalised. In quality of guns, he considers that the Germans have the advantage. Of gunnery he does not speak, but he believes that in torpedo work his countrymen are ahead of any others. In airships, which for *reconnaissance*, if not for actual fighting power, will be of supreme importance, he considers also that his country will have a considerable advantage.

Such, in condensed form, is the general thesis and forecast of this famous German officer. If it be true, there are evil days coming both for his country and for ours. One may find some consolation in the discovery that wherever he attempts to fathom our feelings he makes the most lamentable blunders. He lays it down as an axiom, for example, that if we were hard-pressed the Colonies would take the opportunity of abandoning us. We know, on the other hand, that it is just such a situation which would bring about the federation of the Empire. He is under the delusion also that there is deep commercial and political jealousy of the United States in this country, and that this might very well culminate in war. We are aware that there is no such feeling, and that next to holding the trident ourselves we should wish to see it in the hands of our American cousins. One thing he says, however, which is supremely true, which all of us would endorse, and which every German should ponder: it is that the idea of a war between Germany and ourselves never entered into the thoughts of anyone in this country until the year 1902. Why this particular year? Had the feeling risen from commercial jealousy upon the part of Great Britain it must have shown itself far earlier than that—as early as the “Made in Germany” enactment. It appeared in 1902 because that was the close of the Boer War, and because the bitter hostility shown by the Germans in that war opened our eyes to the fact that they would do us a mischief if they could. When the German Navy Act of

1900 gave promise that they would soon have the means of doing so, the first thoughts of danger arose, and German policy drove us more and more into the ranks of their opponents. Here, then, General von Bernhardi is right; but in nearly every other reference to our feelings and views he is wrong; so that it is to be hoped that in those matters in which we are unable to check him, such as the course of German thought and of German action in the future, he is equally mistaken. But I repeat that he is a man of standing and reputation, and that we should be mad if we did not take most serious notice of the opinions which he has laid down.

I have headed this article "Great Britain and the Next War" since it looks at the arguments and problems which General von Bernhardi has raised in his "Germany and the Next War" from the British point of view. May it prove that the title is an absurdity and the war an imaginative hypothesis. But I should wish, before I close, to devote a few pages to my view upon the defensive measures of our country. I am well aware that I speak with no expert authority, which makes it the more embarrassing that my opinions do not coincide with those of anyone whom I have encountered in this controversy. Still, it is better to be a voice, however small, than an echo.

It would simplify the argument if we began by eliminating certain factors which, in my opinion, simply darken counsel, as they are continually brought into the front of the question to the exclusion of the real issues which lie behind them. One of them is the supposed possibility of an invasion—either on a large scale or in the form of a raid. The former has been pronounced by our highest naval authorities of the time as being impossible, and I do not think anyone can read the Wilson Memorandum without being convinced by its condensed logic. Von Bernhardi, in his chapter upon the possible methods of injuring Great Britain, though he treats the whole subject with the greatest frankness, dismisses the idea either of raid or invasion in a few short sentences. The raid seems to me the less tenable hypothesis of the two. An invasion would, at least, play for a final stake, though at a deadly risk. A raid would be a certain loss of a body of troops, which would necessarily be the flower of the army; it could hope to bring about no possible permanent effect upon the war, and it would upset the balance of military power between Germany and her neighbours. If Germany were an island, like ourselves, she might risk such a venture. Sandwiched in between two armed nations as strong as herself, I do not believe that there is the slightest possibility of it.

But if, as Von Bernhardi says, such plans are visionary, what

is the exact object of a Territorial Army, and, even more, what would be the object of a National Service Army upon compulsory lines for home defence? Is it not a waste of money and energy which might be more profitably employed in some other form? Everyone has such an affection and esteem for Lord Roberts—especially if one has the honour of his personal acquaintance—that one shrinks from expressing a view which might be unwelcome to him. And yet he would be the first to admit that it is one's duty to add one's opinion to the debate, if that opinion has been conscientiously formed, and if one honestly believes that it recommends the best course of action for one's country. So far as his argument for universal service is based upon national health and physique, I think he is on ground which no one could attack. But I cannot bring myself to believe that a case has been made out for the substitution of an enforced soldier in the place of the volunteer who has always done so splendidly in the past. Great as is Lord Roberts' experience, he is talking here of a thing which is outside it, for he has never seen an enforced British soldier, and has, therefore, no data by which he can tell how such a man would compare with the present article. There were enforced British sailors once, and I have seen figures quoted to show that of 29,000 who were impressed 27,000 escaped from the Fleet by desertion. It is not such men as these who win our battles.

The argument for enforced service is based upon the plea that the Territorial Army is below strength in numbers and deficient in quality. But if invasion is excluded from our calculations this is of less importance. The force becomes a nursery for the Army, which has other reserves to draw upon before it reaches it. Experience has shown that under warlike excitement in a virile nation like ours, the ranks soon fill up, and as the force becomes embodied from the outbreak of hostilities, it would rapidly improve in quality. It is idle to assert that because Bulgaria can, in a day, flood her troops into Turkey, therefore we should always stand to arms. The Turko-Bulgarian frontier is a line of posts—the Anglo-German is a hundred leagues of salt water.

But am I such an optimist as to say that there is no danger in a German war? On the contrary, I consider that there is a vast danger, that it is one which we ignore, and against which we could at a small cost effect a complete insurance. Let me try to define both the danger and the remedy. In order to do this we must consider the two different forms which such a war might take. It might be a single duel, or it might be with France as our ally. If Germany attacked Great Britain alone, it may safely be prophesied that the war would be long, tedious, and possibly

inconclusive, but our *rôle* would be a comparatively passive one. If she attacked France, however, that *rôle* would be much more active, since we could not let France go down, and to give her effective help we must land an expeditionary force upon the Continent. This force has to be supplied with munitions of war and kept up to strength, and so the whole problem becomes a more complex one.

The element of danger, which is serious in either form of war, but more serious in the latter, is the existence of new forms of naval warfare which have never been tested in the hands of competent men, and which may completely revolutionise the conditions. These new factors are the submarine and the airship. The latter, save as a means of acquiring information, does not seem to be formidable—or not sufficiently formidable to alter the whole conditions of a campaign. But it is different with the submarines. No blockade, so far as I can see, can hold these vessels in harbour, and no skill or bravery can counteract their attack when once they are within striking distance. One could imagine a state of things when it might be found impossible for the greater ships on either side to keep the seas on account of these poisonous craft. No one can say that such a contingency is impossible. Let us see, then, how it would affect us if it should come to pass.

In the first place, it would not affect us at all as regards invasion or raids. If the German submarines can dominate our own large ships, our submarines can do the same for theirs. We should still hold the seas with our small craft. Therefore, if Great Britain alone be at war with Germany, such a naval revolution would merely affect our commerce and food supply. What exact effect a swarm of submarines, lying off the mouth of the Channel and the Irish Sea, would produce upon the victualling of these islands is a problem which is beyond my conjecture. Other ships besides the British would be likely to be destroyed, and international complications would probably follow. I cannot imagine that such a fleet would entirely, or even to a very large extent, cut off our supplies. But it is certain that they would have the effect of considerably raising the price of whatever did reach us. Therefore, we should suffer privation, though not necessarily such privation as would compel us to make terms. From the beginning of the war, every home source would naturally be encouraged, and it is possible that before our external supplies were seriously decreased, our internal ones might be well on the way to make up the deficiency. Both of the two great protagonists—Lord Haldane and Lord Roberts—have declared that if we lost the command of the seas we should have to make peace. Their

reference, however, was to complete naval defeat, and not to such a condition of stalemate as seems to be the more possible alternative. As to complete naval defeat, our estimates, and the grand loyalty of the Overseas Dominions, seem to be amply adequate to guard against that. It is useless to try to alarm us by counting in the whole force of the Triple Alliance as our possible foes, for if they came into the war, the forces of our own allies would also be available. We need only think of Germany.

A predominance of the submarine would, then, merely involve a period of hard times in this country, if we were fighting Germany single-handed. But if we were in alliance with France, it becomes an infinitely more important matter. I presume that I need not argue the point that it is our vital interest that France be not dismembered and sterilised. Such a tragedy would turn the western half of Europe into a gigantic Germany with a few insignificant States crouching about her feet. The period of her world dominance would then indeed have arrived. Therefore, if France be wantonly attacked, we must strain every nerve to prevent her going down, and among the measures to that end will be the sending of a British expeditionary force to cover the left or Belgian wing of the French defences. Such a force would be conveyed across the Channel in perhaps a hundred troopships, and would entail a constant service of transports afterwards to carry its requirements.

Here lies, as it seems to me, the possible material for a great national disaster. Such a fleet of transports cannot be rushed suddenly across. Its preparation and port of departure are known. A single submarine amid such a fleet would be like a fox in a poultry yard destroying victim after victim. The possibilities are appalling, for it might be not one submarine, but a squadron. The terrified transports would scatter over the ocean to find safety in any port. Their convoy could do little to help them. It would be a *débâcle*—an inversion of the Spanish Armada.

If the crossing were direct from the eastern ports to Antwerp, the danger would become greater. It is less if it should be from Portsmouth to Havre. But this is a transit of seven hours, and the railways from Havre to the Belgian frontier would be insufficient for such a force. No doubt the Straits of Dover would be strongly patrolled by our own torpedo craft, and the crossing would, so far as possible, be made at night, when submarines have their minimum of efficiency; but, none the less, it seems to me that the risk would be a very real and pressing one. What possible patrol could make sure of heading off a squadron of submarines? I should imagine it to be as difficult as to bar the Straits to a school of whales.

But supposing such a wholesale tragedy were avoided, and that in spite of the predominance of submarines the army got safely to France or to Belgium, how are we to ensure the safe passage of the long stream of ships which, for many months, would be employed in carrying the needful supplies? We could not do it. The army might very well find itself utterly isolated, with its line of communications completely broken down, at a time when the demand upon the resources of all Continental countries was so great that there was no surplus for our use. Such a state of affairs seems to me to be a perfectly possible one, and to form, with the chance of a disaster to the transports, the greatest danger to which we should be exposed in a German war. But these dangers and the food question, which has already been treated, can all be absolutely provided against in a manner which is not only effective, but which will be of equal value in peace and in war. The Channel Tunnel is essential to Great Britain's safety.

I will not dwell here upon the commercial or financial advantages of such a tunnel. Where the trade of two great nations concentrates upon one narrow tube, it is obvious that whatever corporation controls that tube has a valuable investment, if the costs of construction have not been prohibitive. These costs have been placed as low as five million pounds by Mr. Rose Smith, who represents a practical company engaged in such work. If it were twice, thrice, or four times that sum it should be an undertaking which should promise great profits, and for that reason should be constructed by the nation, or nations, for their common national advantage. It is too vital a thing for any private company to control.

But consider its bearing upon a German war. All the dangers which I have depicted are eliminated. We tap (*viâ* Marseilles and the tunnel) the whole food supply of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Our expeditionary force makes its transit, and has its supplies independent of weather or naval chances. Should anything so unlikely as a raid occur, and the forces in the country seem unable to cope with it, a Franco-British reinforcement can be rushed through from the Continent. The Germans have made great works like the Kiel Canal in anticipation of war. Our answer must be the Channel Tunnel, linking us closer to our ally.

Though this scheme was discarded (under very different naval and political conditions) some twenty years ago, no time has, as a matter of fact, been lost by the delay; as I am informed that machinery for boring purposes has so enormously improved that what would have taken thirty years to accomplish can now be done in three. If this estimate be correct, there may still be

time to effect this essential insurance before the war with which General von Bernhardi threatens us breaks upon us.

Let us, before leaving the subject, glance briefly at the objections which have formerly been urged against the tunnel. Such as they are, they are as valid now as ever, although the advantages have increased to such an extent as to throw the whole weight of the argument upon the side of those who favour its construction. The main (indeed, the only) objection was the fear that the tunnel would fall into wrong hands and be used for purposes of invasion. By this was meant not a direct invasion through the tunnel itself—to invade a nation of forty-five million people through a hole in the ground twenty-five miles long would stagger the boldest mind—but that the tunnel might be seized at each end by some foreign nation, which would then use it for aggressive military purposes.

At the time of the discussion our relations with France were by no means so friendly as they are now, and it was naturally to France only that we alluded, since they would already hold one end of the tunnel. We need not now discuss any other nation, since any other would have to seize both ends by surprise, and afterwards retain them, which is surely inconceivable. We are now bound in close ties of friendship and mutual interest to France. We have no right to assume that we shall always remain on as close a footing, but as our common peril seems likely to be a permanent one, it is improbable that there will be any speedy or sudden change in our relations. At the same time, in a matter so vital as our hold upon the Dover end of the tunnel, we could not be too stringent in our precautions. The tunnel should open out at a point where guns command it, the mouth of it should be within the lines of an entrenched camp, and a considerable garrison should be kept permanently within call. The latter condition already exists in Dover, but the numbers might well be increased. As an additional precaution, a passage should be driven alongside the tunnel, from which it could, if necessary, be destroyed. This passage should have an independent opening within the circle of a separate fort, so that the capture of the end of the tunnel would not prevent its destruction. With such precautions as these, the most nervous person might feel that our insular position had not really been interfered with. The strong fortress of the Middle Ages had a passage under the moat as part of the defence. This is our passage.

Could an enemy in any way destroy it in time of war?

It would, as I conceive it, be sunk to a depth of not less than two hundred feet below the bed of the ocean. This ceiling would

be composed of chalk and clay. No explosive from above could drive it in. If it were designed on a large scale—and, personally, I think it should be a four-line tunnel, even if the cost were doubled thereby—no internal explosion, such as might be brought about by secreting explosive packets upon the trains, would be likely to do more than temporarily obstruct it. If the very worst happened, and it were actually destroyed, we should be no worse off than we are now. As to the expense, if we are driven into a war of this magnitude, a few millions one way or the other will not be worth considering.

Incidentally, it may be noted that General von Bernhardi has a poor opinion of our troops. This need not trouble us. We are what we are, and words will not alter it. From very early days our soldiers have left their mark upon Continental warfare, and we have no reason to think that we have declined from the manhood of our forefathers. He further calls them "mercenaries," which is a misuse of terms. A mercenary is a man who is paid to fight in a quarrel which is not his own. As every British soldier must by law be a British citizen, the term is absurd. What he really means is that they are not conscripts in the sense of being forced to fight, but that they are sufficiently well paid to enable the army as a profession to attract a sufficient number of our young men to the colours.

Our military and naval preparations are, as it seems to me, adequate for the threatened crisis. With the Channel Tunnel added our position should be secure. But there are other preparations which should be made for such a contest, should it unhappily be forced upon us. One is financial. Again, as so often before in the history of British wars, it may prove that the last guinea wins. Everything possible should be done to strengthen British credit. This crisis cannot last indefinitely. The cloud will dissolve or burst. Therefore, for a time we should husband our resources for the supreme need. At such a time all national expenditure upon objects which only mature in the future becomes unjustifiable. Such a tax as the undeveloped land tax, which may bring in a gain some day, but at present costs ten times what it produces, is the type of expenditure I mean. I say nothing of its justice or injustice, but only of its inopportuneness at a moment when we sorely need our present resources.

Another preparation lies in our national understanding of the possibility of such a danger and the determination to face the facts. Both Unionists and Liberals have shown their appreciation of the situation, and so have two of the most famous Socialist leaders. No audible acquiescence has come from the ranks of the Labour Party. I would venture to say one word here to my

Irish fellow-countrymen of all political persuasions. If they imagine that they can stand politically or economically while Britain falls, they are woefully mistaken. The British Fleet is their one shield. If it be broken, Ireland will go down. They may well throw themselves heartily into the common defence, for no sword can transfix England without the point reaching Ireland behind her.

✓ Let me say in conclusion, most emphatically, that I do not myself accept any of those axioms of General von Bernhardt which are the foundation-stones of his argument. I do not think that war is in itself a good thing, though a dishonourable peace may be a worse one. I do not believe that an Anglo-German war is necessary. I am convinced that we should never, of our own accord, attack Germany, nor would we assist France if she made an unprovoked attack upon that Power. I do not think that as the result of such a war, Germany could in any way extend her flag so as to cover a larger white population. Every one of his propositions I dispute. But that is all beside the question. We have not to do with his argument, but with its results. Those results are that he, a man whose opinion is of weight and a member of the ruling class in Germany, tells us frankly that Germany will attack us the moment she sees a favourable opportunity. I repeat that we should be mad if we did not take very serious notice of the warning.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE NEMESIS OF TARIFF REFORM.

THE Unionist party is reaping the results of ten years of loose thinking and insincere action. When Mr. Chamberlain on May 15th, 1903, without warning and without consideration, declared for Protection, he plunged his followers and associates into a mental and moral chaos from which they are as far as ever from emerging.

The great majority of them had passed their lives as Free Traders, not always very enthusiastic or intelligent Free Traders, but still quite stable in their general understanding that a return to a Protective system was as impracticable as a return to feudalism. A minority was represented, either by the kind of person who said, "I am a Free Trader, but—," or by the genuine old-fashioned agrarian like Mr. Chaplin, who thought free imports a mere device of pestilent Manchester Radicals and had never forgiven Peel for repealing the Corn Laws. All this motley army had to get into line somehow under the new flag. It has been shuffling and shifting over the effort to execute the manoeuvre ever since. Only a leader of Mr. Balfour's consummate dexterity could succeed in maintaining any sort of discipline, and extracting some semblance of a concerted effect from this orchestra in which no two instrumentalists are playing exactly the same tune in the same way.

There are at least four well-marked divisions in the party on the fiscal question. On the extreme right are the men like Lord Avebury, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Cromer, Lord St. Aldwyn, Lord Robert Cecil, often strong Unionists or even bitter Tories, who are sternly orthodox economists, holding by Adam Smith, and Mill, and Bentham, and believing that all Protectionism is simply arrant nonsense. This group is weak enough in the House of Commons because of the capture of the Unionist associations by Tariff Reform machinery and money; but it is widely diffused in the constituencies, where there are thousands of middle-class Conservatives disliking Protection only a little less than they dislike Mr. Lloyd George and all his works.

Then there is the mass of manufacturers, tradesmen, and others who, in a general way, want to take it out of the d——d foreigner, and more particularly out of the foreigner who competes with them in their own special wares. Alongside of these, but by no means seeing eye to eye with them, are the friends of the rural

interest, landlords, farmers, and labourers, who are anxious to keep up the prices of British corn and meat, but can find no attraction in dearer clothes, and fertilisers, and agricultural implements.

And then, again, there are the "whole-hoggers," the out-and-out Protectionists and Preferentialists, Imperialists, semi-Socialists, who hate Free Trade, always and at all times, because it is associated in their minds with free contract, individualism, *laissez-faire*, Little Englandism, anti-militarism, democratic Liberalism, and most of the other things they detest. This, at least, is an attitude which is capable of rousing enthusiasm, and it does so in minds as diverse as those of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. F. E. Smith, Mr. Hewins, and Mr. Blatchford of the *Clarion*. No doubt the ablest of the Tariff Reform Parliamentary leaders are in sympathy with that section. But it is only outside the ranks of the fighting politicians that this sympathy can be quite unequivocally expressed. Mr. Garvin, and the editors of the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Express*, may, indeed, put forward the whole-hog creed without much disguise. But these journalistic gentlemen have no constituents to consult, no legislative wages or prospective Ministerial salaries to risk if they fail to judge the electoral mind aright. It is otherwise with the active politicians with seats and votes to consider. None of the four groups can venture to face its convictions sincerely or to avow and declare them quite plainly, if it is to act with the others and keep its own place. For ten years the whole combination has moved under half-lights and lived on half-truths.

People in that condition are naturally the prey to delusions. The Unionist party has passed for a decade from one fantastic distortion of reality to another. It is for the moment trying to sustain itself on a number of myths no more substantial than those which have preceded them. It is being persuaded that the recent "settlement," forced on the leaders by their followers, will be permanent; that the compact of last month is the beginning of a new order in which the "Unity of the Unionists" will be genuinely secured without being further troubled by disturbing cross-currents; that the food taxes, with all their dire electoral perils, can now be shovelled away from the path; and that Tariff Reform, cut loose from this impediment, can be made to "go down" with the masses and turned into a workable, consistent, and thoroughly popular scheme. All which ideas are empty fictions that will presently capsize as before.

They have not even the merit of novelty, except that "loyalty" to Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne has been substituted for "loyalty" to Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Otherwise it is an old story—a ten-year-old story. There is nothing at all new in the circumstance that the Protectionist leaders should have again sacrificed their principles ruthlessly to what they regard as electoral exigencies. Nothing can be more precise or definite than the manner in which the front-bench Opposition chiefs, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and others have pledged themselves to both branches of the Tariff Reform policy, that is to say, to duties on foreign imported manufactures and to taxes on foreign foodstuffs with preference for the products of the British Empire.

Within the last few years they have reaffirmed that economic faith with the utmost exactitude. On October 10th, 1907, for example, Mr. Bonar Law said: "These two proposals, preferential trade and taxation on foreign manufactures, are part of one idea; the one is the complement of the other, and the adoption of the one would inevitably lead to the adoption of the other." There is a continuous stream of statements to the same effect from the same speaker, and from others who are closely associated with him in the conduct of Unionist policy. No longer ago than the 4th of December last, we have Lord Lansdowne asking, "Why is it that we are so tenacious upon the subject of the 2s. duty on wheat? Because we believe it to be indispensable if we are to have reciprocal relations between this country and the great dominions beyond the sea."

Indispensable it was on December 4th, and it remained indispensable for Mr. Bonar Law a fortnight later in the famous Ashton-under-Lyne deliverance: "For nine years we have advocated Preference as a step towards Imperial unity. . . . For nine years we have kept the flag flying, and if there is any sincerity in political life at all, this is not the time, and at all events I am not the man, to haul down that flag." As a matter of fact, just a month later Mr. Bonar Law does turn out to be the man who hauls down the flag. Food Taxes, without which, of course, there is no Preference, are dropped out of the programme of the Unionist party for the present. Mr. Bonar Law's followers have plainly told him that they are not going to have it, at any rate for this next election. These gentlemen desire to retain their seats if they can, and they have discovered, after consultation with their agents, that their chance of doing so is uncommonly slight in most parts of the country if they come forward as avowed food-taxers. Consequently Colonial Preference is to be eliminated from the Opposition programme at the next general election. The object of that election is to get a Unionist Government into power somehow; and this, as all the experts agree, is not to be attained without the sacrifice of the proposal

to which Mr. Bonar Law owes his place in public life. When the party has contrived to put itself into office—well, then, no doubt we shall see. "If it proves desirable, after consultation with the Dominions, to impose new duties on any article of food in order to secure the most effective system of Preference," such duties may be imposed; but this will not be until after a second general election.

Such is the settlement which has been patched up for the time in the hope that, if it does not satisfy all sections of Fiscal Reformers, it may, at any rate, enable them to hold together through the next campaign. Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne say that it would have been more agreeable to themselves if the change of method had been accompanied by a change of leaders. But eminence carries with it its own obligations. Mr. Law has been so often told by the Unionist newspapers of his amazing talent, and his unique qualities of statesmanship, personality, oratorical ability, and so forth, that he apparently believes himself to be indispensable. He is so great and good that the party, and therefore, of course, the country, could not possibly get on without him. In these circumstances, with the self-devotion that has carried Unionist newspapers to a fever-heat of admiration, he is kindly prepared to put his principles in his pocket, ignore his most cherished convictions, and go on leading the Opposition according to the method which the majority thinks right, and which he obviously thinks wrong. The rival journalists, who have been ferociously assailing one another upon this question, have returned their abusive adjectives to store, and compete in showering laudatory epithets upon the martyrs, whose devotion, it may be hoped, will be rewarded by Cabinet office and the trifling salary of £5,000 a year. It is only the malignant Radical who furbishes up that remarkably apposite story which Mr. Bonar Law told himself at Fullarton in 1909. "I remember hearing of a man who was seen following a band of robbers, and was asked by a friend, 'Why are you following those men?' 'I *must* follow them,' he said, 'I am their leader.'" F. C. G.'s delightful cartoon was hardly needed to enforce the moral. For my part, I am inclined to recall a still more hackneyed fable, that of the American candidate, who, after explaining his views at great length to his prospective constituents, ended with: "These are my principles, gentlemen. If you don't like them they can be altered."

There are perhaps some of us who may think that, magnificent as Mr. Bonar Law's abilities may be, courage and consistency in public life are more valuable still, and that the Unionist party

would have suffered less by the loss of their leader than by the singular "sacrifices" which he has made in order to retain his position. Compared to Mr. Bonar Law's exhibition of flagrant opportunism, Mr. Austen Chamberlain's attitude seems at the first view almost heroic. "I cannot turn my back upon myself; I cannot unsay what I have said; I cannot pretend to like the change in our attitude; I cannot pretend to view without misgiving its possible effects." This is rather impressive; it would be more impressive still if the austere politician was not, after all, quite prepared to sit at meat in the house of Rimmon. We might expect him to declare, as the despairing *Morning Post* advises, that he will cut himself loose from his time-serving associates. But we do not gather that he means to do anything of the sort. There is to be no secession, as there was when a former Conservative leader consummated the Great Betrayal. Mr. Chamberlain is annoyed at the virtual throwing over of the principle that he has been contending for during these past ten years. But he nobly puts by any thought of sulking in the tents. Achilles does not sulk in these accommodating days. He braces on his armour and sallies forth to the windy plains with the rest of the champions. If the banners and the watchwords have been changed, it is no great matter. At any rate, the enemy is the same, and if the victory is won—well, then, to the victors will be the spoils. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's sacrifice, which has evoked such transports of rapture from the Unionist leader-writers, does not, after all, go the length of refusing the chance of converting his place in the "shadow" Cabinet into the more solid position of a post in a real Cabinet with its attendant advantages.

But all this is only a fresh phase of a performance which has been going on at intervals since the opening of the Tariff Reform campaign. Ever since that fateful announcement of May the 15th, 1903, the Unionists have been engaged in trying to keep the Food Taxes while pretending to get rid of them. That was the game which was very skilfully played between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain during the first act of this remarkable drama; and the Conservatives who have so lightly discarded their late leader must be rather ruefully comparing his consummate dexterity with the clumsiness of the well-meaning Glasgow merchant who has been hoisted into his place. In the pages of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* nearly ten years ago, I was permitted to explain how the manœuvre was being worked. I pointed out then that Mr. Balfour's famous Sheffield speech gave a kind of official endorsement to the functions of the demagogues. "If the constituencies decline to

accept the Cabinet view, Ministers no longer feel it incumbent upon them to go out of office. They hold themselves at liberty to stay till they have had time to work up a sentiment in their favour. 'We shall tax our food not so much because we think it to be right, but because, after due tests made in Birmingham, we shall suppose it to be popular. Meanwhile, as the popularity for the moment is somewhat doubtful, we leave out that part of the scheme, and are invited to apply ourselves officially to the other moiety.' The arrangement was avowed with considerable frankness by Mr. Gerald Balfour, at that time President of the Board of Trade, who put it in this way :—

"The produce sent by the Colonies to this country consisted almost wholly of raw materials or of food. Nobody proposed to tax raw materials. Everybody admitted that to tax raw materials was out of the question, while the inquiries that the Government had been able to make had led them to the conclusion that what was true with regard to raw materials was true, at present at all events, with respect to food. They did not consider that a tax upon the principal necessities of life was at present within the range of practical politics. They thought that the country was not ripe for it. Possibly when Mr. Chamberlain had carried to a conclusion the missionary efforts which he had so magnificently begun the case might be altered."

Really, when one comes to think about it, we have not got much "forrarder" in ten years. The country is not yet "ripe" for food taxes. The missionary efforts are still insufficient. Once more it has to be discovered that the food taxes are not "within the range of practical politics." Protection without Preference was the Balfourian prescription in 1903; and Protection without Preference is all that the Unionist caucus feels itself able to recommend to the patient in 1913. A time may come when it may be deemed safe to put him on a more robust diet; but that time is not yet. Ten years of "missionary effort" leave the party precisely where it was when Mr. Balfour tried to enunciate the formula in his famous and now unjustly forgotten pamphlet concerning Economic Doubts and Insular Free Trade.

But ten years, dotted by three general elections, is a longish time in party politics. A generation of young Conservatives has arisen in the House of Commons which knew not Joseph and has lost its faith in Arthur. Ignoring the lesson of the past, they still think it possible to play the old game, to keep back Food Taxes till the hour of "ripeness" dawns, and meanwhile to lead from import duties on manufactures as their trump suit. They think that Tariff Reform in this guise may be accepted by those who would—as yet—repudiate it in the other. That again was the hope of the past, and it will be falsified afresh, all the more

surely since the facts are far less favourable to it than they were at the outset.

It has always been evident that very few Tariff Reformers have seriously thought out the consequences, or recognised the true meaning, of Protectionism. They forget, or they do not know, that Protection is merely one phase of that paternalism which has descended to the governments of Continental Europe from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is a development of state socialism; and it is only worked with some success under administrative systems like those of the Australian States and Germany, which are socialistic and paternal either in the democratic or the autocratic form. It is useful to remember that we owe the revival of the Protectionist movement in England to a statesman who was a Radical-Socialist till he was fifty. Nineteen years before his fiscal plunge, Mr. Chamberlain was talking of holding the rich to ransom, of "natural rights," of despoiling the landowners "who toil not, neither do they spin," and of the misunderstood virtues of Jack Cade, in language which Mr. Lloyd George, in his most flamboyant Limehouse mood, has barely emulated. In reality, Protection and Socialism are only two applications of the same set of ideas. Both of them are the direct antithesis of that individualism which informed and dominated English politics throughout the last century. And, whatever may have been the case at the beginning of the period, before the end of it the Conservatives were by far the more individualistic of the two greater parties. They had absorbed most of the tenets of the old Whigs, of the Benthamites, of the moderate Liberals of the Palmerstonian era. While the post-Gladstonian Radicals, angling for the Labour vote, and largely inspired from the "Celtic fringe," had been drifting towards collectivism, the Conservatives under the Cecil régime had been hardened in the defence of *laissez-faire*, free contract, the rights of property, freedom of labour, and all the other things which go with freedom of trade, and are, indeed, its natural complement. Lord Salisbury, who had a considerable intellectual sympathy with the aims of Socialism, quite recognised that they were inconsistent with the constitution of society which it was the prime object of the Conservative party to maintain. But Mr. Chamberlain, during the larger part of his active life, had never evinced the slightest regard for the existing social organisation. On the contrary, he had made it the object of constant attack, and had not concealed his desire to substitute for a system based on individual freedom and individual property the rigorous control of both by the community. The accidents of politics, the fact that he had quarrelled with Mr. Gladstone over Irish self-

government, caused him to become a Unionist and ally himself with the Conservatives. But he took his collectivism and his democratic prepossessions with him, and he has imposed upon his unhappy partners an economic conception which is in essence socialistic and quite unsuited to a party that takes its stand upon liberty, property, and the established order.

All the scientific Protectionist writers of the Continent would admit that the Protective system involves the permanent supervision and regulation of industry and commerce by a strong central administration. Protection cannot increase the general wealth of the community. What it can do is to regulate its distribution. "A Protective tariff," says the American economist, Lester Ward, "is only one of a large class of means which not only states but corporations and institutions and individuals adopt to secure a certain end, namely, the encouragement of activities which are supposed to be beneficial to society." The State can, to a certain extent, direct the employment of labour and the allocation of capital to those trades and pursuits which it considers most beneficial for social, political, or other reasons. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain used to dwell strongly on this point in the earlier speeches of his campaign. He maintained that certain time-honoured and dignified manufactures were losing their ground, while others, which he regarded as inferior in value, were taking their place. In one of his speeches the following passage occurs :—

"We were to depart from our high position, lose those industries for which the country has been so celebrated, which have made it great and prosperous in the past, and deal with inferior subsidiary industries. Sugar has gone. Let us not weep for it; jam and pickles remain."

This jam-and-pickles argument played a great part in this earlier stage of the controversy. Much was made of it in the little book of Professor Ashley, which is almost the only serious attempt to defend the Tariff Reform point of view by an economist thoroughly familiar with the Continental arguments. Mr. Ashley printed tables to show that, while our exports of cotton and manufactured steel and such things were declining, confectionery, "apparel and slops," oil, and floor cloth, indiarubber goods, soap, cord and twine, were increasing. The Professor's view was that the bulk of the labour employed in these industries is cheap and unskilled, and therefore that these low-grade trades ought to be artificially penalised, while iron and steel and textiles should be favoured and encouraged. This may be a defensible attitude in theory, though its practical value would depend upon a much closer examination of the facts than either Mr. Chamberlain or

the Birmingham Professor appears to have given to them. It is not by any means certain that a grimy individual trundling a truck in a Cleveland iron foundry is a nobler human being than a man who boils soap for Lever Brothers at Port Sunlight; or that the female "hands" in the mills of Blackburn and Oldham are healthier, happier, cleaner, or more virtuous than the young persons who compound chocolate creams in Messrs. Cadbury's model factories. In any case the logic of events has turned disastrously against all these comparisons and predictions; for it is just the great staple industries which have shown the largest advance during the last few years of unexampled industrial production. Iron, steel, cotton, wool were among the loftier activities of Great Britain, which, according to Mr. Chamberlain were "going" or "gone"; but the completed figures for 1912 show that never, in the course of their industrial existence, have Lancashire and Yorkshire produced so large an output of textiles, nor have the Midlands and the North done so well with iron goods, steel, machinery, and shipping. Protection cannot now be advocated on the ground that it is required in order to keep in being the kingly industries which employ the largest amount of British capital and the largest number of skilled British workpeople.

But if this line of defence is dropped, as it must be in the light of the facts, the policy which is temporarily the orthodox doctrine of the Unionist party is nothing but sheer and naked Protection. Whatever may be said against the Preferential system as originally brought forward by Mr. Chamberlain, it must be admitted that there was something in it generous and inspiring. It had elements which were capable of defence even from the point of view of economic orthodoxy. The Tariff Reformers have often made a good deal of play with Adam Smith's famous aphorism that "Defence is more than opulence"; by which the author of *The Wealth of Nations* meant to suggest that it may be justifiable to limit freedom of exchange when such restrictions are necessary for the safety or the well-being of the country. Colonial Preference and Food Taxes might be vindicated on this ground. It could be maintained that any sacrifices would be excusable if they were required in order to gain Colonial support in bearing those burdens of maritime defence which may soon grow beyond the capacity of the British taxpayer to sustain unaided. If, as the early Preferentialists were arguing ten years ago, it would be impossible to obtain Canadian or Australian naval subventions without giving the Dominions a preference in our home market, the staunchest Free Trader might be prepared to waive his objection to the imposts. And it may be admitted

that the argument had some plausibility when it was brought forward, though time has shown that it was based on an erroneous estimate of the facts. Australia, New Zealand, Canada, even the Malay States, are offering magnificent contributions to the Imperial Navy without exacting or inviting fiscal advantages in return. We were told over and over again that if the Preferential door were slammed, barred and bolted, farewell to all our expectations of Colonial assistance against our foreign antagonists or rivals. The door has not been opened; but the Canadian Dreadnoughts and Australasian battle-cruisers are pouring in all the same.

It is plain that the Dominions feel no sense of injury at the denial of Imperial Preference. It is not even clear that they particularly want it. The Canadian Press, Conservative and Liberal alike, received Mr. Bonar Law's Ashton-under-Lyne announcement with exceeding coldness. The sense of injury, which our Preferentialists ascribe to the Colonists because of our Free Trade system of revenue collection, does not seem to be felt by the Colonials themselves. Fifteen years ago undoubtedly the desire to command a special place in the markets of the United Kingdom was perceptible in Canada. At that time the Canadian wheat industry was almost in its infancy and was struggling hard to maintain itself against the tremendous competition in the world's markets of the United States. Canadian farmers felt, naturally enough, that a small preference at the English ports of entry would be a substantial aid to them in their struggle against their southern rivals. But the whole situation has changed. The ideal which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain put forward as a result of a Preferential Tariff seems extremely likely to be attained at no distant date without any such aid. The time may not be very remote when the people of this country will be fed in the main by food produced within the boundaries of the British Empire. Our Imperial wheat supplies have increased almost beyond the expectations of the most sanguine Free Trader of 1903. In that year our wheat imports from foreign countries were nearly three times as great as those from British possessions. By 1911 the foreign imports had fallen, and those from British possessions had risen, so that now they are nearly equal. If this process goes on, which is very likely to be the case, Preference will be superfluous. In point of fact, with the rapid decline in the food surplus available for export from the United States of America, we are more and more dependent upon inter-Imperial sources of supply, and the competition of the future for the honour of providing the home-staying Britisher with his daily bread and beef and mutton is most likely to be between the different food-

producing areas of the British Empire itself. India and Canada and Australasia will be competing against one another much more severely than against the United States and the Argentine and the Russian Empire.

That may be a more respectable reason than any based on mere electioneering calculations why the Preferential side of the policy should be dropped. But it certainly does not supply any ground for expecting increased popularity for the Protectionist side pure and simple. And again, it is worth while to remember that the presentation of the proposal in this form is not at all new. It is one more revival of the Balfourian plan of 1903. It failed then, as it will fail now, for the causes which I venture to think events have shown that I correctly assigned when I was writing upon the subject in the pages of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for October, 1903. What was said ten years ago seems to apply quite as well to the present situation :—

“ Mr. Balfour's scheme, as at present outlined, has none of the redeeming features of the larger proposal. There is no pretence of any political purpose as a set-off to the disadvantages of a ‘ Chinese Wall ’ of high tariffs. The Empire would get no good out of it, nor would the nation as a whole. It diminishes the well-being of all classes for the benefit of one or other mercantile interest. All that will happen will be the virtual subsidising of certain manufacturers by ‘ retaliatory ’ duties, so that they are to be enabled to keep up their prices, at the expense of the whole body of consumers, producers and wage-earners, other than those belonging to the favoured industries. This is naked Protectionism, unmitigated by the one valid defence of that policy, which is that it may sometimes secure Imperial, national, or social objects, not otherwise attainable. We are to be plunged into the meshes of the Trusts and Combines, and threatened with a Budget arranged by lobbying and financial jobbery, without even the consolation that at least we shall be doing something for the Colonies, and assisting trade to follow the Flag. The taxation of food would be a generous error, by comparison.”

In fact, we get back to the old dilemma. Protection with Preference is impracticable. Protection without Preference is sordid and unfair. The Unionist party will not get out of its *impasse* by dropping the one expedient and clinging desperately to the other. Its only avenue to stability and usefulness is to abandon “ Tariff Reform ” in any shape and return to the policy of Free Trade which was “ good enough ” for every Conservative leader between Peel and Mr. Balfour, and good enough for all Conservatives, except a few powerless faddists, till a Radical orator turned Imperialist suddenly “ found salvation ” in an economic system which he had never really studied.

The present settlement is a half-measure which will presently explode in the old confusion. A secession of the extremists, with

Mr. Austen Chamberlain at their head, would no doubt be damaging; it might be more damaging still if it drew away Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. F. E. Smith, and other able politicians who have committed themselves too deeply to Protectionism to submit to its complete elimination from the programme. But no man is indispensable in public life; and the Unionists would be able to find capable substitutes for their present leaders in spite of the extravagant and servile adulation which it has become the absurd fashion to lavish upon them. Other politicians with a gift for vituperative rhetoric equal to Mr. Law's will arise; other clever lawyers, not much less ready and fluent than Mr. Smith, are probably even now casting their eyes upon the front bench. On this occasion, at any rate, it is more a case of measures than men. The Unionist party, however brilliantly led—and it could hardly have had a leader more accomplished and popular than Mr. Balfour—must fail at yet another general election if it is clogged by a policy which the country will not tolerate, and which it cannot itself present without humiliating subterfuges and dishonouring evasions.

AUTONOMOS.

AUSTRIA, DISTURBER OF THE PEACE.

THE difficulties and the dangers of the Balkan situation lie in the clashing of the interests of Russia and of Austria-Hungary, of Slavism and of Germanism. At present Great Britain observes an attitude of strict neutrality. She occupies the rôle of a disinterested, impartial and sympathetic, though watchful, spectator. However, the moment may come when this country will, by the force of circumstances, be compelled to abandon its reserve and to throw the weight of its influence into the scales. In anticipation of this possibility both Austria-Hungary and Russia have endeavoured to obtain the good-will and support of European, and especially of British, public opinion. Hence Austrian and Russian statesmen and publicists have informed the world that the policy of their country is just, and that their opponents recklessly endanger the peace of Europe by a policy of adventure. In most quarrels both antagonists believe themselves to be in the right.

In the Balkan Peninsula Austria-Hungary pursues a policy of action, Russia one of inaction. Austria-Hungary strives to prevent by all means in her power the rise of the young Balkan nations, and especially of Serbia. Russia, on the other hand, sympathises with the Balkan States, and desires that they should be permitted to reap the fruits of their victories and to grow and to develop. She is in favour of allowing events to take their course.

Those who do not wish well to Austria-Hungary have held up that country to public opprobrium and execration, and have told us that her policy is shaped by envy, malice, greed, pride and cunning. To many Austria-Hungary appears, indeed, to be a Power which cynically endeavours to profit from the misery of the Balkan peoples. However, nations, like individuals, are to some extent the victims of heredity and tradition, and only too often the slaves of their past. That is the case of the Dual Monarchy. Austria-Hungary pursues in the Balkan Peninsula, perhaps unconsciously, her traditional policy, the policy of suppressing rising nationalities, a policy which owes its origin to the peculiar conditions prevailing in the Dual Monarchy.

Austria-Hungary is undoubtedly the most mediæval State in Europe. Rightly considered, Austria-Hungary is not a State, but merely a geographical expression. Most modern States are organised and practically homogeneous nations. They are in-

habited by men of the same race, who speak the same language, who cherish the same ideals, and who are united by a great common heritage, by the bonds of a common literature, a common history, common traditions, a common civilisation, and a common Church. All citizens of Italy speak Italian, all Frenchmen French, all Englishmen English, nearly all Germans German. Practically all Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians have the same religion, and the religious differences prevailing among the well-educated inhabitants of Germany and England are comparatively small. In the great States of Europe unity prevails in essential matters. Austria-Hungary is in a totally different position. Unhappily, the Dual Monarchy is inhabited, not by one great nation, but by a large number of small nations which belong to several races, and these not only speak a Babel of languages, but employ besides different letters of the alphabet. According to the census of 1910, the population of Austria-Hungary may be classified as follows :—

Germans	11,987,000
Magyars	10,062,000
Czechs	6,436,000
Poles	4,968,000
Ruthenians	3,992,000
Roumanians	3,224,000
Slovaks	1,968,000
Slovenes	1,253,000
Croatians	1,833,000
Servians	3,787,000
Italians	768,000
Total								50,278,000

Austria-Hungary may perhaps be called a State, but it is a State which is not built up on the usual lines, it is not based upon a nation. There is no Austro-Hungarian nation, but there are in the Dual Monarchy, according to various classifications, from eleven to twenty nations or parts of nations, and the people of one national group do not, as a rule, understand the language of the people of any other group. Far from being united by a common history, common ideals, and mutual good-will, the numerous nationalities which are forcibly held together, but not united, in the Dual Monarchy, hate each other with a fierce hatred. The peoples of the Austrian half of the Monarchy see in the ruling race of the Austro-Germans, and the peoples of Hungary in the ruling Magyars, a nation of tyrants and oppressors. Historical wrongs, similar to those inflicted by the Austro-Germans upon the Poles and the Czechs of Bohemia, with whose tragic history most Englishmen are acquainted, have been

inflicted in the past upon all the subject-nations of Austria-Hungary and are daily remembered by them, because they are almost daily reminded of their former sufferings by fresh acts of oppression and injustice. Oppression rules Austria-Hungary, and the policy of oppression, far from stifling the race-consciousness of the subject-peoples, has greatly increased it. There is only one Ireland in the United Kingdom and but one Poland in Germany, but there are a dozen Polands within the Dual Monarchy.

Racially, Austria-Hungary suffers from a two-fold division. Not only do the subject-peoples in both halves of the Monarchy hate the two ruling races, but the two ruling races hate one another. Hungarian Magyars and Austro-Germans vividly remember the treacheries, the cruelties, and the injustices which they have suffered from their present partners. The Austrians speak of the Hungarians in terms of hatred and contempt, and enjoy making mischief between the Hungarians and their subject-peoples. The Hungarians reciprocate these feelings, and their Government suppresses ruthlessly the German language which formerly was supreme in Hungary. German schools and German education are banned and persecuted. Austro-Germans dwelling in Hungary find it advisable to Magyarise their names. A stranger inquiring his way in Budapest in German will often receive no reply, or an uncivil one, from Hungarians who know German well.

The peoples of Austria-Hungary are held together neither by the ties of race, history, and tradition, nor by those of religion, for by their religious profession they may, according to the not entirely reliable official figures, be divided as follows :—

Roman Catholics	33,852,000
Protestants	4,550,000
Greek Churches	8,920,000
Jews	2,258,000
Mahomedans	612,000

Total 50,192,000

It will be noticed that practically one-fifth of the inhabitants of Austria-Hungary belong to the Greek Churches, the Churches of Russia and of the Balkan States. That factor exercises a considerable influence upon the foreign policy, and especially the Balkan policy, of the Dual Monarchy.

In addition to the deep racial and religious cleavages which are apparent from the mere enumeration of races, nationalities, and religions given in the foregoing, Austria-Hungary suffers from very dangerous social fissures. Whilst the body politic of the

country is ruled by race privilege, the body social is dominated by social privilege. In the Dual Monarchy the aristocracy and gentry still exercise mediæval rights. In the social, and especially in the economic, relations the characteristics are arrogance and brutality from above and humility and servility from below. The agricultural labourers, small farmers, and factory workers are treated almost like serfs. The servants, especially in the country, are treated worse. They kiss the hands of their masters and the hem of their mistresses' garments, and bodily chastisement is common. In Austria-Hungary beggars may be seen kneeling by the roadside before well-dressed passers-by. The women of the poorer classes are treated as chattels. Nowhere in Europe is illegitimacy greater than in Austria-Hungary. In certain provinces the illegitimate births come to from 30 to 40 per cent. One may sum up the position of Austria-Hungary briefly as follows: Austria-Hungary is a State which is united not by the unity of the people, but by a common bondage, and the racial, national, religious, and social antagonisms within the country are so great that they can only be described in the terms of Thomas Hobbes as a *bellum omnium contra omnes*, a war of all against all.

As Germany is the creation of the Hohenzollerns, so Austria-Hungary is the creation of the Hapsburgs. But there has been a great difference in the rise of the two countries. The House of Hapsburg has grown great not by war and conquest, as has the House of Hohenzollern, but chiefly by marriage and cunning. The witty distich, "*Bella gerant alii! Tu, felix Austria, nube. Nam quæ Mars aliis dat tibi regna Venus*" (Let other nations make war. Thou, happy Austria, marry. For Venus will give you those realms which usually Mars bestows) truly describes the genesis of Austria-Hungary. Largely through advantageous marriages the House of Hapsburg has acquired enormous possessions throughout Europe. It has in its time, in addition to the nations enumerated in the foregoing, ruled over Spaniards, Portugese, Swiss, French, Prussians, and Italians.

The Austrian Empire has never been a national Empire. It has always been, and is still, a fortuitous agglomeration of territories, one might almost say a collection of huge estates, acquired by, and belonging to, the reigning family, for the countries which have been possessed in turn by the House of Hapsburg have had little in common except their rulers. Therefore it is perhaps not unnatural that the House of Hapsburg has looked upon its constantly changing Empire as if it were not a trust confided to its keeping by the people, but merely a private possession, an appanage. The Austrian Monarchy has endeavoured to rule this chance medley of foreign nations by keeping them in strict sub-

jection, and it has striven to prevent their combining against the ruling House by setting nation against nation and by suppressing with the utmost rigour every manifestation of the national instinct among the subject-nations. The watchword of the Hapsburg has always rather been security than greatness. The history of the realms owned by the House of Hapsburg is a history of territories won partly by marriage, partly by intrigue, and partly by conquest, of suppression, oppression, and persecution, and of subsequent revolt. An anti-national policy was considered by Austrian statesmen to be the only means of preserving the incongruous medley of States. That policy has never changed. In the fourteenth century it drove the Cantons of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden into rebellion and brought about the loss of all Switzerland. It brought about the revolt of Prussia against Austrian rule, and the wars between Austria and Prussia from 1740 to 1866 which ended in the loss of Austria's German possessions and in that of her pre-eminent position in Germany. It brought about the revolt of Italy and the Austrian campaigns in that country from 1821 to 1859 which ended in the loss of the vast Italian possessions of the House of Hapsburg. The policy which Austria-Hungary pursues at present in both halves of the Monarchy and in the Balkan Peninsula is the old traditional policy of the country. It is the policy described by Schiller, who, as professor of history, was acquainted with the facts of the case, in his *Wilhelm Tell*.

Distrusting and fearing her subject peoples, the House of Hapsburg has endeavoured to keep them in subjection by keeping them in ignorance. Therefore the Austrian Government has been an enemy to the reformation, to popular government, to the enlightenment of the masses, to education, and a faithful friend of political and ecclesiastical absolutism and tyranny. Of 10,000 German recruits only 3, of 10,000 Austrian recruits 2,200, and of 10,000 Hungarian recruits 2,590 were, according to the *Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften*, found unable to read and write. In the Slavonic districts of Austria-Hungary the proportion of illiterates rises to 7,000 among every 10,000 recruits. The backwardness of Austria-Hungary in culture and science, in technical matters, in the manufacturing industries, in commerce and trade, is chiefly due to the traditional system of Government in that country which, through fear of the people, opposes progress. Owing to this distrust of the people, the Government of Austria-Hungary has always been an enemy to popular institutions. After the fall of Napoleon I., Austria-Hungary inaugurated, through Prince Metternich, a period of reaction and absolutistic tyranny throughout Europe. The existing popular

and national institutions were destroyed, freedom of speech and of thought was suppressed, and the persecution of all liberal-minded citizens became so intolerable that it led to a great revolution against the Austrian Government, which was suppressed with difficulty and only with Russia's assistance. The hostility of the Governments of Austria-Hungary to popular and democratic government may clearly be seen from its most recent measure. Only on the 28th December, 1912, the Hungarian Franchise Reform Bill received the preliminary sanction of the King-Emperor. The principal features of this Bill are the following :—

Electors are those who have continually occupied the same domicile during five years, and who, according to their qualifications, are either 24 or 30 years old.

Electors at the age of 24 are men who have passed a course of higher education, which entitles them to study at the Universities.

Electors at the age of 30 are men who have passed the sixth standard of an elementary school, and who either pay direct taxes or are engaged as principals in business or trade, as well as those men, employed in industry and trade who are permanently, but not only occasionally, employed. Men employed in industry and trade are entitled to vote only if they are not engaged exclusively in bodily labour, but are systematically occupied as supervisors or foremen, but this limitation is to be waived if the men so employed have been working continually for the same employer during at least three years.

Electors at the age of 30 are besides men who have not passed the sixth standard of an elementary school, provided they can read and write and pay at least 20 crowns per year in direct taxes, or own at least 12½ acres of agricultural land, or have been continually employed by the same employer during at least three years, and have not been engaged exclusively in bodily labour, but have been systematically occupied as supervisors or foremen. Those who have not been occupied as supervisors or foremen must have been employed by the same employer during at least five years.

Electors at the age of 30 are furthermore men who cannot read and write, provided they pay at least 50 crowns in direct taxes or own at least 25 acres of agricultural land.

Perusal of the foregoing extracts makes it clear that the latest popular and democratic reform in Austria-Hungary is a farce. The Government officials who are ordered to draw up the lists of electors possess the power to give the vote to a great number of workers employed in agriculture and industry or to withhold

it from them. In accordance with their confidential instructions they will no doubt examine very carefully whether the working man or agricultural labourer who demands a vote can really write and read; whether he is exclusively engaged in bodily labour; whether he is permanently or occasionally employed; whether he has worked without interruption during three or five years for the same employer, and whether he is systematically occupied as a supervisor or foreman. Very likely the Government officials entrusted with this duty will find that all Magyars likely to support the oligarchy in power are entitled to vote, whilst its opponents will be disfranchised. The Hungarian voters of non-Magyar nationality will probably be treated under the elastic provisions of the new Bill in the same way in which the negro voters are treated in the Southern States of North America. The Parliamentary Government of Hungary will apparently continue to be based on corruption and intimidation. The large landed proprietors and factory owners can easily disfranchise those men whose political views they suspect by dismissing them for a time, so that they cannot claim to have been permanently employed during three or five years. Lastly, polling is public. Therefore the Government and the ruling classes of Hungary can not only manipulate elections by giving, or withholding, the franchise almost at will, but by terrorising the voters on the way to the poll and in the polling booths.

Whilst a modern State is a huge co-operative society, a trade union and great brotherhood, Austria-Hungary is a mediæval anachronism in a modern world. This great State is so much torn by racial, national, religious, and social dissensions that it is difficult to understand that it has subsisted so long. It has held together partly through luck, partly through the unceasing labours of its statesmen. Whilst the statesmen of other countries give most of their energy and thought to the improvement and extension of the national domain, the statesmen of Austria-Hungary are chiefly preoccupied with the preservation of the precarious fabric of their country. Therefore Austria-Hungary has during many years taken a very inconspicuous part in foreign politics. In foreign politics, as in domestic politics, the aim of Austrian statesmen has rather been to preserve than to acquire. In her domestic affairs the Dual Monarchy has preserved the semblance of peace by promoting disorder, by creating countless checks and counter checks within the country, that is, by setting race against race, nation against nation, class against class. Similarly she has endeavoured to preserve her external position by setting her dangerous neighbours against each other, by promoting disorder among foreign States. That policy has

been particularly apparent in her activity in the Balkan Peninsula.

A country which is torn by racial dissensions does not like to have powerful neighbours. In the Balkan Peninsula Austria-Hungary has in the past very consistently pursued a twofold and characteristically Austrian policy. Her first and principal aim has been to keep the Slavonic Balkan States weak and divided among themselves and against themselves. By that policy the Balkan States could be prevented from making mischief among the Austrian Slavs who dwell in the adjacent territories of the Dual Monarchy. Besides, whilst they were at strife among themselves, the Slavonic Balkan States would scarcely be able to aid the Russian Slavs in case of an Austro-Russian war. Austria's second aim has been to strengthen her influence in the Balkan Peninsula with a view to compensating herself in that quarter for her enormous territorial losses to Germany and Italy. Salonika became her ambition and her goal. Bismarck, who desired that Austria-Hungary should forget her defeat at Germany's hands in 1866 and become Germany's supporter in the event of a war between Germany and Russia, had cleverly diverted her ambitions. He had counselled Austria to turn her eyes eastward, and had advised her repeatedly, and even posthumously in his Memoirs, to seek in the East compensation for those losses which she had suffered in the West, and to create on the model of the German Empire a vast federation of States in the south-east of Europe. As in the creation of such a State Austria-Hungary would necessarily come into conflict with Russia, Bismarck skilfully converted Austria-Hungary from an implacable enemy with a grievance into a reliable supporter.

In order to keep the Balkan States weak and divided among themselves, Austria-Hungary engaged in countless intrigues in Bulgaria and Servia. For instance, she brought about the war between Bulgaria and Servia in 1885, and then compelled the combatants to conclude an untimely peace which was extremely unsatisfactory and galling to both. In 1878, after the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish War, the Sultan of Turkey had promised to introduce far-reaching reforms in the territories of European Turkey, where Christian men of Bulgarian, Servian, and Greek race were intermingled with Mahomedan Turks. However, instead of introducing reforms into the districts inhabited by millions of Christians, the Sultan ruled his European possessions by fomenting strife between the Christian races, aided sometimes one race and sometimes another, and embittered their differences by occasional massacres. Bulgarians were made to murder Greeks and Servians, and Greeks and Servians to murder

Bulgarians. The attempts of the more humane Powers to create order in Turkey and to force the Sultan to keep his solemn promise to institute reforms proved unavailing, because Austria-Hungary consistently upheld Turkey's sanguinary misrule, which weakened the Balkan States and Turkey herself to Austria's advantage. In order to avoid a European conflagration, interference in Turkey could be effected only by the unanimous action of the Powers. But, owing to the sinister activity and the deliberate obstruction of Austria-Hungary and of her supporters, the Concert of the Great Powers could agree only on ridiculous make-believe measures, on paper reforms. Owing to Austria's protection, one might almost say at Austria's instigation, the Sultan was at liberty to apply in his Dominions the peculiar principles of traditional Austrian statecraft in their most sanguinary form.

For her planned expansion in the direction of Salonika, Austria-Hungary had prepared two alternative routes, one *viâ* the Sanjak of Novibazar and Servia and the other *viâ* Albania. To facilitate her aims, Austria had reserved to herself at the Congress of Berlin the right of garrisoning the Sanjak which separates the Servians in Servia from the Servians in Montenegro. To make Servia obedient to her behests Austria persistently humbled, oppressed, and insulted that country, and deliberately impoverished it by outrageously vexatious customs regulations destructive of Servia's industry and trade. Among the wild mountaineers of Albania Austria-Hungary pursued a different policy. Recognising that the untamed Albanians, who are not of Slavonic race, might be made a thorn in the side of the Slavonic peoples, she endeavoured to gain their good-will by bribery and corruption. Austrian political agents, who were frequently disguised as doctors or scientists, distributed money and arms among the poor and needy mountaineers. In Danzer's *Armeezeitung* and elsewhere the formation of an Albanian legion under Austrian auspices was recommended, which in time of need might aid the Austrian army in the conquest of the Balkan Peninsula. Austrian priests, monks, and schoolmasters, who were likewise well furnished with money, engaged in a political propaganda in favour of the Dual Monarchy. The poems of George Fishga, the Albanian Tyrtæus, who had sung the heroic wars of the Albanians against the Montenegrins, were printed in Austria for distribution in Albania. But Austria did not show unmingled kindness to the Albanians. In order to make her protection appear valuable to them, she encouraged anarchy and misgovernment among them. She opposed the extension of the Macedonian reforms to the Albanian vilayets and encouraged sanguinary

troubles between the Albanians and the Servians and Montenegrins.

Austria-Hungary has been the traditional defender of the *status quo*, that is, of the historical misgovernment, in the Balkan Peninsula. When, before the outbreak of the Balkan War, the Powers wished to intervene, intervention was delayed by Austria's attitude. Her diplomats insisted that the Balkan States should be told that the *status quo* should be preserved whatever be the issue of the war. Austria-Hungary has never favoured good government, human progress, liberty and reform in the Balkan Peninsula, but has consistently worked only for the preservation of the traditional misgovernment, oppression, and tyranny, euphemistically called the *status quo*.

The policy which Austria-Hungary pursues at present in the Balkan Peninsula seems obscure and inexplicable at first sight. It becomes understandable, clear, and logical if we bear in mind Austria-Hungary's peculiar composition and national organisation, or rather disorganisation, her history, and her traditional policy which have been described in the foregoing pages. Her present policy in the Balkan Peninsula is merely the continuation of that general Austrian policy which strives to rule a number of outlandish nations, which have nothing in common, by setting race against race, nation against nation, and class against class, and breaking their power by destroying the national spirit, by preventing their progress and by defending absolutism, tyranny, and corruption because these weaken and enslave the people. Whilst the nations that are animated by humanity, and which favour progress, good government, and human freedom, have proclaimed that the Balkans should belong to the Balkan peoples, the Austrians who are, and who always have been, the most inveterate enemies of nationalism in all countries, and especially in Austria-Hungary, have suddenly become the most enthusiastic and the most determined champions of nationalism in Albania. It is noteworthy that Albania's independence was first proclaimed in Vienna. Austria-Hungary, which has persecuted every manifestation of national sentiment throughout her realm during five centuries, has been converted to nationalism with remarkable suddenness. The policy of defending nationalism in Albania is merely the policy of re-introducing the old, terrible, and murderous disorders into the Balkan Peninsula under a plausible name. It is perfectly evident that Austria's advocacy of Albanian nationalism is sheer hypocrisy and Austria's aim is obvious. By means of a great Albania, Austria-Hungary hopes to achieve a two-fold purpose. She desires, in the first place, to rob the Allies, and especially Serbia, of the fruits of their victories, to weaken

and to exasperate them, to destroy their harmony, and eventually to bring them into collision with each other. In the second place, she desires to pursue again her old plan of taking advantage of disorder in the Balkan Peninsula by advancing upon Salonika and extending the Austrian territories towards the Ægean. Austria's first aim, that of sowing dissension among the Balkan States, is not openly avowed, because the Austrian people themselves are ashamed of its immorality. Her second aim, that of depriving the Balkan peoples of the principal fruits of their victories, is candidly admitted by many very influential Austrian publicists. One of the most influential and best-informed political writers in Austria-Hungary is Freiherr Leopold von Chlumecky, the political editor of the *Österreichische Rundschau*, the leading political periodical of the Dual Monarchy. Herr von Chlumecky is not only an author and journalist of distinction, but he is described as being the confidential friend and adviser of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the throne. In the *Österreichische Rundschau* of January 1st, 1913, he considered the policy of his country in the Balkan Peninsula in a long and weighty paper of which I would briefly give some of the principal points. After repeating the much-quoted phrase of Count Berchthold that as regards the Balkan problem the vital interests of Austria-Hungary must be defended at any price, the writer explains the nature of Austria's vital interests as follows :—

"Will the new Albania be placed under the sovereignty or the suzerainty of the Sultan, or is it to become an independent State? Will the new State become really neutralised and will it be placed under the protection of all the Great Powers, or should this task not be given to Austria-Hungary and Italy who are principally interested in Albania? It is to be feared that if Austria-Hungary should have to share her political influence in Albania with all the Great Powers, her influence in that country would sink to a very low level. The economically stronger Powers, such as France and England, would soon force Austria-Hungary into a position of inferiority, and the Dual Monarchy would have laboured in vain. Having established the principle that Albania must be one and indivisible, we should merely have incurred for ourselves the undying hatred of Serbia, whilst the other Powers would gather the harvest which Austria has sown. . . .

"To allow the present crisis to flicker out without securing for Austria-Hungary guarantees for the future would be to jeopardise our national future for the convenience of the present. . . .

"The problem which has to be solved can in a few lines be stated as follows: We must create an autonomous Albania in that form which corresponds with Austria's interests. We must see that the new Albanian State receives an extent which will assure its vitality. We must, before the Balkan crisis is concluded, obtain the necessary guarantees on the part of Serbia, and we must obtain them immediately. We must secure Austria's trade routes and outlets in Macedonia and Albania. Lastly, we must feel assured that the road to Salonika will remain open to us."

The author shows that it is Austria's aim not to create an independent Albania for the sake of the Albanians, but to create a disguised Austrian Protectorate over Albania, to secure for Austria-Hungary a position resembling a Protectorate in the western half of European Turkey, and to place Salonika within Austria's grasp.

Austria-Hungary's aims in Albania are more clearly avowed in the *Österreichische Rundschau* of December 15th, 1912, in an article entitled "The Albanian Question," from which I would quote the following extracts:—

"The Albanians do not desire to obtain absolute independence. On the contrary they desire, as the Albanian Deputation under Ismael Kemal has shown, to be organically connected with one of the Great Powers.

"Roman Catholicism" (which means in reality the political agitation carried on on behalf of the Austrian Government by the Roman Catholic clergy in Albania, to which reference has been made in the foregoing) "has created an Austrian Protectorate over Albania and has thus established ancient rights which are founded on custom, and no one can interfere with these Austrian rights without committing deliberately a hostile action against the Dual Monarchy. These ancient rights need only be materialised in order to obtain for the Monarchy all that which is its due. By dividing the Sanjak of Novibazar and by basing the railway line to Salonika upon Albania, Albania would afford to Austria-Hungary a protecting Hinterland which would secure the undisturbed exploitation of that line to the Monarchy.

"At the present moment the position of Austria-Hungary as a Great Power is at stake, and an Austro-Hungarian Protectorate over Albania in connection with the railway line to Salonika is the minimum demand which Austria-Hungary must make in order to safeguard her route to that port. Necessity compels us to advance in that direction.

"The line of policy described in the foregoing is a question of life and death, not only to Austria-Hungary, but to the Powers of the Triple Alliance. A group of Powers which extends from the North Sea to the Adriatic and to the *Ægean* Sea would be most imposing. Its importance would lie in this, that it would cut off Russia from Europe, that it would block Russia's path. A group of Powers occupying such a position would afford a powerful barrier against Russia's advance, and all West European States would think twice before attacking such a group. Thus an enduring peace might at least be established in Europe, and it might be established without shedding a drop of blood."

The author shows clearly that the nominally philo-Albanian policy of Austria-Hungary is, in reality, not only anti-Servian, but also, and especially, anti-Russian in its aim. Under these circumstances it is only natural that Russia resents Austria's policy, and that she protests against the spoliation of Serbia by the Dual Monarchy. Yet the most authorised Austrian writers pretend to be painfully surprised at Russia's interference in the Balkan settlement. They complain about Russia's military preparations, which were begun only as a protective measure in

view of the extensive and demonstratively anti-Russian mobilisation in Austria-Hungary, and they have the hardihood to assert that Russia's reckless and wicked encouragement has induced Serbia to refuse the handing over of her conquests without a protest to an independent Albania which, in reality, would be an Austrian Protectorate. Freiherr von Chlumecky, for instance, wrote in the *Österreichische Rundschau* of December 15th, 1912 :—

"It is difficult to deny the fact that Russia still holds her protecting arm over Serbia and gives powerful support to the territorial claims of that country. Russia's partiality to Serbia, which has been accentuated by the continuation of her military precautions, is to-day the darkest point on the political horizon. Serbia's provocations, her armaments on the Austrian frontier, and the incredibly hostile attitude of the Servian Press and public, would be unthinkable if the people in Belgrade felt certain that they could under no circumstances whatever count upon Russian's support."

Apparently Austria-Hungary expects that at her bidding not only Serbia should hand over without protest her conquests, but that Russia should also surrender without protest her position in the Balkan Peninsula and in Europe. Her complaints about Serbia's aggressiveness are a new version of the very old fable of the wolf and the lamb.

By carving a large Albania out of the Turkish territories conquered by Serbia, Austria-Hungary strikes not only at Serbia, but also at Russia. That is clear to all well-informed Austrians, and Freiherr von Chlumecky hints at the fact. It is equally clear to Austria's most eminent military men. The far-reaching double aim of Austria's Balkan policy is explained with refreshing bluntness by General Karl von Lang in a recent issue of Danzer's *Armeezeitung*. In that important publication the General recommends a solution of the Balkan problem on the following basis :—

1. An autonomous Albania should be created which should be placed under the protection of Austria-Hungary.

2. An organic connection between Austria-Hungary and Albania should be effected by Austria-Hungary seizing Western Serbia as far as the line Morava, Kumanova, Skoplje, Kalkandelen.

3. Montenegro should be confined to the possession of the territories which were in the possession of that State before the outbreak of the Balkan War, and should be compelled to conclude an Alliance with Austria-Hungary. Should Montenegro fail to do this, it should be seized by Austria-Hungary.

4. Salonika and the railway from Skoplje to Salonika should be internationalised.

5. The North-Eastern portion of Servia, down to the line Vidin, Zejekar, Paracin, should fall to Roumania.

6. South-Eastern Servia and the neighbouring part of Macedonia should be given to Bulgaria. The acquisition of these Servian territories and of the territories conquered from Turkey should satisfy Bulgaria, and induce her to enter into the closest relations with Austria-Hungary.

General von Lang recommends not only a Protectorate over an "autonomous" Albania, but also the partition of Servia, which is to become another Poland. He also aims at bringing the western part of the Balkan Peninsula under the sway of Austria-Hungary, and he hopes that Bulgaria may be induced to enter into the closest connection with the Dual Monarchy. The distinguished General apparently aims at bringing the whole Balkan Peninsula with Constantinople under Austrian sway. To effect the Austrianisation of the Balkan Peninsula, General von Lang recommends that eight or nine Austrian army corps should attack Servia and Montenegro. Within a fortnight after the Austrian invasion, the Slavonic neighbours of the Dual Monarchy would find their Sedan at Kragujewatz. The General foresees that Russia, and perhaps Italy as well, might oppose Austria's policy in the Balkan Peninsula. Therefore he recommends that, whilst eight or nine army corps are attacking Servia and Montenegro, eight other Austrian army corps should be mobilised on the Italian frontier in order to keep Italy in check. If Russia should intervene, Germany should come to Austria's aid. She would be obliged to do so in her own interests. The four eastern army corps of Germany could delay a Russian attack long enough to enable Germany to smash France with the bulk of her army. Roumania could give valuable help to Austria and Germany against Russia, whilst Bulgaria might be kept busy by the Turkish army.

The distinguished General foresees that Austria's policy of violence and coercion will necessarily lead to war with Russia. Many Austrians reckon with that possibility. Some fear a Russian war, whilst others believe the present moment most favourable for trying conclusions with their Eastern neighbour. It will be noticed that the Austrians who contemplate bringing about a European war leave out of their calculations a very important factor, Great Britain. The attitude of Great Britain will very likely decide whether peace will be preserved on the Continent or not. If the British statesmen wish peace to be preserved in Europe, they should point out to Austria-Hungary the fact that, although Great Britain may not be greatly interested in the countries of the Balkan Peninsula, she is very greatly

interested in the preservation of the balance of power on the Continent of Europe, and that an attempt at destroying the present equilibrium might make British intervention necessary.

All who are acquainted with the facts are aware that Austria is seriously contemplating a war with Russia. It is not without good reason that Austria has mobilised a very large part of her army. The costs are enormous. Austria-Hungary is an impecunious country, and she would disarm very promptly if her intentions were entirely peaceful, for Russia is not likely to attack her. Besides, Austria-Hungary can mobilise so much more quickly than Russia that a precautionary mobilisation is unnecessary for her. Her real aims may be seen from an incident which has attracted little attention in this country. During several weeks it has been asserted in the best informed circles in Germany that when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, recently paid a flying visit to the German Emperor at Springe, he came in order to solicit Germany's support beyond the obligations imposed upon Germany by the Austro-German Alliance. As the Austro-German treaty of alliance is a purely defensive instrument, it appears that the Archduke demanded Germany's support in the event that Austria-Hungary should attack Russia. According to the best German information obtainable, the Archduke received a refusal. This interesting account, which, as far as I am aware, has not appeared in any English journal, has lately been published by some German papers which are in touch with the highest circles, and, as it has not been contradicted by the semi-official Press of Austria-Hungary, we are entitled to presume that it could not be denied. That, at least, is the view which is held in Germany. Apparently the German Emperor wished to have his reply to the Archduke Ferdinand publicly confirmed so as to make sure that his verbal message would be correctly delivered in the proper quarters in Austria, for immediately after the Archduke's departure the German Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, made a statement in the Reichstag, in the course of which he said that Germany was ready to fight "at the side of her allies for the protection of Germany's position in Europe and for the defence of her own future security." He underlined the purely defensive character of Germany's treaty obligations to the Dual Monarchy. Austria-Hungary was plainly and publicly told that Germany would assist Austria-Hungary with all her might, but only in a defensive war.

Germany's refusal to support Austria-Hungary in a war of aggression against Russia does not suffice to make an Austrian attack upon Russia impossible. The relations existing between Germany and Austria-Hungary may be compared to the relations

existing between husband and wife. A husband may warn his wife and inform her that he will not hold himself responsible for her follies, but if she refuses to listen to reason and gets into a scrape, he will nevertheless be held responsible, and will have to pay her debts. Germany may, before the event has occurred, refuse assistance to Austria-Hungary if she should attack Russia. But as Germany cannot afford to see her only reliable ally defeated, she will have to assist Austria-Hungary in almost any war. Germany cannot allow Austria-Hungary to be swallowed up by the Slavonic flood. That is as thoroughly understood in Berlin as it is in Vienna. Herein lies the danger of the present position.

Many eminent men in Austria-Hungary believe the moment favourable for a war with the Slavonic nations. The Slavonic Balkan nations have exhausted themselves. Russia is weakened by the after-effects of her defeats in Manchuria. Last, but not least, the 26,000,000 Slavs of Austria-Hungary may still be ready to obey their masters in a war between Germanism and Slavism. Some years hence, when the Balkan nations have recovered, when Russia has become much stronger, and when the Austrian Slavs have begun to assert themselves and can no longer be relied upon to obey blindly, the chances for the Dual Monarchy might be much worse than they are at present. As an invasion of Russia is inadvisable during the winter, the danger of an Austro-Russian War will become acute in the spring. Even if the Austrian diplomats should be determined upon a war with Russia, and possibly they are determined that the moment has come for war, they would probably carry on negotiations till the season is more favourable for warfare.

Austria-Hungary is undoubtedly in a very precarious position. The Austrian system of government is visibly breaking down. The statesmen of the Dual Monarchy will not much longer be able to rule by misrule and to keep 26,000,000 Slavs in subjection. Owing to its peculiar composition, Austria-Hungary seems to be a State which is bound to go earlier or later into liquidation. The spirit of nationalism and of democracy is abroad. Feudalism and reaction are fighting a losing battle. Austria-Hungary is racially, nationally, ecclesiastically, and socially too much divided to maintain its present position much longer. That is clear to most thinking men in the Monarchy. Prussia has Prussianised most of her conquered provinces. If there were in Austria-Hungary some powerful ruling race or nation possessing a preponderance of numbers, it might be possible to denationalise the subject-nations and to Austrianise them. But that process seems impossible. Despair may counsel Austria-Hungary to seek salvation in a war which may involve all Europe.

FABRICIUS.

A WAR-BOOK FOR THE EMPIRE.

THE menace of the German Navy, together with the action of the Governments of Canada, New Zealand, and the Federated Malay States in deciding to present five of the most powerful armoured ships to the British Fleet, has thrown a heavy responsibility on the Mother Country, and particularly on Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty. It cannot be evaded, but it rests with the Imperial Government, and with these two Ministers specifically, to decide whether it shall be accepted in a proper spirit and turned to the best account.

There is only one fitting station on which to place these ships, and there is only one manner of reciprocating the spirit in which they have been given.

First, we should at once prepare to constitute a High Sea—an Imperial—Fleet. Its ordinary cruising area would be the Mediterranean. This sea, washing the three continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa, is the axis on which the political interests of the British Empire revolve.

Secondly, we should lose no time in pressing forward the work of creating an Imperial War-Book, as a supplementary volume to the new British War-Book, in which the Committee of Imperial Defence have defined the responsibilities of all the departments of State in the British Isles, and the action each must take immediately the first whisper of trouble is heard. This Imperial War-Book would contain our guarantee of protection to the Dominions and their guarantee of co-operation in pursuit of Imperial policy, and would indicate exactly how these guarantees would be translated into action in case of emergency.

First, then, as to the Dominion Dreadnoughts, if these ships are merged into the Home Fleet, serving in the British seas, side by side with the vessels which are looked upon as the protectors of the United Kingdom against invasion, then they will be employed in a manner which will be regarded as selfish by the oversea peoples, and the Imperial impulse may be checked. These are not ordinary ships; they are, indeed, unique ships, which should be used in a unique way in order that they may not only add vastly to the whole Empire's security in face of a world in arms and increase its diplomatic prestige in the great Chanceries, where fateful issues

are continually under discussion, but shall advertise, in the eyes of all nations, the bonds which unite all the King's Dominions.

Secondly, the Imperial War-Book is essential to effective co-operation in the defence of the Empire. It cannot be prepared until each Dominion has studied, through its own Defence Committee, its particular defence problems and prepared its War-Book corresponding in general outlines to the British volume. When these companion books have been completed, then it will become the task of the Committee of Imperial Defence, sitting with representatives of the Dominions, to compile the great War-Book of the whole Empire, which will enumerate the perils which threaten every section of the Empire, will set forth the resources for defence provided by the Mother Country and the Dominions in co-operation, and will specify the manner in which the whole defensive machinery of the Empire shall be put into operation.

In approaching this vast problem of defending the Empire, there must be no misunderstanding between the Mother Country and the daughter lands. It would be fatal if there were any suspicion that co-operation was being utilised in order to save the pockets of the taxpayers of the United Kingdom. The British people are not shirking their duty, as the new Navy Estimates shortly to be presented to Parliament will attest. It is reported that they will amount to a sum of nearly £50,000,000. This is the amount to be voted, but the gross Estimates, which will include what are styled "appropriations in aid," will raise them about £2,000,000 higher. This represents a very heavy charge on British taxpayers.

Great as has been the rise of British naval expenditure, it has been far less than the growth of the expenditure by some of the Great Powers on the Continent of Europe. The German Estimates, which amounted to less than five millions sterling two decades since, have now reached an aggregate of more than £23,000,000; the Italian expenditure has about doubled; while the increase in the case of Austria-Hungary has been even larger. Moreover, the upward movement in British naval expenditure appears greater than it really is, because the Admiralty have to make provision for a voluntary and long service *personnel*, which is far more expensive than service under conscription, and the Estimates include a number of items which do not appear in foreign Estimates. In order to reach a basis of comparison, it is necessary to deduct from the British aggregate about ten millions, and the remainder, approximately forty millions, is the sum which can be fairly used in comparing the cost of the British and Continental navies. When this readjustment has been made, it will be found that we shall spend upon the Fleet in the coming

year, after a period when the Government persistently resisted the temptation to join in the rivalry of armaments forced upon the world by Germany, only just over 70 per cent. more than Germany will spend.

This excess of expenditure corresponds very closely with the new standard, or rather standards, which Mr. Churchill announced last spring that the Admiralty had accepted. He stated that in the next five years it was proposed to build seventeen large armoured ships in contrast with the ten which Germany will lay down under her former Navy Laws, and that four more keels will be laid in reply to the two keels which will be placed in position in Germany in accordance with the expanded building scheme of the Navy Act of last spring, while in cruisers and destroyers "a higher ratio" will be maintained. Consequently during this period of five years the Admiralty are pledged to maintain a margin in large armoured ships of 75 per cent. over Germany. The British people are obtaining excellent value for their money, and they are doing more than they have done in the past to protect Imperial interests, but the danger and its area are increasing.

A new policy of Imperial defence is being forced upon us by the wild frenzy of the renewed competition for the command of the sea. The character of the measures adopted in Germany, under five successive Navy Acts, are already familiar. A fleet is being created which will eventually comprise :—

41 Battleships.

20 Battle-cruisers, or a total of 61 capital ships of the largest size, less than twenty years old.

40 Unarmoured cruisers.

144 Destroyers.

72 Submarines.

All these ships, except four battle-cruisers and eight unarmoured cruisers, will be concentrated in the Baltic and North Sea, enabling Germany to mobilise fifty-nine battle units, thirty-two unarmoured cruisers, and the whole of her torpedo craft within a few days.

These are familiar facts in the naval situation, but we are now confronted with the dramatic development of the fleets of Germany's two allies in the Mediterranean. It is impossible to ignore or to treat in isolation the renewed activity in the ship-building yards of Italy and Austria-Hungary. This year the former Government intends to lay down two more vessels of the Dreadnought type, and the Austrian Admiralty has prepared a scheme for building three ships of the largest size and power, which are to replace the three obsolescent vessels of the Monarch

class. The latter ships belong to the period when the Dual Monarchy entertained no naval ambitions, and was content, like Germany, to maintain only a relatively small coast defence force. Consequently these ships were given a displacement of only 5,600 tons and were the pride of the Austro-Hungarian Navy ten years ago; they are now to be replaced by vessels of more than four times the size. This fact in itself is an indication of the new policy—a high sea policy—which is entertained in Austria-Hungary.

The auspices under which this development of naval power is taking place confirms the impression that there is a close community of sentiment and of plans between the Allies whose coasts are washed by the North Sea and the Adriatic. The principal shipbuilding yard in Austria—the Stabilimento Technico—is owned by a company in which German interests predominate, and the guns and armour are produced at the Skoda works at Pilsen, in which the great Krupp firm takes something more than a cousinly interest. Moreover, during the past twelve months Germany has stationed an officer on the active list of her Navy at Vienna, to watch with kindly concern the development of Austrian sea power. Behind Count Montecuccoli, the Minister of the Marine, who is responsible for the ambitious naval schemes, stands the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the throne and the close personal friend of the German Emperor; and behind the Archduke are the most powerful influences in Austria.

The task of strengthening these three fleets is being pressed forward in complete disregard of economic and financial conditions. Germany, so uncertain is her financial stability, is threatened with a financial panic the moment war clouds gather on the Continent; her vast commercial undertakings rest upon a delicately poised system of finance built up on a paper foundation. Austria-Hungary is even more seriously embarrassed; she has annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina at a cost of £11,000,000, and has spent between fourteen and fifteen millions more on warlike preparations during the present war in the Balkan Peninsula. The Dual Monarchy is so pinched for funds that the Finance Ministers recently had the temerity to protest against the new demands of the Marine Minister. The governmental machine is, however, under the control of far-reaching ambitions—what they are we do not know—which will not brook interference owing to financial considerations. Similarly, in Italy, just when the economic conditions were beginning to improve, the government has, in pursuit of ill-defined ambitions, also embarked upon costly naval programmes, and the new projects

have already caused naval expenditure to leap upwards at an alarming pace. Although the Government is now faced with the necessity of meeting the onerous liabilities incurred during the war with Turkey, it is still pursuing a career of ruinous expenditure in order to provide a more powerful fleet than was ever considered necessary in the past.

Large as is the expenditure proposed upon the British Fleet during the forthcoming financial year, it is not keeping pace with the expansion of the navies of the Triple Alliance. The expenditure of these three Powers between 1904 and 1912 increased by 126·5 per cent., while the British Navy Estimates rose by only 10·3 per cent.

We are confronted with a simultaneous and dramatic movement towards naval expansion in northern and southern waters. In the North Sea Germany is building and concentrating a fleet inferior only in strength to that of Great Britain, and in the Mediterranean her Allies, hitherto of almost negligible value as sea Powers, are equipping themselves with first-class fleets. These three countries, hitherto relying for their legitimate defensive needs upon armies, which upon a war-footing would comprise about nine million five hundred thousand men, are now creating fleets of a size altogether out of proportion to their legitimate requirements, giving those armies an almost unlimited range of action. In the spring of 1914—that is, exclusive of the vessels which will be laid down this year—the naval strength of the Triple Alliance will be as follows :—

	Germany.		Italy.		Austria.	Italy and Austria Total.
	North Sea.		Mediterranean.			
Battleships	39	...	12	11	23
Armoured Cruisers	8	...	5	1	6
Protected Cruisers	30	...	3	4	7
Destroyers	108	...	22	18	40
Torpedo boats	—	...	57	48	105
Submarines	36	...	26	12	38

In this table are included only battleships of less than twenty years of age, armoured and protected cruisers of less than fifteen years, and torpedo craft of less than eleven years, thus excluding all obsolescent ships.

This represents the naval conditions which will exist a little more than a year from the present date. By March, 1915, Germany will possess forty-three battleships in the North Sea, and Italy and Austria will dispose of twenty-seven in the Mediterranean, while the strength of the three Powers in other types of ships will also have increased.

It is axiomatic that the main strategical theatre for the British Fleet is in northern waters, where the German Navy is now, and will continue to be, concentrated; there British sea power must

be maintained in unchallengeable strength. In order to achieve this end, the British Battle Squadron has been recalled from the Mediterranean, and thus, while grave injury was done to British prestige, the basis upon which the expansion of the German Fleet has hitherto proceeded has been upset. In the explanation of German policy which was appended to the Navy Act of 1900, it was stated :—

“Under the existing circumstances, in order to protect Germany's sea traffic and colonies, there is only one means, viz., Germany must have a fleet of such strength that, even for the mightiest Naval Power, a war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardise its own supremacy.

“For this purpose it is not absolutely necessary that the German Fleet should be as strong as that of the greatest sea-Power, because, generally, *a great sea-Power will not be in a position to concentrate all its forces against us*. But even if it should succeed in confronting us in superior force, the enemy would be so considerably weakened in overcoming the resistance of a strong German Fleet that, notwithstanding a victory gained, the enemy's supremacy would not at first be secured any longer by a sufficient fleet.”

The further concentration of the British Fleet in the North Sea and the English Channel, following upon the recall of 50 per cent. of the British ships from the outer stations of the Empire, represented a defeat of the German ambitions which found expression in this explanatory note.

What was the result? Immediately this movement was revealed, announcement was given to a new ambition by an Austrian statesman. He urged that the peoples in Southern Europe should aim to secure “the Mediterranean for the Mediterranean Powers,” and simultaneously the naval departments of Italy and Austria-Hungary put forward new projects.

The British peoples are thus confronted with a new crisis, because to them the maintenance of a strong fleet in the Mediterranean is essential. This land-locked ocean, in comparison with which the North Sea is a lake and the English Channel little more than a pond, is the lynchpin of the British Empire.

It is the route by which nearly half the food reaches the British Isles, and it is the essential link between East and West. Once communications in this sea are cut, not only will the United Kingdom be brought face to face with starvation, but we shall lose our hold on Egypt, India, and our vast possessions in the Far East, to say nothing of Malta and Gibraltar. The Mediterranean must be held. In 1797, when Nelson, as a temporary measure during hostilities, was directed to evacuate the Mediterranean, he wrote to his wife :—

“Much as I shall rejoice to see England, I lament our present orders in sackcloth and ashes, so dishonourable to the dignity of England.”

Now that the Suez Canal has become a great artery of Imperial trade, now that Egypt is under British rule, and now that King George is Emperor of India, as George the Third was not, the lowering of the British flag in the Mediterranean would be a disaster of the first magnitude, which would react upon the destiny of the Empire and affect the fortunes of every Dominion. In no slight degree the strength of the Empire in diplomacy, in which the oversea peoples are as concerned as we in the United Kingdom—though it costs them nothing—and the vitality of British credit, from which the oversea Dominions gain a profit of about ten millions annually,¹ rest upon the maintenance of British strength in this midland sea.

Fortunately, the foundations of an Imperial policy adequate to our new needs have already been laid. Shall we have courage to persevere in spite of all difficulties? In the "Memorandum on Naval Requirements" prepared by the Admiralty for the Government of Canada, the following definition was given of the basis of British defence:—

"Naval diplomacy is of two kinds: general and local.

"*General naval supremacy consists in the power to defeat in battle and drive from the seas the strongest hostile navy, or combination of hostile navies, wherever they may be found.*"²

"Local superiority consists in the power to send in good time to, or maintain permanently in, some distant theatre forces adequate to defeat the enemy or hold him in check until the main decision has been obtained in the decisive theatre.

"It is the general naval supremacy of Great Britain which is the primary safeguard of the security and interests of the great Dominions of the Crown, and which for all these years has been the deterrent upon any possible designs prejudicial to or inconsiderate of their policy and safety."

On another occasion Mr. Churchill stated that a fair division of the burden of Empire in the new circumstances which are arising would be that we in the British Isles should maintain the

(1) "It has been estimated that home investments within the Empire amount to the enormous sum of £1,652,000,000, or some £32,000,000 more than our investments in all other countries put together; and that of this total £391,000,000 has gone to Australasia and £365,000,000 to Canada. . . . It is calculated that the preference given to the Colonies by the terms on which the British people provide their fellow-subjects overseas with capital is, at least, 1 per cent., and it has been stated by Sir Edgar Speyer—who cannot be suspected of Unionist prejudice—that the interest saved to the Dominions and Dependencies in this way is at least £10,000,000 a year. That is certainly a very handsome preference, given very largely out of sentiment, just as sentiment had much to do with the admission of some £650,000,000 of Colonial and Indian stocks to the list of British trustee securities."—*The Times*, January 2nd, 1913.

(2) At present the only possible hostile navies are in European waters, but if at any future date they are found in the Pacific, there British sea-power must assert itself.

defence of the inner seas, which are dominated by the influence of German sea power, and that the Dominions should assist in the maintenance of the naval forces in the outer seas, in which he presumably included the Mediterranean.

As against Germany alone the British Estimates are providing for a superiority of 75 per cent. in new armoured ships. After adequate provision has been made in the North Sea, the balance which will be available will not be sufficient for the provision of a squadron of commanding strength in the Mediterranean, unless aid from the Dominions is forthcoming, and yet, as Sir Edward Grey has admitted, "we ought to keep sufficient naval force in the Mediterranean at any moment to count as one of the Mediterranean Powers." The Colonial Secretary, speaking on behalf of the Cabinet, has made an even more emphatic declaration of policy. He has admitted that "under existing circumstances of territory and responsibility our position in the Mediterranean must remain one of national and international importance." And he has given a distinct and emphatic pledge :—

"We shall maintain it there, both on land and on sea, to as full an extent as we have ever done in the past, and in doing so we depend on no alliance or understanding, actual or implied, but upon our own forces, subject always to our own—and only our own—needs, and to the tactical exigencies of our own unfettered policy and discretion."

These are fine words, but, in the light of Italian and Austrian expansion, this pledge cannot be redeemed unless the Cabinet is prepared to act in the spirit of Mr. Churchill's declaration, and the Dominion ships are definitely assigned to the Mediterranean instead of being lost among the ordinary vessels stationed in Home waters.

This co-operation in maintaining the supremacy of the Empire need not interfere with the ambitions of the Dominions to provide local defence forces for the protection of their coasts if they are convinced of the need and care to face the financial burden involved. Baby navies—which are definitely recognised as such—are not necessarily antagonistic to the general supremacy, but may be made complementary, in certain circumstances, one to the other.

The Empire is either an entity for peace and for war, or it has no meaning. If the Dominions accept the blessings of peace which the Imperial connection confers, then, when war occurs, no votes by their Parliament will be able to deflect from them the blows which an enemy may direct at any part of the Empire. Is it to be believed that if war broke out between France and Germany, any one or more of the score of legislative bodies in

Germany presided over by Kings, Grand Dukes, or Dukes, could by vote dissociate themselves from the fate of the Empire, or that if the western States of the American Republic were attacked, the eastern States could decide to stand outside the conflict. It must be realised that an Empire which exists for the profits which can be secured in peace will be regarded by the enemy as its target when war occurs. As there is one navy for the whole of the German Empire, one navy for the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, and one navy for the whole of the States of the American Republic, with its two long and exposed and distinct seaboard, so there must be one navy for the whole of the British Empire—its defence must depend on an Imperial battle force, if it is to survive during the coming years of ever-increasing tension.

It is still true, as the Admiralty stated at the Imperial Conference in 1909, that "if the problem of Imperial naval defence were considered merely as a problem of naval strategy, it would be found that the greatest output of strength for a given expenditure is obtained by the maintenance of a single navy with the concomitant unity of training and unity of command." And therefore, in furtherance of the strategical ideal, the maximum of power will be gained if all parts of the Empire contribute according to their needs and resources to the maintenance of the British Navy in the Mediterranean, which is the strategical theatre only second in importance to the North Sea. In face of the menace of the fleets of the Triple Alliance, the British peoples, who live by sea power, cannot afford to obtain anything less than "the greatest output of strength."

Canada has a population of seven millions, the Commonwealth a population of less than five millions, the Union of South Africa a population of one and a quarter millions, and New Zealand something just over a million inhabitants. Yet some persons in these Dominions are talking airily of building Dreadnoughts. The Dreadnought idea has become the obsession of the non-technical mind, which knows nothing of naval affairs. A Dreadnought in the hands of any but the most highly trained crew is the one type of ship from which an enemy has the least to fear. It is the ship which is least suited to small States. Such a vessel does not become an instrument of offence unless it is manned by the best officers and men which a large organisation can provide, and unless these men are trained day by day, and night by night also, in accordance with the best expert knowledge which only a great service can supply. At this moment there is no navy in the world which has learnt how to use effectively

these vast engines of war, though the British Fleet is now on the pathway to success.

Dreadnoughts are the ships of Great Powers, with great resources of money, men, and scientific knowledge, and if they could only realise it, the lesser Powers of the world—Argentina, Chile, Holland, Greece, and Turkey, and, shall it be added, Australia—might almost as well pour their money into the seas as invest it in these vast and complicated boxes of war machinery, from which they can never hope, with their small and therefore imperfectly organised services, to obtain results in war which will compensate them for the heavy sacrifices which they are making in peace.

Dreadnoughts are the apotheosis of the struggle of the giants. To less than giants they are a burden in time of peace, and a delusion and a snare in the hour of crisis, because they are apt to encourage pretensions by ignorant statesmen which inadequately trained crews would not be able to make good in time of war. Moreover, a single ship of the Dreadnought type in isolation—such as Australia has built, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes Canada shall build, one each for the Atlantic and Pacific respectively—will serve merely as an effective target for the well-drilled and numerous squadron of an enemy.

The case of Australia is, indeed, a good illustration of the folly which underlies the policy which leads small States to invest in great warships. There are only two naval Powers in the Pacific, for the navies of the Continent of Europe are hardly represented: the one is Japan, and the other is America. Not merely the people of the United Kingdom, but all the British peoples are in alliance with Japan. Recent events have shown that while this treaty is in line with British policy, it is absolutely essential to the future security of Japan, owing to the check which her armament policy has received through financial stringency. Many years must pass before Japan can face the prospect of standing alone, and therefore we have the best assurance that the present alliance, which will not terminate until 1921, will again be renewed for a further term when the time comes. Japan is the Ally of the British peoples, including Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, and therefore the possibility of war with this country must be as rigorously excluded as the nightmare of hostilities with the great English-speaking Republic of the United States.

But if the possibility of war with either of these nations could not be dismissed, we have, on the one hand, a navy upon which more than nine millions sterling annually is spent, and, on the other, a navy which is costing over twenty-five millions; Japan

possesses seventeen battleships, and America disposes of thirty-one. Against which of these two great fleets is Australia's lonely battle-cruiser to be turned? And if it is not to be used against either, if the possibility of war in the Pacific is, for the present and to the limit of vision, ruled out, what reason is there for having this huge and costly unit masquerading in waters where she can never expect to fire a shot in anger during her period of useful service, while it may be that in the main strategical theatres in Europe every interest—including those of the Commonwealth—which the British peoples cherish are involved in the throes of a death struggle?

Big ships, as the heavy units in big fleets, are the instruments of big States; little ships are the appropriate means of defence of little States, because they are, from financial, strategical, and economic points of view, the natural expression of their needs. In time of war what can any one of the Dominions hope to effect? With limited resources Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Newfoundland cannot expect to do more than sit down and wait until one or more squadrons of the main fleet of the Empire can free them from peril, either by coming directly to their assistance, or by pressure exerted elsewhere, to the inevitable relief of the danger which assails them. In these circumstances the ships—if any—which a Dominion can employ usefully are small cruisers and torpedo craft. These ships, casting a relatively small burden upon small communities, are adequate for dealing with local incidents in connection with the protection of fisheries and for patrolling the coasts, and they do not absorb such large crews as the mastodons of the present day, and the Dominions have scant populations and few men who hear the call of the sea, as recent Colonial recruiting efforts have demonstrated.¹ Even local naval forces, however, can be provided by the British Navy at about half the cost which they would throw on Dominions, where shipbuilding costs must be very heavy.

In line with these essential facts of the naval situation, the ideal naval organisation of the British Empire consists of—

(a) A British Fleet superior to the German Fleet in northern waters.

(b) A High Sea Fleet, provided by the Mother Country and the Dominions, in the Mediterranean, which is the grand junction of the Empire, from which aid can be sent to any distant sea at short notice.

(1) It took Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government two years to recruit 300 seamen, and many of these have since deserted. In the Commonwealth the experience has been much the same, though the rates of pay are 100 per cent. higher than in the British service.

(c) Such mobile defences—small cruisers and torpedo craft—as each Dominion may consider desirable for its needs.

It is not the least advantage of such a scheme that the Fleet in the Mediterranean would provide the Dominions with a training school of unparalleled value for officers and men. The most promising Dominion officers might hope to follow in the footsteps of that distinguished admiral, Sir Archibald Douglas, who, a Canadian by birth, rose to hold the highest commands in the gift of the Admiralty. If such a scheme were adopted, the future might reveal a great Imperial Fleet in the Mediterranean, commanded by an officer born in one of the Dominions, who, when the political situation permitted, might enjoy the proud privilege of taking a portion of his command into the waters of his homeland.

There is nothing in this conception of the development of Imperial naval co-operation which would in any degree infringe the autonomy which the oversea Dominions cherish, and it would lead to an association in policy—and this is an essential development—which all the Ministers of the Empire admit to be desirable.

During the Imperial Conference in 1911 the following resolutions were passed :—

(1) "That one or more representatives, appointed by the respective Governments of the Dominions, should be invited to attend meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence when questions of naval and military defence affecting the Oversea Dominions are under consideration.

(2) "The proposal that a Defence Committee should be established in each Dominion is accepted in principle. The constitution of these Defence Committees is a matter for each Dominion to decide."

Mr. Harcourt, the Colonial Secretary, in a speech which he recently delivered, elaborated the scheme in further detail :—

"There is, on the part of Canadian Ministers and people, a natural and laudable desire for a greater measure of consultation and co-operation with us in the future than they have had in the past. This is not intended to, and it need not, open up those difficult problems of Imperial Federation which, seeming to entail questions of taxation and representation, have made that policy for many years a dead issue.

"But, speaking for myself, I see no obstacle, and certainly no objection, to the Governments of all the Dominions being given at once a larger share in executive direction in matters of defence and in personal consultation and co-operation with individual British Ministers whose duty it is to frame policy here. I should welcome a more continuous representation of Dominions Ministers, if they wish it, upon the Committee of Imperial Defence; we shall all be glad if a member or members of those Cabinets could be annually in London. The door of fellowship and friendship is always open to them, and we require no formalities of an Imperial Conference for the continuity of Imperial confidence."

Mr. Borden, on behalf of the Canadian Government, has already accepted this proposal, and the other Dominions have been invited to carry it out.

In association with a policy of co-operation in naval defence, we are presented with the prospect of co-operation in policy, and defence depends upon policy. The Committee of Imperial Defence, which meets in London, is, it is true, a purely advisory body, and is not, and cannot under any circumstances become, a body deciding on policy, which is and must remain the sole prerogative of the Cabinet, subject to the support of the House of Commons. But at the same time any Dominion Minister resident in London or visiting London could, as Mr. Asquith has said, at all times have free and full access to the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, and the Colonial Secretary, for information on all questions of Imperial policy.

When Dominion Committees of Defence have been appointed, their task will be to do for each State, under the presidency of its Prime Minister, what the Committee in London has done for the United Kingdom, examining its perils, and tabulating its resources for defence both as an isolated unit and as one of the component parts of the Empire. As the work proceeds, each Committee will no doubt imitate the example of the Committee in London and appoint what is styled "a Sub-Committee for the Co-ordination of Departmental Action at the Outbreak of War." Describing this particular work of the Imperial Defence Committee, Mr. Asquith has stated:—

"This sub-committee, which is composed of the principal permanent officials of the various Departments of State, has, after many months of continuous labour, compiled a War-Book. We call it a War-Book—and it is a book which definitely assigns to each Department—not merely the War Office and the Admiralty, but the Home Office, the Board of Trade, and every Department of the State—its responsibility for action under every head of war policy. The Departments themselves, in pursuance of the instructions given by the War-Book, have drafted all the proclamations, Orders in Council, letters, telegrams, notices, and so forth, which can be foreseen. Every possible provision has been made to avoid delay in setting in force the machinery in the unhappy event of war taking place. It has been thought necessary to make this Committee permanent in order that these war arrangements may be constantly kept up to date."

As soon as each Dominion has compiled its War-Book after this manner, the time will be ripe for preparing the great War-Book of the Empire. This volume will embrace the perils, resources and responsibilities of every part of the King's dominions. It will definitely assign to each Dominion and its several departments, responsibility for action under every head of war policy, showing exactly what should be done and how it

should be done. This volume will be naturally the particular care of the Imperial Defence Committee in London, reinforced by Dominion representatives. The Book will be under continual revision as that body receives from the committees in the Dominions fresh facts, and as the Imperial Ministers for Foreign, Naval, Military, Colonial and Indian affairs shed new light upon the changes in the international, naval, and military situations.

Herein we have the foundations of a policy of co-operation in Imperial defence. The dual scheme of an Imperial High Sea Fleet in the Mediterranean and a real Imperial Defence Committee, with an Imperial War-Book as its peculiar charge, and branch Committees overseas, represents an ideal of joint consultation and action which infringes upon neither the ultimate powers of the British Parliament nor the autonomous rights of the Dominions. The former will vote naval supplies in accordance with whatever standard of strength it accepts from the Admiralty, as it does at present, and the latter will contribute according to their wishes and desires to provide an additional margin of safety for the insurance of the Empire.

It must be realised that the problem which the renewed competition in naval armaments on the Continent of Europe presents to us and to the Dominions is one of ships, of men, and of money—and particularly of money. We in the Mother Country have ample material which can be trained as officers and men for the Navy, while the Dominions have insufficient populations for the development of their immense internal resources, and thus have no men to spare or with an inclination for the sea service. We in the Mother Country also have ample resources for shipbuilding, while the Dominions have not, and cannot have for a decade or more, and the emergency is upon us and the need for more ships "imperative," as Mr. Borden has declared.¹

Therefore the problem is essentially one of money, and in providing naval funds, to be invested in the best way which Imperial consultation may suggest, the Dominions can render aid which will not only strengthen the Empire as a whole—increasing its diplomatic and financial prestige—but may render the arbitrament of war impossible owing to the unchallengeable naval armaments which the British Empire—a maritime Empire—will then display before the world in arms.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

(1) The construction of a Dreadnought is a matter of such nice industrial organisation, and requires such a varied and specialised plant, that even Greece, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and other fully established countries have refrained for good reasons from embarking on such an enterprise; and Russia, Spain, and Japan rely, partially or entirely, on the resources of the United Kingdom to supply their requirements.

THE COMPETITION WALLAH.

I.

WE do not just now hear so much of discontent in India as we did two years and more ago. The agitation which was then increasing by leaps and bounds seems to have reached its limit and subsided. The annulment of the partition of Bengal has been received with favour, and the removal of the capital to Delhi is supposed to have pleased many people. It would seem as if the crisis had passed and an era of peace and plenty had set in.

Yet that is not so. The discontent is there. With the removal of certain causes of acute irritation it may not be so obvious, but it has in no way ceased. Nor is it likely to cease. It will remain and even grow, unless something can be done to remove the causes and to give a proper outlet to the energies employed in it. The discontent is no ephemeral emotion caused by temporary measures ; it is deep-seated and has its root not in this act or in that, but in the relation between the people and the Government.

For that is bad.

It is not one thing that is wrong, but everything. It is not so much the politics of the Indian Government that vex the people, but the Government itself. It can do little that is right and much that is wrong ; what right things it does are done in a wrong manner, and the wheels of government do not run easily ; they creak, and the friction increases daily. Some day soon, unless something is done, it seems inevitable that the machine will stop. Now a stoppage will be attended with complete ruin for both parties. There can be no doubt about that. If England once lost India she would lose all. Her colonies and dependencies would leave her and she would fall from an Empire to a small island kingdom. Her trade would soon follow her Empire, passing into more capable hands, and there would be an end of us.

For India the result would not be less disastrous. Except an occasional enthusiast, no one thinks India is capable yet of governing herself. She is growing certainly, but she has a long way yet to go before she can develop capacity for complete self-government. Without us she would be defenceless against any Power which might care to attack her, she would be rent with internal dissensions, the growing civilisation would dissolve into chaos. She has no alternative to our Government. Almost everyone can see that.

Nevertheless, the country of India is dissatisfied with our Government. It is very dissatisfied. It feels that it is not well

governed and it chafes under this fact. It wants a better government than it has. Things cannot go on as they are. Therefore, there is sedition. And it is a natural and, on the whole, a salutary symptom that there should be discontent. For a people to sit down in quiet under a Government that is inefficient would argue either that it was moribund and worthless, or that it was meditating some secret *coup*. India expresses its discontent, and a wise Government will take warning and reform.

For there is no doubt that the Government of India is not fully competent. There is no doubt that if things in India are to go on well it must reform. It must improve not merely its measures, its methods, or its manners, but itself. Now I am not writing this article in order to criticise the Indian Government. It has plenty of critics and there is no reason I should join the number. I used to be an official myself, and I would rather defend the Government than attack it. Nevertheless, it must be realised that the discontent is well founded. It must also be realised that it is not in the main a "political" discontent. It has not been created by agitators or raised by sects or castes. It is not partial, confined to one province or two, directed against one or two measures. It is universal, it includes all provinces and all classes, and is directed against the whole of Government.

For all the machinery of government works uneasily. The Courts, both Criminal and Civil, the Police, the Revenue administration, the Land Acts, are unsatisfactory. They are very unsatisfactory, and the fault lies not with the people, but with the Courts. If public opinion is so against the police that Government prosecutions of crime are often impossible; if perjury is common and is condoned or even applauded; if failure of justice is almost the rule, the fault is in the Courts. It is no use blaming the people and saying that they are "agin government" and are born liars. They are not liars until the atmosphere of the Courts makes them so, and if they are against the Government it is because the Government does not suit them. They want an efficient system of justice, and the present one is not that. It is inefficient because it is quite out of touch with the people; it does not in the least understand them. It is a blind application of rigid maxims to a medium quite unsuited to them. In the old time the personality of the magistrate stood between the people and the law, but nowadays the system is rigid and there is no help. There are no juries to put common sense into the law.

The Civil Courts are as bad. Perjury is rampant. Justice is bought and sold openly, not by the judges, but by paid witnesses, by clever pleaders; as is done all over the world, but

most of all in India. The judges are helpless, for the system is utterly wrong and no individual can mend it. Now justice, criminal and civil, enters far more largely into the life of an eastern people than it does with us, and where it is thoroughly unsympathetic and therefore bad, as it is in India, its effect is disastrous.

The Revenue Courts are modelled on the Civil Courts and are as bad.

Again, the land legislation is bad. There is no understanding; evils are seen, but their causes not discerned, and in the attempt to avoid them worse evils are encountered. Thus in Burma there was a strong desire to maintain a peasantry cultivating its own land, and to discourage tenancies and absenteeism. The ideal was good, but there was a want of knowledge how to attain the ideal. The result was a legislation based simply on the aspiration, without any knowledge of the deep-lying causes of changes in land tenures. Government desired to do good; it had not the requisite knowledge and it did harm. To declare as Government did that the occupier is *ipso facto* the owner is disastrous. It is a complete hindrance to progress, to improvements and to change.

And so I might go through the whole administration. It is all defective from top to bottom. It is imbued with the best intentions, it is worked with devotion and courage, but it creaks aloud as it goes round. It is not rusty from age, but that it lacks oil. The new Acts are no better than the old. There is only one thing that makes machines or governments go well, and that is oil, and the oil of governments is understanding. There is no understanding in any department of Government, though there is an intense desire for it.

In saying this I say no new thing. I say nothing that Government itself does not fully admit—when no one is listening. No one can better appreciate than the man at the handle when the wheel won't turn. If it grinds those within to powder, it doesn't spare the operator. He doesn't a bit like the creaking that he hears, and he would sooner not have to strain so hard at the handle. No one more than he desires a machine that will run easily. He knows it doesn't now.

The Government of India has lost confidence in itself. There is no doubt of that. From blaming the people and the agitators and the papers and the climate, it has begun doubtfully to wonder if by any possibility it is itself to blame. It has become introspective and gloomy. And the same doubt is affecting Home Departments. All is not as it should be, and the failure of the Board of Trade to prevent the *Titanic* disaster is a case in point.

Government is beginning to wonder if it is quite as wise as it ought to be. If not, why not? And how can the molecules which make up its body corporate be better chosen than they are? Hence the present Commissions : one on the appointment to the Civil Services, and one on the appointment to the Indian Services. Can better men be found ; if so, how? Now, of the Home Services I know nothing, but of the Indian Civil Service I know a great deal. I do not, however, belong to it, nor do I hold any brief for it. I am not concerned for its traditions. I am indifferent to its ideals. I think it should exist for India, and that its good, as well as England's good, is best insured by its adaptation to the needs of India. Neither have I any bias against it. Though not of it, I have served with its members, below them and above them. Some of my best friends are in it. I know its earnestness and desire to do the best. I know its difficulties and its dangers. If, therefore, I point out some of its deficiencies it is with the hope that they may be removed, and not in any spirit of carping criticism. I have very little sympathy with most of the attacks delivered against it, and the defects are, I think, not of its own causing. Its members suffer from the faults of others.

Government lacks understanding. Why does it do so, and how can that understanding be obtained?

It is a custom in India and Burma that when the young civilians are sent out from Home they are, before being entrusted with any work, posted to the headquarters of districts to learn the language, to get an insight into the work, to learn by observation how things are done. One such was posted to my district for me to teach, and if I say shortly what I tried to show him and the difficulties I found it will elucidate, perhaps better than any other way, the causes of the defects in the administration of India. He became an officer of great promise and would have risen high, but he is dead now, and therefore what I say now cannot offend anyone. Besides, I have nothing to say that could offend. He was, I think, twenty-three years of age, of good people, educated at a public school and Oxford, and was as nice a boy as could be found. He had passed high in the examinations. He was said to be clever, and as regards assimilating book knowledge he was good. But his mind was an old curiosity shop. He had fixed ideas on nearly everything. He was full of prejudices he called principles, of "facts" that were not facts. He had learnt a good deal, he *knew* nothing ; and worse, he did not know how to obtain knowledge. He wanted his opinions ready-made and absolute. He had no notion how to make knowledge for himself. He wanted authority before he would think.

Give him "authority" and he would disregard or deny fact in order to cling to it. I will take a concrete instance.

There is amongst Englishmen in Burma a superstition that the Burmese do not and cannot work. They are lazy. The men never work if they can help it, and all the work that is done is done by women. How this idea came is an interesting study in the psychology of ignorance, but I need not enter into that here. The idea obtains universally and is an acknowledged shibboleth. My young assistant was not into many days before he brought it up.

"Oh," he said, "the Burman is so lazy."

"You are sure of that?" I asked. "There are certain kinds of work he dislikes, certain kinds he does badly. For instance, he is said to be a bad domestic servant, though that is not my experience and I have had many. But general laziness is a different matter."

He stared at me. "Why, everyone says so."

"Everyone said four hundred years ago that the sun went round the earth," I answered. "Were they right?"

"You don't mean to tell me," he said, "that the Burman can work?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything," I answered. "You will be wanting me to tell you whether the sun shines or not and whether mangoes are good to eat. Here are a quarter of a million Burmans in this district. Find out the facts for yourself."

The necessity of having to support his theories with facts seemed to him unreasonable. The Burman is lazy. That is enough said. What have facts to do with it? He did not say this, but evidently he was thinking it. However, at last he did find what he considered a fact.

"You remember when we rode into that village the other day about noon, the number of men we saw sleeping in the verandah?"

"True," I said.

"Doesn't that show it?"

"Suppose," I said, "you had got up at four o'clock in the morning and worked in the fields till ten, would you not require a rest before going out at three o'clock again?"

"Do they do that?" he asked.

"You can find out for yourself if they do or not," I answered. "You have a pony. Ride out and inquire."

He looked at me doubtfully.

"But," he objected, "it is notorious that they are lazy."

"So is the fact that the standard of living in Burma is very high; also that the Burman pays more revenue than the Indian.

Burma is the milch-cow of India. The figures are in my office and you can and must verify them. How do you reconcile these two?—laziness and well-doing? The comfort is evident and real; perhaps the laziness is only apparent."

"A rich country," he said.

"Is it?" I asked. "Look at the dry, bare land of which nearly all this district, and most of Upper Burma, which is the home of the Burman, is composed. Is it rich? You have eyes. Look. You have been on tour with me. You *know* it is not rich; why do you *say* it is?"

He shook his head almost as if I had hurt him, and searched about for a defence.

"But Lower Burma is rich."

"The Burmese are only immigrants there, and their character was made in Upper Burma. But never mind that. If you look at the export returns you will see the enormous amount of rice it grows and exports. The figures are in my office, which is yours. Is that rice the product of laziness?"

"But," he said at last, in despair, "if this 'laziness' of the Burman is untrue, how did the idea become general?"

"Ah!" I answered. "That is another matter. Let us stick to one thing at a time. We are concerned now with whether it is true or not. Decide that first. See for yourself. Find out an ordinary man's work, and I think you will find it sufficient. You have the opportunity of judging, and unless you use that opportunity you have no right to an opinion at all. Where you can know a thing and won't there is no excuse."

He said no more at the time, but a few days later he returned to the subject. A high official had been opening a public work in Mandalay and had made a speech. Much of the labour for the work had been Burmese, whereas usually such labour is imported Indian, and he referred approvingly to this fact. "I am glad to see," said this high official, "that the Burmese are taking to hard work." My assistant brought this up.

"Here is authority," he said.

"Certainly," I said, "there is authority on one side. Now let us look at fact on the other. Whether is it better, to be a peasant proprietor on your own land, or a day labourer?"

"The former, of course," he said.

"This has been a bad year in some districts. Crops have failed. You can verify that from the weekly reports in my office. Many cultivators have had to abandon their holdings temporarily and turn to day labour. Is that good? Are they to be congratulated or not?"

The boy looked downcast.

"No," he admitted.

"Well, then?" I asked.

He reflected for some time. "But," he said at length, "when one authority (the high official) says one thing and another authority (you) say the reverse, what am I to believe?"

Then came my opportunity. "You are to *believe* nothing," I said. "You have eyes, you have ears, you have common sense. They are given you to use and see facts for yourself. The facts are all round you. You will never do any good work if you refuse to face facts and understand them. If you are to be worth your salt as an official or a man you will have to work by sight, not by faith."

He laughed. At first he seemed puzzled; then he was pleased. He had been educated to accept what he was told and never to question. His mind had been stunted, and the idea of exercising it again delighted him. To judge for himself was a new idea to him entirely, and he welcomed it. He began to do so. For the first time since childhood he was encouraged to use that which is the only thing worth cultivating, his common sense. But even yet he could not emancipate himself.

Some time later a new subject came up.

This time it was the "disappearance of the Burman." He is supposed to be dying out. The Indian is "ousting" him. Before long there will be none left. My assistant had read it in the paper and heard it almost universally, therefore it must be true.

I said nothing at the time, but that day when I went to the office I sent him the volumes of the last two Census tables, with a short note. "Will you kindly," I wrote, "verify for me: the Burmese population in 1891; the same in 1901, district by district, and let me know where there have been decreases. Also where there have been increases, and the percentage of increase."

The next day he came to me with an amused expression on his face, and a paper of figures in his hand.

"I have made them all out," he said, "as you wished. Here they are."

"Then," I said, "let us take the districts with decreases first. Please show me them."

"There are none," he answered. "They all show increases."

"Large?" I asked.

"Yes, large," he said, "from a population of about nine millions to ten millions in ten years is a good increase. The Burmese are prolific."

"But," I remonstrated, "I thought the Burman was disappearing? You said so 'on authority'? How is that?"

He laughed. He had taken his lesson.

And again another point. I had received an order from Govern-

ment which I thought mistaken, and I said so. He was a Government official too, and I could say to him what I could not say to others.

"Then you won't carry it out?" he asked, surprised.

"I am here to carry out orders," I answered, "and of course I shall carry it out."

"But why, then, do you criticise it if it must be carried out?"

"Look here," I said. "Before very long you will be sent to a sub-division of my district to govern it. I shall send you many orders and shall expect you to carry them out."

"Right or wrong?"

"Right or, as you may think, wrong. You must *do* as I say. Otherwise government is impossible. But I do not want you to *think* as I do. I want you to think for yourself. If an order appears to you issued from a misconception on my part, you must not refuse to obey, but I should expect you to tell me any facts that would lead me to a better knowledge. Your business is not merely to carry out orders, but to furnish me with correct information how to better those orders. You are not merely to be part of the district hand, but of its brain too. I should want you to criticise every order in your own mind, try to understand it, because the better you understand it the more correctly you will carry it out. And if you disagree with it you should examine your reasons for disagreement to see if they are good."

"And let you know?"

"Whenever you are certain that I am wrong and the matter is important."

"But would not criticism be cheek?"

"Not if it is true and valuable. You would be doing me a service. It is what I want. How do you suppose we are ever to get on if opinions are to be stereotyped? I am even better aware than you are that my orders are imperfect. I can but do my best. You must help me. Thought must be free. Only don't give me opinions or 'authority.' I don't care for either. Give me facts; and be sure of your facts."

"I see," he said.

"You can be quite kind about it, you know," I suggested.

"Is that what you are to Government," he asked, "when you disagree with them?"

"I try to be," I said. "I put myself as far as I can in their position and give them what I would like to receive myself."

Again, it was quite a new idea to him that anyone should want criticism. He had been educated to believe that any doubt of what authority said was a sin, perhaps inevitable sometimes, but anyhow always to be concealed, and he had been told that everyone, from the Creator down, resented criticism and would

annihilate the critic. That anyone should prefer knowing the truth, even if it showed he had been wrong, he could not comprehend.

Now, these three instances will point out what seems to me to be wrong in the previous training of young men sent to India, and in fact in all training. Their minds, instead of being cultivated, are stifled. They are taught to disregard truth and to accept authority in place of it. They are not only to do what they are told, which is right, but to think what they are told, which is wrong. And they do. They are taught to repeat in parrot manner stock phrases and imagine they are thinking. And this habit, once acquired, is difficult to get rid of. With most it never is got rid of. You will, for instance, find these shibboleths of the "disappearing Burman" and his "laziness" repeated by the highest officials who have been longest in the country, all of whom have facts in their office disproving them. You will, in consequence, find that administration, and even legislation, is affected by them. The whole attitude of Government to the people it governs is vitiated in this way. There is a want of knowledge and understanding. In place of it are fixed opinions, based usually on prejudices or on faulty observations, and never corrected. Young secretaries read up back circulars and repeat their errors indefinitely. That is "following precedent." They will quote you complacently :—

"Freedom broadening slowly down
From precedent to precedent,"

and never see the absurdity of the lines. Freedom is the disregard of precedent where necessary.

There is throughout nearly all English officials (and unofficials) in India not only a disregard of facts about the people among whom they live, but a want of any real sympathy with them which is astonishing. They often like the "natives," they often are kind to them, wish them well, and do their best for them, but that is not sympathy. Sympathy is understanding. It is being able to put yourself in another's place.

Now sympathy is inherent in all children, and is the means whereby they acquire all the real knowledge they have. A girl being a mother to her doll, a boy being a soldier or hunter, is exercising and training the most valuable of all gifts, imaginative sympathy. It is the only emotion which brings real knowledge of the world about you. Without it you never understand anything. Your mind has lost touch. It should be incessantly cultivated and fed with real facts to enable it to grow. In all young men nowadays it is destroyed by their education. Their minds are fitted up with obsolete and mistaken prejudices which

are called principles, and then the door is locked. They all talk the same, act the same, have the same ideas in their heads. None of them ever think over what is all about them. They do their work by paper knowledge and paper principles; the great book of humanity has been sealed for them. When they try to think they cannot do so. They have lost the power their childhood had. They argue in the most extraordinary way. They will make a statement, and if it is disproved say, "Well, if it is not true it ought to be," and go on as if that made it true. They will resort to prophecy and say, "If not true to-day it will be to-morrow," and so settle it.

Now if brighter days are to be in store for India, official or non-official, English or native, all this must be altered. The whole principles of education must be revised or abandoned. The less educated a man is now the more real understanding he is likely to have. The men who won India for us were able because they were not educated. The men who are losing India for us are the reverse. The educated man is a mental automaton. He has sold his soul and got in its place some maxims, with the aid of which he seeks to govern the world. He thinks knowledge is got from books. He does not want to know what is, but what other people say. He is afraid of himself, and yearns for authority. His method of proof is to quote. I will give an instance. Three men were discussing the fatalism in life. One man maintained that there was no freewill, another that we had complete freewill; the third one declared that life was in the main fatalistic, but not completely so. He said: "I see that life is mainly fatalistic. I had no control over how or where or when I was born, with what physique, parents, or country. I did not choose my school nor direct my education. I have no control over my environment. Therefore I see that my life was in the main decided for me by something called Fate. But I see, too, that the object of my life is to cultivate my ability for free-will." The other two did not see. They quoted. One quoted Haeckel and scientific writers; the other quoted theologians. Each tried to ram his favourite authority down the other's throat. Naturally, no conclusion was reached, and the discussion became for them "only a wrangle." They learnt nothing because their minds were incapable of learning. It must be, therefore it was. And that is the way education turns out the young man to-day.

He takes his opinions ready-made and clings to them all the more desperately because if they be torn off he is afraid of the nakedness beneath. There is no fact beneath them, only ignorance. A man who bases his thoughts on facts is willing and anxious always to revise his thought by the light of new fact; he who takes his opinions ready-made dare not revise them. He

did not make them, he cannot mend them. He must live in the same mental clothes all his life, however threadbare they may be. All this must be altered.

Changing the class of men appointed, altering the age of being sent out, varying the examinations and conditions will effect nothing. The difference between different sections of society is mainly one of mannerisms, a considerable difference, but not essential I think. What is wanted in India and elsewhere is men who will look at the life about them, and think about it, who have eyes to see and ears to hear. The only true education is the cultivation of these senses, for *nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu*. The present education destroys this, and if it be continued will before long destroy the Empire also. If we lose India it will be our schoolmasters that have lost it for us, and no one else. The men who are sent out by them to in these later days govern the Empire, have been spoiled by education. Their natural abilities have been crushed. If they do well thereafter it is only by getting rid of the evil effects of their education. Naturally they are excellent, brave, honourable, well-meaning men, but they have been forced into a spiritual cowardice, into a narrowness towards all ideas except those drilled into them, into a cynicism towards life that is painful. They are nearly all pessimists, and whatever optimism exists amongst them is that blind optimism which disregards facts, and consequently will not learn. That is even worse.

They seem to be incapable of any enthusiasms, or if capable, to be ashamed of them. Now nothing has been achieved in this world except by enthusiasm. Enthusiasms based on ignorance may be harmful. There is a time and place to show enthusiasm and a time and place to hide it, but without it you can do nothing. You will have no driving power, and you will consequently be merely an automaton of life. For life is teleological, and unless you have an object to achieve and a driving purpose, life is not worth living. You are useless to the world and to yourself.

Moreover, always to conceal an enthusiasm ends by killing it. If whenever a seed sends up a shoot you pinch it off the seed will die. To establish self-control at the cost of having no self worth controlling is not a step in the right direction. And these young men have no enthusiasm. They think it "bad form." They have been crammed with "don'ts" and never a "do." They have no imagination; they think it childish. Yet, as Lord Beaconsfield said, there is no quality so essential to good government as imagination.

These things are inherent in all children; why are they killed?

H. FIELDING HALL.

GREEK DRAMA AND THE DANCE.

MODERN performances of Greek tragedy in English, which yearly grow more frequent, are usually successful in leaving an impression of the dramatic force and strength of the play, but they seldom succeed in making the chorus convincing. Some good choruses have been given, especially by the Bedford College for Women, in London, but even these cannot be said quite to have come within the range of lucid and intelligible art, when taken in connection with the rest of the drama. The best chorus that has yet been done was perhaps that in the performance of *Iphigeneia in Tauris*, given last spring by Mrs. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre; here there were moments when the real meaning of the art seemed to have returned, but they were only moments. To write anything new on the subject of Greek tragedy as an art is an undertaking of some risk. But this article is rendered possible, and even necessary, by the great growth that has taken place recently in our sense of the possibilities of the art of the dance, and especially of its dramatic significance. It is true that these still remain for the most part only possibilities, in spite of the great things the Russian Ballet has shown us. But we are being educated to expect greater things of the dance in the future. Noverre, "the Shakespeare of the Dance," as Mr. Toye calls him in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* of December, believed that the dance was pre-eminently suitable for the performance of tragedy, and he himself produced many dramas, including one by Corneille, in ballet form. He was a great believer in the dance of the ancients, saying that "we are as mere children in comparison with them, and our movements are mechanical and faulty, devoid of significance, movement, and vitality."

It is, of course, well known that Greek drama arose out of choric song and dance, and that this continued to form part of it in its greatest days. It is not generally seen, however, to what an extent its great qualities may have been dependent on the Greek dance-art and technique. The Greeks did not arrive at their results by mere inspiration. They achieved nothing in the air, but procured their effects with sureness and certainty through a perfect mastery and development of technique. Dancing was, perhaps, the most characteristic and most generally practised of all the Greek arts, and Greek dancing was inseparable from imitation of some kind, from the expression in some form of a dramatic idea. It depicted and portrayed in lively, artistic, arresting manner, feeling, emotion, incident of every kind. I shall endeavour in these few pages to trace the presence of this

art of the dance in a number of instances from Greek tragedy, beginning first of all with some of the choruses of Euripides. ↙

In these instances I do not of course claim to be describing the manner in which the choruses in Athens rendered these dances. We know little about the ancient art of *orchesis*, the rhythmic, pantomimic expression through gesture and motion of character and incident. In later times it developed into one of the most marvellous and sensitive arts that has ever been. Lucian says that the *Orchesis* of the Athenians was a simpler and less developed art than that which he describes in his remarkable treatise, but it was the same art at an earlier and a different and a more purely Greek stage. It was the art through which the dancer, as Aristotle says, performed his imitations through the medium of rhythmic gesture only; "by the rhythms of his attitudes he may represent men's characters as well as what they do and suffer." This is the same pantomimic art, found also from earliest days in Italy, which spread so universally over the Græco-Roman world in later times, and had such subtle developments. There was nothing which it could not express. Every emotion and incident of life was rendered rhythmically to the accompaniment of music, with much play of the hands, the whole body mutely conveying the ideas of the dancer. All the stories of mythology were danced in this way. The tragedies were danced; the madness of Ajax, the self-blinding of Œdipus, the sufferings of Prometheus, the murder of Agamemnon, and so on, were all presented as pantomimic dance, not without words, but the chief art lay in the *orchesis*, the expression of ideas through dancing. The phrases "to dance a part" and "to act a part," are used interchangeably by Lucian in the same sentence. Although this later development of the art is to be distinguished from the tragic *orchesis* of earlier times, both were essentially mimetic or dramatic. In later times the art was developed and exhibited more as a single separate art in itself, whilst in earlier tragedy it seems to have been essentially subordinate to music and the dramatic conception of the whole play. But it is a complete mistake to imagine that the *Emmeleia*, the tragic mode in dancing, was merely a grave and stately measure trodden to the pipe or lyre. Its name, which also means musical fitness or correctness, probably shows its special and organic relationship to music, as a mode distinct from the comic, pyrrhic, and other mimetic modes. But it must be realised that in tragedy both dancing *and* music, according to Aristotle, aimed at reproducing "men's characters, emotions, and actions." To moderns least of all should this seem a difficult idea, at a time when there is nothing which music cannot express. The association of music with the

dancing of character, and with dramatic dance-schemes, is an easy and obvious one, whether for ancient or modern days. I repeat that I do not claim in any way to suggest how these schemes were originally danced, but I do claim that Greek drama is full of instances of the art of orchesis, which are traceable and evident, and that nothing could be more fruitful for the modern advancement of the art of the dance than an attempt to reconstruct some of them.

One of the easiest and most beautiful designs is the return of Electra from the well, when she is met by the maidens who wish her to put away her sorrow, and to join their revels. In Euripides' play *Electra* is wedded to a herdsman, in whose cottage she lives. The scene shows on the one hand the single sorrowing Princess in her poverty and fallen fortunes, returning with her pitcher to the cottage, on the other hand the gaily dressed maidens, bent on holiday. The design is a perfect representation of Grief. It shows the endeavour of the maidens to get her to forego her mourning, and her refusal to be comforted. Such a scene, though it contains a sung dialogue, is not meant to be acted, but to be danced, in time to music. This is shown by the metric construction with its strophe and antistrophe, which implies both music and rhythmical motion. It is also shown by the words. These are in the elaborate lyric style, which is wholly foreign to any sort of realistic imitation of action, but which exactly suit an ideal presentation of Electra's Return from the Well, which portrays the princess at her lowly and self-imposed task, sorrowfully urging herself to its punctual fulfilment.

The dance of Sympathy is, of course, one of the commonest themes in tragedy. In the *Medea* we have the visit of the women of Corinth to Medea, expressed as a musical choric scene. The dancers are drawn to the spot by the moaning of Medea's voice within the palace. They gather round the aged Nurse, who stands outside the palace, and bid her enter and comfort Medea. Then Medea's voice comes again, calling on death, and the dancers shrink back. They gather again about the doors, and the Nurse enters to try to persuade Medea to come forth. The dancers await her coming, their attitudes expressing listening expectancy, singing that this was the woman who followed her lover across the seas from the ends of the world, only to be betrayed by him. The structure of this little scene, with its dialogue with the Nurse, is so simple that it would be ineffective to act, as it is to describe, but it would be found that the few simultaneous movements and gestures requisite, done harmoniously, so as to produce a unity of occasion and scene, music, movement, and story, would produce an intelligible and beautiful effect.

On the only occasion, however, on which I have seen this chorus performed, no attempt was made to render the dramatic design. The chorus was sung as a kind of lyric rhapsody as the singers circled around the orchestra, with scarcely a trace of mimetic action or dramatic sense.

In the *Ion* the scene represents the shrine at Delphi, and Ion, the priest, stands outside. The dancers enter as women who are beholding the famous shrine for the first time, impressed with wonder and awe at the sight of it. They circle round the buildings, gazing at the sculptures. It is as wonderful, they say, as the sights in Athens. See! there is Heracles, strangling the hydra, says one maiden. And that is his armour-bearer who stands beside him, says another, who has worked this design herself, as she says, on an embroidery. And there is Pegasus, and there the battle of the Giants, here the Olympic gods, and there Enceladus, and Mimas falling thunderstruck. May we cross the threshold with our lily feet? they inquire of Ion. Is it really true the temple is the centre of the earth? asks another. Why does Euripides invent a scene of this kind, and wrap it up in strophe and antistrophe, difficult metres, and involved lyrics? It is the art of orchesis, the expression of typical feminine character through a rhythmic musical pantomime. In a technique so wholly artificial as that of the dance, any kind of literal dramatic diction is jarring, even when the most characteristic imitation is aimed at. Hence, it comes about that the most involved and complicated lyric diction of a Greek is often more purely dramatic and expressive of real character than the prose of the modern drama. But this fact is constantly missed. The lyrics are supposed to be of a rhapsodical kind, like the word-paintings of modern minor poetry, or at least of Swinburne. This is the literary misinterpretation of tragedy. The character which the chorus are dancing always underlies the lyrics. If the lyrics are a recitation merely of myth, this indicates the religiousness of the character which the chorus are presenting. For, as Aristotle says in the course of a famous passage, it is not only the actor, but the *dancers* as well, who imitate persons who are either better or worse than real life, or resemble it more or less faithfully.

In the opening chorus of the *Hippolytus*, the design of the dance depicts the curiosity of the women of Troezen as to Phaedra's sickness, which is a love sickness, but this secret is not yet known. They come to inquire about her at the palace. Through all the lyrics runs the thread of feminine character, which the dance is to express. The mysterious sickness of the queen had been gossiped of at the place where the women wash the clothes. What can be its cause, they ask. Is she possessed by some neglected god? Or has she had bad news? Or is her

husband faithless? Alas! they say, for the poor feminine temperament, subject to these strange disorders. The metric construction of the lyrics with strophe and antistrophe represents the musical structure of the dance. The lyric language is the diction suitable to so artificial a technique. The thread of realism is the dramatic idea, the imitation of feminine character, the choregraphic design.

In the only performance of the *Hippolytus* which I have witnessed, no attempt whatever was made to bring out this dramatic design of the chorus. The dancers evidently thought that their words were lyric rhapsodies, and that the only dramatic idea they need represent was the general tragic one of some vague fate impending over the palace. The horrors of Greek tragedy are, as a matter of fact, greatly exaggerated by our realistic sense of the drama. In the original the occurrence of the crime is usually marked by metric construction and musical accompaniment. The death-cry of Medea's children, for instance, is part of the strophic construction of the choric stasimon, and is an incident in the design of the dance which the chorus perform outside the palace. The dance-movements in this case express, first, a piteous appealing prayer, passing into confusion and terror at the cry of the children, and ending in a calm and marble despair. So the awful apparition of *Cedipus* with his blinded eyes is performed to music as a set strophic scene between himself and the Elders of the City, the artistic form bringing out the typical side of his fate. In these pages I have purposely chosen some of the lighter choruses of Greek tragedy as being more strikingly modern.

In the *Orestes* we see the dancers at the bedside of the suffering *Orestes*, and a scene is enacted between them and the sister who watches over her brother. They advance on tiptoe, and fall back again as she motions to them not to waken him. She leaves the couch, and tells them of his condition. He moves in his sleep, and the dancers move softly away. He sleeps again, and the dancers advance. She tells them that he will die, and they mourn together.

In the *Bacchae* the opening dance represents the arrival of the Bacchanals in the city of Thebes. They are summoning the citizens to the festival of the god, singing and dancing and beating their tambourines as they pass through the streets. Beginning with short, two-footed lines in a quaint cadence, almost the same metre as that of the children's Swallow Song, sung from door to door through the streets of Athens at the coming of spring, the song becomes more and more excited as the dancers call on the citizens to join them. It is the true note of festival, of licensed carnival in the city, such as the Greeks, of all people, knew how to celebrate, the note of laughing maidens thoroughly enjoying them-

selves, clashing the cymbals, blowing the pipes, and crying Euoi to the Euian god. The dance is a dramatic picture of festival joy, of revellers passing through the town, bursting with youth, good spirits, and gladness. It is invented in contrast with that last and most terrific of all Euripides' dances, which depicts the mother, holding up the bleeding head of her son, amid the wan and ghastly revellers returned from Cithaeron.

The above are a few characteristic Euripidean dances, invented by him with a dramatic aim. They usually represent some incident, but on the whole the object aimed at is the expression of typical character. The dance is the only satisfactory means for very broad character drawing. It does not deal in idiosyncrasy, or accidentals, but aims at representing man or woman as types. Many modern European dances are invented simply to represent the essential characteristics of male or female. The expression of masculine type in the Russian Ballet has been a new thing for us, but it is, of course, as old as the hills. The Spartans danced the Necklace, which was the interweaving of the martial and masculine with the yielding and feminine.

In the tragic dances we see most noticeably the expression of the *Ewig Weibliche*. The dancers in their masks represent women in captivity supporting one another, women in terror at the clash of arms, aged women whose sons have fallen in battle, married women whose husbands fought at Troy, virgins dedicated to the service of Apollo, unwilling maidens pursued by unwelcome lovers, bashful maidens visiting the Greek camp at Aulis, ocean nymphs pitying the sufferings of the Titan, and so on. In all the choric scenes where these types are found we can notice the technical correspondence of apparently opposite features in style: (1) the complicated metre, language, and strophic construction which represents the musical basis of the dance; (2) the expression of broad, simple dramatic incident and character. And to this latter feature should be added the local colour and atmosphere of some definite nationality, city, or place, which in many instances is expressed in costume. How well these features suit the technique of drama expressed through *ballet d'action* and of no other form of drama, opera, or oratorio! There is also the Dance of Old Men, so characteristic of tragedy. This was also danced by the Spartans, outside tragedy. We gather from the text of Attic drama that it represented wisdom and gravity, and the triumph of the mind over the body, seen on the one hand in the bent, stiff figures leaning on their sticks, on the other in the nervous force and the combative courage and enthusiasm of the aged.

We must now touch on a point of the highest importance for grasping the real nature of the art-form of Greek tragedy. This

is the fact that the actors as well as the chorus practised a form of orchesis, or were, in a sense, dancers as well as actors. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the realistic stage was unknown to the Greeks. They did not foresee it, or dream of it, nor did they even feel after it if haply they might find it. Modern methods of acting, suited to small audiences and elaborate scenery, would have been no help to them, because their own art of orchesis was beginning to open the world of drama to their eyes. A realistic technique of any kind would have been useless to the actor in his great mask, his sleeved and padded robes and high buskins. The one thing he needed to impress the vast throng before whom he performed was *form*, movement, and gesture of a rhythmic structural kind, harmoniously conforming to the development of the dialogue and the requirements of the scene. The statuesque delivery of the speeches would be of no great difficulty. It is when the action becomes rapid or violent that the artificial musical imitation of action was specially brought in to assist him. Euripides' plays are full of such orchestric pantomimic scenes for the actors. Phaedra's love-sickness, for instance, is performed as a musical dance scene between herself and the Nurse. As in the choric dances, so here, we notice the same combination of musical construction and dramatic idea. We gather from the text that Phaedra is borne in on a couch, that she rises, speaks wild and raving words about the mountains and the chase, the woods and the haunts of Artemis, where roams the son of the Amazon; that her passion spends itself, and that she bursts into tears, and throws herself again, weeping helplessly, on the couch, bidding them cover her head for shame. The acting of a Miss Ellen Terry performing Ophelia has here no place at all. It was an ordered orchestric performance done with every variety of plastic gesture to the lyric metre and the passionate sound of the pipe. As such it probably conveyed a more vivid indelible picture to the enormous crowd that witnessed it than any amount of realistic acting could do.

The agony of Hippolytus, to take another instance of many, is danced in the same way. We gather from the text that his physical pain is strongly represented, that he comes in supported by slaves, moaning and crying out, stops for rest, rises and moves painfully forward, and is finally laid on the ground, where he writhes in agony, calling on death. Then he becomes aware of the presence of his goddess, Artemis, who hovers in the air above him; the ambrosial fragrance of her presence reaches his fevered brow, relief steals over him, and his anguish is soothed. This beautiful scene was performed to music before a vast audience of over 10,000 people. Surely no one believes that Hippolytus writhed as Lear writhes on the modern stage! The expression

first of agony, then of heaven-sent relief, is conveyed by clear-cut, unforgettable gesture, requiring music as its aid, through the plastic technique of the orchesis, conveying far more than mere words can convey, and easily transmitting its effects all over the huge amphitheatre.

A last point which should be regarded as a foundation-stone in the understanding of the art-form of Greek drama, is that orchestric action by the chorus must have accompanied the long speeches and dialogues of the actors. This is difficult to realise until the mind becomes familiarised to the idea. The scene which the actors perform always includes appropriate movement and gesture by the chorus. The realistic idea of drama has so influenced our whole outlook that the great beauty and richness of the dramatic form is not easily felt, but to take a few instances. The scene represents a Declaration of War made by the King of Athens against the Herald of Argos. The chorus are the Athenian citizens. As their King thrusts back the sacrilegious herald, and orders him across the border, the citizens present the same bold and defiant front and resolute advance as the King, conforming their gestures to his, and as the herald retires, burst out into a song of warlike preparation and scorn of the foe. It is easy to see what force is lent to the isolated action of the King by the rhythmic concomitant action of the chorus. It typifies the unity of King and city, and depicts the history of Athens in a manner that the episode alone without the chorus could never accomplish. This is true of the design of all Greek plays. Again, when Phaedra tells the secret of her guilty love, unwillingly, being prevailed upon by the women who surround her, a typical scene is presented of Persuasion and Disclosure. Here the dancers are, first, all sympathy and insinuation, the next moment all consternation and horror when the disclosure they have brought about occurs.

Or, again, when the maiden Io is recounting the sad story of her wanderings, the nymphs all the time depict themselves as listeners, through the imagery of their attitudes conveying the sense of the telling of a wondrous and harrowing tale, bursting out at the conclusion into a song of horror at her fearful fate. These are but bald sketches of the way in which it may be supposed that the chorus filled out the acting of the episode. The art of orchesis in its very nature expresses what words cannot. Athenaeus quotes a tradition of Telestes, the famous dancer, employed by Æschylus. He says that "in dancing the Seven against Thebes he was such an artist that he made the action live before the eyes of the audience." This should not appear enigmatical or incredible. A rhythmic descriptive ideal imitation of action, blending with the excitement of music and the onward sweep of the story, could affect the imagination more

powerfully than our merely literal efforts to reproduce action on the stage. This single unity of music and metre, word, gesture and movement, occasion and scene, carried out in perfect harmony by actors and chorus together, was the Greek method of *performing* a play, and it should be remembered that to a Greek the performance was everything. He scarcely regarded a play as literature.

In a sense, the whole majesty of Greek drama arises out of this relationship between the chorus and the action. There is a deep unity of feeling between the two. The vital sympathy of the chorus in all that happens is one of the problems of Greek drama, but its explanation is that the chorus are dancing the drama. This relationship between the chorus and the person and fortunes of the protagonist exists in all the plays as a relation of pity and fear. These are the themes which the orchesis of the chorus is to express, a double theme of attraction and repulsion. Let us notice how it is danced in a typical instance of this relationship—that between Prometheus and the Ocean Nymphs. At the outset, before the chorus have appeared, Prometheus is chained to the Rock by Force and Violence, in a short preliminary spoken scene. His sufferings are then depicted by orchestric gesture on his part, accompanied by music in a lyric monody. Before this is ended the nymphs enter. Prometheus in his pain becomes aware of the fragrance of their presence, and hears the beat of their wings; but they hold aloof, out of his sight, afraid to approach nearer. The clang of Hephaestus' hammer riveting his chains, they sing, had reached them in their ocean caverns, and pity had drawn them up from the depths to visit him. The Titan tells them of his fate, and they shed tears for him. He speaks defiantly of Zeus, and they gently rebuke him. But shyness and awe at his divine punishment still keep them hovering at a distance. He launches out into a defence of himself, and describes giant quarrels in heaven, and what has passed behind the scenes in Olympus, together with the act of divine injustice against himself. Then Curiosity accomplishes what pity had begun. The shyness of the nymphs departs; they come sweeping round the Rock, and gather like a flock of birds about his feet. As they execute this lovely dance movement to music, the God Oceanus glides down from heaven on a winged monster. He follows up the gentle rebuke of his daughters by a rounder and more masculine rebuke to the pride of the Titan, but the one has no more effect than the other. As this dialogue proceeds, the sympathy of the nymphs becomes more and more evident, even as the pride of the Sufferer is more clearly depicted. As their father disappears again into the air, they break into tears for Prometheus. All the world mourns with

him, they sing, and all the powers of nature. The ocean and the rivers weep for him, and the most distant tribes of men grieve for his fate. This is a dance of sympathy and mourning, a dance of weeping, intended to work upon the spirit of the Titan. But such softness cannot move him, he declares. His unbending soul continues to rail against the injustice of heaven. He then unfolds to their wondering attention the story of his benefits to mankind. But it is not love for mankind, but love for Prometheus that the pictorial listening gestures of the nymphs portray. They bid him hope and believe that he will some day reign as a god equal to Zeus. Their hopes are spoken in ignorance, which the Titan shatters by his own profounder knowledge of the Fates. Then the nymphs make another appeal to his spirit through a dance which indicates mutual struggle and antagonism, resolving itself into concord and peace. It begins as an agitated prayer of which the terrific clash and combat of will between Zeus and Prometheus is the subject, a struggle from which they pray that they may themselves be saved, and this prayer merges itself into a personal appeal to him as they sing of the marriage of the nymphs and the giants, their link with him of harmony and love. So the dance-drama proceeds through its various episodes until the final scene is reached, when the thunder of Zeus is heard, the rock appears to reel and quake, the nymphs cling in terror to Prometheus, who raises his brow to heaven in one supreme gaze of Defiance.

The essence of this art-form, which is so totally unfamiliar to us, may thus be said to lie in the relationship between protagonist and chorus. Broadly speaking, the relationship is one of pity and fear, which the orchesis of the chorus exhibits through the language of gesture and pictured movement. In this way the chorus also interpret the feelings of the audience as the play proceeds and bring them, too, into the drama, forming one unity of the whole theatre. But the simple relationships common to the whole audience are also art-themes which are developed and worked out in subtle and beautiful dramatic forms of great variety. We have the relationship of Antigone and the Elders of the City, which she defied, the single solitary maiden mourning for her fallen brother, and the religious Elders fresh from the city's victory. There is the relation between Medea and the Women of Corinth, in which Medea's personal wrong becomes between them a theme of women's wrongs in general, through the common womanhood that unites them. There is the relation between the persecuted Asiatic Queen, Andromache, and the Hellenic women who pitied her, between the sin-laden house of Oedipus and the holy maidens from the East (Phoenissae), between Oedipus himself and the Elders of the city he saved and

lost, between the fallen house of Xerxes and the council of Persian Elders, between the despairing Princess or Queen in many stories and the women who mourned with her and offered her consolation, she refusing to be comforted. All these themes are fertile in dance resource. We need not ask what form the mute dancing of the chorus took as the actors spoke, for the whole theme of the drama supplies a most abundant material for expression. Each successive episode is a variation in the main themes of sympathy and fear, as between dancers and the person of the actor, and the dance accompaniment of the one is as necessary to the artistic wholeness of the episode as is the dialogue and action of the other. There is also frequently a second relationship between the chorus and some invisible presence, symbolised by the shrine of a God or the tomb of a King, before which they dance. The *Choephoroe* was produced recently by myself and one or two others in Manchester University, the first occasion of its performance in England in Greek. The play is notorious for its long and difficult choruses, and its so-called "lack of action"; but in the performance it was found to be quite free from these defects, and to be both lucid and thrilling. It was the relationship of the chorus to the invisible spirit of Agamemnon which specially made itself felt and brought a spirit of art into the performance. It is through relationships of this kind that the real feeling of Greek tragedy comes out, and the perfect wholeness of the compositions as works of art appears. The relationship particularly brings out the religious feeling; it expresses antique piety, sorrow for sin, pity for suffering, humility, resignation, and so on. To give an instance of how this may be effected through the orchesis of the chorus.

The scene represents an aged man taking sanctuary with some children at an altar. There enters a Herald of a blatant political type, who throws the old man to the ground and attempts violently to drag away the children. At this point the music and dance begins, and the Prologue is over. The dancers enter, representing the citizens of primitive Athens. They are dressed in the national costume. The dance enacts the lifting of the old man to his feet, the giving to him and the children their due meed of recognition and pity, the preserving of an attitude of calm dignity towards the sacrilegious Herald. The whole scene presents forcibly to the eyes, as only the musical dramatic dance could do, a picture of antique piety and of religious reverence and forbearance. Euripides especially was a supreme master of these effects. His episodes sometimes represent the wickedness of the modern Hellas of his day, whilst the dancers accompany it with prayer, sorrow, and mourning. He cast the death throes of the great house of Œdipus, the sin-driven curse of political war and

fratricide, representing his modern Hellas, against the primitive piety of the sacred maidens from Phoenicia, whose imaginative costume, holy appearance, and religious action accompany all the episodes of ruin with a mystic healing touch.

We must learn to regard the form of Greek drama as a dance form. The actor in his high buskins, with his padded and sleeved robes and his towering mask, represents the static and dynamic element in the dance. His great voice, as it goes forth over the theatre, builds an ever-changing choregraphic design, striking the dancers into manifold living images of sorrow and doubt, of joy and hope, of pity and fear. The song of the dancers breaking out at intervals in subdued or passionate strain neither breaks nor interrupts, but carries on and supports the whole performance as a musical symphonic dance-vision, through which the history of Greece and the soul of man are portrayed. The apparition of a god floating in air at the conclusion of so imaginative a scheme is quite as it should be, and by no means primitive. The "unities" of the Greek drama are the unities of action imitated through the dance, demanding as the theme for imitation one continuous action of a certain limited magnitude, which rises to a crisis and subsides again on a slower recessional theme.

The old poets, we read, were called "dancers" because they not only, like Sophocles, danced themselves in their own creations, but arranged and controlled the designs. Æschylus' great contemporary dramatist, Phrynichus, said of himself in a couplet preserved by Plutarch, "The art of the dance supplied me with as many forms as there are waves on the sea in a stormy night of winter." Æschylus himself is said to have greatly developed the technique of the dance. How abundantly clear it is that the genius of these great men was inseparably bound up with the art of the dance!

Tragedy was own sister to the satyric drama, bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh. It was the art of musical dance pantomime, beloved of the rustic population of Attica. It was raised in Athens, as it was bound to be raised in her great days, to the most sublime heights of art. It must be studied from this standpoint, and this study should greatly assist in modern and future developments of the Art of the Dance.

Then we may see the day, perhaps, looked forward to in Mr. Crawford Flitché's book on *Modern Dancing*, when, as he says, "it will be the turn of the other arts to look wonderingly upon this figure of the dance, no longer straying timidly into their company, but coming upon divine feet, with an assured mien and a matured grace, and each will borrow something from her ancient and untiring ecstasy."

G. WARRE CORNISH.

THE MADNESS OF PARTY.¹

So much has been written and spoken for and against the system of party, that the oldest and the youngest of us might shrink from the subject as from a thing already judged. But during the last twenty years the machinery of parties has so audaciously trampled upon the principles of the Constitution, and we are becoming so rapidly the mere slaves of a handful of cool and astute party managers, that the annual conference of this Association seemed to me a not inappropriate opportunity of reminding our members of some of the blunders and follies and crimes into which the abuse of the party system has in the past misled the British people. My regnant proposition is this: that on all the great problems of government, as to which it is of cardinal and catholic importance that the people should know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the facts are so distorted and perverted, so bent and twisted by the advocates of rival parties, that it is almost impossible for the nation to form a right judgment. If a right judgment is arrived at, it is more by accident than by argument. There are great names on both sides of the controversy. Bolingbroke dreamed of a Patriot King, who should rule without party, a benevolent shepherd of a well-fed flock. Burke triumphantly defended the organisation of political opinion in that famous, if somewhat meaningless, epigram, that "when bad men combine, the good must associate"; the bad men being, of course, the Tories, and the good men the Rockingham Whigs. But Bolingbroke was ruined by party, and Burke was made by party; so that the writings of these two great men on this subject may be allowed to cancel one another.

But by far the best things on the party system were said by a statesman of the preceding century, who watched the birth of the two great political parties. Savile, first Marquess of Halifax, bore from his contemporaries the honoured nickname of The Trimmer. He was a Minister of State in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III., and, as his sobriquet imports, he was neither Whig nor Tory, but endeavoured to steer a middle course between the two. Macaulay says that Halifax was the clearest and most original political thinker of his century; and he has bequeathed to us the best things in the language on political party, some of which I will read to you, in the faint hope that

(1) An address to the British Constitution Association at Portsmouth, 1912.

it may serve as a warning to at least the younger portion of the male audience.

"The best party is but a kind of conspiracy against the rest of the nation. They put everybody else out of their protection. Like the Jews to the Gentiles, all others are the off-scourings of the world. Party cutteth off one half of the world from the other, so that the mutual improvement of men's understandings by conversing, &c., is lost, and men are half undone when they lose the advantage of knowing what their enemies think of them."

(That applies to people who only read party newspapers.)

"It is like faith without works, they take it for a dispensation from all other duties, which is the worst kind of dispensing power. It groweth to be the master thought; the eagerness against one another at home, being a nearer object, extinguisheth that which we ought to have against our foreign enemies; and few men's understandings can get above over-valuing the danger that is nearest, in comparison of that more remote. It turneth all thought into talking instead of doing. Men get a habit of being unuseful to the public by turning in a circle of wrangling and railing which they cannot get out of. . . ."

(Witness the debates in the House of Commons.)

"Party is little less than an inquisition, where men are under such a discipline in carrying on the common Cause as leaves no liberty of private opinion."

Here follows a wise counsel to all Trimmers :—

"If there are two parties, a man ought to adhere to that which he disliketh least, though in the whole he doth not approve it; for whilst he doth not list himself in one or the other party, he is looked upon as such a straggler that he is fallen upon by both. Therefore, a man under such a misfortune of singularity is neither to provoke the world nor disquiet himself by taking any particular station. It becometh him to live in the shade, and keep his mistakes from giving offence; but if they are his opinions, he cannot put them off as he doth his clothes. Happy those who are convinced so as to be of the general opinions!"

Happy, indeed! If you cannot be a thick-and-thin party man, take Halifax's advice, live in the shade, and do not stand for Parliament; and then our seventeenth-century sage explains what has so often puzzled me, namely, the reason why sensible and moderate men have so little influence on politics :—

"It is the fools and the knaves that make the wheels of the world turn. They are the world; those few who have sense or honesty sneak up and down single, but never go in herds."

That is it : the sensible and moderate men, the members of this Association, sneak up and down the world single; we do not go in herds, or we might return some independent members of Parliament.

Not a politician, but a poet, who lived shortly after Halifax, is the author of perhaps the best-known description of party. Pope declared that party was "the madness of many, for the gain of a few." The gain of the twenty placemen on each side of the broad piece of furniture which separates parties in the House of Commons is clear enough. The madness of "the beast with many heads," as Coriolanus most discourteously called the people, is equally clear from the most cursory view of our history. In a retrospect that must necessarily be superficial, but will not, I believe, be inaccurate, I shall endeavour to show you that in all the great crises of our national life, the facts have always been obscured by the fog of party prejudice, and the ears of the people deafened by the shouts of rival partisans, so that it has been more by God's miracle than anything else that we have succeeded.

William of Orange, whose skeleton is now being dug up and dressed in the parti-coloured clothes of a politician, had, as a soldier and a foreigner, the most perfect contempt for all political parties, and tried to form a government out of the best Whigs and Tories. The attempt, of course, failed, as it always will, owing to personal jealousies and ambitions; and this great statesman was forced to entrust his world-policy of breaking the power of France to a Whig Government. The war being a Whig war, and the general, Marlborough, being at that time a Whig—the Churchills always wore their principles a little loosely—both war and general were denounced by the Tories, led by Harley and St. John in Parliament and by Swift in the Press. The modern Unionist may be surprised to learn that the platform of the early Tories was no standing army, no intervention in foreign politics, and annual parliaments. And therefore the Tories, when that foolish woman Queen Anne put them in office, reversed the far-seeing policy of William, and concluded the disastrous and dishonourable peace of Utrecht, after which they disappeared utterly from our history for sixty-five years. During the whole of the reigns of the first two Georges and the earlier years of the reign of George III., the Tories as a political party did not exist. For more than half of the eighteenth century the party system was in abeyance; the Whig aristocracy patronised and plundered the nation without criticism, the only topics of dispute being what particular gang of peers should pocket the spoils. And yet, notwithstanding all this corruption, this dipping of the hands elbow-deep in the public exchequer by Walpoles, Pelhams, Foxes, and Russells, I doubt if England was ever better governed, more wisely and patriotically governed, than she was between 1715 and 1770. It certainly was the most glorious epoch in our naval and military history; and yet this wonderful party machinery,

without which we are told that civilisation cannot go on, was in suspense. Indeed, for seven weeks, owing to the quarrel of Pitt and Newcastle, there was in 1757 no Government in England at all. There was no Prime Minister and no Chancellor of the Exchequer—what would we not give *now* to recall those seven weeks?—even that mysterious functionary, the Chancellor of the Duchy, had ceased to discharge the laborious duty of drawing his salary; there was not even a Gold-Stick, still less a Silver-Stick-in-Waiting! And yet the heavens did not fall! On the contrary, everything went on as usual, and we entered upon seven crowded years of glorious life under the first Pitt, years during which we won Canada and India, years, not of party government, but of the purely personal government of Lord Chatham. The next great chapter in our history is the dispute with our American Colonies. King George III. and the Tories treated the American colonists pretty much as the Unionists now treat the Irish Nationalists: as insolent rebels to be suppressed by force; the Whigs, under Burke and Chatham, declared that the colonists were rightly struggling to be free, and that we should concede their demand that there should be no taxation without representation. Each party had some justification. The colonists were, in a sense, disloyal; they were certainly insolent and disrespectful to the King and Parliament. On the other hand, they were right in claiming that they should not be taxed without their consent. We warred with them for ten years; we were ignominiously beaten; and we lost that territory which is now the United States. Who does not see now? Who, indeed, did not see immediately after the event that, but for the party system, a compromise would have been arrived at, and that to-day the whole of the North American Continent might have been a province of the British Empire?

Our next great adventure was the long war with the French Revolutionists and Napoleon Buonaparte. The war was begun and conducted by the Tories, and was opposed from first to last by the Whigs. Fox rejoiced at the fall of the Bastille; he even gloried in the defeat of the British arms by the French; the Jacobins were the apostles of liberty and light, and Buonaparte was a very fine fellow. This was bad enough; but worse was to follow. When Wellington was fighting with his back to the wall against overwhelming odds in the Peninsula, the Whigs attacked him in the House of Commons as a blunderer, a fool, and even a coward; they were in favour of peace at any price with Buonaparte; they opposed votes of thanks to the general and his army; they wanted to oppose, but at the last moment they dared not oppose, a vote of £2,000 to Lord Wellington: all this you will

find frankly set forth in the Creevey Papers. Never were we so near being ruined as a nation by the party system, for even the Tory Ministers were cowed by the clamour of the Whigs; they gave the war but a feeble support; and nothing saved us but the character, the courage, and perseverance of the Duke of Wellington.

But there was a deeper depth of party folly and violence still to be plumbed, an exhibition of party madness which nearly wrecked the monarchy, and is perhaps the most ludicrous episode in the annals of the party system. It will hardly be believed, but for five years after Waterloo, from 1815 to 1820, the great question which divided Whigs and Tories was the chastity of the Princess of Wales. The Prince Regent, like Henry VIII., wanted to get rid of his wife—a characteristic desire in one whom Leigh Hunt was imprisoned for describing as an elderly and obese Adonis—and his Tory Ministers knew that if they did not do what he wanted he would dismiss them and send for the Whigs. Accordingly, the unhappy Princess Caroline of Brunswick became for the Tories an abandoned adulteress, who was to be divorced and deposed, whose name was actually omitted from the Litany, and in whose face the door of Westminster Abbey was banged, barred, and bolted on her husband's Coronation Day. By the Whigs Caroline was enthusiastically defended as an angel of innocence, a pattern of injured purity; and there is no uglier stain upon the chequered fame of Henry, first Lord Brougham, than the undoubted fact that he exploited the matrimonial misery of this royal lady for the purposes of party. The anxiety of the Tory Government to get the Queen out of the country was sung in the popular verse:—

"Gracious Queen, we thee implore,
Go away, and sin no more:
But if that effort be too great,
Go away at any rate."

The two parties had nearly wrecked the monarchy and themselves; but luckily for herself and everybody else the wretched Queen died, and was soon forgotten in the excitement of the great Parliamentary Reform Bill. The fifty years between 1832 and 1880 I shall always regard as the Augustan age of parliamentary government. The franchise was extended, but not too widely or deeply; the middle class, which ought to be the strongest part of the nation, as Aristotle observed, now held the balance between the aristocracy and the democracy. The Press was free and cheap, but not too cheap. The leading newspapers discharged the function of the judge who sums up for the jury, and tempers the transports of rival advocates. They were not, as they are

to-day, the slaves of party; and their columns were laudably free from the vulgar personalities of the picturesque reporter. The leading statesmen of the early years of Queen Victoria contributed, by restraining the rigour of the party system, to create an atmosphere of animated moderation and rational patriotism. Disraeli, sneered at for many years by Tories and Whigs alike as a Jew adventurer, was the first statesman who founded and led a really patriotic Opposition. Disraeli laid down and practised the principle during the Crimean War that when the country is at war, or in danger of war, party politics must disappear, and the Opposition must support the Government. That was different from the conduct of the Whigs during the Napoleonic War, and different from the conduct of the Radicals during the South African War. And in this atmosphere of rationality and restrained party feeling, parliamentary eloquence was cultivated to a pitch which it had never reached before, and has never reached since. To this early Victorian period, between 1830 and 1880, belong Macaulay, Gladstone, Peel, Disraeli, Palmerston, Lowe, Derby, Bright, and Cobden, surely a constellation of orators such as no country ever produced before or ever will, under present conditions, ever produce again. Nor was it only of eloquent leaders that this age was prolific; it was distinguished by the number of independent members of Parliament, such as Molesworth, Burdett, Grote, Ricardo, Roebuck, Horsman, and Stuart Mill, men of letters, and free-spoken country gentlemen, who would have scorned to be told what they were to say and how they were to vote by party newspapers, and party caucuses, and party Whips. Lord Palmerston died in 1865, but the Palmerstonian tradition of good-humoured sanity and moderation survived some twenty years, until Lord Beaconsfield died in 1881, and Parnell appeared upon the scene. From that hour the atmosphere changed; the madness of party broke out in uncontrollable fury, darkening the closing years of Gladstone's life, destroying freedom of speech, and disfiguring the dignity of Parliament. It was at the close of the Augustan age, in 1885, that I entered the House of Commons as a supporter of Lord Salisbury. The eight sessions that I passed in Parliament were a school of philosophic and historical experience. I assisted at the debates of a tumultuous assembly; I listened to interminable attack and equally interminable defence; I had a near prospect of the characters, views, and passions of the first men of the age. The impression left on my mind was not favourable to the system of party government. I did not sit for seven years in muzzled meditation gazing upon the bare roof-trees of a dozen Cabinet Ministers without discovering that most of those tenements were to be let unfurnished. I

soon found out that great national issues were settled by the adjustment of personal ambitions, sometimes incarnated in a group, and sometimes in a reckless individual. I perceived that a place on the Front Bench, like a place in heaven, was only to be got by being much upon one's knees; and as I had always suffered from a constitutional stiffness of the joints, I speedily made my bow to the goddess of party with a "*sat me lusisti; ludite nunc alios.*"

I think the two things which chiefly disgusted me in the party system were:—

(1) The impossibility of getting at the true facts about any party question.

(2) The patent insincerity of the principal actors in the drama.

(1) Take, for instance, the two great questions which have occupied parties during the last quarter of a century, namely, Home Rule for Ireland and Tariff Reform. Is there anything in the world more difficult than to get at the true facts about either of those two questions? And yet it is of vital importance that the people of these islands should know the true facts. What, for instance, is the real number of persons in Ireland who are in favour of Home Rule, and what is the real number of those opposed to it? For twenty-five years I have been trying to find out in vain. I have often read and heard in conversation that there are a million Ulstermen ready to take the field against Home Rule. Now as that unimpeachable authority, *Whitaker's Almanac*, tells me there are just over 2,000,000 males in all Ireland, as Ulster is one-third of Ireland, as half of that third, judging by their parliamentary representatives, are Nationalists, and as half of the residuary third must be boys and old men, it is clear that there cannot be many more than 200,000 men capable of taking the field against Mr. Redmond. But how many Irishmen outside Ulster are in favour of Home Rule? How many of the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood are in favour of it? An Irishman, who would be recognised as a very high authority were I at liberty to name him, has assured me that a great many Irish Catholics, both priests and laymen, are opposed to the Government Bill. Or take another aspect of the case. Why is it not possible to discuss calmly and rationally the separate political treatment of Ulster, and the creation of provincial parliaments in Wales and Scotland? To decentralisation of government we must come, because the House of Commons has broken down under the party system. Canada, Australia, and South Africa, which, let me say, are quite as important as Ireland, have all adopted the system of provincial parliaments, and most of the colonial political units are smaller than Ulster. But the moment anyone attempts

to argue this question his voice is drowned in a tempest of partisan battle-cries.

The question of our tariff policy is an equally glaring example of the madness of the party system. Tariff Reform is a question of the food and wages of the people and of taxation. It is an extremely difficult and complex subject, for few people, even in the highest banking and commercial circles, are familiar with the operation of the foreign exchanges, or could read and explain the late Lord Goschen's classical work on that topic, which lies at the root of tariff policy. It is pre-eminently a subject for dispassionate and scientific treatment, for which there are ample materials in the official returns of the Board of Trade. Of all the problems of government Tariff Reform is the least suited to the bawling dogmatism of the platform and the street-corner. But as it has been made a party question it seems impossible to get at the truth of the facts. One party asserts that Tariff Reform will increase the cost of living; the other party passionately denies it. One party declares that it will diminish, if not destroy, our foreign trade and merchant shipping. The other party avers with many oaths that the home market is more important than the foreign, and that an exclusive tariff would increase wages and employment. Both these views cannot be right, though both may be wrong, and the truth may lie, as it generally does, between the two extremes. What I complain of is that you are not allowed to consider the matter rationally or statistically without being overwhelmed by childish contradiction and partisan abuse. If, for instance, you try to handle the matter statistically, and draw certain conclusions from the imports and exports during the decade beginning in 1900, somebody at once arises in *The Times* or the *Morning Post*, and says: "Of course, you can get that or any other Cobdenite absurdity by starting from the year 1900. But if you had started from the year 1899, or, better still, from the year 1901, you would have obtained a quite opposite result, as Mr. Bonar Law, or Mr. Asquith, has already proved, &c., &c."; and this nonsensical game of battledore and shuttlecock has been going on between the two parties for nine years, the shuttlecock being, by the way, the food of the people.

(2) Over the insincerity of party politics I shall pass very quickly: it is an unpleasant subject. Mr. Balfour accused Mr. Asquith of "a felon's stroke" in passing the Parliament Act. Mr. Bonar Law, at Blenheim, described the Government as "a revolutionary committee who had seized on power by fraud." Felony and fraud are rather serious charges to bring against a political opponent; and it is obvious that if Mr. Balfour and Mr. Law meant or believed what they said, they would not associate

with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill in country houses, on golf links, at bridge tables, or on board the same yacht. As they do so associate, the plain blunt man in the street is apt to conclude that party politicians are merely play-actors, or at best like barristers, speaking from their party briefs. This impression does much to impair the dignity and respect which ought to surround the leaders of a great nation like England.

I have not left myself time to deal with the danger of treating the national finances as a party question, though it is perhaps the greatest of all the perils which encompass democracy. But I can hear my critics exclaim: "Your examination of the party system is one-sided and merely negative. You do not suggest how we can do without political parties, or protect ourselves against their madness." As men straighten a warped plank by bending it in the opposite direction, so I have tried to correct the prevalent infatuation by dwelling entirely on the follies and dangers of the party system, whose praises there will always be plenty of people to sing. Nor, to say the truth, do I know how we can do without parties: they are a necessary evil. The days of absolute monarchy and of priestcraft are over: the hour of the military dictator has not yet sounded. But we may do something, surely, to temper the abuse of parties and to restrain their follies. The system of party government ought to be, and might be, checked by a free and independent Press, and by the election of a certain number of free and independent members to Parliament. The metropolitan Press is unfortunately in the hands, almost entirely, of three or four millionaire peers and baronets, who have made their fortunes and secured their titles by the servile advocacy of one party or the other. As a consequence the metropolitan Press has little political influence, as is proved by the fact that while the London Press is overwhelmingly Unionist in the number of its organs, the representation of London is almost equally divided between the two parties. The provincial Press, if I may judge from the criticisms of my own writings, is more independent and intelligent, and has probably greater influence upon electors. But I doubt whether many of you have any idea of the steady intellectual persecution of nonconformity that is practised by the party Press and the caucuses. No man who dares to differ from his leaders is allowed to argue his case in any of the great London organs, with two honourable exceptions. No man, be his intellectual or moral qualifications what they may, who presumes to think for himself has the smallest chance of being selected as a candidate by the association of either party in any constituency that I know of. The two most distinguished independent members of Parliament during the last fifteen years

have been Mr. Gibson Bowles and the president to-day of our Association. Both have been rejected by their party and ejected from the House of Commons. What will be, what must be the results of this stupid and brutal suppression of free and fair discussion, and the substitution of party shibboleths? The results must be the loss of personal liberty, in the first place; and secondly, the loss of the power of thinking, of the capacity of reasoning. In the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries the British people kept their wits bright by arguing about theology. The country gentleman or the merchant, when disgusted with the troubles of the times, would betake himself to the study of Chillingworth or Stillingfleet. No one discusses theology to-day; but there is a good old name, much used by the religious parties of the seventeenth century, which I would fain see revived and re-introduced into our politics, I mean that of Independent. And politics are an even better whetstone than religion. Depend upon it that when the individual citizen loses the taste or the power of thinking for himself about politics, and is content to take his ideas from the party newspapers and party speeches, his country is on the down grade. Each member of the British Constitution Association can do something, some of you could do a great deal, both in the Press and in the local political associations, to assert political liberty; and as my last word I extract a sentence from Milton's defence of the freedom of the individual:—

“Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, before all liberties.”

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

AFTER THE WAR.

It is now the general instinct to huzza for bold Bulgarians, who were certainly very quick in routing troops armed with wooden bullets and destitute of commissariat. Servians are patted on the back for an advance which was scarcely opposed, and there are even compliments for Greeks who did not run away when they outnumbered the foe by twenty to one. The only combatants who do not receive their due are the heroic Montenegrins, though they had to wage real warfare, and performed prodigies of valour only to find lukewarm support for their legitimate claim to Scutari, when they ought to have received at least the whole Christian portion of Albania. Italy has proved perfidious, forgetting dynastic blood-ties and bowing to the decrees of inexorable financiers. Austria, on the other hand, has been more amenable to reason than anyone expected. She has had her own way about the absurd Servian demand for access to the Adriatic, and will do nothing to make trouble in the western part of the peninsula. But she is determined to stand no nonsense against Roumania, who has proved the most patient and correct of all the onlookers, and now sets forth claims, which must be satisfied if the peace of Europe is to be maintained.

So much folly has been written about those claims that it may be well to clear up the situation once for all. There is a disposition to disparage Roumania in this country because (1) she is an informal adherent to the Triple Alliance; (2) her appearance on the scene has disconcerted the timid peace programmes of the European *café-Concert*; (3) members of the Balkan Committee and other ignorant sentimentalists are cats'-paws of Bulgaria, very busy contributors to the halfpenny and cocoa Press. One organ of public opinion actually had the temerity to entitle its first leading article "Blackmail," the suggestion being that Roumania is now taking advantage of the huge Bulgarian losses during the war in order to put forward an unreasonable demand for Bulgarian territory. But nothing can be further from the truth, as I hope to show by a cursory glance at Roumania and her history.

Let us remember, in the first place, that, unlike Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and even Hungary, Roumania has never been under the direct domination of the Turk. While other Christians of the peninsula were rayahs, serfs, without souls of their own, the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia retained autonomous

institutions under Turkish suzerainty, never losing their national continuity. There were treaties excluding Turkish traders and forbidding the erection of mosques. To this day there is not a single mosque in the whole kingdom. While Bulgarians and Servians and Greeks were downtrodden peasants, the Roumanians developed their civilisation and culture. They maintained an aristocracy, which acquired enlightenment in the great capitals of Europe, while neighbours tilled the soil under the lash. Is it then strange that Roumania should deserve a preponderating influence in the peninsula, when the others remain semi-savages, steeped in ignorance and corruption?

As I pointed out in this REVIEW in June, 1904, Roumania has a clean record. Sovereigns can sit upon her throne without fear of assassination. Her people are happy and well governed. Her resources are very great and her credit stands high, politically as well as financially. King Charles is a sober statesman of known prudence, conscientious, and strong. A very high state of civilisation has been established: not merely big buildings, broad streets, electric lighting, and all the accepted stigmata of progress, but all the luxuries and conveniences which are admired in the West. Nor do the poor feel their poverty, for, like the Servians, they are mostly self-sufficing, they make all their own clothes, produce all their own food, rarely have an occasion to spend money.

It would be idle to deny the importance of the part which Roumania is destined to play in the Councils of Europe. Her foreign trade amounts to £40,000,000 a year, her budget to £20,000,000, with a surplus of £4,500,000 last year. Her admirable army consists of 105,000 men on a peace, and 400,000 on a war footing. Her population of eight millions brings her next in rank to the Great Powers and Spain. And we are to remember that, besides the Roumanians of the kingdom, there are large numbers of Kutzo-Wallachs, who are only to be distinguished by a slight difference of dialect, such as exists in many English counties. A glance at any ethnographic map will bring home the extent and importance of the Roumanians in Europe. There are 3,500,000 of them in Austria and Hungary, full of grievances, as I have ascertained for myself when travelling in Transylvania. There are nearly 2,000,000 in Russia, equally oppressed, over 200,000 in Servia, 100,000 in Bulgaria, and at least 400,000 in Macedonia, Albania, and Thessaly. In fact, the Roumanians of Europe number more than 14,000,000 in all, and must not be blamed if, now at last, they press for a recognition of their rights.

Though never turbulent or aggressive, Roumania has con-

sistently offered a sanctuary to oppressed nationalities, has upheld the torch of civilisation throughout the dark ages. It was to her generous subsidies that the monasteries of Mount Athos owed their prosperity; nay, their very existence. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century all movements for emancipation in Eastern Europe have had their origin in Roumania. She fostered Ypsilanti's Greek revolution in 1821. The first Albanian newspaper was printed at Bucharest. All the earliest Bulgarian revolutionaries took refuge in Roumania, where they printed their journals and pamphlets; she gave official subvention to the Bulgarian school at Tirnovo. In 1868 Bulgarian bands were formed in Roumania for guerilla warfare in Turkey, and the French Emperor compelled Prince Charles to dismiss his Ministry for not having restrained them. In 1878 she accomplished the deliverance of Bulgaria, for, without her assistance, Russia would never have reached the gates of Constantinople. Yet even now Roumania does not expect gratitude from Bulgaria. She merely asks for justice.

She is naturally concerned about the future of her Kutzo-Wallach sons, who will now find themselves in much larger numbers under Bulgarian rule. She remembers that, since 1874, she has spent over £2,000,000 on their schools and other educational institutions. Before the war there were five Roumanian secondary schools at Salonica, Monastir, Janina, and Berat, over a hundred primary schools in the towns and villages of Macedonia. She cannot, therefore, be expected to tolerate the idea that a partition of Turkey should create worse conditions for the Kutzo-Wallachs; indeed, she must insist upon having a voice in the reorganisation of Eastern Europe.

Nor is this a new demand, a form of "blackmail" prompted by the exhaustion of a rival. The demand has long been public property, and in 1903 the Roumanian Government sent a note to all the Chanceries (see Blue Book, "Turkey, No. 3") affirming her rights. But what does she mean by her rights? If Europe had decided to erect an autonomous cantonal Macedonia, the statistics of population point to the formation of Roumanian cantons. If there is to be partition, the Kutzo-Wallachs must retain scholastic and ecclesiastical autonomy. This is doubtless being conceded by the Bulgarians, whose canniness is notorious, and they will welcome education within their borders so long as it is paid for by another State. As to representation in Parliament, difficulties may arise owing to the fact that the Kutzo-Wallachs are spread over a large area, but compact groups exist in many places, notably the vicinity of Mount Pindus. They are also numerous in Albania, and contributed one member to the

Turkish Senate. When the Servian army entered Monastir, the Timok division was almost entirely composed of Roumanians, who received a specially hearty welcome from their Kutzo-Wallach brethren.

Oddly enough, the Roumanians of the kingdom are chiefly agriculturists, while the Kutzo-Wallachs are tradesmen, manufacturers, carriers, and shepherds, never concerning themselves with agriculture. They possess a high degree of intelligence, and carry all before them when they migrate to Roumania. Thousands of them prosper as merchants, university professors, painters, and politicians. The maternal grandfather of Mr. Take Jonescu, the coming statesman of Roumania, was a Kutzo-Wallach. So is Mr. Misu, the new Roumanian Minister in London, who possesses a remarkable personality. So is the greatest Finance Minister whom Roumania has ever known.

Now for the "blackmail" alleged by the *Daily Mail*. Before the war of 1877, Roumania's outlet to the Black Sea was through Bessarabia. Russia took this province on the conclusion of peace, giving the Dobruja in exchange. The Dobruja was then a worthless marsh, but has since been transformed into fertile territory. It had belonged to Roumania at the end of the fourteenth century, when it was taken by the Turks. The Roumanians, therefore, were its last Christian occupiers, and none but Roumanians can lay claim to any part of it when the Turks are driven back towards Asia. As documentary proof of this statement, I may cite the titles of Prince Mircea, who was styled "Prince of Wallachia, Lord of Silistria and both banks of the Danube as far as the Black Sea."

When Roumania received the Dobruja in 1878, she laid claim to Silistria also, for strategic reasons. It is the only place where a short and easily defensible bridge can be built. Further down the Danube are the Balta swamps with a zone of inundations seven or eight miles broad. A glance at a map will show how vulnerable Roumania is to a Bulgarian invasion, and how vital to her future is an immediate rectification of frontiers. Free access to the Black Sea is a matter of life and death to Roumanian commerce, almost to her national existence. Many writers seem to have failed to recognise the urgency of a strong, solid frontier.

But Roumania has never ceased to brood over this necessity since she obtained the Dobruja in 1878. Nor can sycophants pretend that Bulgaria was kept in ignorance. Indeed, she has been treated with incredible generosity. When the Russians took Bessarabia, they offered to give Roumania not only the Dobruja in exchange, but also a large slice of Bulgaria, including the quadrilateral of Ruschuk-Shumla-Varna, now inhabited by

700,000 Bulgarians and Turks and some Roumanians. Had this been accepted, the Turkish population would undoubtedly have been replaced by Roumanians. But the Roumanians had the extreme, perhaps foolish, generosity to refuse. They felt sore over the loss of Bessarabia, but they did not desire territorial expansion at the expense of the Bulgarians, for whose emancipation they had laboured long and earnestly. They did not even press their claim for the Silistria-Kavarna frontier.

Later on, at the time of the Servo-Bulgarian war, they were afforded another opportunity of bringing pressure to bear, for the Servians invited an alliance, and a mere whisper of acceptance would have brought the Bulgarians to their knees. It will be remembered how doubtful were the issues of that war, the Sovereigns on each side running away from the field of Slivnitsa hot-foot to their capitals. Moreover, Austria was then supporting Serbia, while the Bulgarians were in the bad graces of Russia, so there would have been no risk of international complications. Roumania, however, resolutely refused to take any step to embarrass Bulgaria.

Since that time the Porte has, on four different occasions, proposed an alliance with Roumania against Bulgaria, but she always refused, for she knew that a settlement of Balkan problems could not be long delayed, and that her frontier must then be rectified. Bulgaria also knew this very well, though she now pretends to be surprised, and her jackals jabber about "blackmail." In 1903 Mr. Take Jonescu, the celebrated party leader, stated the case very clearly in the *Monthly Review*. The point was raised whenever a Roumanian and a Bulgarian politician exchanged views. Some eighteen months ago Mr. Jonescu, who is known as the most Bulgarophil statesman in Roumania, informed the Bulgarian Minister at Bucharest exactly what frontier was required, and this must have been reported to Sofia. Any profession of surprise is therefore disingenuous.

The main point, however, is this: Roumania must have a defensible frontier now that Bulgaria is becoming an important Power. Take the analogy of France and Italy in 1858. France and Italy were allies, but France insisted on a rectification of frontiers. She took Savoy because it had a French population; she also took the Alpes Maritimes department to guard against a possible invasion. The Var, a slender stream, sufficed when she had only the little kingdom of Sardinia to deal with, but she needed a sound mountain frontier when a big Italy became her neighbour.

It may be taken for granted that Roumania will now persist in her demands. The time has come when she can no longer

afford to continue her amazing indulgence to a graceless State, whose extravagant, ever-swelling ambitions are rapidly becoming a danger to the peace of Europe. The jingoes of Sofia have always maintained ostentatiously, in the Press as well as in the *Sobranje*, that Bulgaria must seize the Dobruja so soon as she shall have finished with the Turks. And in the Bulgarian soldier's manual, approved by the Minister of War, there is a map of the Bulgaria of the future, which comprises Roumanian Dobruja. Roumanians may have laughed over these gasconades, but their détermination has been strengthened to secure an effective frontier against Bulgaria.

Now, Bulgarian faith is essentially Punic. It has no more existence than Bulgarian generosity or gratitude. The fox-like Tsar Ferdinand places no bounds to his personal ambitions, and his canny peasants are rapidly expanding desires which have been whetted by a fortunate accident of war. In the forefront of their psychology is a hatred of parting with anything, however small, however unimportant. Even when they are offered gifts, they suspect treachery. They say that a country can never abandon a scrap of its territory without dishonour, forgetting that the frontier was fixed neither by Bulgaria nor by Roumania, but by the Powers. At the same time, they have no respect for the territorial pride of other countries, and nothing will prevent them from raiding the Dobruja at the first opportune moment. And that moment will certainly be preceded by the most pacific and friendly assurances. Why, as recently as September 3rd last, the Bulgarian Government volunteered formal assurances to Roumania that there would be no war, and King Ferdinand's envoy sought out members of the Opposition and other prominent politicians, as well as Ministers, in order to reiterate his falsehood and calm public opinion.

The object of this piece of diplomacy was to prevent a Roumanian mobilisation, which might easily have provoked a general war and would certainly have interfered with King Ferdinand's plans. All the same, public opinion criticised the Government very severely for refraining from mobilisation, and accused it of sacrificing Roumanian to European interests. The Roumanian Government, however, wisely awaited the signature of the armistice before raising the vital question of the frontier. It was only their love of peace which restrained them from mobilising simultaneously with their neighbours, and I can conceive no action less comparable to blackmail.

Ever since the Russo-Turkish war, Roumania has remained the only tranquil country in the Near East. She has had no wars, no insurrections, no difficulties of any kind. She has enjoyed

all the blessings proverbially attributed to the country which has no history—which has no need for the subterfuges of diplomacy. She has remained calm in the security of her strength. But now the time has come when her chivalry must no longer be imposed upon, no more sacrifices be required of her. Bulgaria must “stop this fooling and come down.” And surely she will come down, for with all her other faults she is sufficiently full of low cunning to realise that the game is up. The wildest chauvinist in Bulgaria cannot fail to be aware that a Roumanian army would now have an easy promenade to Sofia, where it could dictate any terms. Even before the war, the superiority of the Roumanian artillery and cavalry was notorious. Now that the Bulgarians are exhausted by a bloody campaign, reduced almost to their last reservist, short of food, and perhaps also of ammunition, they would be mere playthings in the hands of a fresh, enthusiastic, and courageous adversary. It is therefore safe to prophesy that King Ferdinand will not risk the fruits of his victories by refusing a strip of territory which will be no loss to his empire but is essential to the security of his neighbour.

Besides, he will have his hands very full so soon as he is master of a big Bulgaria. Most of us sympathise with the Christian subjects of the Sultan and wish them good luck in their emancipation. But only those who have travelled in Macedonia, as I have done, can realise the folly of an hysterical conclusion that all will immediately be well in the Balkans. King Ferdinand is faced with thousands of difficult problems. His troubles are only beginning. Remember that a large number of so-called Bulgarians are not Bulgarians at all. Before the Russo-Turkish War, no one had heard of Bulgarians except as a generic word for gardeners. Until the other day, it was almost impossible to distinguish between Bulgarians and Servians in Macedonia. The chief test was their acceptance of the Exarch's or the Patriarch's ecclesiastical authority. Even Sofia was alleged to be Servian by tradition and dialect.

And the character of these Southern Slavs (be they Servian or be they Bulgarian) is quite incompatible with the even tenour of a constitutional State. They may be divided roughly into two categories: cowards and brigands. In nearly all their villages and towns I used to listen to long whining tales of outrage and persecution, which never stood the test of cross-examination. The grievances were all stated in general terms, and a request for details elicited only trumpery annoyances. My conclusion was that the Albanians, who are a fine fighting race with a keen sense of humour, a kind of grown-up schoolboys, used to amuse themselves by teasing cravens whom they despised.

As to the other sort of Slav, who inherited the courage of Dushan's and Milosh Obrenovitch's men, he took to the mountains, formed bands and "committees," burned or pillaged Turkish villages, was merely a murderous outlaw. No doubt he can be tamed in time, but he will need much powerful persuasion before he adapts himself to civilised rule. Moreover, he was utilised as an useful factor in the recent war. (Hence the countless outrages committed by Bulgarian and Servian as well as by Turkish troops.) He will claim rewards and indulgence.

If he is not treated considerably, he will join the factions, already numerous in Bulgaria, who conspire against King Ferdinand's rule. It will be remembered that his Majesty has already been hooted at the Grand Sobranje at Tirnovo, that many plots against his life have only been frustrated by the excellent espionage of the Bulgarian police. It would not surprise me, at any moment, to hear of the proclamation of a Bulgarian Republic.

Again, the unnatural alliance of the Balkan States was only possible for one definite purpose—the expulsion of the Turks. Already there are unmistakable signs of disruption. The race between Greeks and Bulgarians for the occupation of Salonica revived all the old animosities, and fighting between these allies was only avoided by miracles of self-restraint on the part of the leaders.

So far, conferences have been concerned only with what Turkey shall be compelled to give up. The coming dispute over the partition of the spoils will render the tension infinitely more acute. Doubtless there was some sort of treaty before the war, but the conquests have surpassed expectation to such an extent that there must be ample opportunity for dispute between nations already seething with hatred and jealousy.

I remember attending the *slava* (annual festival) of a Servian regiment in the good days of King Alexander. After many toasts, a captain stood up and shouted to his men: "Who are the greatest enemies of the Servian race?" With one consent, without an instant's hesitation, all the soldiers replied: "*Bugari!*" (the Bulgarians). And this spirit is by no means dead to-day. A simultaneous defeat of Turkey has not healed old wounds: Kosovo may have been avenged, but Slivnitsa is not forgotten.

Moreover, Peter Karageorgevitch has not consorted with conspirators and regicides for a decade without acquiring their methods and point of view. When I was last at Cetinje I attended a State trial, where it was proved that bombs had been provided by the Servian arsenal at Kragujevats and transmitted to Montenegro for the purpose of blowing up the whole royal family. Even now, while the alliance is still undissolved, I hear rumours

that Servians are conspiring to proclaim Peter as King of Montenegro—of course, after the murder of King Nicholas and his sons in the traditional Servian way.

King Ferdinand will have to redouble his precautions lest he should also be made a mark for the produce of Kragujevats. But he has had so long an experience of conspiracy, both active and passive, that he may probably be trusted to take care of himself.

I imagine I have now said enough to indicate the electricity of the atmosphere. We have Roumania with her patience exhausted, resolutely insisting upon a reasonable frontier, rectified at the expense of Bulgaria; Greece and Bulgaria acutely divided as to frontiers in the south; Serbia detesting Bulgaria and conspiring against Montenegro. What a happy family! What a promise of everlasting peace! How final a solution of the perennial Eastern question!

So much for the pessimistic point of view. There are, however, other possibilities.

King Ferdinand may continue to exercise the vulpine sagacity which enabled him to frustrate the knavish tricks of Stambuloff, to thwart Europe, to turn a petty Principality almost into an Empire. He may be as successful with his new territories as he has been with the development of Eastern Roumelia.

Then, again, instead of King Nicholas being murdered and superseded by Peter Karageorgevitch, we may find the sister-nations of Serbia and Montenegro united under the beneficent rule of King Nicholas, thereby ending the regicide terrorism of the last nine years and restoring a greater Serbia, almost the Serbia of Dushan, to her old place among civilised nations.

Greece would not then dare to make trouble, and there is no reason why Roumania, with a rectified frontier, should not join the Balkan Alliance.

For the moment, Roumanian interests, like Italian interests, involve gravitation towards the Austrian orbit, though popular sympathies are naturally opposed to Austria. There are many, especially among the younger generation of Roumanians, who would welcome an understanding with the Slavs. That would constitute a group of States almost equivalent to a seventh Great Power, which would hold the balance between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente.

Joined to the Triple Entente, it would secure Transylvania, the kernel of the Roumanian race, to the present kingdom of Roumania; all Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina to King Nicholas's Servian realm. Italy, too, would be detached from Germany and Austria, whose ambitions would then be finally sterilised.

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In all probability, before these lines are published, some decisive development will have occurred, and the optimistic or pessimistic anticipation will be discernible. In my opinion, the immediate issue depends upon the satisfaction of Roumanian claims, and it is unfortunate that Sir Edward Grey should continue his indiscretion by siding with Bulgaria at the bidding of Russia. Next to Lord Salisbury he is the worst Foreign Minister we have ever had. The most elementary facts invariably escape him. The German bee possesses his bonnet so completely that he is ready to sacrifice all Asia to the Russians. He is not even aware that, apart from the military caste, Germans are the most peace-loving people in the world. Prating ever of peace, he goes out of his way to sow the seeds of future wars. How he can be tolerated in the strongest administration which England has known since Pitt, passes human understanding. Unfortunately, however, it is so long since public opinion has been at all concerned with foreign affairs that there is scarcely anyone, in Parliament or the Press, sufficiently zealous or intelligent to criticise his blunders even at this crisis in the history of Europe.

HERBERT VIVIAN.

THE "WILD ALBANIAN."

BISMARCK, with his brutal disregard of facts which did not suit him, asserted at the Berlin Congress in 1878, "There is no Albanian nationality." The Albanian League, even while he was speaking, proved that he was wrong; and now, more than thirty-four years later, when the work which the Congress of necessity left unfinished has to be taken another step towards its logical end, the Albanian nation provides one of the most serious of the questions to be solved by the Court of the Great Peoples. Fortunately for Europe, the agreement of the Powers is so overwhelming in its unanimity that Servia, the one Balkan State which ventured to proceed on the lines of Prince Bismarck's mistaken dictum, has been forced to withdraw her pretensions. There is now no questioning the decision that Albania is to be autonomous; the further questions: what is to be the status of the prince or ruler? what are to be the exact boundaries of the newcomer into the European circle? and whether the new State is to be shadowed by the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan? are mere matters of detail which can be settled amicably by the Powers. The central and important fact is that Albanian nationality has been recognised by the European conscience, and that civilisation has been spared a twentieth-century Poland.

Between the Albanian and the Slav there stand centuries of hatred and blood feud. The Albanian regards the Slav as an intruder and a robber; the Slav looks on the Albanian as an inconvenient person who, though occasionally beaten, has always refused to be conquered; and, having the inestimable advantage of being more skilled in literature, he has consistently represented the voiceless Albanian as a brigand and a plunderer of Slav villages. As a matter of history, the boot is on the other leg. Setting aside the fact that both Albanian and Slav can be, and are, brigands on occasion, the Albanian and his kindred had been for centuries quarrelling comfortably among themselves when the Slav hordes poured across the Danube, and drove the old inhabitants by sheer weight of numbers from the plains to the uplands, and from the uplands to the mountains. Among the inaccessible crags on the western side of the Balkan Peninsula, facing the Adriatic Sea, the remnants of the old autochthonous peoples of Illyria, Epirus, Macedonia, and Thrace, have for centuries held their own against the recurring floods of Kelts, Goths, Serbs, Bulgars, and Turks. Like the Montenegrins who

hold the northern part of their mountains, the Albanians have been defeated, and have seen their villages burned and their families massacred, but they have never been finally conquered. The only difference is that while the Albanians had been defending their fastnesses for many generations before the Slavs of Montenegro came south of the Danube, they have never had the good fortune, or it may be the intelligence, to acquire a really powerful literary advertiser. Even Lord Byron passed them over in favour of the Greeks, though he credited the "wild Albanian kirtled to his knee" with never having shown an enemy his back or broken his faith to a guest. It is unlikely that the liberation of Greece would have been obtained had it not been for the Albanian warriors who supplied the best fighting material for the insurrection. Admiral Miaoulis, the Botzaris, the Boulgaris, and many other heroes of the beginning of the last century, were Albanians, or of Albanian extraction, but the modern Greek lives on the literary achievements of the ancient Hellenes, while the strong men of Albania, like their ancestors who lived before Agamemnon, are relegated to obscurity because they have no one to focus the gaze of Europe upon them.

Byron, Finlay, and a hundred others, did their best to make Europe believe that the modern Greek is the true descendant of the ancient Hellene, but none of them ever gave the Albanian the credit due to him. Then the fashion changed; the Slav came to the front, and Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson with his Montenegro sonnet, Miss Irby of Serajevo, and a host of writers, came forward to extol the Serb and the less sympathetic but still Slavised Bulgar, with the result that the average man believes that the Slavs were the original owners of the Balkan Peninsula, and that the Turks took it from them at the battle of Kossovo in 1389. The Albanian proud and silent on his crags, without even a disastrous battle to serve as a peg for advertisement, has through the centuries asked nothing of Europe, and has been given it in ample measure. Perhaps the Greeks did not live up to the glory that was expected of them, and so slipped into the background, but it is certain that the Slavs came to the front in the mid-Victorian days, and by 1880 were the pampered children of hysterical Europe. The Slavised Bulgar is a dour, hard-working man, self-centred and unpolished, and it was a little difficult to keep up the enthusiasm on his behalf to fever heat. But the Serb is outwardly a pleasant and picturesque creature, with a keen sense of dramatic values. Constantine, the last of the Byzantine Emperors, fell even more dramatically at Constantinople than did Lazar, the last Serbian Czar, at Kossovo-polje, but the national mourning for the black day of Kossovo

seems to have struck the imagination of Europe, while the historically far more important death of Constantine Palæologus inside the gate of St. Romanus on May 29th, 1453, has left it untouched.

The Serb is sympathetic in the passive sense of the word; he attracts people with his easy philosophy and his careless way of treating and looking at life. The modern Bulgar does not attract. He inspires respect, perhaps, but not affection. In racial characteristics the Serbs are akin to the Western Irish and the Bulgarians to the Lowland Scotch; and the more plausible man naturally makes the more favourable impression on the passing observer. So it is that writers on the Balkans often unwittingly inspire their untravelled readers with the notion that the Serbs, now represented by the Servians and Montenegrins, were the original owners of the Balkans, but shared the eastern part with the Bulgars, while the Turks were intruders who unjustly seized the country and are now justly surrendering it to the rightful possessors. In reality, the Albanians, or Shkypetars, as they are properly called, represent the original owners of the peninsula, for the Serbs did not cross the Danube until about 550 A.D., nor the Bulgars till 679 A.D., when the Shkypetars had enjoyed over eleven hundred years' possession of the land, enlivened by petty tribal fights, battles with or under the Macedonian kings, and struggles with Rome. In every town and district which the Slavs can claim by right of conquest under some nebulous and transitory Empire, the Albanians can oppose the title of original ownership of the soil from ages when neither history nor the Slavs were known in the Balkans. The Romans, unlike most of the invaders who came after them, were administrators, and a province was usually the better for their rule. The Thrako-Illyrian tribes, now represented by the Shkypetars or Albanians, were, however, not seriously disturbed by the Roman governors and colonists, or, rather, they were neglected and allowed to lapse into a state of lethargy from the turbulent sort of civilisation to which their own kings had raised them. The Romans policed, but did not open up the country. But when the Slavs and the Bulgars swept over the land like a swarm of locusts, the original inhabitants were either exterminated or fled to the mountains, where they led a fighting existence against what was termed authority, but which, to their minds, was the tyranny of the supplanter and usurper. The five hundred years' struggle of Montenegro against the Turks has often been told in enthusiastic language. The more than a thousand years' struggle of the Shkypetars against the Slav and the Turk has always been passed over as an incident of no importance.

The very name "Albanian" lends itself to prejudice. To the Western European it recalls the travellers' tales of Albanian brigands, and the stories about the Sultan Abdul Hamid's guards. The name sounds, and is, modern; whereas Serb, as admirers of the modern Servians very wisely write the word, has an ancient flavour. The tribes that are now known as Albanian do not recognise themselves by that name. They are Shkypetars, the Sons of the Mountain Eagle, and their country is Shkyperi, or Shkypeni, the Land of the Mountain Eagle. They have a legend that Pyrrhus, when told by his troops that his movements in war were as rapid as the swoop of an eagle, replied that it was true, because his soldiers were Sons of the Eagle and their lances were the pinions upon which he flew. If this story has any foundation in fact, it goes to show that the name Shkypetar was known to, or adopted by, the people and their king about 300 B.C., and one can only marvel at the modesty which dates the name no further back. At any rate, Pyrrhus, the greatest soldier of his age, was a Shkypetar, or Albanian, and beside him the Czar Dushan is a modern and an interloper. The name Albania was not heard of until the end of the eleventh century, when the Normans, under Robert Guiscard, after defeating the Emperor Alexius Comnenus at Durazzo, marched to Elbassan, then called Albanopolis, and finding the native name too difficult for their tongues, styled the country of which Albanopolis is the chief town by the easy term "Albania." The word, which does not appear to have been used officially until the first half of the fourteenth century, properly designates the land on the western side of the Caspian Sea, and much confusion has arisen from the Norman incapacity to wrestle with the word Shkypetar. Many educated Albanians claim that they are descended from the Pelasgi, but this is combated by some European authorities. As we know next to nothing about the Pelasgi, the question resolves itself into a matter of speculation incapable of proof either way; but at any rate it is certain that the Shkypetars are the descendants of those Thrako-Illyrian tribes which, by whatever name they were called by Greek writers, occupied the country to the north of Hellas when history was emerging out of legend.

The earliest known king of Illyria is said to be Hyllus, who died in B.C. 1225. Under his grandson Daunius the land was invaded by the Liburnians, who fled from Asia after the fall of Troy. The Liburnians occupied the coast of Dalmatia and the islands from Corfu northwards, and gradually became absorbed in the population. Only North Albania was included in Illyria, which stretched north over Montenegro, the Herzegovina, and Dalmatia. South Albania was known as Epirus, and this division

of the country makes the selection of the historical facts relating to Albania as a whole more than usually difficult. But it is easy to guess that the centuries as they passed saw continual tribal fights between the Illyrians, the Epirots, the Macedonians, and the other Thrako-Illyrian peoples, and about B.C. 600 came the first of the great invasions of which we have any clear knowledge. The history of the Balkan peninsula has always alternated at longer or shorter intervals between local quarrels and huge incursions of barbarians who swept across the land and submerged the plains, but left the mountains unsubdued. It is in these mountains that Albanian history principally lies, for while the people of the lowlands absorbed or were absorbed by the invaders, the older races fled to the mountains, and preserved intact their primitive language and customs. The Kelts were the first barbarian invaders, and, as was usual in such incursions as distinct from widespread racial immigrations, they were probably a small body of fighting men with their wives and children, who were soon lost in the mass of the people among whom they settled. They were absorbed in the Illyrian kingdom, of which Scodra or Scutari was the capital, and, like the Liburnians whom they supplanted at sea, they gained fame and wealth as pirates in the Adriatic and even in the Mediterranean. In the first half of the fourth century B.C., Bardyles, the King of Illyria, conquered Epirus and a good part of Macedonia, but he was defeated and driven back to his mountains by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. A little later Alexander, the King of the Molossi, in South Albania, made an expedition into Italy, and so brought Rome into contact with the opposite shores of the Adriatic. All these petty kingdoms were evidently merely subdivisions of the same race, and were closely connected with one another. The sister of Alexander, King of the Molossi, was the mother of Alexander the Great; the men who marched to Babylon, Persia, and India were the ancestors of the Albanians; and Epirus and Illyria shared in the anarchy which followed the death of the great conqueror, who has himself been claimed as a Shkypetar, and with considerable justice.

Pyrrhus, the warrior King of Epirus, was undoubtedly a Shkypetar, and some sixty years after his death Agron emerged from the welter as king of Bardyles' old realm and also of Epirus. Like his kinsman, Alexander the Great, he was a first-rate fighting man, and like him he died after a debauch, leaving a widow, Teuta, who was a lady of much force of character. She is said to have stretched a chain across the river Boiana where two hills shut in the stream above the village of Reci, and to have levied a toll on all ships going up and down. The

Albanians say that the rings to which she fastened her chains are still to be seen in the rocks. Moreover, she raised an army, built a fleet, and with less than modern Albanian caution set out to capture the island of Issa (now Lissa), which happened to be in alliance with the Romans. The republic sent an embassy to Teuta, but she slew one of the envoys and defiantly attacked Durazzo and Corfu. The Romans thereupon turned their arms to the Illyrian coast, and made short work of Teuta. She was driven from all the places she had occupied, even from her capital Scodra, and had to accept an ignominious peace. In spite of this the Illyrian Shkypetars had not learned their lesson, nor realised the growing power of Rome. Demetrius of Pharos, who succeeded Teuta as ruler of the country and guardian of Agron's son, although he owed much to Rome, began to rob and pillage the allies of the Republic, and endeavoured to unite the Shkypetar States in one alliance. He failed, and the lands of the Shkypetar fell under the power of the Romans, who contented themselves with exercising a protectorate over the realm of the young king Pinnes. The three Shkypetar States, Illyria, Epirus, and Macedonia, rose against Rome under Philip of Macedon, when Hannibal seemed in a fair way to crush the Republic, only a small portion of what is now Albania south of the Drin remaining faithful to its engagements.

When the Carthaginian danger had been disposed of, Rome once more turned to the lands across the Adriatic. Gentius, the last king in Scodra, had allied himself with Perseus of Macedon, and had returned to the Adriatic piracy of his ancestors. Thirty days saw the fall of the northern Shkyperi kingdom. The praetor Amicius, in B.C. 168, landed on the coast and drove Gentius into Scodra, where the king soon afterwards surrendered at discretion, and was taken with his wife, his two sons, and his brother to grace the triumph at Rome. Perseus was utterly defeated by the Consul Paullus at Pydna shortly afterwards, and all the lands of the Shkypetar became incorporated in the Roman Empire. Epirus in particular was severely punished, and the prosperity of the country, which hitherto had been considerable, was completely ruined. The Shkypetars took to their mountains, and the Romans did nothing to restore the wealth and culture of the times of the native kings. The cities, even Scodra, fell into decay, and when Augustus founded Nicopolis on the north of the Gulf of Arta in commemoration of the battle of Actium, there was not a single city of any importance in Epirus or Illyria. Nicopolis itself did not last long, for under Honorius it had become the property of a Greek lady, and when Alaric and his Goths in the fifth century overran Illyria and Epirus, the city

was sacked, and from that time ceased to be a place of any note. Under the Empire the deserted country was divided between the provinces of Illyria and Epirus, North Albania being the southern portion of Illyria. When the Roman Empire was divided in A.D. 395, the Shkypetars were allotted to the Eastern Empire, and the country was known as *Praevalitana*, with Scodra for its capital. The condition of the land must have been very much what it was under the Turks. The prefects of the Empire ruled on the coast and in the plains, but in the mountains the Shkypetars enjoyed semi-independence, and as a consequence of this neglect the country remained more or less derelict. But the Shkypetars were unquestionably the owners of the soil under the Imperial rule of Constantinople.

In the fifth century came the first of the great invasions under which the Empire of Byzantium was finally to disappear. The rebel Goths, under Alaric, after invading Greece, swung north and ravaged Epirus and Illyria, provinces which they had so far neglected owing to the poverty of the land since the occupation by the Romans. When the Goths invaded Italy, Shkyperi enjoyed a period of comparative tranquillity under Justinian and until the coming of the Slavs. The Huns and the Avars were passing invaders; they did not settle on the land, but they drove the Thrako-Illyrian tribes, who spoke both Latin and Shkypetar, into the mountains, and left the way open for the Slavs. It was at the end of the sixth century that the Slav tribes, who had crossed the Danube in scattered bodies some three hundred years previously, came in overwhelming numbers to settle, and the lowlands were ravaged and occupied by them sometimes alone, and sometimes in conjunction with the Avars. The Thrako-Illyrians were at that time like the Romanised Britons; they had become enervated under the *Pax Romana*, and were unable to resist the ruthless invaders. They fled into the mountains of Albania, and there they gradually dropped the Latin language and the veneer of Roman civilisation. They were men who had to fight for their lives; the weaklings died off, and the old tongue and the old customs of the Shkypetars were once more assumed. The Serb, though a plausible and soft-spoken individual when he has not got the upper hand, is at heart a savage, and the Thrako-Illyrian tribes who were driven out of Thrace and Macedonia to the highlands of Epirus and southern Illyria were the sterner remnants of a population which had seen old men, women and children massacred, and homesteads burned by the invaders. Then began that undying hatred between the Shkypetar and the Serb which is bitter even to-day, for the Albanian still looks on the Slav as the intruder and the destroyer

of house and home. This explains why the modern Albanian has always been more friendly with the Moslem Turk than with the Christian Slav. The brutalities committed by the Turks were trifles compared with the atrocities of the Slav.)

In the first half of the seventh century the Slavs were recognised officially by the Empire. Heraclius persuaded them to turn their arms against the Avars, and after that they held the lands they had seized in fief of the Byzantine Empire, but governed by their own Zhupans. The Thrako-Illyrian Shkypetars were thenceforward confined to the mountains of what is now Albania, the Slavs occupying what are now Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia, with Ragusa as their capital. The next intruders into the Balkan peninsula were the Bulgars, an Asiatic race who crossed from Bessarabia at the end of the seventh century. They were a people akin to the Turks who were to come after them, and like the Turks they were principally a fighting race. But, whereas the Turks have always stood alone and apart in Europe, the Bulgars became Slavised, and adopted the speech and manners of the people they turned out of the eastern lands of the peninsula. They adopted Christianity in 864 under Boris, who, like his namesake of to-day, was converted, and under his successor, Simeon, about A.D. 900, they founded one of those ephemeral "empires" of the Balkans which sprang up like mushrooms alongside the more lasting and dignified Roman Empire at Byzantium. Simeon's rule extended right across the north of the Balkan peninsula, and displaced that of the Serbs who were brought under his rule. The Shkypetars were included in the Bulgarian Empire, but as before it was only the plains and not the mountains which were held by the conquerors. Simeon's rule, though he vauntingly took the title of Czar or Cæsar, was merely nominal in the west, and when he died in A.D. 927 his Empire fell to pieces. Shishman and his son Samuel, however, kept the west independent of Byzantium, with their capital at Ochrida, and probably the reign of the Czar Simeon was the period when the Shkypetars were most nearly subjugated by the Slav or Slavised intruders. But in 1018 the Empire of Simeon was utterly crushed by the Emperor Basil Bulgaroktonos, and Albania again passed under the nominal sway of Byzantium, while Bulgars and Serbs were ruled direct from the Imperial Court.

In turn the spurt of energy from Constantinople died down, for, equally with the Bulgarian and Serbian hegemonies, it depended on the life of one man. A new leader arose in Bulgaria, John Asen, who claimed to be descended from Shishman. He rebelled successfully against the Empire, and, after his murder,

under his successors, and especially John Asen II., Albania was contained in the second Bulgarian Empire. Nominally the Shkypetars passed from the Empire to the Bulgars, and from the Bulgars to the Serbs, and back again at every shifting of the kaleidoscope, but the hold of all the Empires was too ephemeral to allow of a costly conquest of the barren mountains. When either the Emperor or the Slavs gained decidedly the upper hand, the plains and towns of Shkyperi fell under the conqueror, but in the feeble intervals the plains, and at all times the mountains, were in the hands of that unsubdued remnant of the ancient inhabitants—the Shkypetars. John Asen died in A.D. 1241, and the leadership of the Balkan Slavs began to pass to the Serbs under the Nemanja dynasty, who first called themselves Kings and afterwards Czars of Serbia. The Stefans of Serbia fought with the Palæologi Emperors and with the Bulgarians, the Bulgarian army being crushed at the battle of Velbuzhd on June 28th, 1330. The North Albanians remained more or less independent while all these quarrels were going on around them, but in the time of the Czar Dushan, the Strangler, A.D. 1336, they were included in his Empire. After the break-up of Dushan's kingdom, North Albania was ruled from Scodra by the Princes of the Balsha family of Provence, who had taken service with the Serbian Czars. In 1368 the Prince became a Roman Catholic, and the North Albanian mountaineers have remained of that religion ever since. The Balshas greatly increased their dominions, but, in 1383, George Balsha I. was defeated and killed by the Turks near Berat, and George Balsha II. gave Scodra and Durazzo to the Venetians in return for their assistance against the Turks. But the Venetians did not afford Balsha help of any value, so the family retired to Montenegro, and were succeeded in North Albania by the Castriot family of Croja, who were pure-blooded Shkypetars and extended their rule over the whole of the country except the places held by Venice. South and Middle Albania were independent under the rule of the Despot of Epirus, Michael Angelus, who, though illegitimate, claimed to be the heir of the Emperors Isaac and Alexius Angelus. He raised the Albanian tribes, discomfited the Frankish Dukes of Thessalonica and Athens, and after his death his nephew, John Angelus, fought with John Dukas for the Empire of Byzantium, but was defeated in A.D. 1241. The heir of the Angeli then retired to the Albanian mountains, and as Despots of Epirus the family ruled the country in spite of the Emperor for several years.

Meanwhile, the last of the conquerors of the Balkans was over-running the peninsula. In 1354 the Turks were invited over to

Thrace by John Cantacuzenus to help him against the Palæologi. They seized and settled at Gallipoli, and in 1361 Sultan Murad I. took Adrianople. Serbia was invaded, and crushed at Kossovo-polje in 1389, where some Albanians under their Prince Balsha fought in the army of the Czar Lazar. The Sultan Murad II. advanced against Albania in 1423, and took, among others, the four sons of John Castriot of Croja as hostages. The youngest of these sons was George Castriot, the famous Scanderbeg, who was educated at Constantinople by the Sultan. In 1443 he rose against the Turks and seized Croja, and though army after army was sent against him he defeated many Viziers and generals and the Sultan Murad himself. The bravery of the Albanians and the difficulties of the mountains made the leadership of Scanderbeg invincible, and even Mahomet II., the Conqueror, was beaten by the Albanian prince at Croja in 1465. But Scanderbeg was unable to get any help from Europe, and he died in 1467, leaving no worthy successor. Croja was taken by Mahomet II. in 1478, and the next year Scodra, Antivari, and other towns on the coast were surrendered to the Turks by Venice. In the mountains the Albanians always had practical independence under the Turks, but Scodra was at first governed by Turkish Pashas. At the beginning of the eighteenth century a Mahometan Albanian chief, Mehemet Bey of Bouchatti, a village just south of Scodra, seized the city and massacred his rivals. He was so powerful that the Porte thought it wise to make the Pashalik hereditary in his family, and he governed not only Scodra but also Alessio, Tiranna, Elbassan, and the Dukadjin. Kara Mahmoud, his son, was quite an independent Prince. He twice invaded Montenegro and burned Cettigne, and defeated the Turkish troops at Kossovopolje, but in 1796 he was defeated and killed in Montenegro. His descendants ruled North Albania, and headed revolts in Bosnia and Serbia, and fought against the Sultan with success. But after the Crimean War the Porte sent an army to Scodra, and the reign of the Moslem Albanian Pashas of Bouchatti came to an end. While the Pashas of Bouchatti were defying the Sultan in North Albania, Ali Pasha of Janina defeated them in the south. He united the South Albanians, but after a long and successful career he was finally besieged in the castle of Janina and put to death in 1822. During the last half-century the country has been governed from Constantinople, but though the towns were occupied by garrisons the mountaineers retained their arms, their independence, and their tribal laws and customs. The Albanian League, which was founded in 1878 under the leadership of Hodo Bey of Scodra and Prenck Bib Doda of Mirditia, united the Mahometans and

Christians of North Albania to protest against the cession of Gussigne and Plava to Montenegro, and was successful to the extent of getting the Dulcigno district substituted for the mountain towns. In spite of the exile of Hodo Bey and Prenck Bib Doda, the League has always had a subterranean existence directed against all enemies of Albanian nationality. Only in a less degree than Montenegro did Albania preserve its freedom from the Turkish rulers, and that was owing to the ease with which the plains and coast can be occupied by troops. The leading families among the Moslem Albanians have supplied a great number of civil and military officials to the Ottoman service, and these Pashas and Beys have proved themselves men of the highest ability. There will be no lack of capable rulers when the new State is constituted.

The Shkypetars have not only preserved their mountain homes, but also their language and their laws. Albanian, to give it the modern name, is a very ancient Aryan tongue which was spoken by the Balkan tribes before the time of Alexander the Great. It is a non-Slavonic language, the Slav words used being simply additions made in comparatively modern times. In Old Serbia and on the borders of Montenegro the Albanians have mixed and intermarried with the Slavs, but they have only adopted a few words of Servian and not the entire language. In the south a similar process has taken place. Albanian is certainly related to Greek, and it has borrowed many words, especially among the tribes along the border, so that the purest Albanian is to be found in the mountains of Roman Catholic Mirditia and among the Mussulman families in the south of Central Albania. So much is this the case that the tribes on the Montenegrin border find some difficulty in understanding those in the districts marching with Greece. About one-third of the language is made up of words taken from Keltic, Teutonic, Latin, and Slav, owing to the invasions from which the Shkypetars have suffered; another third is Æolic Greek of a very archaic form; and the remaining third is unknown, but no doubt represents the tongue of the ancient Thrako-Illyrian tribes. Interesting speculations have been made as to the exact position of Albanian in the Aryan family, but it is absolutely agreed that it is a non-Slavonic tongue of great antiquity. It is an extraordinarily difficult language for a foreigner to speak, and the Shkypetars claim that none but the native-born can pronounce their queer consonantal sounds correctly. The difficulty of learning the language is increased by the want of a suitable alphabet. The Jesuits and Franciscans of Scodra use the Latin alphabet; in the south the Orthodox priests use Greek letters. But neither system is satisfactory, and con-

sequently some grammarians have introduced diacritical marks, or have mixed up the two sets of characters into one jumbled alphabet. Albanian has also been written in Turkish characters, but probably with even less success, and it is a proof of the marvellous vitality of the language that it has survived through the ages without a literature, untaught and unwritten in the schools.

(Except where they have intermingled with the Slavs and other races the Shkypetars are tall and fair. Those who have suffered from the poverty of the mountains have no pretensions to good looks, but the average mountaineer, who belongs to a well-to-do tribe, has an oval face with an aquiline nose, high cheekbones, blue-grey eyes, fair hair, and a long golden moustache. Their bodies are straight and slim, and not so heavy as those of the Montenegrins. Even in the towns the Albanians seldom get fat, but preserve their lithe, active figures all their lives. Some of the Mirdites might pass anywhere for Englishmen of the blonde type. The Shkypetars have always been divided into two great families: the Ghegs in the north, and the Tosks in the south, the river Skumbi marking the boundary between them. No meaning has been found for the name Tosk, but Gheg is said to signify "giant," and in the fifteenth century it was used by the Turks as a sort of title for the ruling family of Mirditia. The North Albanians are divided into tribes or clans; those to the north being grouped under the designation of Malissori, or men of the Black Mountains, including the Clementi, Castrati, Hoti, Skreli, and other tribes; those to the east including Shalla, Shoshi, Summa, and others, collectively called Pulati or the Woodlanders; and the confederation of the Mirdites, who are Roman Catholics and governed by a chief of the Doda family. At the present moment their chief is Prenck Bib Doda Pasha, who was for many years an exile in Asia Minor for his share in the League. In South Albania the Tosks are divided into three principal groups, the Tosks, the Tchams and the Liapes, and they again are subdivided into tribes. In North Albania the Mirdites and most of the Malissori are Roman Catholics, and they are the descendants of the men who, in 1320, after the Serbian Czars, at that time holding Scodra and the plain, had abandoned Catholicism and adopted Orthodoxy, refused to give up their allegiance to the Pope. The number of Orthodox in North Albania is very small, and half the inhabitants of Scodra, many of the Malissori, a large proportion of the men of Pulati, and nearly all those round Prisrend, Jacova, and Ipek are Moslems. In South Albania the townsmen and men of the plains are principally Moslems, except towards the Greek frontier, where they

are mostly Orthodox. An Albanian official reckons that nearly half of the one million eight hundred thousand inhabitants are Moslems; less than a third Orthodox, and the rest Roman Catholics. This is probably near the mark, but every statistician has his own figures and the reasons for them, though to a less degree than in Macedonia.

The Albanian territories between Antivari and Dulcigno were given to Montenegro in 1880 after an armed protest by the Albanian League, and the lands of the Shkypetar now include Scodra and its plain, the mountains of the Malissori, Gussigne-Plava, Ipek, Jacova, Prisrend, Pulati, Mirditia, and the country west of Lakes Ochrida and Janina as far as the Gulf of Arta. Round Prisrend there is a minority of Slavs, and in the south below Janina there is a large proportion of Greeks, but the limits here given contain all the territories left to the Shkypetar by the successive incursions into the Balkan peninsula of Slavs and Bulgars. Happily the Servian attempt to ignore the Albanians and to represent Scodra, Durazzo, and the plains near them as Slav because the Serbian Czars held them at intervals from the seventh to the fourteenth centuries, has failed, chiefly, it must be admitted, owing to the assertion by Austria-Hungary of her own interests, and not to any love for historical justice on the part of Europe. Except that they have not one chieftain over all the tribes, and have had a much wider extent of territory to defend against more numerous enemies, the case of the Shkypetars is exactly parallel to that of the Montenegrins. The Montenegrins held their own for five hundred years in a little block of mountains against the Turks only; the Shkypetars have held their own for considerably over a thousand years against successive waves of Slavs, Bulgars, and Turks. They have often been submerged, but they have always come to the surface again, and by their long and stubborn fight they have earned over and over again their right to the barren rocks, infrequent plains, and insignificant harbours which go to make up their patrimony, or rather what is left of it. They are the last remnants of the oldest race in Europe, for they represent peoples who preceded the Greeks. They were deep-rooted in the soil of the Balkan peninsula ages before the first Slav crossed the Danube, and if the Serb and the Bulgar have acquired a right to the lands from which they drove the ancient tribes, at least those original inhabitants have justified their claim to the rocks and shore, from which no enemy, Slav, Bulgar, or Turk has been able to dislodge them.

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THE ANTI-IMPERIALISM OF THE IMPERIALISTS.

AFTER a decade of kaleidoscopic history, food taxes as a stepping stone to Imperial Federation have been deposed from their place of honour in the Unionist programme of Tariff Reform. So much, at any rate, the highly spectacular events of the past few weeks may fairly justify one in asserting. To go beyond that would be, perhaps, to abandon fact for prophecy. Yet the general belief seems to be that what we have been privileged to witness is not merely the postponement but the burial of the Chamberlain scheme of Imperial Preference, and that the relieved and almost comical glee with which the Unionist rank and file have capered after the corpse has its roots in their persuasion that it can never again be resurrected. The situation, however, inside the party remains, and must long remain, divertingly chaotic. Some ninety-five per cent. of the Unionist M.P.'s have suddenly discovered either that they do not believe in the policy they have been advocating for the past ten years, or that they cannot win on it, or that it stops them from concentrating their full strength on the more immediate problem of how to get rid of the present Government. In any case, they have made up their minds to retire it for the time being into the innocuous background of a second General Election, and they have forced their "leaders" to head the retreat. But one may permissibly doubt whether this rearward manœuvre has quite settled the question. In the first place, its electioneering value, which in the eyes of the ordinary Unionist in and out of Parliament is its chief recommendation, has yet to be tested. There is an ineradicable preference in the mind of the average voter for a party that sticks to its principles and is ready to suffer for them; and the latest dodge of the Unionists to appear loyal to their policy while relying on tactics to evade its consequences may, for all one knows, alienate rather than attract the electorate, and still further deepen that fatal suspicion of vacillation and shiftiness from which the official conduct of the Tariff Reform movement has hardly once been free. There is undoubtedly a new England beating against the bars, but it has not so completely parted with its old self as to cease to admire courage in its public men; and courage, definiteness, coherency, are precisely the qualities in which the Unionist campaign against Free Trade has been most lacking from the moment Mr. Chamberlain dropped out of the firing line. Parties as a rule make a great mistake when they deliberately try to be

popular ; they would do much better to trust to the unpopularity of their opponents ; elections in general are decided not on the merits of the Outs but the demerits of the Ins ; and of all political expedients the one that most often defeats itself is a concerted rush to cover. No position is impossible so long as it is held ; it is only when a manifest tremor begins to run through the ranks of its defenders and an impulse to evacuate it declares itself, and the onlookers are led to suspect hesitancy, faint-heartedness, insincerity, or divided counsels, that matters become hopeless.

Moreover, it is worth remembering that in politics it takes two to drop an issue. The Unionists may insist that food taxes are shelved and need no longer prevent the country from turning to them at the next election ; but the Liberals may, and, of course, unquestionably will, point out that they are not permanently abandoned and that an appeal to the country which ends in a Unionist victory brings them appreciably nearer. The Unionists, to be sure, unlike the wicked animal in the natural history book, may decide not to defend themselves when attacked ; but I question whether their forbearance will greatly avail them. They will continue to number in their midst an ardent remnant of Chamberlainites, who assuredly will not abstain from avowing their faith in the taxation of food as a means of cementing the Empire, who control, and are not likely to be ousted from, practically all the party organisations, and who will work unceasingly for the deletion of the Double Election pledge just as they wriggled out of the Referendum. Their presence and activities and the official assurance contained in Mr. Bonar Law's letter of January 14th, that there has been no change in the Unionist policy but only in the Unionist procedure, that food taxes, in other words, are as much as ever a plank in the party platform, and that only the method of dealing with them has been altered, make it quite arguable that the Unionists will discover too late that they have weakened themselves for all purposes of defence and gratuitously strengthened their opponents' attack, and still have not freed themselves from their wretched entanglement. It is, perhaps, a little early to suggest that the Unionists may find it as difficult to be faithful to the Double Election device as to the Referendum. But it is certain that the country does not trust them or their professions, and that nobody would be greatly surprised if a year or two hence one of their leaders were to take the same line in regard to the latest concordat that Lord Lansdowne on November 14th adopted in connection with the Referendum ; were to ask whether it "should be allowed to hold the field for all-time and in all circumstances," and were to conclude that undoubtedly it

should not. And besides all this, there is the clear fact that Mr. Bonar Law's position as a leader has been irreparably damaged, that a scheme of strategy has been forced upon him from below, that he only consented to remain at the head of the party against his own judgment and inclinations, and that the most flamboyant testimonials cannot disguise the fact that the cause of Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference has suffered the severest setback in its history under the leadership of the very man who, next to Mr. Chamberlain himself, is most identified with it. And, finally, there is the complication that with the food taxes withdrawn or eliminated, the whole Tariff Reform movement is reduced to the most squalid and corrupting form of industrial Protection, with all the vision and idealism gone from it, and with nothing left for the farmers except the certainty of duties on all they buy and on nothing that they sell. With all these factors at work it is difficult to persuade oneself that food taxes will cease to be an issue in our politics, or that the agreement on which the Unionists have taken their stand has in it any real element of stability.

As an Englishman who is convinced that the taxation of food in the name of Imperial Federation would be equally injurious both to our industrial masses and to the Empire itself, I should rejoice if what I have just written were to be falsified by the event; and I gladly recognise that the peril inherent in Mr. Chamberlain's policy of Preference and Protection has, at any rate, been minimised by the undertaking to submit it as a whole and in detail to the voters before it can become operative. But it is pretty obvious that this undertaking has been given primarily as a matter of electioneering tactics and not because the Unionists have in any way grown to realise that food taxes imposed with the idea of preserving and strengthening Imperial unity were a fundamental error in statesmanship. Amid all the varied and contradictory arguments with which they have advocated a duty on corn and wheat, they have never, so far as I am aware, wavered in the belief that such a duty was not merely desirable but essential if the Empire was to be maintained. We have been told in the course of the past ten years many things about the food taxes that it was not easy to reconcile—that the foreigner, for instance, would pay them; that they were not to be imposed on maize and bacon so that the food of the very poor might not be increased in price; that they would involve no sacrifice; that the sacrifice was worth making for the sake of the Empire; that the workman's budget would not be burdened by so much as an extra farthing a week; that any rise in the price of bread would be more than compensated by the remission of other taxes; that

the price of the home supply of breadstuffs would be unaffected by the tax; and that the farmers, none the less, would greatly benefit. But throughout this amazing series of assertions, each happily framed to cancel the other, the Unionists have remained constant in their delusion that the salvation of the Empire was to be sought, and could alone be found, in the taxation of food. It is true that of late years we have not heard so much of Imperial Preference, that it has been relegated to perorations, that one Unionist M.P. was even candid enough to speak of it as merely the sentimental side of the Tariff Reform movement, and that a propaganda which was originally inspired by an ideal that its opponents might regard as false but could not possibly dismiss as mean or petty has steadily degenerated into an appeal to the crudest form of selfishness and greed. But no Unionist that I know of has disavowed or even disputed the soundness of Mr. Chamberlain's original contention that food taxes and nothing else could save the Empire. They are still as a party impervious to the stupendous fallacy and the very definite dangers that underlie it. They still sincerely believe that they possess a monopoly of the true spirit of Imperialism and that we purblind Free Traders are its enemies; and on the strength of that belief they have adopted an attitude, put forward proposals, and indulged in excesses that by now would pretty well have disrupted any political organisation less elastic than the British Empire.

Of the fervour of Mr. Chamberlain's conviction that economic interest is the bond of empires there was never any doubt. He frankly acknowledged and gloried in it. It was by threatening us with "the dissolution" of our own Empire that he sought to win support for his new scheme. Unless it was carried, unless we abandoned our "economic pedantry," our "old shibboleths," and renounced Free Trade in favour of Protection, the Empire, he warned us, was doomed. Without a closer and ever closer commercial connection with the oversea Dominions he was "sure we shall fall to pieces and into separate atoms"—"we shall deserve the disasters which will infallibly come upon us." On that point, at any rate, he was perfectly sincere and perfectly explicit. Free Trade spelt Imperial disintegration; Protection alone could lastingly consolidate. And that with him, as also with his followers at this moment, was a bedrock article of faith, the final and fundamental argument that he used to justify the new departure. The alternative to Preferential Tariffs was the disruption of the Empire. It was to save the Empire that he proposed them. Only a year or two before Mr. Chamberlain made his discovery we were all congratulating ourselves that the Empire was at length a thrilling and vibrating whole—united not

in formal and artificial bonds, but by the sense of a common interest and a common destiny, by sympathy, by affection, by a universal recognition of kinship. But hardly was the Boer War over than Mr. Chamberlain, speaking with the authority of a Minister for the Colonies, assured us that the spirit which had produced such wonderful results was not to be relied upon and might in the near future altogether disappear. He told us that the Empire was in danger. He said to us in effect: "Unless you eat more New Zealand mutton, and drink more Australian wine, and use more Canadian wheat, the Empire will be ruined." And that, in more elaborate and decorative language, is what his converts have been saying ever since. They still seem to think that the future of the Empire depends on the import and export returns; that the loyalty of the Dominions is to be measured in terms of Canadian cheese and West Indian bananas; that instead of volunteering for another Imperial war with the foolish sentimentality they showed in 1899 and 1900, each self-governing Dominion in future will turn to her account-books and decide, first of all, whether we have "made it worth her while"; and that the Empire, to be safe, to endure at all, must make its first appeal to the pocket, must be treated as a business transaction, and must weigh its Imperialism by the takings in the till.

This conception of the Empire is, of course, hopelessly and incurably wrong. If it were true, there would be no Irish question. A calculating selfishness has never been a dominant motive-power of history, and the deeper instincts and emotions of nations are untouched by considerations of cash. On what does the British Empire rest? What is the mainspring of Imperial loyalty? Is it, do you think, our "Colonial policy"? Not in the least. No system can produce loyalty, it can only make loyalty possible. Self-government and freedom from dictation are the pre-requisites of loyalty merely in the sense that they leave little or nothing for discontent to take hold of. They clear the ground better than any form of administration that has yet been devised, but they do no more. The forces that really create loyalty and bring it to fruition lie wholly outside the machinery of even the best-regulated rule. Westminster and Whitehall have nothing to do with loyalty; their business is the negative one of forestalling discontent. Is it then self-interest? In part, of course, it is. The advantage of belonging to a stable political system and of being able to rely and draw upon the wealth and power of Great Britain—these and many other considerations of the same kind rightly and necessarily have their weight in determining the attitude of the Dominions. But self-interest can never be the basis of such a special relationship as unites Great

Britain and her daughter nations. It could no more have produced that than it could produce a real friendship between man and man. Only a politician with singular limitations of mind and spirit will find the operative force of most modern politics, national or international, to lie in self-interest rather than in sentiment, or will suppose that reason and calculation and a nice balancing of "practical" advantages have contributed anything but the most insignificant fraction to the sum total of Imperial feeling. No; the indestructible basis of the Empire is sentiment, the intangible but very vital compound of patriotism and pride in the stock, and pride in England and English history, and passionate attachment to the British Crown—all this idealised, raised to its highest power of fervour and genuineness, made romantic, if you like, by distance and the glamour of a long-drawn perspective. There is poetry in it; there is almost a sort of religion in it. To those who think of the Empire either as a superior cash register or as a problem in algebra, to be solved by mechanical formulæ, and who forget that it is on the instincts of breathing men and women that it really rests, the thread may seem a thin one. Yet they have only to ask themselves why they are "loyal" to the Dominions to understand why the Dominions are loyal to the Empire; and the Unionists' cry of disruption in the event of the failure of their scheme of Preferential Tariffs simply shows that they have missed the animating force that makes the Empire one.

But the Unionists have another shot in their locker. Not only do they say that without Preferential tariffs the Empire must break up, but that with them it will be greatly strengthened. It is impossible to consider this latter claim apart from the history of our Imperial policy as a whole. What has that history been? It has been one long surrender of just such ties as the Unionists hope to reimpose, a continuous progress towards freedom from the interference of Downing Street and the Colonial Office. All direct profit from, and almost all direct control over the Dominions, we have long ago relinquished, and the result is a relationship which, however offensive of the mathematicians of politics, has this grand virtue—it has made for contentment; it has diminished, virtually destroyed, the chance of friction; it has established a progressive ratio between the devotion of the Dominions to Great Britain and Great Britain's non-interference in their affairs. This is as true of our commercial as of our political relations with the Empire. Both have been an organic growth, produced by the free play of natural forces, not by mechanical devices. The Empire has prospered, and we have prospered with it, because we have given up the attempt to fence

it round with artificial stakes, or to build on it the jealous, short-sighted, self-destructive monopoly that Spain, to her own undoing, insisted on throughout her realm. What is it, indeed, that marks out our Empire from all others if not this—that we alone have realised that a colony is not an estate whose usefulness begins and ends with returning a direct and exclusive profit to its owners? If we did not know it before, the American Revolution taught us that to govern a colony in its own interests, to let it carve out its career in its own way, never to twist it out of the line of natural development for our own profit, is to pursue a policy that in the long run makes as much for the strength and prosperity of the Motherland as of the colony itself. But of this policy and of all it stands for, the Unionist programme is the direct inversion. For a free, spontaneous connection it substitutes something that is rigid, formal, and artificial. It shifts the whole basis of the Empire, and profoundly modifies the spirit in which it has been built up and maintained. It aims at precisely that species of Imperial monopoly on which history has written the flattest condemnation of failure. In its essence it is nothing less than a reversion towards the system which helped, among other things, to bring on the American Revolution. To say that it fatally lowers and vulgarises a great ideal is, perhaps, of little “practical” importance. To say that it throws overboard a wise and great policy, and that if it were enforced it would associate the Empire in the minds of millions of Englishmen with dearer bread and rising prices is to challenge it on grounds of which everyone can appreciate the seriousness. And on what plea are Preferential Tariffs defended? On the plea, at bottom, that they will promote Imperial unity. There are actually people who talk as though the sense of Imperial unity were something that could be manufactured, like screws. They forget that of all the cast-iron systems which have been or are being tried by other Empires, not one has produced a thousandth part of the loyalty and feeling of kinship and of co-partnership in a common destiny that we have been able to evoke by making freedom and elasticity and the utmost play of local peculiarities the watchwords of our Imperial rule.

It is refreshing, as well as pertinent, to recall in this connection the late Lord Salisbury’s valedictory to the nation some eleven years ago. It was a solemn and comprehensive warning against Imperial meddlers delivered by the last and greatest of Unionist statesmen. “There is no danger,” said Lord Salisbury, “that appears to me more serious for the time that lies ahead of us than an attempt to force the various parts of the Empire into a mutual arrangement and subordination for which they are not

ready, and which may only produce a reaction in favour of the old state of things. . . . We have no power by legislation to affect the flow of opinion and of affection which has arisen so largely between the Mother Country and her daughter States. . . . We cannot safely interfere by legislative action with the natural development of our relations with our daughter nations. . . . If we will be patient and careful there is a tremendous destiny before us; if we are hasty, there may be the reverse of such destiny, there may be the breaking apart of those forces which are necessary to construct the majestic fabric of a future Empire. . . . There is nothing more dangerous than to force a decision before a decision is ready, and therefore to produce feelings of discontent, feelings of difficulty, which, if we will only wait, will of themselves bring about the result we desire. . . . The tendency of human beings and of statesmen—who are human beings—is to anticipate all such matters, and to think that because their own wretched lives are confined to some sixty or seventy years, therefore it is open to them to force an anticipation of the results which the natural play of forces and of affections will bring before us.” In those few sentences, as I believe, there is more of the true spirit of Imperial statesmanship than in all the Unionist outpourings of the past decade; they embody the only safe and prudent policy for us to follow—the policy of letting the Empire alone as much as possible, of approaching it legislatively only in a spirit of the most wholesome diffidence, of being willing for once in a while to let nature have her way. It was the basis of Lord Salisbury’s whole argument that Imperial Federation, if it ever comes at all, is far more likely to promote itself than to be promoted. Law-making on the heroic scale he evidently looked upon as the last thing needed. What he especially bade us beware of was the habit of altering things simply to please our sense of what ought to be in a perfectly symmetrical world, and of tightening the bonds of Empire without thinking of the inevitable recoil.

From all these principles the Unionists have cut clean adrift. What they meditate is not only a fiscal revolution, but a revolution of our entire Imperial policy; and its value and expediency can only be judged in the light of history and experience. The answer of history and of our own experience in the days when a system of Imperial Preference actually existed is, at any rate, emphatic enough. It is that you cannot put an Empire into a strait-waistcoat. We tried the experiment once, and discovered at a bitter cost that it did not pay. Instead we substituted a system under which collision between the interests of Great Britain and the interests of the Dominions was made all but

impossible, under which no "bargaining" has been necessary, no wrangling over specific and *ad valorem* duties, no sense on either side of sacrifices or unfairness, and no opening given to charges of favouritism. The old system, the monopolising and preferential system, put a premium on friction and jealousy, and thwarted the natural growth of the oversea nations to their and our own impoverishment. Wherever it is still in force to-day it produces the same results. The new system, which the Unionists propose to break up, is the only one that has eliminated the chance of economic clashes, and so paved the way, not only for a vast extension of trade, but for harmony, unity, and good-will. It is the eighteenth-century notion of Empire that the Unionists have really reverted to, just as though there had never been an American Revolution, just as though Adam Smith had never written. Other Empires have clung to that notion and have failed; we have discarded it and have succeeded.

I do not, of course, mean for one moment to imply that the British Empire is beyond the need of statesmanship. But no one who dispassionately surveys the fabric of our Imperial rule and compares it with other Empires, whether of the past or present, will venture lightly on the task of improving it. Among all the political phenomena that the world has yet witnessed, the British Empire is unique—unique in its anomalies, its contradictions, its defiance of all precedents and analogies, its innumerable confusions, its consciousness of an underlying sentiment of unity that is only just beginning to find expression in formal arrangements and tangible bonds. Within the Empire there are, as a matter of fact, two Empires. One of them corresponds more or less to the old Roman idea of a great central State, ruling with a semi-absolute and benignant despotism a vast number of varied and scattered dependencies. The other, and this the one most vital to the future of the race, corresponds to nothing that has ever existed. If you look solely at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and India, for example, or the Malay States, or almost any of the Crown Colonies, you feel yourself in the presence of an organised system. But if you look at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and Canada or Australia or South Africa or New Zealand, you feel yourself in the presence of no system at all. The Empire in this latter aspect presents itself mainly as a haphazard congeries of States, three-quarters independent, and linked neither to one another nor to the Motherland by any but the most seemingly casual and decorative bonds. There is next to no unity of defence, no machinery for co-operative action, no common trade policy, no visible organic unity. The relations between the

autonomous and the despotically governed portions of the Empire are guided by no settled principle of deference to Imperial interests. Each unit in the Empire goes its own way, conscious but regardless of the fact that it is but part of a whole. Well might an outside critic, gazing on such a glorious muddle, speak of "the so-called British Empire" as a mere glittering abstraction.

But things are better now than they used to be. The consciousness has steadily deepened that for us English the supreme question is that of making the Empire for as many purposes as possible a single whole, and of giving it a coherence, an effectiveness, and an organised power and stability it does not now possess. Slowly and cumbrously we are moving towards the ideal of converting the Empire from a number of ill-related communities into something that shall be, if not a single unit in the society of States, at least a body of a firmer cohesion and a more visible interdependence than at present among its several parts. It is from that standpoint, and not in their purely naval aspects, that Canada's magnificent participation in the defence of the Empire and her admission to a consultative share in the direction of British policy acquire their true significance. One can say at last that the danger of the five self-governing Dominions developing five different sets of foreign interests, safeguarded and extended by five different policies, and enforced by five different navies, is at an end. But there is, and can be no royal road to the goal of Imperial consolidation. Only by following simultaneously a number of converging pathways shall we ever reach it. Along some of them we have already advanced; on others we have as yet barely set foot; one at least we have pretty well abandoned. The old idea of calling in the representative principle in the form of a pan-Britannic Senate as a solution of the problem of Empire is, in my judgment, now thoroughly exploded. The co-option of Imperial delegates to the Defence Committee, and perhaps to one or two advisory boards, is another matter; but no one who has studied the debates on Sir Joseph Ward's resolution at last year's Conference can doubt that the notion of a Parliament of the Empire is doomed, if not dead. At the same time, it is clear that if the Empire is to act as an effective unit, some better means must be found by which its various parts can keep in touch and consult with one another than a quadrennial Conference, sitting for three or four weeks, and grappling with a host of stupendous problems that are brought before it with a necessarily inadequate preparation. There are, however, many other roads to a closer union besides this one of politics and machinery. Commercial legislation, for instance, patents, copyright, trade marks, naturalisation, the appointment and activities

of consuls, post and cable services and communications, shipping dues and routes, the currency, weights and measures, and emigration are all of them matters susceptible to a more or less uniform treatment. But the most hopeful, and perhaps the most immediately essential, stepping-stone to Imperial Federation is that of defence. As the international pressure increases, it is being universally recognised that the British Empire cannot be a unit in any vital sense unless and until its naval and military power is organised on a common basis and is prepared to act in time of war under a single direction. An Imperial General Staff is already in existence, and all the Dominions in one form or another have either made or promised contributions to the Empire's sea power. But there is still a deplorable diversity of opinion as to the shape these contributions should assume, and as to the status of the Dominion navies in the general scheme of Imperial policy. The Empire as a whole is only beginning to think out its naval problem. Beyond all this, there are two other ways in which Imperial unity might be encouraged without being unduly forced. Cecil Rhodes grasped the importance of making England the educational centre of the Empire, and the idea behind his famous bequest has not yet by any means been worked out to its fullest capacity. And no one as yet has tackled the problem of making the administrative services of the Empire really Imperial, and of enabling the men of Great and of Greater Britain to work side by side in the government of India, Egypt, the Crown Colonies, and other Dependencies.

I have thus hurriedly outlined some of the main problems of the Empire in order to affirm my conviction that more has been done in the past seven years of Liberal rule to bring them down to manageable proportions and to work out their solutions along cautious, sympathetic, and far-seeing lines than in any previous period of British history. The Empire, thanks to the Liberals, who, remember, make no claims to be the only true Imperialists, is very much less of a *soi-disant* Empire in 1913 than it was in 1905. And it is instructive to compare their record with the recent performances of the sole patentees of genuine Imperial sentiment, the Unionists. There is no need, for this purpose, to dwell on the importation of Chinese labour into South Africa or on the Constitution that Mr. Lyttelton devised for the Transvaal, though as specimens of sheer indifference to the feelings of the self-governing Dominions and of floundering obtuseness in the face of a great opportunity for constructive statesmanship, neither incident should be forgotten. It will be enough, however, to recall that Mr. Chamberlain in 1903, after eight years in the Colonial Office, really thought he could ear-mark certain indus-

tries and say to the Dominions, "Leave these to us"; that he publicly put forward the suggestion as the *quid pro quo* that the daughter nations could offer us in return for preferential admission into the British market; and that it was only the instantaneous and heated repudiation of the idea by all the Dominions that awakened him to its full enormity. In itself, apparently, he saw nothing that did not square with his conception of an ideal Imperial relationship. Ten years later his principal lieutenant and ablest supporter, Mr. Bonar Law, advanced two other proposals that were not less significant of the mind and temper of modern Unionism. In the first place, he announced "without hypocrisy" that his policy for India was based on the theory that our services to the country had given us claims that ought to be recognised, and that the recognition should take the form of an Indian tariff against the rest of the world and free trade with us. In two masterly speeches early in last December Lord Crewe fairly pulverised this astounding programme as a fiscal impossibility and a political crime. The controversy was too one-sided to last long, but it lasted quite long enough to convince one that it would be a disaster of the first magnitude if Mr. Bonar Law's views were ever to shape our Indian policy. His second and more notorious, but not more flagrant, outbreak against every known principle of a sane Imperialism occurred in the famous Ashton-under-Lyne speech of December 16th, when he seriously proposed that it should be left to the Dominions to determine whether or not food taxes should be imposed on the people of Great Britain. Would it be possible to conceive two suggestions more fruitful of Imperial discord, more certain to precipitate a rancorous antipathy between Great and Greater Britain than Mr. Chamberlain's idea of restricting the industrial growth of the Dominions in British interests and Mr. Bonar Law's scheme of throwing the onus of the food taxes upon the Ministers overseas?

The Unionist rank and file in this respect have been in no wise behind their sagacious leaders. I have tried to show that their principal policy is neither needed to stave off the disruption of the Empire nor competent to preserve its harmonious unity. But besides this all-embracing error, there is hardly an infringement of the spirit and manners and elementary observances that should go with the spirit of Empire of which they have not been guilty in the past decade. Ever since they became infected with Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference, ever since they felt themselves thus driven to make the utmost partisan use of every incident that seemed to touch the Empire or any of its parts, a madness has filled their brain, perspective has deserted them, and their speeches and writings have developed a recklessness of

imputation and abuse that is at least as repugnant to the spirit of real Imperialism and far more dangerous to the daily workings of the Empire than the mid-Victorian indifferentism. The most arid economist of the straitest Manchester sect who looked forward with such extraordinary complacency to the time when the Colonies would cut the painter, was not a whit more misguided, and with infinitely greater excuse, than the bellowing patriots who have raged up and down the land for the past ten years, proclaiming the imminent dissolution of the Empire unless their nostrum were swallowed, and pressing each Dominion by turn into the service of their electioneering needs. We all remember how persistently they have crabbed British trade, sneered at the bounding figures of the import and export returns, magnified every social and economic ill in our midst, and painted such pictures of national decadence that for a time, to my own knowledge, a great many worthy people in the Dominions were troubled by the accumulating "evidence" of our decline, and considerably startled when a visit to these isles gave them a chance of comparing the reality with the distortions of Unionist rhetoric. In the past seven years the Imperial Conferences held under Liberal auspices have been splendidly productive of good. At each one of them Unionist politicians and the Unionist Press have done all they could to prejudice the Dominion Ministers against the Liberal Government, to turn the Conferences into party demonstrations, to minimise the results that have been achieved, and to endear Great Britain to the daughter nations by ceaselessly representing her in the act of refusing from motives of apathy or selfishness some boon which the Dominions are portrayed as begging for in an ecstasy of Imperial devotion. All this is perilous and degrading enough. But, worse still, and far more destructive of any sound relationship, is the habit which the Unionists have steadily, and, indeed, inevitably, developed, of picking out certain parties and statesmen in the Dominions, of proclaiming them the only true Imperialists, of regarding their local opponents as wanting in "patriotism" and the sense of Empire, and of thus taking an ardent and purely partisan part in affairs of which they know little and can imagine less.

One remembers in this connection how they have idolised Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and then branded him as something like a traitor to the cause of Empire; how vigorously they were rebuked by the late Sir Richard Seddon for twisting New Zealand's offer of Dreadnoughts to their party ends; what monstrous and defamatory nonsense they talked for many years about the Colonial "offer"; how instinctively they have fallen into the way of identifying themselves with particular movements and organisa-

tions and personalities in the Dominions, and of denouncing or weeping over their antagonists on the spot; how completely their scheme of Imperial statesmanship repudiates the idea that what is good for Canada or South Africa or Australia cannot be bad for the Empire; and with what precipitancy they are ready to hail every other development in the Dominions as a victory or defeat for the Imperialist cause. It has been reserved, oddly enough, for Mr. Austen Chamberlain to incriminate himself by displaying these tendencies in their worst, because their most unconscious, form. I say "oddly enough," because Mr. Austen Chamberlain is a man who habitually chooses his words, is rarely betrayed into an indiscretion, and is as a rule careful of his facts and moderate in his statements. Yet in his recent speech at Acock's Green—a speech that under very trying circumstances showed his sincere and honourable character at its best, and received, and deserved to receive, the sympathetic applause of all who value candour and conviction in public life—there were passages that, according to Lord Grey, and his authority on such a subject is incomparable, could not fail "to be deeply and justly resented by nearly one-half of his Majesty's most loyal Canadian subjects." Mr. Austen Chamberlain was contrasting the respective attitudes of the Liberals and the Unionists towards the Canadian-American Reciprocity Agreement, which he quite wrongly described as an arrangement from which the Mother Country was excluded. "By us," he said, "it is felt to be a calamity from which the patriotism and the Imperialism of the people of Canada have happily delivered us." I will confess—and the confession shows how far we have got on the downward slope—that on reading the speech for the first time I paid no particular attention to these sentences. They seemed very mild compared with some of the hysterical misunderstandings that Unionist politicians and journalists have lavished on this subject. But the inference to be drawn from them is clearly and unescapably this; that in Mr. Austen Chamberlain's opinion the Canadian Ministers who framed the Agreement were less patriotically and less Imperially minded than the electorate which rejected it. Lord Grey had, therefore, every right to protest against so mischievous a slur, and none the less mischievous for being wholly unintentional and the product simply of a perverted train of reasoning on things Imperial, being passed by an ex-Cabinet Minister on the late Canadian Government. His protest was promptly followed up by an outspoken letter from Mr. W. S. Fielding, in which the late Canadian Minister of Finance analysed Mr. Austen Chamberlain's statements and the conclusions to which they led with great neatness and vigour,

and ended up in these crushing words : "I need hardly say that I, of course, acquit Mr. Chamberlain of any intention to mislead the British public. His high character gives abundant assurance that his desire would be to deal with the question fairly according to his knowledge. The misfortune is that, for the promotion of party interests here (in England) and in Canada, the Reciprocity Agreement has been systematically misrepresented ; to such an extent that even a leading statesman like Mr. Chamberlain has been deceived and misled. Yet candour obliges me to say that such statements as those I have quoted, far from promoting the good cause of Imperial unity, are most mischievous, inasmuch as they are unfounded in fact, offensive to practically one half of the Canadian people, and calculated to destroy that respect for and confidence in British statesmen, without which it is certain the Imperial ideal will never be realised." So severe and merited and public a rebuke has never probably been administered by any Colonial to any British statesman ; and one can imagine how it would have been trumpeted and placarded abroad by the Unionist Press had Mr. Asquith, for instance, or any other Liberal Free Trader chanced to be its recipient. What lent to the episode an almost tragical touch was Mr. Chamberlain's confessed inability to see wherein he had given offence, and his almost vehement denial that he had intended any. I hope, however, his eyes may be opened before long, and that the shock of his castigation at the hands of Lord Grey and Mr. Fielding may induce him and all other Unionists to stop and ask themselves whether a way of thinking about the Empire that offends "practically one half of the Canadian people" as soon as even the most moderate and innocent expression is given to it, is not open to some rather serious objections ; and whether it might not with advantage be revised or abandoned. Towards the Dominions, towards India, and towards Ireland, the party that delights above all things to call itself Imperialist is taking a line that all history and experience show to be the flat negation of Imperialism. That is a development so inimical to the best interests of the Empire and with so great a potentiality of disaster unless it is arrested, that a Free Trader has an additional reason for hoping that the relegation or suppression of the food taxes may be used by the Unionists to reconsider and reject the pernicious creed to which they allowed themselves to be committed ten years ago.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

UNTIL a few weeks ago, an awful mystery hung over the election of the French President. The result was on the knees of the gods, and the gods did not know. The intelligent stranger arriving as Arthur Young might have done at the New Year, would never have suspected that in the middle of the month a new occupant was to be chosen for the Elysée. About these early processes is the secrecy of a papal election. The Republican cardinals, if they plotted at all, plotted in the depth of their conclaves, and scarcely a whisper reached the outer atmosphere. The famous constitution of 1875 wished it so. It wished that the election should take place in dignified circumstances, that there should be no stumping of the country with its resultant agitation and play of financial interests. And so in discreet silence, senators and deputies meet to elect the headstone of the corner.

For weeks none knew who was or was not the official candidate for whom the groups had decided to vote. Some said X, others Y or Z. Such a system has its advantages: the country is not torn with an immense conflict. Very little outside pressure is exercised upon the National Assembly to cause it to vote in one particular direction. Indeed, the general attitude is one of indifference, if not of disdain.

In the earlier stages there seemed an absolute lack of candidates. The competitors evidently were not keen. Apparently the best men were not tempted. If their ambition is excited in one direction, it is damped in another. To be President has hitherto pleased no active temperament. Has it not been referred to as premature burial, as a method of interring urgent political activities? Is not the President, indeed, a political prisoner, shut up in his cold palace of the Faubourg St. Honoré? "The President has no power" is a common expression. But is it true? It is distinctly not true. This, however, is a question we shall examine later on.

But on the threshold of the conflict a change was introduced by the sudden appearance of M. Poincaré as the official candidate. Immediately the tone and temper of the contest became utterly different from the muttered intrigue that had gone before. The position of each contestant was sharply defined. For the first time since the foundation of the office by the fathers of the constitution, since the days when the Chief of the Executive became the President of the Republic, there had never been such interest

in the election, such public curiosity as to the result; and the reason was the pre-eminence of the candidate. Again, the fact that M. Ribot immediately announced his intention to affront the suffrage of the Chambers added to the interest of the campaign. It became a personal struggle.

And yet neither M. Poincaré nor M. Ribot are, in a strict sense, popular. To secure a great public following demands great popularity, and no man in France enjoys that popularity. There is no name in everyone's mouth, no one for whose return people would illuminate their houses as for a national victory. There is no name to awaken the boulevards to frenzied excitement, or to inspire a delicate enthusiasm in the "noble Faubourg" as in the memorable days of the "brav' Général." Boulangism is dead, dead with its unheroic founder, but its spirit remains to some extent and needs only to be awakened.

I think that circumstances contribute to make the election particularly interesting. Whether you call it the "new France" or the "new Renaissance" makes no difference; both signify that the old Gallic sap is rising in the tree. France has shaken off sloth and timidity, has found new courage, and is looking to a man to shape her destinies with spirit, eloquence, and forcefulness. This movement, Nationalist if you will, certainly patriotic and imperialist, is capable of sweeping a candidate on the full tide of popular impulse right to the steps of the Elysée. But there are two difficulties: one is the absence of a magnetic personality, and the other a defect in the constitution. The public will find no definite expression in this meeting of the Republican caucus. National sentiment is only indirectly represented. And Parliament so easily gets out of touch with popular opinion, especially in France, where currents change quickly. Unless there is a violent reaction backed or symbolised by some prominent personality, stirrings of the national pulse are likely to be unheeded in the artificial atmosphere of the Assembly Hall of Versailles.

On the other hand, politicians are now fully aware that a movement does exist at complete variance with, say, the propaganda of "le petit père Combes" and his anti-Clerical Ministry. At that moment, the country touched the low-water mark of depression and disintegration. It needed a strong rally to bring it to its present place, where it counts again amongst the strong Progressive nations, civilising and tolerant in its views, attached to its own traditions, realising its own peculiar genius and mindful of its destinies. This new spirit is incarnated by the night parades through the streets of Paris, and soldiers are cheered even in those parts of the town where, a few years ago, one would have heard the cries of, "à bas l'armée!" Now the phrase seems to

have been expunged even from the most unpatriotic literature. Obviously, there is a certain danger in riding the high horse of patriotic ebullition. One runs the risk of national adventure merely for the sake of it, merely to gratify the Chauvins, who come readily to the surface in any Latin country; but there is much more in the present movement than a mere wish to wave the flag or swing the sword. Deep in French hearts is resentment at past injury and humiliation, and determination to wipe out the affront if the occasion should offer itself in any aggravation of the original offence. Evidently there were reasons why Agadir could not be taken advantage of—reasons which need not be discussed here; but the *coup* has left its mark on the national conscience, and it has been responsible in large measure for that change in the national temper upon which I insist.

Far be it from me to seem to talk lightly of the possibilities of setting in motion the vast armaments which prudence and patriotic pride have accumulated in France during the past forty years; but if the necessity arose there would be no disposition to shirk the responsibility. The national firmness on the subject was well exemplified by President Poincaré the other day when he said, "We do not wish for war, but we are not afraid of it." And, indeed, the least perspicacious student of the times must be conscious of a feeling that, were the challenge to be thrown down, France would not hesitate, indeed, would display eagerness to take it up. Would not a certainty, however terrible, be better than the haunting uncertainty, the perpetual nightmare of war? In any case, France could not look upon a conflict which involved Austria and Russia with that calm detachment recommended to England by the *Manchester Guardian* in its amateur zeal for peace.

And so this patriotic spirit is reflected in the man sent to the Elysée. This man is representative; he stands for the New France of which we have been speaking; he is the direct opposite of the bigot, of the narrow-minded sectary who has cast the country on the rocks of agnosticism; who has attempted to drive ideals from the communal schools; who has deleted the commonest words of human aspiration from the children's textbooks; who has sought to emphasise those differences, perhaps irreconcilable differences, which separate the Church of Rome, or, at least, ultramontanism from modern democracy.

It is not too much to say that recent occupants of the chair of State have failed in terms of representation. They have not been typical of the whole of France; they have not been her most illustrious sons. True, they were eminently respectable; true, they showed a mediocrity which exempted them from all suspicion

of playing the rôle of Cæsar; but these negative virtues inspired no public confidence and conveyed no sense of direction in public affairs. And now France wants to change. She is tired of the uninteresting nonentity; she wants the vigorous magistrate who will say "Yea" or "Nay," according to his convictions, and not according to the secret inclinations of the Ministry of the day. Like Queen Victoria, he should have sufficient courage to object to the passive rôle of a mere signer of official documents. Her late Majesty's conception of a constitutional monarch's position was, probably, as sound and as true as the most subtle definition of a juris consult could make it.

Instead of being a centre of social, moral, and political activity, the palace in the Faubourg St. Honoré has become a *maison de retraite* for tired politicians. It is pitiable to think of the lack of personal influence and prestige of the President of the Republic. One day I was astonished to hear hisses proceeding from a group of young men assembled in the splendid Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The object of their hostility was the President passing at that moment in his official barouche after attending a meeting at Longchamp. And upon the head of the Chief of the State the *camelots du Roi* wreaked their spite and avenged their disappointed Royalist hopes because, forsooth, a strike of stable lads had interfered with the success of the races! Presumably, M. Fallières was not held personally responsible for the disaffection in the stables, which had militated against the sport of kings; but here was a pretext—an excellent and picturesque pretext—to exemplify the disfavour with which aristocratic and reactionary Paris regarded the occupant of the Elysée. Generally, an absolute indifference greets the President in the streets of his capital. None takes the slightest notice. M. Loubet was rarely, if ever, saluted by the passing pedestrian; his successor is utterly disregarded. Félix Faure fared better. He possessed a certain *bonhomie* which ingratiated him with the Parisians. They bowed or took off their hats as he drove to and from the Bois. On one occasion, when he was performing a public ceremony, it was proposed to guard the approaches to the building with formidable masses of police; but Faure, confident in his popularity, would not hear of it. "No, no," he said to the Prefect, "send your men away." But the Prefect in his prudence kept his men; he placed half of them, however, in civil dress. The next day he was called to the Elysée. "Monsieur le Préfet," exclaimed the President, "you have disobeyed me. Your men were there yesterday." After presenting his explanation, the Prefect inquired: "But how did you recognise my detectives, Monsieur le Président?" Faure, drawing himself up, observed proudly: "By the

fact that they did not salute me." Such a remark would have been inappropriate in the mouth of any other holder of the office. Carnot used to look in vain for some gleam of recognition from the people as he drove out of an afternoon.

Though, as in the case of M. Fallières, a President may be popular in the country, Paris takes but rarely to its fickle bosom the Republican chief. It is constitutionally "agin the Government." There were moments when it showed an ostentatious indifference, if not open hostility, to its kings. Dickens, on his first visit to Paris, remarked the passage of poor Louis Philippe unsaluted in the streets. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. had no better treatment from the populace. The Chief of State should be conspicuous by his talents and attainments as well as sympathetic with the people, who need headship and representation, ornamental and effective—a personal *prestige* such as is demanded of those who talk with kings and princes, a knowledge of public affairs backed by authority and a high judicious *savoir faire*.

It may be asked who, amongst the candidates, best fulfilled these conditions? Happily for the country, the answer is the newly elected occupant of the Elysée. At the outset, M. Léon Bourgeois, chief of the Radical party in Parliament, and its most brilliant member, was the choice of the majority. He has distinguished himself in diplomacy at the Hague and elsewhere, is a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and has a knowledge second to none, probably, of the political conditions of Europe. In the Poincaré Cabinet he held the portfolio of Labour, which comparatively modest position he has embellished with the resources of his experience and sagacity. He would have made unquestionably an admirable President on account of the variety and extent of his knowledge of affairs and the authority which attaches to his judgment, but his reluctance to take office had the fortunate result of hastening the decision of M. Poincaré to proclaim himself candidate.

It was from M. Raymond Poincaré that proceeded the notion of a conference on the question of the Balkans, and to the skill with which he kept the various Cabinets in contact may be attributed perhaps their intention to preserve the peace. It was matter for surprise that a man of M. Poincaré's active temperament, delighting as he evidently does in the vigorous life of politics, should care to sacrifice his glorious position in the forefront of the battle for the gilded leisure and practical obscurity of a President. But he must have determined to interpret actively his *rôle*. He is one of the most distinguished lawyers at the French Bar, an orator who speaks with the perfection of a Pericles—his orations at the unveiling of the monuments to

Queen Victoria and King Edward at Nice and Cannes were models of beauty and classic form—and, intellectually, he is in the front rank. Member of the Académie Française, earning a large income in the exercise of his profession, and endowed with common sense and a naturally cool and unbiassed judgment, he is one of the most accomplished and capable statesmen who has ever directed the destinies of France. Quite apart from what I may call his comparative youth (he is just over fifty), M. Poincaré hesitated, I imagine, to exchange his strenuous life for the Elysée, for the reason that so speedy a transference from the arena to the tribune of judge might be considered to affect his decisions and divest them of serenity and impartiality.

The announcement was received with satisfaction and assurances of victory, only temporarily obscured by the Du Paty de Clam incident on the eve of the election, which seemed to jeopardise the Presidential chances of the Premier as well as to involve the separation of M. Millerand from his colleagues.

M. Poincaré's election is particularly fortunate. It is scarcely necessary to recall his services as head of the Government or as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

At the outset, and before Versailles, his principal antagonist was M. Alexandre Ribot, whose distinction does not totally depend on his fondness for roses or for music. He is said to be a most excellent performer on the violin, but the country remembers with gratitude the part he played in that superior concert which linked France with Russia. He was Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1891, when the Grand Alliance was signed. M. Ribot, however, possessed the disadvantage of age, being seventy; the new President is nearly twenty years his junior.

Another candidate of mark was M. Paul Deschanel. Elegant and able, speaking with authority, particularly upon foreign politics, almost too well to please the stalwarts of his party (*beau parleur* is a term of reproach), the President of the Chamber is, like the new President of the Republic and M. Ribot, a member of the Institute. In physique handsome and having the bearing of the man of the world, M. Deschanel is representative and decorative in the best sense. He appears to lack a little in virility, but until yesterday this might have been said without irony to be no hindrance to the position.

Next to him in popularity with his colleagues stands M. Antonin Dubost, President of the Senate, of whom very little is known, save that he resembles in temperament and attainments the retiring President of the Republic, and possesses much the same colourless political personality. One would certainly not expect

a strongly independent line from M. Dubost any more than from the actual occupant of the Chair.

A large part of this article might have been taken up with discussing the claims of the candidates, but little good would be served. The most formidable of the Poincaré opponents at Versailles was M. Pams, Minister of Agriculture, in the present Ministry. In this capacity he has come into contact with the farming interests, and has secured for himself a considerable following in the country. Jean Dupuy, another candidate and member of the Cabinet, is a self-made man, who began life as a *huissier* or bailiff, and is now the millionaire proprietor of the widely circulated *Petit Parisien*, which, notwithstanding its name, is more provincial than Parisian, and has firm hold of the electorate. He is influential by his journals, but lacks in personal position.

Amongst the "possibles" of a fortnight ago was certainly to be placed M. Théophile Delcassé, the eminent Minister of Marine, who for a number of years occupied the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He held this position with conspicuous ability and integrity, and with absolute uniformity of purpose. His obvious policy was to unite France with England, having Russia on the other hand, but all these things are written in contemporary history and need not be insisted on. His career was marked with singular success, and his fall from power, at the instance of M. Rouvier, Premier of the day, was the amazing result of Teutonic intimidation. The eastern neighbour found a different temper prevailing when she repeated her tactics in the *coup d'Agadir*, and the present spirit of the country, as I have tried to show, is largely a result of this. The sudden dispatch of the *Panther* to Moroccan waters was just the shock needed to stimulate the latent patriotism in France.

I have spoken of the failure of recent Presidents to impress their personality upon the volatile population of Paris. This has acted and reacted upon the office of the President in a manner detrimental to its dignity. Jules Grévy's receptions were mocked at by the superior Parisian. Was it not amusing to see the little functionary, the grocer, and the shoemaker go by in their ramshackle cabs, with their ridiculous wives and daughters, on their way to the Elysée? Gibes of this sort have been common about the wide-armed hospitality of the President and his lady. Doubtless these things do not contribute to a man's enjoyment of the post; but a cruel fate seems to have pursued the Presidents since the day when Thiers abdicated the position and sought compensation in his *chères études* for the ingratitude of the country. Jules Grévy resigned during his second term of office;

so did Casimir Périer after a bare six months. Carnot was assassinated; Félix Faure died in mysterious circumstances. This is a strange record out of nine Presidents during the forty-two years of the Republic. How are we to account for it? If we are honest in our analysis of history, we shall not regard these incidents as typical or fundamental; they do not arise inevitably from the office of President as created by the founders of the Third Republic. They were not the consequence of office, but the result of peculiar circumstances. Thiers retired because of a conflict with the national representatives at a time when the constitution was still in a fluid state, when its powers were scarcely defined. Grévy resigned rather against his will, as the result of a scandal affecting his son-in-law. The Senate showed some insistence in its invitation to him to depart; the office, therefore, in his case carried with it no distaste. The dispensation which affected the other Presidents had nothing to do with the Republic, and hence is inconclusive. But Casimir Périer resigned, as we know, from discontent at the limitations which he said were imposed upon him. In a remarkable letter to the *Temps*, he declared that the President of the Republic was nothing but a Master of Ceremonies, and added in his message of resignation to the Senate that the Chief of the Executive had no power of execution.

Now it is a fact that the President has very little responsibility—practically none, save in the case of high treason. Every act has to be countersigned by a Minister. Nevertheless the President possesses power if he has the character to use it. He possesses the power of proroguing the Chambers, of suspending their sittings—both considerable prerogatives. He possesses the right of addressing both Chambers by means of messages. He can make treaties and grant pardons. Again, he is supreme commander of the army and navy, and, under his signature, appointments to high commands are made. In his capacity as Commander-in-Chief, he has the right, if not the duty, of leading the forces in the field. The imagination reels before the vision of M. Fallières on horseback, his head covered with a three-cornered hat and plume, his right hand grasping the sword of State. If such a contingency was contemplated by the founders of the Republic, it received a certain justification from the fact that Thiers' successor was Marshal MacMahon; consequently, the military office had significance and appropriateness. It was the Marshal, indeed, who insisted that this right should be an appanage of the office.

Thus, it is inaccurate to say that the President of the Republic has no power. He has considerable power, but the fact remains

that he has never been able to use it. Let us take the right of sending messages to the Chambers. Both Thiers and MacMahon addressed the legislature in this way, but since their day the custom has fallen into desuetude. One of the complaints against MacMahon was the abusive use made by him of messages in the interests of reaction, and the language of these messages varied according to whether Dufaure or the Duc de Broglie was in power. In one short fortnight preceding the famous *seize mai*, when he attempted to override the Government in the interests (as is supposed) of a Royalist plot, he addressed three Presidential messages to the Senate.

It is thus apparent that the President has a good deal of power—as much as any constitutional Sovereign. It is merely a question of exercising it. For the moment he seems content to register the decisions of Parliament, rather than to exhibit an independent line of action. Was not this particularly true of the Du Paty de Clam decree, which was countersigned by the President notwithstanding its inadvisability? It cannot be supposed that the Constitution wished to give to the Chief Magistrate only a negative status. If that were so, it would not have bestowed on him his rights or privileges, or rendered him amenable to a charge of high treason. You cannot impeach the unimpeachable. What is needed, therefore, is character, which Taine declared is the spring of all action, public or private. Another and recent historian of the English attributes our superiority to that virtue. He tells us that the reason why the machinery of government works on the whole so well in England is because of character and nothing else. Character is wanted in functionaries who crown the edifice of the French Republic, character to resist the demands of the Ministers when they are merely devices for securing a majority at the polls, character to express public opinion, character to interpret in a broad national sense the real convictions of the French people.

It has been said with truth that, as the Presidential mandate is for seven years, and the Parliamentary for four, the President outlives the party influences which put him in office. It is a further proof that with independence and a desire to make the most of his prerogatives, a man could invest with dignity and power the position designed for him by Thiers, Gambetta, and Wallon.

The duty of the Congress at Versailles was to enhance the office. Unless it succeeded in doing this, the glamour had departed for ever. If the new President had been fearful of exercising his rights, then the people would have been confirmed in their opinion that the office is derisory. A fresh disillusionment might

be attended by drastic results. We might return even to the days when the Radicals inscribed on their programme the abolition of the Presidency with the Senate. The governors of the country are warned by many signs never again to elect the obscure favourite of a coalition who is likely to be received either with the *pommes cuites* of *camelots du Roi*, or with the still more humiliating indifference of Parisian *badauds*. The former was M. Loubet's experience, and not the least of his claims to recognition is the courage with which he supported this and similar insults, under the pretext of "Panama" or "Dreyfus," during three years of his septenary.

The President must be really representative of the country, really the apex of the monument, not merely the vassal of Parliament. We cannot too often assert that the constitution of 1875 has given the country an executive of adequate scope and authority. Therefore, there is no reason why the President should be an automaton, but every reason why he should be a man. Lamartine protested that a Republic had as much need of government as a Monarchy. These words, uttered in 1848, provoked incredulous smiles; but since that period, France has become convinced that the people need a firm hand whatever the *régime*.

If we examine into the alleged insufficiency of the Presidential rôle, we shall find it is rather the insufficiency of the occupant of the post which it is necessary to change. We shall feel that Casimir-Périer was a victim of himself, victim of his natural pride, which disdained assertion of his position. And yet he arrived with the reputation of a fighting President. On the morrow of his election, Forain drew one of his celebrated cartoons representing a deputy and a workman in conversation. Says the deputy: "Ah, my friend, the Tree of Liberty has produced a bludgeon!"

If we take the case of Grévy, we have no more warrant for assuming that it was typical. He was reproached for intervening actively in general politics, and even in the quarrels of parties; but this supposed defect did not prevent his election for a second term. No doubt he made mistakes—for errors are inseparable from humanity—but the country prefers activity with individuality to the impassivity which has reigned at the Elysée during the past fourteen years. It is also noteworthy that Grévy actually obliged the Chamber to revoke a decision made in the preceding twenty-four hours. Even M. Loubet, whose personal courage was not completed by constitutional boldness, showed his preference by declaring that M. Waldeck-Rousseau (who was about to resign) had served the country with a brilliancy that had never been surpassed.

Enough has been said to show that really great powers belong to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. All that is necessary is to give them force. It is invidious to deal with persons in such a question and say this man is representative and the other is not; at the same time, in a country like France, where a Republican aristocracy has grown up, it should not be difficult to find men imbued with those qualities of courage, devotion, perspicacity, brilliance, and personal authority necessary to incarnate the national genius. Yet one must take into account the ever-present fear of Cæsarism. Having regard to her history, it is not wonderful that France should hesitate to place a man of outstanding personality in the position of power. She has seen a Prince-Président converting himself into an Emperor, and, again, she has suspected a President of playing the rôle of a General Monk and preparing the way for a Restoration. In country parts you will still find a tendency to believe in the possibility of a Bonaparte again occupying the throne. Hopes in that direction are strengthened by the undoubted set towards Nationalism, as well as by the impatience with the present parliamentary system, as evidenced by the desire to institute proportional representation, which would give to minorities their proper place in the Chamber. Yet we may be deceived by superficial signs; the true temper of the French people is more and more Republican. But the Republic must continue to take unto itself the respectable elements of the country, to resist all invitations to persecute the Church; it must enforce discipline among civil servants and maintain an unruffled and dignified front before the menaces of the enemy. It must be conscious of its past, consistent in its rectitude, and continue to be the standard-bearer of peace and civilisation, the foyer of intellect and the arts, bearing manfully and without fear the great burden of military service which alone renders the country safe from an implacable foe.

Happily, without straining the constitution to its limits, it has in it all the elements necessary to give full play and full growth to the better instincts and natural genius of the French people. For the past year, "the nation of pure intellect," as George Meredith called her, has been governed by a Ministry which contained men of the brilliance of Poincaré, Briand, Millerand, and Delcassé, a quartette of brains, integrity, and administrative capacity unsurpassed by any country. Let France, therefore, continue resolutely to set her house in order, the house bequeathed to her by the founders of the Third Republic, instead of looking feverishly for new quarters where she may be worse lodged than under the present sign.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE NEW DELHI.

IN the scene in Browning's drama where the wily Commissary of the Florentine Republic is discussing with his Secretary the propriety of getting sentence passed on Luria, he breaks off in his argument to notice a rough sketch "on the wall of the tent":—

BRACCIO. Did he draw that?

SEC.

With charcoal, when the watch

Made the report at midnight; Lady Domizia

Spoke of the unfinished Duomo, you remember;

That is his fancy how a Moorish front

Might join to, and complete, the body—a sketch—

And again where the cloak hangs, yonder in the shadow.

Braccio carelessly commends the sketch at first; but in the end it serves as a symbol for the condemnation and extermination of the Moorish commander-in-chief:—

"A Moorish front ill suits our Duomo's body:

Blot it out—and bid Luria's sentence come."

Braccio had penetration enough to recognise that there was a certain analogy between architectural and racial distinctions. That Luria should permanently take his place as a kind of figure-head to the Florentine Republic was as incongruous as that Arnolfo di Lapo's church (for the scene seems to be laid before Brunelleschi had taken the dome in hand) should have a Moorish façade.

Which things are an allegory, not inapplicable to the question so much debated recently in the Press as to the architectural treatment of the new Anglo-Indian city of Delhi. The building up of our Empire in India is perhaps the greatest thing that England has ever accomplished. Arising in the first instance out of almost fortuitous circumstances—out of mere sporadic efforts to defend a small commercial station against the raids of semi-barbaric bandits, it has developed into a beneficent rule over a vast country peopled mainly by two races of mutually exclusive faiths, naturally aliens, held in union by the stronger hand of the people who came there as merchants and remained as rulers. The history of the development of "Calicut" into Calcutta reads like a romance, and a romance whose pages are thickly strewn with the records of heroes and of heroic actions. France, too, had her great men in the struggle: the astute and far-seeing Dupleix,

and the noble Admiral Labourdonnais, whose life she shortened by ingratitude, tardily atoned for by naming a Paris Avenue after him; and more than once, as readers of Orme's detailed and impartial history know, it was almost a toss-up whether the peninsula of India should ultimately be ruled from Calcutta or from Pondicherry. But eventually the French scale kicked the beam, and it was left to England to build up a new Government in India; to provide law and justice, roads and railroads, reservoirs and irrigation systems, and to establish a seat of government, with its necessary buildings, appropriate or inappropriate, but obviously and patently European. And now the seat of government is to be shifted to the proximity of an ancient Mogul capital, a procedure which includes putting a new architectural front to our edifice of Empire. And some of those who do not perceive, as Braccio did, that racial and architectural instinct go together, are raising a cry for a Moorish front to our Duomo; in other words, that we should do what no other conquering race ever did, viz., adopt or adapt the architectural style of our Indian subjects, or one section of them.

Of course, it may be said that amid all the benefits we have brought to India, the one thing we did not bring was Art; naturally, for during the period when most of the Empire-building went on we had none to bring. During the latter years of our reign, however, we have been giving them something else; we have been giving them art-education—as understood at South Kensington. The art-schools in England were established in the hope of reviving a taste and a power of design in decorative art, which once existed in England and seemed to have died out; nor has this effort been entirely fruitless. But to take the system into a country which has itself a splendid tradition in decorative art was absurd; our object should have been to give the greatest encouragement and opportunity to the artists of the country. It is not surprising to read complaints from some of those who know India well that this system of administrative art-teaching has had, and is having, a deadening effect on the native arts of the country; in fact, that we are South-Kensingtonising India. With the criticisms that have been urged against this system I am entirely in agreement. It is a system which must, if carried far enough, have the result—which is said to have already, to some extent, had the result—of killing native art. But it is a mistake to suppose that this argument covers the whole question of the architectural treatment of the New Delhi. A critic who took up the subject in *The Times*, and has returned to it in the *Nineteenth Century*, has fallen into this error. He does not see how much larger and more complicated is the

question as soon as you come to consider important new buildings for European occupation. The development of the New Delhi is, he says, a unique opportunity for establishing "a sounder principle of architectural design in Government buildings throughout India." He does not explain exactly what he means by a sounder principle, but we may gather the meaning from the succeeding sentence :—

"If architectural styles are wholly based on the more or less mechanical innovations of foreign models, it follows as the night the day that the same Philistine influence will permeate all the crafts directly or indirectly connected with architecture, and tend to destroy their artistic vitality."

By "foreign models" he, of course, means foreign to India; the conclusion being that if we are to encourage native crafts we must begin by designing our new buildings in a native style. The word "Philistine" forms a sort of stone very easy to throw at anything you do not like in architecture; but it may be admitted that there has been Philistinism enough in Anglo-Indian architecture during the period when almost all buildings were carried out by the engineers of the Public Works Department, with whom nothing was of consequence except sound construction and suitable planning—and not always the latter element; and there was perhaps an even worse kind of Philistinism in the architectural pretentiousness of such a production as the Bombay railway station, of which Anglo-Indians were so tremendously proud at the time of its erection, and which is really a florid example of the kind of thing which in England we used to call "Manchester Gothic"; not only objectionable as bad Gothic, but also on the broader ground that Gothic in any form, an architecture which developed under northern skies, is quite unsuitable to a climate of fierce sunlight. So far we may accept the charge of Philistinism. But the critic referred to, like most amateurs, thinks of architecture as detail, and entirely forgets that the basis of all architecture is *plan*, and in ignoring that misses a main point in the question. No native architect, we may be certain, can plan a large building in a manner suitable for European occupation and European methods of business. Buildings for an English Government must inevitably be planned, at least, by European architects. Then, having settled the plan, are they to carry up the buildings on Indian lines, in order to encourage native craftsmanship? And if so, which type of Indian architecture is to be followed, the Mogul type or one of the Hindu types? Both belong to the country, and they are as different as light from darkness. But supposing the type agreed upon, what would the proceeding amount to? Why, exactly what the critic referred

to has condemned, "the mechanical imitation of foreign models." It is only the same thing occurring the reverse way; it would mean that English architects would be employing themselves in mechanical imitation of the beautiful Mogul type of architecture (for the idea of imitating Hindu architecture may be dismissed as preposterous), and the whole thing would result in an outbreak of sham Orientalism.

What the occasion really gives opportunity for we will endeavour to suggest just now, but may first refer to the important protest made by an eminent architect, Sir Thomas Jackson, on somewhat different grounds. He says it is significant of the chaotic state of modern art that the first question arising out of the scheme for the new capital at Delhi is that of the choice of an architectural style; that when a man sits down to write a book he does not consider whether it shall be in the style of Swift, Carlyle, or Macaulay; while to claim the same liberty for the architect is the worst of heresies. There is, of course, a good deal of truth in this; but the cases are not quite parallel. Architecture is not so personal an art as literature; it inevitably owes a good deal to tradition; it may even be said that the traditional element is an important part of the strength and the influence of architecture; it is impossible to get away from it; and Sir Thomas Jackson would hardly deny that there is plenty of the traditional element in his own architecture. No man, in fact, can sit down and invent a new architecture. But the point which Sir Thomas Jackson has raised seems also to be somewhat beside the real question. The question to be decided, in regard to a new Government city in India, is not so much, what style are we to employ? But, are we to build as Englishmen or as Orientals? And to that question, it seems to me, there can be but one rational reply.

We in India are very much in the position of the Romans in the countries which they conquered and annexed; and what their practice was we know well enough. Wherever the Roman eagles went there arose the Roman columnar temple and the Roman triumphal arch—alike at Nîmes, at Timgad, or at Baalbec. Similarly, wherever Mohammedan conquest went, its visible symbol was the mosque in the Saracenic style; not quite so uniform as the Roman architecture in foreign lands, because the Mohammedan conquerors were more racially mixed and their type of architecture therefore not quite so distinctly defined; it took upon it something of the colour, so to speak, of the country into which it penetrated; it varied a little in Egypt, in Africa, in India, and in Spain; but the main type was always kept to. It is in the natural course of things that it should be so. A conquering nation, erecting buildings for its own use on a foreign

soil, brings its own architecture with it; builds as it had been accustomed to build at home.

That was, of course, what we did in our earlier Government buildings in India; and—the critic on the other side may reply—wretched, dull, commonplace architecture it was. True; but at home it was equally so at that time. That reproach can hardly be brought against it now; not against the best of it, at all events. English architecture has advanced immensely during the last thirty years. We have been through our modern Gothic fever and got over the effects; and we seem now to have settled down towards a new phase of that form of architecture, so peculiarly suited to modern needs and modern life, which had its foundation in the Italian Renaissance, and which Fergusson not inaptly characterised as “the architecture of common sense”; we might add also, that it is emphatically the architecture of a cultivated society. The conclusion therefore would be, if there are important Government buildings to be erected at Delhi, build at Delhi as you would build in London, only—with due regard to the difference of climate. There is where the real opportunity comes in for something new in architectural design and detail. Plan, and forms of roofing, would have to be modified to meet the conditions of great heat. A bright sun would give occasion and excuse for a more delicate and refined treatment of detail, such as would be ineffective in the English climate; in fact, the Renaissance type of architecture is really more fitted to be effective under a bright sky than under a dull one. Local materials would afford new effects of texture and colour, and the presence of Oriental vegetation might very well suggest interesting and piquant variations in decorative detail, without destroying what ought to be the prevalent English character of the architecture. Such an architecture, distinguished also by that refined and carefully considered profiling of mouldings which is one of the great characteristics of a civilised architecture, and is hardly ever found in Oriental architecture, would be a far more suitable architectural expression of our position in India than could be produced by an arbitrary and self-conscious assumption of Orientalism.

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM, F.R.I.B.A.

THE EXPLOSION OF WORLDS.¹

WE often read about the explosion of worlds. Some have accounted for the asteroids with the theory that they are the fragments of a world, which, from some unknown cause, has been exploded in its orbit. Many have thought that, perhaps, at some future time, when the seas shall be drunk up into the cracked and thickened crust of the age-shrunk earth, and the volcanoes—those vents of the fiery interior—shall have become choked and extinct, the pent-up gases generated from the descending moisture by the still great internal heat may actually explode the old earth like a veritable bombshell.

But this can never happen.

In 1883, Krakatoa, a sleepy old volcano on a small island in the Straits of Sunda, separating Java and Sumatra, began to show marked signs of uneasiness. The quaking earth opened enormous fissures in the bottom of the sea around her, down which rushed vast Niagaras of water. Then the fissures closed, confining the engulfed flood in the hot subterranean depths. Quickly the water was converted into steam, the steam into its dissociated gases, without room for expansion. In other words, the water was heated to incandescence within practically its own volume, exerting a pressure equal to the strongest dynamite.

The great chimney of Krakatoa had been sealed since the memory of man, barring escape by that old vent. Higher and higher mounted the pressure under her huge mass, when, of a sudden, there came a blast that actually shook the earth. Never before in historic time had been such a shock. The whole top of the old mountain was blown into the sky. The recoil was distinctly felt clear through the terrestrial ball.

A vast ocean wave from Krakatoa rolled up on the Australian continent, encircled it, swept across the Pacific, against the South American coast, and rounding Cape Horn, met the wave going around the earth in the opposite direction, which had passed across the Indian Ocean and around the Cape of Good Hope. The two halves of the great tide, joining forces, rushed up the Atlantic, even to the coast of France and the British Isles. This was the greatest tidal wave ever known.

The enormous atmospheric wave set up by the Krakatoan explosion travelled at the tremendous velocity of sound—seven hundred and fifty miles an hour—and is known to have encircled the earth three times.

(1) Copyright 1912 by the Perry Mason Co. in the United States of America.

It is estimated that Krakatoa discharged into the sea during that eruption as much earthy matter as the muddy Mississippi River discharges into the Gulf of Mexico in two hundred and fifty years. There was also so vast a quantity of such fine volcanic dust blown into the atmosphere that there was enough in suspension at the end of a year to make a pyramid twice as high as the Washington monument. For two years enough of this fine dust remained in the atmosphere to give a peculiar rose tint to the sunsets.

This great cataclysm has been pointed out as a premonition of the pent-up forces that may some day disrupt the earth itself.

Let us examine into the underlying principles that must guide us, in spite of fancy's stimulating predictions, which give pleasing play to the imagination.

An explosive compound is a body consisting of a combustible, combined, either mechanically or chemically, with oxygen, or an oxidising element sufficient for its self-combustion without the need of atmospheric oxygen.

Among the most powerful high explosives are nitrogelatin and picric acid, both having a density more than one and a half times that of water, and the products of their combustion are nearly all gaseous; while the products of combustion of ordinary black gunpowder, for example, are less than half gaseous. Actually, about fifty-four per cent. of the products of combustion of black gunpowder is solid matter, which makes the smoke.

The energy that a high explosive is capable of exerting depends upon the volume of gases liberated and the temperature to which the heat of reaction is capable of raising the gases, thereby giving them high expansive force.

The exact temperature of the gases liberated by a high explosive at the instant of detonation is not absolutely known, but may be approximated by chemical determinations. Neither is the amount of pressure known with absolute certainty; but it is probable that nitroglycerin, nitrogelatin, and picric acid, when detonated in a confined space, are capable of exerting a pressure somewhere between three hundred thousand and five hundred thousand pounds to the square inch.

Assuming the average density of the earth-crust to be five times that of water, and assuming that it has an average thickness of fifty miles, it exerts a pressure at that depth of more than five hundred thousand pounds to the square inch; and if the crust be a hundred miles thick, then the pressure is more than a million pounds to the square inch, certainly in excess of the expansive force exerted by the most powerful high explosive.

Therefore any quantity of high explosive detonated under the

crust of the earth would not be able to lift the overlying mass of rock. Hence we know that no world the size of the earth can ever explode from its own pent-up internal forces.

But, as the earth goes on cooling and shrinking, will it not some time crack and crumble into fragments, to become a group of asteroidal bodies scattered along its orbit, or a flock of meteors to be dispersed in space?

Now, the earth's crust can never crack deeper than a few miles, probably not more than a thousandth part of its diameter. At a depth of eight miles, the pressure is more than fifty thousand pounds to the square inch, and under this pressure the hardest granite will flow.

It matters not whether the earth be considered as a solid all the way through, or as consisting of a great molten interior with a relatively thin crust upon it, for solid rock and molten lava behave the same at depths of a few miles. Granite would flow like a fluid at a depth of fifty miles, and the earth is four thousand miles in radius. If the molten interior of the earth were to be removed and the space filled with air under a pressure sufficient to sustain the crust, this air, were it not to liquefy, would immediately under the crust have a density greater than that of gold.

Several years ago, in an article on the philosophy of earthquakes, I asked and answered this question :

If two tempered solid steel balls the size of the earth, hard as the harveyized face of armourplate, were to be taken in two Jovian hands and placed gently together in space and released, what would happen?

They would behave exactly as though they were liquid, and would fall together and coalesce with each other like two great drops of water, and the highest prominence or mountain on the new globe thus formed could not have a height of fifty miles, because it would flatten out under its own weight.

Our ideas of force, mass, motion, space and time, are but relative, and are formed from our associated terrestrial experiences. While the contemplation of the vast mechanism of the skies may give pleasing play to the imagination, by the attempt to compare the small things that we know and feel with things too vast to feel or know, still we can never hope actually to comprehend the true magnitude of celestial dynamics.

Smokeless gunpowder, as now made, is not a powder, but a hard and horn-like material, made into grains of considerable size. Our American smokeless powder, which is made in the form of multi-perforated cylinders, burns in a cannon at the rate of about the sixteenth of an inch in the sixtieth of a second, or

at the rate of about four inches per second, while a high explosive burns at the rate of about four miles a second—an enormous velocity, surely.

Suppose some celestial anarchist should waylay the earth in its orbit, and as it passed, explode behind it a huge bomb equal to the earth in size. What would be the result? If the bomb were detonated from one side, it would take half an hour for the explosive waves to pass through it; in other words, it would take half an hour for the bomb to explode, and in that time the earth would have travelled away from the bomb a distance of more than thirty thousand miles.

Suppose the inter-planetary space of our solar system were to be filled with an explosive gas capable of being detonated and consumed with the speed of dynamite, and were it to be set off immediately behind the earth in its orbit, what would be the effect upon the earth? The speed of the explosive wave, as we have seen, is about four miles a second, while the speed of the earth in its orbit is nearly five times as great, or nineteen miles a second, so that the earth would rush away from the explosive wave, pass clear around the sun, and meet it on its return about six months later.

It would take nearly a year for such a detonative wave to pass from the earth to the sun. If the sun were a mass of dynamite it would require about two and a half days for it to explode.

The radiant energy of the sun is estimated at about twelve thousand horse-power for every square foot of its surface. How much dynamite would it take to develop one solar horse-power hour? It would take a sphere of dynamite about one thousand miles in diameter, exploded every minute, to develop an energy equal to that developed by the great solar furnace, or sixty dynamite balls, each one thousand miles in diameter, exploded one every minute, to develop one solar horse-power hour.

If, then, no high explosive force is sufficient to blow up a world the size of this earth, can worlds, then, explode? There is but one way in which the heavenly bodies can become possessed of sufficient energy actually to blow up or explode, and it is by collisions.

The stars are flying about in space with velocities ranging all the way from five miles a second to five hundred miles a second.

Two celestial orbs, meeting in head-on collision, each travelling at a velocity of two hundred miles a second, making a combined velocity of four hundred miles a second, would, by the impact, not only be fused and gasified, but also the heat generated would be sufficient completely to dissociate the matter of both into its ultimate elements, and to expand them into a nebulous haze.

This is the way new suns, new nebulae, and new stars are born.

Our sun is doomed to extinguishment by the greedy cold of surrounding space. Duller and duller will be his glow, until he shall become a great black ball, drifting on and on through infinite seas of suns, some inconceivably bright, some dim, and some also cold and black and dead.

The chances of collision are small, yet all suns owe their birth to such chance. Some time, doubtless, our sun will encounter another great celestial mass. Perhaps he will then be dead; perhaps his combatant may yet be in the youth of brightness.

Our astronomers may one day discover some black and dead old sun directly in our path. As we near the monster, there will follow perturbations of our planets, and of the sun itself. Our celestial orb will be unable to hold its brood closely to their old familiar orbits. The anxiety, the consternation on earth, will be great, but the catastrophe will be seen afar off, for, if it be travelling at the speed of our own sun through space, it will take about one hundred and fifty years after the first telescopic sight of breakers ahead before the collision comes. If travelling at the much higher speed of some of the other suns, say at the speed of two hundred miles a second, it will take about fifteen years after the first glimpse of danger before we shall be upon the breakers.

The energy of motion converted into heat plus light and electricity by the collision, will be sufficient to fuse, completely gasify, and reduce to their ultimate elements, the entire mass of both celestial bodies, which will expand into space with a velocity due to the enormous pressures exerted upon them by the expanding power of the generated heat, but also the infinitely fine particles of matter will be driven outward by the pressure or blast of their united light, each particle repelled from every other; with the result that a watcher of the skies, looking through his telescope from a planet circling some far-off sun, will see a new star burst into view, and he will be amazed, and wonder what inconceivable energy can cause the new star to expand a hundred thousand miles a second, half the speed of light, until it becomes a far-flung nebulous fog.

HUDSON MAXIM.

NATIONAL CONTRIBUTORY INSURANCE.

Invalidity Insurance.

THE efficacy of the method of insurance as a provision against the ills of life—sickness, invalidity, unemployment, old age, death, and the like—is now generally admitted. As everyone is liable to these contingencies, and as no one can tell beforehand when or whether they will affect him personally, it is evident that such insurance ought to be general. Self-interest alone should be sufficient to induce every man to secure himself by this means, and the fact that a large proportion of the working class do so through their friendly societies, their trade unions, and other provident organisations, shows how powerful that consideration is.

The voluntary action of persons in joining these societies, large as its results have been, has not produced, and probably cannot produce, the general insurance that is to be desired. There are some who cannot join these bodies, it may be on the ground that they are in a condition of impaired health, or it may be on the ground that the income from their employment is not sufficiently certain and regular to warrant them in undertaking to make the periodical contribution necessary for keeping the insurance in force. There are many who will not join these bodies, whether from fatalistic belief in their own good luck, from a spirit of reckless sacrifice of the cares of the future to the whims or the pleasures or even the more urgent demands of the present, or from want of that spirit of self-reliance and self-sacrifice by which alone the independence of a worthy manhood can be maintained.

There are thus two problems to be faced. By what methods is provision to be made by those who do not come within the scope of existing institutions—a provision that necessarily involves cost that they cannot themselves meet; and by what methods of persuasion and compulsion are those to be dealt with who will not avail themselves of those institutions. These problems present difficulties which are so great as perhaps to be insuperable, though an attempt has been made to meet them by the passing of the National Insurance Act.

Before discussing that and other possible methods of solution of these problems, we propose to urge that the principle upon which a general system of assurance is to be based should be

what is called the contributory principle. The expression is not quite satisfactory, for no insurance whatever can be effected without a contribution by somebody—either the person insured, or his employer, or some other person acting on his behalf, or the taxpayer. It is understood to mean a system by which the whole, or the greater part, of the contribution necessary is at the cost of the person insured, either directly or through the employer of that person, and has an express relation to the amount of the insurance.

An exception to the application of this principle exists in the old age pension laws of this country, of Australia, of New Zealand, of France, and of Denmark. At the meeting of the International Conference on Social Assurance at The Hague in September, 1910, this matter was keenly discussed. Dr. V. Magaldi, of Rome; M. van Straelen, of Belgium; Dr. Baernreither, of Vienna; Dr. Hjelt, of Helsingfors; M. Zahn, of Munich; M. Potthohf, of Dusseldorf; and others, condemned the system of free pensions as being a form of assistance rather than of assurance. On the other hand, M. Andersen, of Denmark, defended it, and urged that the pension was not considered by the people to be a kind of public assistance, but, on the contrary, as a recompense by society for the honest and industrious workman unable through old age to support himself by his own earnings.

However that may be, the system created by the Old Age Pensions Act cannot now be disturbed in this country. There is no party in the State that could now carry a repeal of that Act, or would desire to do so; and those who most strongly support the contributory principle must admit that the grant of free pensions, under the limitations imposed by that Act, to persons of seventy years of age and upwards, has been of great benefit to a large number of men and women, whose old age, without that help, would have been spent in penury. No one wishes to repeal it. It would, indeed, be wrong to attempt to do so. The position, therefore, of those who support the contributory system is that they accept the existing system of free pensions to those over seventy years of age. According to the old law maxim, if *fieri non debet*, in their opinion it ought not to have been done; *factum valet*, having been done, it must be maintained. All that they can now do is to urge that all extensions of it, and all fresh applications of insurance methods, should be contributory for the future.

There is another point to be considered. No system of general assurance ought to be adopted that would injure the friendly societies of the country. These societies represent the voluntary principle, are embodiments of the instinct of self-government and

self-reliance, and have attracted to themselves the better portion of the intelligent and thrifty. According to the latest statistics, there are 29,524 societies (including lodges, courts, and other branches) in Great Britain and Ireland, having 13,789,556 members and £57,434,410 funds. If to these be added the provident societies of other kinds (building, co-operative, and trade societies, &c.) registered at the Friendly Societies Office, and the savings banks, we have a total number of 50,734 organisations for thrift, having 32,030,976 members or depositors and £445,821,849 invested funds. There are, moreover, a vast unknown number of unregistered bodies. It is obvious that no general scheme ought to interfere with the right of a man to select among these various organisations that which best suits his own wishes and his sense of what is most calculated to give him the security that he desires.

Societies under the Friendly Societies Act answer a variety of purposes and provide benefits which vary according to local conditions and to the circumstances and requirements of their members. There are, however, two main benefits which apply in almost every case, the insurance of sick pay and the insurance of a sum at death. The usual form in which sick pay is insured is that of a diminishing allowance. After a member has received sick pay a certain time, his allowances are reduced, at first to half-pay and ultimately to quarter-pay.

The question that presents itself here is, can a scheme of invalidity insurance be devised that will take the place of or supplement the provision for permanent sickness made by the societies without injury to those societies? It is obvious that something beyond mere provision for old age is necessary. Invalidity may commence at an age much earlier than any age at which it could be possible to suppose that an old age pension should be granted. It is true that the Friendly Societies Act defines old age as any age exceeding fifty years; but that definition is only an enabling clause and has not, so far as we are aware, been adopted by any thrift organisation. The definition of "invalidity" adopted in Germany is "inability to earn one-third of the wages usually earned by a person in normal physical and mental health residing in the same locality and having had similar training," and the first six months of that invalidity are dealt with under the sickness insurance scheme, which corresponds to the full sick pay granted by friendly societies in this country. Would such an arrangement be accepted by the friendly societies as relieving them of some of the burden of half-pay and quarter-pay, and would it be accepted by their members as being a more satisfactory provision for permanent invalidity

than the half-pay and quarter-pay granted by their societies? Again, would the organisation of a general contributory insurance against invalidity induce persons to rely upon that insurance, and to neglect insuring sick pay with the friendly societies: would it thus diminish the business and interfere with the prosperity of those societies? Under the German system, the assurance of sick pay is compulsory as well as the insurance against invalidity; could the voluntary principle be maintained in this country with regard to the insurance of sick pay without injury to the societies? The answer given to these questions by the National Insurance Act is to make the assurance of sick pay also compulsory, and to combine the two insurances—that against temporary sickness and that against permanent invalidity in one measure.

The same statute provides also for what may be called health insurance, that is, the provision of medical appliances, sanatoria, and the like, and for unemployment insurance. It thus divides itself into four parts, each kind of insurance resting upon a different basis, though the three insurances to which Part I. of the Act refers are so ingeniously dovetailed together that it is difficult to deal with them separately. We propose, however, in the present article to dissect from the provisions relating to these heads of insurance, those relating to invalidity insurance, of which the practicability, and, indeed, the necessity, under State regulation has become generally admitted by students of the question.

Invalidity insurance is designated in the Act [s. 8, (1) (d)] “disablement benefit,” and is defined to mean periodical payments in the case of the disease or disablement continuing after the determination of sickness benefit. Sickness benefit continues for a period not exceeding twenty-six weeks. Disablement benefit continues so long as the person is rendered incapable of work by some specific disease, or by bodily or mental disablement of which notice has been given. The rates of disablement benefit as specified in Part I. of the fourth schedule to the Act are 5s. per week. The right to the benefit ceases when the insured person has attained the age of seventy years, presumably for the reason that he may be a person entitled to the 5s. per week provided for by the Old Age Pension Act, though that would not necessarily be the case. The Chancellor of the Exchequer estimated that in the case of a male person joining at the age of sixteen, a weekly contribution of thirty-nine fiftieths of a penny would provide the disablement benefit; but that estimate, like all the others made in support of the proposals of the Bill, is vitiated by the fact that it has been assumed that the claims for

disablement under a compulsory system of insurance will be the same as those made under a voluntary system of insurance, an assumption which may not be verified. From the amount of disablement benefit will be deducted any weekly sum, or the weekly equivalent of any lump sum, received by the insured person under the Workmen's Compensation Act or the Employers' Liability Act. No insured person shall be entitled to "disablement benefit" unless and until 104 weeks have elapsed since his entry into insurance and at least 104 contributions have been paid by or in respect of him. Where the disablement benefit exceeds two-thirds of the usual rate of wages or other remuneration earned by insured persons—a contingency which is surely not very likely to arise—it is to be reduced and some other equivalent benefit substituted [see s. 9 (2) of the Act—a very cryptic provision]. The disablement benefit for an unmarried woman under twenty-one years of age is to be 4s. per week only. No disablement benefit is to be paid to any person while an inmate of a workhouse, hospital, convalescent home, or infirmary supported by public authority or out of public funds; but the amount may be applied for the relief or maintenance of his dependants or to the local insurance committee, or towards the maintenance of the insured person in the hospital, home, or infirmary where it is a charity. The societies insuring disablement benefit may by a scheme to be confirmed by the Insurance Commissioners substitute another benefit for it. Disablement benefit is to be administered by approved societies or by local insurance committees. Where a society has been authorised to make a rule suspending disablement benefit, that rule is not to apply to medical benefit. Where an insured person having been in receipt of "sickness" benefits [s. 8 (5)] recovers from his disablement, any subsequent disablement is to be treated as a continuation of the previous disablement until twelve months have elapsed and fifty weekly contributions have been paid. (This clause appears to be badly drawn.) A society finding itself in a deficiency of funds at any valuation may increase that period [s. 38 (1) (b)]. An alien man will only be entitled to seven-ninths and an alien woman to three-fourths of the disablement benefit, the contribution of the State to that benefit being withdrawn (s. 45). Seven-ninths of 5s. gives a fractional result, but if the person is a member of an "approved" society, that society may determine the rate and conditions of the disablement benefit. In Part II. of the first schedule of the Bill the exceptions to its compulsory operation are set forth, and in other schedules further provisions are made which it would take too long to enumerate here. There are also large powers given to the Insurance Com-

missioners to make regulations for the better carrying out of the intentions of the Legislature in framing the Act, and other elaborate provisions are made as to the authorities who are in various ways to be entrusted with its working or to perform functions in respect of it.

It will be observed that the invalidity insurance provided by the National Insurance Act is combined with the sick-pay insurance and is dependent upon it. Could a scheme of invalidity insurance be devised independent of the sick-pay insurance? An answer to this question has been given by the association formed to advocate national contributory assurance against invalidity and old age, which has recommended the following system for adoption :—

(1) One or more insurance offices are to be created *ad hoc* by the Government.

(2) The insurance is to be compulsory on all persons, male and female, resident in the United Kingdom, who have completed their sixteenth year, and are engaged in work for salaries or wages not exceeding in any case the sum of £130 a year, the expression wages being taken in its widest sense, and being intended to include remuneration for piece-work, indirect emolument, and remuneration in kind.

(3) The insured are to be divided into five classes :—

Class I., consisting of persons whose earnings do not exceed £26 a year.

Class II., consisting of persons whose earnings exceed £26 a year, but do not exceed £52 a year.

Class III., consisting of persons whose earnings exceed £52 a year, but do not exceed £78 a year.

Class IV., consisting of persons whose earnings exceed £78 a year, but do not exceed £104 a year.

Class V., consisting of persons whose earnings exceed £104 a year, but do not exceed £130 a year.

It shall be open to any insured person to pay his contributions in a higher class than that in which he is compelled to insure.

(4) The insurance funds are to provide an annuity for every insured person who becomes permanently invalided, permanent invalidity being defined as “inability to earn more than one-third of the earnings which the person insured would have earned if he or she had been in normal health, when such inability has lasted for more than twenty-six weeks, and is of a permanent nature.”

(5) Some of the members are of opinion that every insured person who has attained the age of sixty-five years, and has com-

plied with the prescribed conditions, shall be entitled to the benefit of the insurance as if he had become permanently invalided; but other members are of opinion that this addition to the scheme would not be desirable.

(6) The contributions are to be paid by weekly instalments; no benefit is to accrue to any person who has not paid at least two hundred contributions. One-half of the contributions is to be paid by the persons insured, and the other half is to be paid by their respective employers. Where a contribution is paid in a higher class than the class in which the insured is compelled to insure, his employer is only to pay one-half of the compulsory contribution.

(7) Any person who in any year fails to pay ten contributions shall forfeit the benefit of all previous contributions.

(8) The amount of the annuity payable to each insured person who becomes entitled to a claim shall consist of a fixed amount payable to every annuitant, and of a variable amount dependent upon the number of contributions paid and upon the class of insurance in which such contributions were paid (the sum of these two amounts is hereinafter referred to as "the calculated amount"); where any insured person has (on the average) paid at least forty contributions during each year of insurance, the annuity shall not amount to less than £13.

(9) The Government is to assist the insurance by subsidy; there is a difference of opinion as to the form this subsidy should take. On the one side it is thought that the Government should add a fixed sum to each annuity in every case, whether the annuity as calculated in Clause 8 exceeds the minimum or not, and that the burden of making good any difference between "the calculated amount," plus the Government grant and the minimum of £13, should fall upon the insurance funds, and would accordingly have to be allowed for on the computation of the scale of contribution; while, on the other side, it is considered that the Government subsidy should be limited to making good where necessary the difference between "the calculated amount" and the guaranteed minimum; if the latter alternative be adopted, no excess over "the calculated amount" would have to be allowed for on the computation of the contributions.

(10) An insured person who becomes entitled to a pension under the Old Age Pension Act, 1908, or to any weekly payment pursuant to the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, is to be treated as if such pension or weekly payment had been received in satisfaction *pro tanto* of the annuity to which he or she is entitled under the invalidity insurance scheme.

(11) Each insurance office is to have power to apply part

of its funds to the prophylactic treatment of persons who, but for such treatment, would be likely to become chargeable as invalids, and to the immediate treatment of persons in receipt of annuities. Particular importance is attached to this feature of the scheme.

(12) Provision against temporary sickness is to be left to the friendly societies and other voluntary agencies, but it is desirable that some plan of co-operation between such voluntary agencies and the insurance offices to be established under Clause 1 should be considered.

Some points as to provision for the voluntary insurance of persons not coming under the definition of those on whom the scheme is compulsory, and as to the method of dealing with cases where the contribution is omitted to be paid through the illnesses of the insured—were reserved by the committee for further investigation and consideration. Their recommendations were put forward as the result of careful thought and discussion on the part of persons who have given much attention to the subject, and as a possible foundation for future legislation. The new Act includes other forms of insurance which that committee did not consider could suitably or usefully be embodied in a State scheme and has therefore superseded these proposals, but it may still be of interest to place them upon record, as showing the manner in which, if the legislature had been so advised, invalidity insurance might have been dealt with as a separate system.

EDWARD BRABROOK.

THE AIMS AND DUTIES OF A NATIONAL THEATRE.¹

WITH more generosity than discretion our chairman has vacated his pulpit in my favour this afternoon. I think myself a most courageous man to stand here and speak on his own subject before so fine a student and critic of the drama. I am most heartily in accord with him upon all the fundamental principles and doctrines that form the staple of his teaching here. Especially do I give my fast adherence to his constant claim that the drama is first of all a popular art; that it must be primarily addressed not to students, to dilettanti, to coteries, to superior persons, but to the populace of its day; that in so far as it is literature, it must be literature that is understood of the multitude; that even the greatest and most profound dramatist must also be a popular playwright of his day; may, indeed, even be the hack playwright of his theatre, as were Shakespeare and Molière; to sum up—that the drama is, like religion, an affair of the whole people.

I should not care to address you on any subject that Mr. Brander Matthews had made his own. I do not think that he has exhaustively treated the subject of a National Theatre. I approach it myself before this audience with great hesitation and reluctance. Not that my ideas are at all doubtful, or hasty, or indefinite. Indeed I think you will find them very clear and concrete. I hope you will pardon me for speaking what I feel to be the truth. I will deal quite plainly and simply with you; and so far as I can, I will avoid all direct affirmation, or magisterial utterance. I will try to get at the truth of the matter by suggestion, and hint, and inquiry; leaving you to find your own answers to the questions I shall raise.

When I was in Boston four years ago, I offered, in the exhilaration caused by a friendly banquet, to wager fifty to one that America would have a National Theatre before England. My wager was not accepted, so obvious was it that America would be the first to have what may be called a National Theatre. Well, you have it, a beautiful, dignified building that is an ornament to your city, and a testimony to the princely munificence of its founders. Unfortunately a National Theatre is not a National Drama. We will inquire how far your present theatre, or any

(1) A lecture by Henry Arthur Jones, delivered in Earl Hall, Columbia University, New York. From a forthcoming volume of essays and lectures, *The Foundations of a National Drama*.

theatre you may raise, is a help or a hindrance to your main purpose when we have first inquired what your purpose was and is.

It cannot be supposed that a number of the shrewdest men of the shrewdest nation of the world combined to spend vast sums in an enterprise without some notion of what that enterprise was intended to further and accomplish. What was the purpose of building this magnificent theatre and lavishing these vast sums to keep it working?

Conceivably, two different answers could be given. One is, "The design of the enterprise was to cultivate a very delicate, refined, exclusive dramatic art that should give a social pleasure to the upper class, something akin to the opera."

But if that answer were the right one, obviously you would be almost entirely dependent upon foreign sources. For you have no repertory of American social drama that could adequately supply you with a pleasure of that sort. And, therefore, the native American drama would be virtually shut out from the National Theatre. Besides, such a scheme would be quite foreign to the National American spirit.

The other answer, which would probably be the right one, would be in some such words as these: "The design of the enterprise was to raise the level of the drama in America, and foster a school of national drama."

Unless I am supplied with another explanation, I will assume that answer to be the right one. But it is an answer which, stated in such general terms, really says no more than that you have very good intentions. Let us inquire very carefully what raising the level of the drama in America specifically means, and what fostering a national drama specifically means in your present circumstances.

We have adopted Mr. Brander Matthews' cardinal maxim that the drama must always be a popular art, an affair of the entire people, sweeping through all ranks like an epidemic. It must be that, first and foremost. But if it is to have any more value or meaning or influence than a Punch and Judy show, or a dime museum, if it is at all worth spending thought and money upon, the drama must be much more than that. If it is to be merely a popular entertainment, why trouble to foster it and spend huge sums upon it? There are plenty of crowded theatres in New York and London to-day. Be sure that our dear public will always take good care to be amused. If that is all the drama means and is, it is surely best left alone.

But it will be replied, this enterprise was started in the idea that the drama does, or should mean something more than an

empty amusement, or an empty sensation for the multitude; a thing that "catches on" for a few months, or a few years, and then perishes without respect.

What then should a national drama be in addition to being a popular amusement? What virtue should it possess besides that of immediately catching and amusing the crowd?

Mr. Brander Matthews shall again supply us with an answer. He has summed it up in a single sentence that I have quoted to your sister university: "Only literature is permanent."

Those countries and those periods that have produced a national drama are those countries and those periods where literature and the drama were allied; where plays that were popular in the theatre could be also read and enjoyed as literature. This explains the rarity and intermittency of national dramatic periods.

In England we have a great continuous stream of literature from Chaucer downwards, filling all the reaches of poetry, philosophy, divinity, biography, criticism, history, fiction, and science. But after the great Shakespearian period, when the common man in the innyard feasted on *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* as eagerly as the common man to-day feasts on some musical or farcical inanity—after that period we have only the brilliant comedy of the Restoration, and some occasional shoot or flicker of literary drama. The one necessary condition has been absent. Literature and the theatre have not met together; the playgoer and the man of letters have not kissed each other; they have scarcely been on speaking terms.

In France it has been otherwise. For two centuries and a half there has been an alliance between literature and the drama. Every man of letters is almost necessarily a man of the theatre. Hence great traditions of authorship have been established in the theatre, and hence the average playgoer can find amusement and delight in plays that are also pieces of literature. Hence playgoing means something more than merely running to see the pretty face of a favourite star, or the funny tricks of a comedian. Hence also there is a habit of reading modern plays—a habit I take to be at once the sign and the security of a modern national drama. In any country where literature and the drama were in alliance, three-fourths of our most successful plays in England and America would never be heard of. The other fourth would be tolerated and smiled at as harmless nonsense or sensation.

Therefore, if you ask what was the real design of the magnificent enterprise started two years ago, it must have been this: "To bring about an alliance between literature and the drama

in America." Most likely this exact formula was not present in the mind of any of those who founded that enterprise. But will any other formula express a worthy, or even a possible way of raising the level of the drama in America, and of fostering a school of national drama? I define literature briefly "as that part of what a people reads which remains a permanent possession to them, and does not grow old or stale."

When you translate the vague idea of "raising the level of the drama in America and fostering a school of national drama" into a definite scheme, it can mean nothing more or less than bringing the drama into alliance with literature. Try to conceive any other way of raising the level of the drama, and you will only imagine some quite unworthy, vulgar, futile, or transitory plan, doomed quickly to end in ridicule and oblivion. This alliance between the drama and literature is then your only possible aim and goal. You mean that America shall make a contribution to the stock of the world's dramatic literature. That is the enterprise to which you have committed yourselves, whether you are conscious of it or no. You must mean that, or you mean nothing at all.

Where this alliance between the drama and literature exists, as in France and to some extent in Germany, the theatre is indeed a popular pleasure and amusement; but it is so on higher and different grounds from the grounds on which the theatre is a popular pleasure and amusement in England and in America. The kind of pleasure which a large class of playgoers get from their native plays in those countries is quite different from the pleasure which the majority of theatregoers in England and America get from their native plays. And this is the reason that French people rightly look with contempt on the theatre and the drama in England and America. This is the reason that while the English and American stages are flooded with French plays, no English or American play of any serious pretensions is ever successful in Paris, or is ever regarded with anything more than a polite, good-natured smile. I hope then that you will concede to me that the only way of raising the level of the drama in America or in any country is to bring it into alliance with literature.

Now, let us go further and inquire what are the necessary underlying conditions in which such an alliance can be brought about. In what soil, in what atmosphere, can a drama that is both popular and literary be made to grow and flower?

I have glanced at our great English literature, the richest and fullest the world has ever known. But this literature is itself the expression of a rich and varied spiritual and intellectual

national life ; a national life where there has always been a large surplus of power and thought and leisure available for the purchase of those most precious things that cannot be bought with money ; a national life, until these later generations, always homed even to the poorest cottage, in some beautiful and remarkable piece of architecture ; always adorned with many of the domestic, and with some of the fine arts ; always providing for any art, so soon as a mustard seed of it was sown, a deep warm alluvium of receptive soil.

Even the simplest domestic art, the art of making a copper kettle, must have this prepared and cultivated soil. In the farmhouse where I was born every utensil, every piece of crockery, every piece of furniture, was a thing of beauty. You would give a great deal of money for it in your curiosity shops to-day.

We have had then in England for many centuries the necessary underlying conditions, the necessary soil for the production of national drama. When, in addition to these underlying conditions, we happened to get the necessary practical condition, when popular taste in the theatre happened to jump with literature, we obtained specimens of national drama which hold the English and American stage to-day.

We are perhaps losing many of the necessary conditions. But I have faith that if to-day we could bring the general body of English men of letters to some understanding of the modern theatre ; if we could win them to active sympathy and co-operation with us ; and if we could establish national and municipal theatres and support them until they won popular comprehension and favour—if we could do these things, then a modern national English drama would quickly and spontaneously arise in my country.

It is a most difficult task that lies before us in England. I cannot say that it is in any hopeful way of early accomplishment. Our English scheme is being tossed to and fro amongst a crowd of impracticable people and proposals, and we are likely to make much laughter for the ungodly before it can be put together and made to work. If the launching of a National Theatre in New York has been followed by some disappointment and derision and a sense of present failure, there is, judging from the present outlook, every ground for fearing that the launching of a National Theatre in London will be followed by a similar dashing of hopes, and a similar chorus of gratified mockery. On neither side of the Atlantic does the great ideal of a literary national drama housed in a national theatre and raising the whole level of theatrical entertainment throughout the country to some moderate level of rational enjoyment—in neither England nor America does:

this noble and reasonable ideal appear to me in any prospect of any immediate fulfilment.

There is always much comfort in having companions in misfortune. If the promoters and well-wishers of a National Theatre in New York are feeling bruised and sore from the immediate failure of their enterprise, let them watch the progress of the National Theatre movement in England, and take cheer in the thought that, if they are shipwrecked on lonely shores of depreciation and neglect, a sister British ship is steering straight for the same rocks. They will soon have companions in their misery.

Indeed, in building up a great national enterprise of this kind there is sure to be much confusion and misunderstanding, and a large measure of failure at the outset.

I have faith that in England our task may be ultimately accomplished and brought to a successful issue. But this is not possible till the necessities and difficulties of the situation are clearly seen and vigorously handled by men of insight, judgment, knowledge, and authority. Till such men are in possession and guidance of our national scheme it is bound to fail. Our best hope in England lies in the fact that we still have underlying conditions in our national life that are in some degree favourable to the enterprise. I have already indicated what those conditions are.

We are here at the very heart of this whole matter. If you do not accept what I affirm about these underlying conditions, this prepared soil, as the first necessity for any growth of worthy national drama, then every word I have spoken must be without meaning or effect.

I will not ask you to accept what I say. I will stand aside, and call in the master mind of modern Europe on all these matters. Let me quote a passage from Goethe which I will beg all who are interested in this question to study again and again till they perceive how great a bearing it has upon the fostering of a national drama. Goethe says :

"If a talent is to be speedily and happily developed the great point is that a great deal of intellect and sound culture should be current in a nation. We admire the tragedies of the ancient Greeks, but we ought rather to admire the period and the nation in which their production was possible than the individual authors; for though these pieces differ a little from one another, and though one of these poets appears somewhat greater and more finished than the others, still only one decided characteristic runs through the whole.

"This is the characteristic of grandeur, fitness, soundness, human perfection, elevated wisdom, sublime thought, pure strong

intuition, and many other qualities that one might indicate. But when we find those qualities not only in the dramatic works that have come down to us, but also in lyrical and epic works; in the philosophers; in the orators; in the historians; and in an equally high degree in the works of plastic art that have come down to us, we must feel convinced that such qualities did not merely belong to individuals but were the current property of the whole nation and the whole period. Take Robert Burns: how is he great except through the circumstance that the whole songs of his predecessors lived in the mouth of the people—that they were so to speak sung at his cradle; that as a boy he grew up amongst them, and the high excellence of these models so pervaded him that he had therein a living basis on which he could proceed further? Again, why is he great but from this fact that his own songs at once found susceptible ears among his compatriots, that sung by reapers and sheaf-binders they at once greeted him in the field, and that his boon companions sang them to welcome him at the ale-house?"

Now I will ask you to say how far these underlying conditions exist in your American national life to-day?

In the arts of painting and sculpture you have some great modern masters—some of the greatest. But have they not mainly derived their inspiration and their mastery from European schools, from having worked in a prepared soil?

Painting and sculpture, however, stand on a different basis of appreciation from the drama. The judges and patrons of painting and sculpture in any country are a few select persons with a more or less trained knowledge of those arts. The judges and patrons of the drama in New York are just the average swarms in Broadway; in London they are just the average swarms in the Strand. We must ever keep in mind that the drama is an affair of the crowd, an affair of the whole people. The moment the playwright loses hold of that fact he finds himself a benighted wanderer, a shepherd on the mountain side whose sheep have run away from him.

If we have an immensely difficult task before us in fostering a national drama in England, have you not a yet more incomparably difficult task in America?

The best hopes for an American national drama lie in your eager curiosity; in the immense, generous receptivity shown in the ready hearing and welcome you give to those who bring you foreign material that you may turn to account; in your large cosmopolitanism of race and feeling; in the high rewards you are prepared to pay for the best examples of any kind of art. These are great national qualities, and your possession of them is a very

hopeful sign that you will ultimately succeed in developing great national arts of your own.

Another most hopeful sign for the American national drama is the interest taken in it by your leading universities. I must not run any risk of making our chairman blush, but I will say that his volumes on the English-speaking drama are on the whole the soundest and sanest general contribution to Anglo-American dramatic literature; the most free from prejudice and whim, and personal freakishness; the widest and steadiest in their outlook. They are everywhere in touch with literature, everywhere in touch with humanity, everywhere in touch with the theatre.

Then in addition to Mr. Brander Matthews' work here, you have the splendid and unique work (unique in regard to university teaching), that is being done by Professor Baker at Harvard, by Professor Phelps at Yale, and Professor Clark at Chicago. The leavening and fruitful nature of this work is scarcely apparent yet. It will be apparent in years to come, and it cannot fail enormously to influence the future of the American drama and the American theatre, whatever that future may be. These are all most hopeful signs.

I will just glance at a symptom, or perhaps a fact, in your national life and character which appears to frown upon your hopes. There is one thing to note about dramatic literature. It is essentially creative, essentially masculine—more so than any other kind of literature. It must, therefore, have something of brutality in it, however much this may be disguised or concealed. I will touch very lightly on this point. I will merely ask you to say whether there is not amongst you a certain prudishness, a certain narrowness of view, which tends to drive away from your literature and your theatre those works which frankly accept the whole body as well as the whole spirit of man for their foundation and their substance, and are a compound of all humanity? We have this same narrowness, this same one-eyed squint in England. It is a sworn and eternal enemy to literature.¹

Is not all the greatest literature of the world cunningly fashioned from an alloy of body and spirit? It is true that many of the most exquisite jewels of literature are wrought from pure gold of the spirit. But these are not the greatest things, not the supreme things. The greatest writers of all, and especially the great dramatists, instinctively work with this alloy of body and spirit—sometimes, indeed, with a very base mixture of it. But the alloy is necessary if the coin is to get current and stand the constant handling of everyday circulation. You cannot have a

(1) The Doncaster Free Library authorities have lately burned *Tom Jones* (January 12th, 1913).

great literature, especially a great dramatic literature, unless it is forged of this alloy, human body and human spirit. Young ladies' literature soon dies. Indeed it never lives. Two little cameos of comedy are hung in my memory: Wordsworth admonishing Robert Burns' sons not to fall into their father's evil ways, and Mr. Bram Stoker begging Walt Whitman to remove the improprieties from his poetry.

I return to the main conclusion to which we were driven when we asked what is the goal and aim of a National Theatre? It is, as we have seen, to bring the national drama into alliance with the national literature. No other aim or goal is possible or even conceivable.

Well, how do you propose to bring the American drama into alliance with American literature? What and where is the body of American literature into which you have to engraft your drama, and there nourish it till it becomes a living member of a living thing?

You have great American writers, writers that have a place in the world's literature. Will you ask yourselves how many of them are distinctively American? Like your painters, have they not derived their mastery and inspiration from lands where there was a rich deposit of literary and artistic soil? May I quote to you a saying of Matthew Arnold's? I hope you will not think me impolite in bringing it up. I will risk that. The greatest literary critic of the last generation said: "In all matters of literature and art America is a province of England." That may not be true of American art, but is it not true of American literature? Would it not be confirmed by that consensus of cultivated literary Anglo-American opinion which alone has authority to give a verdict? If you dissent from it, will you not be obliged to justify your dissent by naming a roll of American writers in the world's literature, radically distinct and separate from the roll of English writers; isolated from English literature by reason of qualities that have unmistakably sprung from American soil?

Undoubtedly you can claim one or two such writers—Mark Twain and Walt Whitman, for instance. But these and any others who can be classed in the world's literature as distinctively American are not in touch with the drama. I think it impossible to doubt that with the abundant energy and youth of this nation, its ceaseless and varied activities, its thirst for knowledge, its desire to excel in literature and art—I think it impossible to doubt that you will inscribe many great and worthy names on the roll of the world's literature. But if you cannot claim to have a roll of distinctively American writers to-day, do you not admit my major contention that at any rate for the present moment you

have not in your national life those underlying conditions, that prepared soil, in which alone a national drama can grow? I do not say that you are not on the eve of developing those conditions. Perhaps they are crumbling and decaying in England. Perhaps they are ripening in America. I do not say that some penetrative leaven of just, clear thought and feeling may not so work in the American theatre to-day as wholly to change the taste and habits of your playgoing public. It is largely a matter of habit. All the latest researches, both in brain science and in sociology go to proclaim that individuals and communities are almost entirely the creatures of habit, of custom, of set modes of thinking and acting. We live in ruts and rabbit-holes of daily routine and usage. It is a fact that the average capacity and formation of our brains are quite equal to those of the Greek philosophers and poets. Potentially we are quite capable of their achievements. Only we haven't got into the knack, the habit of it. In Greece they got into a habit of talking philosophy and carving beautiful statues, and writing great tragedies. So they did it very well. In England and America we have got into a habit of making motor cars, and buying stocks and shares. And we do it very well, because we esteem motor cars and stocks and shares more highly than we esteem philosophy and poetry. Our dominant and possessive habits of thought all run that way, and guide, and colour, and shape all our estimates of things.

But national habits of thought, national character, national conduct, national ways of looking at things, may change very rapidly in our new civilisation, as we have seen in the case of Japan. And what I have called the necessary underlying conditions for the growth of a national drama in America may possibly come into being within a comparatively short space of time. At present I think your first inquiry should be as to what area of this prepared soil is already deposited in your national life for your national drama to grow in?

Now I have taken up so much time in searching with you for the aim and goal of a National Theatre that little time is left to speak of the duties of a National Theatre. They are more apparent than the aim, and we need do little more than briefly run them over.

The first duty of a National Theatre is obviously to protect the commercial side of the enterprise until the National Theatre and the national drama are so firmly established in popular favour and comprehension as to pay their own way. That much, and nothing more. Wild ideas are bruited in England that the National Theatre ought to be perpetually supported by Government as an educational institute for ramming down the throats

of playgoers doses and pills of social, political, and scientific theories and doctrines. English playgoers have already taken a sample or two of the drugs offered them, and have left the theatre with wry faces and sick stomachs.

Let Goethe have another word. He says, "Shakespeare and Molière wished above all things to make money by their theatres. Nothing is more dangerous to the well-being of a theatre than when the director is so placed that he can live on in careless security, knowing that however the receipts of the treasury may fail he will be able to indemnify himself from another source."

A National Theatre ought to be liberally subsidised until such time as it has won public favour and comprehension, and established sound traditions of authorship and acting. After that it ought to take care of itself and make such a profit as will enable it always to tide over bad seasons and unavoidable misfortunes. If you say that it ought always to be subsidised to meet current expenses, then you say it exists for the purpose of boring playgoers with something they don't want; it becomes not a National Theatre, but a National Mausoleum for the preservation of defunct specimens of dramatic art.

Another duty of the National Theatre is to provide machinery for keeping alive such plays of literary value and artistic workmanship as may not immediately catch the ear of the great public, but which yet have signs of future life and growth in them.

Again, it is plainly the duty of a National Theatre to give constant performances of the classical masterpieces of the language. This, in your case, means the masterpieces of English drama. Undoubtedly a great and high pleasure is to be obtained from watching the performance of our standard tragedies and comedies. But classic plays are to be considered chiefly as models to be used for our guidance and imitation in fashioning works of our own time. It is the living drama of our own day whose fostering must be our chief concern. Shakespeare's and Molière's companies were not employed in dusting up ancient masterpieces, and cutting and adapting them to a different mode of representation. When the chief public interest centres round an archæological restoration, and the chief honours are given to it, you may be sure there is only a very languid and pulseless living drama.

Once more, it is the duty of a National Theatre to give revivals of those modern works of the last generation which had a literary quality and which also drew the public. The revival of a play in another theatre and with new actors often exposes it in a different light, and proves it to have lasting merits which were not apparent

at first. It is to be noted that the Théâtre Français constantly draws into its repertory those pieces which have been successfully produced at other theatres, and which have shown themselves also to possess a claim to rank as dramatic literature. This is a valuable and important function of a National Theatre.

Some further plain duties of a National Theatre are : to put the drama into active sympathy and relation with all the other arts ; to issue a plain, beautifully printed programme ; to forbid all unworthy methods of advertisement and ways of gaining the public ear ; to throw out feelers and to draw towards it all citizens who have authority in matters of intellect, and science, and religion, and literature.

But one of the chief duties of a National Theatre is to offer a rigorous apprenticeship and training in the fine art of acting ; to open a school where all that is best in the technique of acting shall be taught by the best teachers ; to insist that no actor shall come upon its boards who has not mastered this technique. How can we have plays of serious thought and meaning on our boards unless we have actors who can not merely sympathetically apprehend that meaning, but who have also the necessary technique by which they can drive it home to the public?

But all these, and many other, duties of a National Theatre are so plain as to need no enforcement, scarcely even a mention. They lie upon the surface of the business.

I return, then, to the aim and goal of a National Theatre, to the idea that must govern the enterprise if it is to be brought to a successful issue. May I restate it on account of its great importance? You have started out to foster a school of American drama that as literature shall meet and satisfy the judgment of cultivated Anglo-American men of letters. You may say you have started out to do nothing of the kind. Then, what have you started out to do? Conceivably, as I said at first, you intended "to cultivate a very delicate, refined, exclusive dramatic art that shall give a social pleasure akin to the opera." Well, I think that is worth doing, and I think a city like New York should support a theatre of that kind. It could probably be made to pay ; certainly its upkeep would be infinitesimal compared with the upkeep of your present enterprise.

But such a scheme is quite distinct from the aim and goal of an American National Theatre. I beg you to take note of this, because I am persuaded that the confusion of the two schemes can only bring you further disappointment and failure. To support a small theatre for the production of high-class exotic comedy and drama is not the work of a National Theatre, though indirectly it may lend valuable aid to the larger scheme. The aim and goal

of an American National Theatre can only be to bring your national drama into alliance with literature.

Meantime, as a means to this end you have built a handsome theatre. Is not that very much as if St. Paul had begun by building Canterbury Cathedral, instead of by preaching the Gospel? Ought you not first to get hold of a few St. Pauls and set them preaching? Does not the whole matter of a National Theatre need to be approached from another side, and in a wholly different spirit? Have you not been trying to impose something upon your national life that must spring up from within it?

Undoubtedly there have been mistakes of management, and the very grave mistake of admitting productions that should have no possible place in a National Theatre. But in the present condition of things, are you likely to fare much better in the future? If you build another theatre and put it under other management, will not the result be very much the same while the present underlying conditions remain? Where are your plays to come from—plays that shall successfully make both a popular and a literary appeal? Great plays are not written in the air for an imaginary audience. They are written in an atmosphere of great plays and great traditions, to be played by a company of highly trained actors before a highly trained and appreciative audience. Will you not be driven about to find attractions that shall not be of much higher or more conspicuous merit than the attractions offered by the commercial managers round you? Will they not still have the first choice of what is in the market? Will you not every now and then be obliged to put up some quite unworthy stopgap which will tend to bring your whole enterprise into contempt? And when your work is brought before the ultimate tribunal, the tribunal of cultivated English-speaking men of letters, what will the verdict be? It is a high and severe tribunal. Any author, English or American, who brings his play to a National Theatre must be prepared to face it. Indeed he should write his play with the knowledge and the hope that this court of appeal will be his final judge. I think I see many a writer of successful plays, English and American, flattered by the acclaim of the critics and the public, tripping up the steps of that court, his manuscripts under his arm. Will not a terribly disdainful and ironic smile be the only answer vouchsafed him? Is it worth while for a National Theatre to spend, season after season, large sums of money to produce plays that can only provoke that terribly ironic smile?

These are questions which I think you may well consider before you take another step, or spend a single additional cent. I am sure you are still prepared to be very generous in this matter.

Money is certainly necessary to float this enterprise at the beginning. But the spending of money, the production even of successful plays, will not bring you any satisfying result or any lasting honour unless you get those plays passed and hall-marked as literature.

Well, there it is! As you Americans say, "That's all there is to it."

I have spoken with the heartiest sympathy for your enterprise, with every wish that you may succeed, with every wish to save you from that continued disappointment which may end in your abandoning it altogether. In English papers it is sometimes made a matter of comment that American millionaires do not take part in the practical politics of their country. About that I have no opinion to offer, except that politics generally seem to me so dreary and noisy a business that anybody who keeps out of them is to be heartily congratulated. But the millionaires of America do most generously advance and support the art and science of their country. And are they not thus doing a better, a higher thing, are they not conferring deeper and more lasting benefits on their countrymen than if they busied themselves with politics?

There are others besides the founders who have worked for the success of this great enterprise of a National Theatre and a National Drama. There are many now on both sides of the Atlantic fired with this idea, hoping, working, fighting to bring the modern drama right into the centre of the intellectual and artistic life of the two nations. In the end I believe they will succeed. There will be many mistakes, many disappointments, many failures, much discouragement, much fighting with beasts at Ephesus like St. Paul, but in the end I believe they will succeed. And every soldier in this cause may hear a heavenly salutation from the abode where the eternal are :

"They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee.
Fired their ringing shot and passed
Hotly charged—and sank at last.
"Charge once more then, and be dumb.
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body at the wall."

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

NOTE.—The New Theatre on Central Park, New York, was built by American millionaires for the purpose of elevating the drama in America. It was opened in the autumn of 1909 with a lavish production of *Antony and Cleopatra*. At the end of the second season, after enormous losses, the enterprise was abandoned, and the theatre is now given over to popular spectacle. Its failure offers some very puzzling and thorny questions for the consideration of the promoters and supporters of the English National Theatre.

THE JOY OF YOUTH:

A COMEDY,

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LETTER.

LOVEDAY received a letter presently. It was long, but she found it exceedingly interesting. None had ever written to her in this strain before; yet there was that in her to welcome the letter and feed upon it. The communication came like a light upon her vague aspirations and nebulous thinking. It fired her; it indicated a starting point; it invited her to take her dreams seriously and apply them to some practical end—if only the end of self-culture.

“MEDICI CLUB, LONDON.

“DEAR MISS MERTON,—

“I love art above all things, and look to it for the rejuvenescence of the earth some day; therefore it follows that I could wish everybody else did the same. You are a likely disciple, and if, by taking a little thought, I can win you to the fold of the elect, I shall be proud and glad; because you are clever and beautiful; and if you once grow enthusiastic, you may justify your existence and be a noble inspiration for art in others, even though you produce none yourself.

“You ought to animate a glorious picture some day, or impel a poet to big work. So I want to help you yourself to plant your feet firmly; and I want you to be Greek.

“They say the Greek spirit is dead, and that it is affectation to try and revive it. But how can eternal principles die? How can a creative afflatus founded on the logic of pure reason die? The new energy I recognise; but it does not destroy the old. Chaos cannot kill cosmos, any more than the supernatural can smudge out rationalism. An avalanche may bury the vernal gentian; but time will sweep the one away, while the other is immortal, and the same sunshine that melts the snow will revive the little flower's everlasting blue. No truth slays another truth, and if we profess and practise a psychology in art that the Greek knew not; if the Renaissance brought forth an art of the soul that was foreign to Attic genius, that is not to say that the earlier art cannot still flash its beacon and lift its ideals. There are a sort of men whose instinct and habit of mind chime with the old order—the men who base the prime of human achievement on reason, and who look to reason for all that is most beautiful, serene, and sane—in the future as in the

past. These men are Greek, and live: Keats, Landor, Swinburne, Thorvaldsen, Hewlett, occur to me on the instant. If you love the thin mysticism of a Maeterlinck, I say nothing. If you like Belgian fog better than sunshine on the Acropolis—well, who shall dispute about tastes? If the eternal, stuffy miasma of sex attracts you, I'm merely sorry; and sorrier still if the thing called 'realism' is welcome to your spirit; but don't reverse the old maxim and praise the present at the expense of the past, after the fashion of certain affected moderns, who shout that the heirlooms of the earth should be built into a bonfire. As for 'realism' in art, it becomes such a dismal fetich, that one flies to real life to escape from it!

"The Greek spirit lives, because it was built on the sure rock of human reason, and—be there gods or be there none—reason is responsible for the enduring things in philosophy and art and science. I judge that the new forms are but a rainbow on a cloud, or a midge-dance at sundown; and the men who maul marble to-day will be forgotten for ever when the names of Myron and Phidias are mightier than now. The painters—but I hope, lady, you'll come to see what was done by certain busy men of Tuscany before a Matisse made his girl with the cat's eyes, or a Picasso built portraits with bricks and extracted the soul from a wine-glass. Surely there are far better things to be extracted from a wine-glass than its soul? And how roughly time deals with these modern masters! Soon even the Futurists will be futurists no more, but mere glow-worms of a forgotten night. Presently we shall have a new Ruler Art of the nursery, and none will be allowed to touch a brush or pen after the magistral age of five years. But out of the smother, those things that we saw at the British Museum will persist in their majesty and might—the Parthenon to an ants' nest, Phidias to Rodin, Æschylus to Wilde, Apelles or Nicias to Beardsley.

"Don't you believe the people who tell you that we go to paganism for form and to Christianity for colour. The colour of the Greeks is gone; but it is sufficient that you merely reply, 'Titian—Turner.' You can't link these men up with Christianity if you're honest—for there's not a spark in either. Venice was born of the Orient, and the Orient has no use for Christianity, and never will have.

"So I beg and implore that you go back to the alpha and omega, and if you mean to study art and make it an abiding joy and delight for the rest of your life, let it be on the Greek values—neither before them nor after them. Reflect more, and have your being in rationalism. Keep your mind clean of superstition and sticky prejudices and the fatal religious bias that has killed so much art and vitiates so much modern criticism. Superstition, remember, poisons the very holy of holies in a man's heart.

"Art to-day is almost entirely in the hands of the lower middle-class (to classify without snobbishness), and nobody in the least realises what a catastrophe that is. You can't get Ruler Art out of the lower middle-class. It is an impossibility.

"Take our own Swift or Landor, and then consider these people, and you will say again, as I did just now, 'The Parthenon to an ants' nest.' In the lower middle-class the art-lovers, of whom there are many, understand the best in literature and pictures and music as few among us do. But they despise tradition, and know no reverence. They play the piano and play it well; but they play it in their shirt-sleeves, with a bottle of beer beside them. And, remember, they are proud of this abominable attitude, because they despise tradition. Do you see what that means? They simply don't understand coming to Bach in purple and fine linen. It isn't in their blood to bend the knee. Only the proud can do that. They lack the classical sense, and pretend that what they lack must be needless. They sneer at the dead languages—as the live ass sneers at the dead lion. Their taste in art is often austere and fine; but their taste in life is simply hideous. Such painters and writers will never help to turn human society into a work of dignified art; they will never make their own lives masterpieces. They are formless, remember—a cardinal sin—and it is in vain they tell you that the chaotic of to-day is the classical, of to-morrow. Nothing without a skeleton can endure. Some art is alive and some art is fossil, but everything that has lasted was built on a skeleton of form and modelled with the steel of a stern selective power. It has been said by a very great artist that 'to stand with the doors of one's soul wide open, to lie slavishly in the dust before every trivial fact, at all times of the day to be strained ready for the leap, in order to deposit oneself into other souls and other things—in short, the famous "objectivity" of modern times, is bad taste, vulgar, cheap.'

"And, what's more, it isn't creating: it's collecting—as the miser piles gold pieces, or the bibliophile, books. And the resultant pile is—what? The ants' nest again—a formless heap with every scrap of equal value. Formless and stuffy, too. We all know the stuffy writers, and painters, and musicians, and actors. They lack touch and taste and the selective super-sensitiveness of the real swells. Don't be led away by them and their mean philosophies. Remember that an ounce of imagination is worth a hundredweight of observation every time. Observation may be a good ladder; but imagination is a pair of wings, and without wings we can only creep and catalogue.

"If you want to know any more about it; if you want to hear of the art that stands on a plane a million miles above the things we mortals call ugliness and beauty and truth—the art that is my god—then I'll go on. But this is enough for a start. I shall know by your reply whether it's worth while writing any more to you.

"Meantime, believe me,

"Yours most truly,

"BERTRAM DANGERFIELD."

Loveday fastened on the last words first. "Conceited horror!" she said to herself. "No, my friend, you won't know by my reply if it's worth while writing any more, because—I shan't reply."

But she was not ungrateful; indeed, the letter awakened many moods, and in some of these the girl felt hearty thanks that a stranger should have been at such trouble on her behalf. When she thought about responding, however, certain portions of the letter barred the way. He had implied that she would be more likely to inspire than create; and this was hard to forgive.

She showed the letter to Sir Raleigh, who read it with pensive and puzzled eyes.

"What on earth does he want to say, and what does he suggest that you are to do? I should be sorry for you to go as a pupil to such a harum-scarum chap."

"But you love the Greek things, Raleigh?"

"In their places. They have their stateliness and classical charm. They are part of the world's wealth. I have read the tragedies, of course, and understand the point of view. And he is right about Latin and Greek, no doubt. But it is nonsense at this stage of the world's progress to talk about putting the Greek spirit first. He ignores Christianity and its significance. Worse, he distinctly slights it."

"He would hate your stags' heads and tiger skins and things."

"Such trophies are proper to the decoration of such a vestibule and hall as we have at Vanestowe. Whether this gentleman would hate them or not, is a matter that hardly concerns me."

"He'd like the leopard skins—for mœnads and bacchanals."

"I see a danger in this man," declared her betrothed. "He talks of art as being above truth. Now that is lax and immoral and unsound. There can be no excuse for nonsense of that sort."

"I'm sure he doesn't mean it for nonsense," said Loveday. "He's in deadly earnest. The question is, shall I answer him?"

"Of course, you must acknowledge it. I will give him the credit of meaning well and kindly. He is young."

"Young and joyous."

"Acknowledge the letter with thanks. Tell him that his theories interest but by no means convince you. His last sentence suggests that he doesn't quite know how to write to a woman; and yet a Dangerfield should be a Dangerfield—even though an artist."

Loveday laughed.

"I expect he would hate to hear you say that."

"Why?"

"Because he thinks—I'm sure of it—that it is a much finer thing to be an artist than a Dangerfield."

"Yes," he said. "I'm not unreasonable; I can quite imagine the young, enthusiastic, callow mind capable of taking that position. But, believe me, in time to come, when he has seen more of the

world and had wider experience, he will get his philosophy and views of life and art into better order."

"But he does stand up for caste, you see, and wishes art could be taken out of the hands of the lower middle-class."

"It is no good talking like that. Art, at best, is a very minor matter. It is the things that count that I should like to take out of the hands of the lower middle-class—if I could. One views it with profound respect but gathering uneasiness. The power of the lower middle-class increases by leaps and bounds. They are the backbone of the nation, and they know it."

"I'll answer his letter, then?"

"In such a way that Mr. Dangerfield will not feel called upon to elaborate his ideas any further. He is probably like most quite young men: he mistakes feeling for thinking, and thinks as he goes along. It will be time enough for him to impose his opinions upon other people when they are a little better considered."

Loveday, rather impressed by this criticism, prepared to reply, but before doing so she visited the writer's aunt—one Lady Constance Dangerfield, the widow of Bertram's uncle.

She lived near Chudleigh in a broad, low house surrounded by a verandah. The garden was full of flowers; the verandah had been turned into a large aviary, in which dwelt fifty birds, some musical and plain, some brilliant and harsh. They made a great noise, but Lady Dangerfield chanced to be rather deaf, and the clatter did not trouble her. She was short and stout, and her hair slowly relinquished its original sand colour for silver-grey. Her eyes were blue and keen; her outlook cynical, her humour genial, but of a saturnine quality. Loveday, however, was a favourite, and generally won the lady to a more benign outlook on life. She read her nephew's letter and surprised the recipient.

"I've heard all this a thousand times. And I'm going to hear it all over again soon. He's coming to me. Yes, he has pretended that he wants to paint me. The scamp writes that he's only been waiting for my hair to turn a nice colour, and feels sure that the time has come. And now you've brought this letter and given him away. How silly he'll look when I tell him that I've seen it! And how silly he'll think you were to show it to me!"

"Coming here!"

"If I ask him. Shall I?"

"It would be lovely to get a good picture of you—if he's clever enough."

"He's quite clever enough. He amuses me, because his theories are so lively. One may indulge in lively theories. It is only practice that knocks the bottom out of them. There's truth in this scree. The world is soon going to belong to the lower middle-class; and for faith we shall have a sort of mild, Marcus Aurelian free-thought—cotton-woolly—close and rather mean, and consequently rather popular. The lonely, lofty spirits will retire to caves, only

to be poked out and hunted to death. Bertram will find himself like the hawk in the poultry-yard presently—a cork on his beak and his claws cut off. Then he'll have to change his theories, or be pecked to pieces by the fowls of the earth."

"He'll live alone and escape the traps," prophesied Loveday. "When's he coming?"

"He says next Monday; therefore it will be sooner or later than that. Sir Raleigh must ask us to dinner. I should like to see them together."

"I do think he might give us all some new ideas," declared the younger. "I'm sure we ignore art too much in England, Lady Dangerfield."

"They order this better in France. Here people are either idiotic and hysterical about art, or else brutally indifferent. But there is a golden mean."

"D'you know what your nephew believes? He's not a Christian."

"Who is? Who believes anything when it comes to the test of labouring or suffering for it? Look round you at the county. D'you know one man in it who is as frightened of God as he is of the gout? Does one care for his soul as he does for his stomach? Not one man—unless it's your man."

"Mr. Dangerfield must come to see Vanestowe and the gardens and Adam Fry."

"And you. No doubt he'll come."

"I'm afraid he's a great humbug."

"Like most great men."

"D'you call him 'great,' Lady Dangerfield?"

"He will be. His father was so-so; but his mother was one of the cleverest women I ever met. She had Italian blood in her from the Strozzi. He gets his passion for art from her; but where he gets his power from, who can tell?"

"Could he paint you with your dear birds round you?"

"No doubt he could. A charming thought, as the birds would distract attention from the subject. But, of course, if I suggest it, he won't."

Loveday sped away.

"Now I needn't answer the letter," she reflected. Yet she could not resist the pleasure of answering it, because she had thought of a sharp and clever thing to say. There was a little sting in it—a sting for his sting.

CHAPTER V.

A DESERTED HUSBAND.

A PRETTY house called "The Côte" stood a mile from Vanestowe. It was the residence of Hastings Forbes and his wife, Una. Her origin was obscure, and about her there were no indications of "L.D.," by which letters Sir Raleigh and his circle understood the

sacred and magic words, "Long Descent"; but none the less, Mrs. Forbes had won the hearts of many beside her husband.

Women liked her little. Lady Dangerfield said that they could not forgive her for understanding men so well. She triumphed over the masculine soul, hunted, intrigued, entertained, and kept a man cook.

Her husband was tall, handsome, and colourless. She never ceased from urging him to do some work in the world, but it was not his ambition. They differed much in secret, and Mrs. Forbes had been heard publicly to say she would not have married Hastings had she known of his incurable laziness. He was interested in daffodils and golf. Once he had gone to the Pyrenees to collect daffodils and returned with thirteen roots. These perished, and he trusted henceforth to nurserymen. To please his wife he undertook the duties of Secretary to the Haldon Golf Club, and it was in connection with this institution that Sir Raleigh called upon Mr. Forbes during the forenoon of a day in October.

He found the man in his smoking-room, huddled up by the fire in a state bordering on collapse. Beside him was a cellaret and siphon. He was clad in silver-grey flannels with a scarlet tie, and on his feet were violet socks and white leather lawn-tennis shoes.

"Morning, Forbes—why, what's the matter with your hair?"

The other rose and took the hand extended to him.

"Vane," he said, "she's run away—my wife. She's always had scores of men friends; but, of course, I thought her straight as a line. You'll never guess who it was. Forgive me if I'm incoherent. She leaves a letter for me. Alphonse has had a sort of fit about it in the kitchen. There has been no breakfast. I have not done my hair. Naturally you noticed it. The cynicism—the bitter cynicism! A bolt from the blue. In a word—a dentist! A wretched dentist from Exeter. I believe his beastly name is Wicks; but I can't read her letter very well. She doesn't even take the trouble to write clearly. It came by post this morning, and Alphonse got one at the same time telling him not to leave me for the present. He's an American dentist. I've been suspicious, Vane, because her teeth are absolutely perfect. She met him last year. There is no concealment. She has gone to Italy with him."

Sir Raleigh was deeply concerned.

"Good God! My dear fellow—are you sure this is not some ghastly fooling—some terrible mistake?"

Hastings shook his head, then bent it. His voice was broken.

"She's had enough of me, I suppose. I've always tried to be sporting to her. I've always considered her tastes, and never been jealous or any rot of that sort. I needn't tell you that. And I've always been true as steel myself. I'm infernally honourable where women are concerned. We married for love fifteen years ago. She's a few years older than I am. I wanted children, you know, Vane. I'm fond of children. But she had her own ideas about that, so we

agreed not to have any. I wish I had been firmer about it now. It might have made all the difference. Of course, this is in strictest confidence. If I'm saying more than one ought to say—but you'll understand. Fancy getting up and not brushing one's hair! That shows. She was always tremendously fond of masculine society, as you may remember. She liked them round her—naturally. I never grudged the tribute. It was a compliment to me as well as her. But—impropriety—I'd have called out any man who had whispered the word in connection with her! I never dreamed of such a thing but once. There was a stupid kissing scene I dropped in upon years ago. But it was nothing—a boy. In fact, I may say I trusted her implicitly."

"I'm awfully sorry for you, my dear fellow. Upon my soul it staggers me," confessed the other. "One *hears* of these things, and one knows they happen; but to have such a tragedy here—I always thought you were an example to all married people. Your home seemed built upon the very highest principles of reciprocity between man and woman."

"It was—it was," declared the deserted husband. "I tell you this is the most shattering and unexpected thing that you could imagine. 'Affinity' is the word she uses. After fifteen years with me—heart to heart, and not a secret between us—so far as I knew—she finds an 'affinity'—a dentist. It's adding insult to injury—like being run over by a donkey-cart, after you've won the V.C. A dentist—somehow in this darkest moment of my life, I feel—however——"

He rose.

"What did you come for?"

"Only some trifle about the club. Never mind that. I am profoundly sorry for you, Forbes. This is a crusher. At such a time one begins to measure the worth of one's friends. Don't forget that I count myself your friend. Command me if I can do anything for you."

"I know it. I can't thank you enough. Unfortunately the world is powerless to help me."

"You must get free and then face life. It's a hard stroke, but you're well rid of her."

"There are wheels within wheels," murmured Hastings Forbes. "It means—but why the devil should I bother you with the thing? I can't expect anybody else to be interested."

"The details are, of course, sacred, and you know that other people's business is a subject very distasteful to me," answered Sir Ralegh. "But if I can help you, the case is altered. Only I don't see how I can."

"You can't. Nobody can. There is a very peculiar cowardice in what my wife has done. It's fearfully unsporting. You won't let it go further; but, as a matter of fact, she has the money. I haven't a penny. My total private income from all sources is two hundred a year. I will be just to her. She always wanted me

to seek work with emolument; but from the first she knew that I had no intention of doing so. Constitutionally I am not suited to any life involving regular mental application. I can't help that. I was made so. It was my ambition, therefore, from a comparatively early age, to marry a woman of good means, who might need my help and care in the administration of her fortune. I fell in with Una when I was three-and-twenty—a youth, but a youth with an old head on young shoulders. I had been called upon at my father's death to face poverty, Vane, and the experience had saddened and aged me. It had also disgusted me. But Una came into my sphere. She was an orphan of six-and-twenty. One need not bother you with her life; but you can bear testimony to her charm and distinction of mind, her vivacity, her repartee. She also had beautiful thoughts on religion and a future existence which naturally were reserved for me. At least one always thought so; but God knows now. Fancy having secrets with a dentist! I feel as if I ought to shoot him, Vane. But then, again, who could shoot a dentist?"

"Don't talk like that. You're not the first man that has had to face this tragedy, my dear fellow."

"You see the situation is so involved. If I had the money, it wouldn't matter a button. And, looking back, I'm sorry I didn't let her have her way and settle a thousand a year on me, when she wanted to. She was madly in love, I may mention. But one couldn't do that. At least, I didn't feel as if I could—then."

"You couldn't possibly have kept it in any case—after this."

"No—of course not—unthinkable. If you knew how hard I've tried to please that woman, Vane. I was a master in the art of looking the other way—latterly."

Sir Raleigh began to grow impatient.

"Don't dwell on the past now. You must look ahead."

"I'm doing so. I'm facing the future. Hence this depression. All gone—wife, means, position. You wouldn't think that a fiend—however, so it is. She doesn't even mention money in her letter."

"What does she mention?"

"You may read it if you—can. At times of emotion, which are almost hourly occurrences in her life, her handwriting, like her voice, gets out of control."

"I wouldn't read it for anything," declared the other. "I only ask if she has indicated her intentions."

"Her intentions—her present intentions are to make a home in Italy and become the dentist's wife as soon as possible. She is greedy enough to add that if at any time I don't want Alphonse, she will be delighted to engage him again. Of course, she knows very well that I can't keep him. He gets a hundred a year. He'll go back to her. He worships her. One feels all over the shop after a crash like this. Really one doesn't know where to begin thinking. I'm sitting here just as if I was turned into stone. Of course, she

may change her mind. I confess I see a dim phantom of hope there."

"Do you! Then I'll leave you, Forbes," said Sir Raleigh, whose indignation had been growing. "I'm afraid if you feel that under any conceivable circumstances you could take your wife back——"

But the other was testy.

"My dear chap, don't preach, for God's sake! If the woman's got the money, it isn't a case of your taking her back; it's a case of her taking you back. I admit the indignity. It's a lesson and all that. But every man who marries money has to put his pride in his pocket from the first. That was perfectly easy for me, because I loved her devotedly, and perfect love casteth out self-respect, and everything."

Sir Raleigh stared, and the other continued:

"No—perhaps I don't mean that exactly. What the deuce am I saying? Leave me, Vane, before I lose your friendship. I have your sympathy—I know that."

"Be a man," advised the visitor. "You are not yourself—naturally unstrung. I will forget this—this rather impossible point of view. Forgive me for using the word; but a great shock often throws us off our guard. I wish you had a mother, or somebody to support you. Perhaps, till you see your lawyers, my friend, Hoskyns, the vicar at Whiteford—eh? He's an understanding priest and has seen life in all its aspects. Good-bye for the present. I shall not, of course, mention the matter even to my mother. It is for you to make it public when you choose. But be a man. If she was that sort, she is better away. You have your life before you. Thirty-six is nothing, after all."

"It's far too old to begin to work, anyway. But thank you for what you've said, Vane. I appreciate your kindness more than words can tell. I shall spend the rest of my day writing to her. And—and—will you ask me to lunch or dinner or something presently—just to show you're on my side? Of course, there will be plenty of people to say she fled in self-defence from a brute and all that sort of thing——"

"If you're equal to it, come by all means. Drop in to dinner on Thursday. There's a nephew of Lady Dangerfield's coming—a sort of *protégé* of my betrothed—a painter chap."

"No—that's not the right atmosphere for the moment," said Mr. Forbes. "Art and lawlessness are synonymous terms in my opinion. She'll probably find that nobody thinks any the worse of her in Italy—that's why she's gone there. I shall write to her at great length. It will be the deuce of a letter; but an appeal to the past must be made. It's neck or nothing."

"Good-bye, good-bye. And take a higher tone if you want to keep the respect of your acquaintance in this trial," said Sir Raleigh.

He departed indignant and a good deal astonished, but not in the least amused.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PAINTER MAKES A PICTURE IN THE GRASS.

WHEN next Loveday went to Bickley Lodge, the home of Lady Dangerfield, she was called to the verandah to find her friend in the hands of the painter. The old woman sat against a background of a silver-grey shawl hung over a screen, and beside her, upon his pole, stood her favourite macaw—a heavy-beaked parrot plumed with dark blue and orange.

Bertram Dangerfield was drawing in charcoal on a big canvas.

"Don't move, Aunt Constance," he said. Then he rose, dusted his fingers, and shook hands with Loveday. He treated her as though he had known her all his life and seen her the day before.

"How d'you do? Isn't this a splendid subject? Do look at them from here. My angel of an aunt has promised ten sittings. D'you see how the splash of the parrot will weigh against the work-basket and silk. The colour makes my mouth water."

"May I watch you, or would you rather I went away?"

"Watch by all means, but don't talk. I like my sitter to talk all the time, but nobody else. Go on talking, Aunt Constance, please."

"The wretch considers my hair now paintable," said Lady Dangerfield. "And he likes the light here, and he likes the macaw, and he makes me wear this dress, which is far too thin for my comfort. But what cares he if a work of art is the result? Let him have his ten sittings—and let me have pneumonia."

"You won't get pneumonia," declared Bertram. "Drink a glass of cherry-brandy every half-hour and you'll be all right. But we may have to kill the macaw and stuff him, I'm afraid—if he will shriek so. It's a fiendish noise, and makes my hand shake."

"You'd like to kill me and stuff me too, I dare say," declared the sitter.

"No, no—mummies are horrid things. I shouldn't like you as a mummy, Aunt Constance. You shall live for ever in your picture. It's going to knock Whistler's 'Portrait of his Mother' into a cocked hat."

He turned to Loveday.

"Another example of the Super-bounder in art," he said. "A genius, but a fearfully trying personality. Few great artists are great men—perhaps you've noticed that?"

"To be a great artist is to be a great man," declared Loveday; but he would not grant this.

"Not at all. You can produce greatness without being great. You'll think I'm going back on my letter and not putting art before everything; but I'm not. My idea of a great man—— Steady, Aunt Constance! You've dropped your head an inch."

"I'm getting tired," she said.

"Not a bit of good *dreaming* of getting tired yet," he told her. "You shall see the drawing in—say an hour. That will cheer you up. You don't know how interesting you are."

"May Loveday read to me, then?"

"I'd much sooner you talked than listened."

"How can anybody talk with you here?" she said. Then she spoke with the girl:

"Does Sir Raleigh know that Bertram has arrived?"

"Yes," said Loveday, "and he's going to ask you both to dinner, if you'll come. And he wanted to know if Mr. Dangerfield shot. And I told him I didn't think so."

"What did he say of my letter to you?" asked the artist.

"How d'you know I showed it to him?" she asked.

"I guessed you would."

"He thought you didn't take me seriously enough."

"Sorry."

"Did you like my letter?" asked Loveday in her turn.

"Adored it. That was a splendid score off me. Now we must really be quiet, or my aunt will go to sleep. I believe she'd look rather jolly asleep."

"You order me to talk," said Lady Dangerfield, "and then buzz, like a bee in a bottle, your stupid self. You scorn the country; but let me tell you that we are very advanced and independent people. We have a secretary of the golf club, and his wife has just run away from him with an American dentist."

"Well done, Chudleigh!" cried the painter. "Chudleigh is certainly creeping up."

"A most charming woman—in fact, the only charming woman within a radius of five-and-twenty miles—except Loveday. There is, however, a dark lining to the silver cloud: he was *my* dentist. They won't be happy for more than six months, I hope. He was so passionately attached to his work—quite as much an artist as you are."

"Modern dentists are."

"And, as Una Forbes truly wrote to me, she didn't run away with a dentist, but with a man. It can't last, however, because the dentist will triumph over the man, or, to put it poetically, the artist will triumph over the lover. That's always the tragical end of these affairs. To things like you—art is your real wife—women are only mistresses—the best of them."

"But Lady Dangerfield," began Loveday; whereupon the man silenced her.

"I implore you, Miss Merton, let my sitter talk, if you love art."

"Artists," continued the old lady, "what are they? Everything but stable, or trustworthy, or steadfast. Change is the breath in their nostrils, and novelty the very blood in their veins. They are happy in the beginning—like this boy here—while the world is before them to conquer; but, as the years roll over their heads, and the

things to be done are not done, and things that are done are failures; as the time gets shorter and art gets longer, and the smiling, coy sweetheart becomes the stern, insatiable tyrant—why, darkness descends upon them, and sadness and the——”

“Don’t!” cried Bertram. “It’s too beastly of you! This is going to be a picture of smiling and contented old age, with prosperity suggested by the golden macaw and dignity by the crown of silver. If you wanted me to paint you as a sibyl, or prophetess of Hecate, or something of that sort, we must begin all over again. Talk about the joy of youth to us, and let Miss Merton and me be happy while we can. What is the chap like who has lost his wife?”

“Charming,” answered the sitter. “I never hope to meet a more sympathetic person. In fact, too sympathetic for a man. Still—quite charming. I’m very sorry for him. He feels it acutely. He told me the whole story last week. The heart of the complication lies in the fact that he has no means. But he was really fond of her too—not alone for what he could get. And now the world will demand work from him, if it’s only the work of finding another wife with cash. There lies the real tragedy. He tells me—however, it was in confidence. He wasn’t jealous enough, in my opinion. Too lazy even to be jealous. Handsome wives can’t forgive that. He might so easily have pretended it, even though he did not feel it. I blamed him there, and he asked, not unreasonably, what was the good. ‘If a woman loves a man better than her husband, the mere fact that the husband is jealous won’t alter her affection for the other chap.’ So poor Mr. Forbes put it. A dreary truth, no doubt.”

“Rest,” said the painter. “Take it easy while I do the bird. Can you let him come a little nearer to you, or will he peck you?”

They moved the macaw a trifle, and Loveday watched with interest to see the bird swiftly but surely make its appearance. The picture was to be a three-quarter length, and Miss Merton’s respect grew greater every moment as she watched Dangerfield’s slow but very beautiful and free draughtsmanship. Presently Lady Dangerfield posed again, and in another half-hour he declared the sitting to be at an end.

Loveday stayed to lunch, and, when it was ended, invited the artist to come and see Vanestowe.

“Raleigh and his mother are at Exeter,” she said; “so we shall have it all to ourselves. I’ll show you my dear Adam Fry. I know you’ll want to paint him. And the autumn colour in the woods is getting more glorious every day.”

They went together and walked by lanes hidden between lofty banks; then they reached the high road to Exeter, and finally the great gates of Vanestowe. These were of iron ornately wrought, and on the pillars stood the twin hippocribs of the Vanes. Bertram admired the gates, but hated the fabulous animals.

She resented his criticism.

"I must stand up for my own armorial bearings to be," she said.

They found Adam Fry in an outhouse surrounded by fat bags of bulbs. The annual consignment had arrived from Holland, and Dangerfield heard of the scheme of colour planned for the Dutch garden and certain gigantic flower-beds upon the terrace.

"I saw it in the Park last spring," she said. "It was too lovely."

He approved the plans, but made some modifications. Adam was interested in naturalising spring bulbs through the glades about his beloved rhododendrons. Indeed, that was the work at present occupying him.

"Show Mr. Dangerfield *the* seedling, Fry," directed Loveday; and Bertram was marched to the spot where a young rhododendron, twenty years of age, had set its first flower-buds.

"A cross between 'Manglesii' and 'Sir Thomas,'" explained the gardener. "'Sir Thomas' is a very fine thing between Arboreum and a doubtful father. 'Twas called after Sir Raleigh's father. And 'tis the hope of us all that this is going to prove a wonder. I rose it when I was forty-nine, and now I'm in sight o' seventy."

"And Fry is going to call it 'Loveday,' if it is good enough—aren't you, Fry?"

"If it is good enough, that will be its name," he answered.

Adam beamed upon his seedling, stroked the leaves, and removed a scrap of dead wood.

"I can hardly wait for it," declared the girl. "Fry's patience is amazing."

"If you're not patient after forty years of gardening, you never will be," answered the old man. "I pride myself on being as patient as God Almighty. I was saying to Stacey a bit ago, how 'tis only to let Nature have the laugh of us when we get impatient. His wife's with child, and the babby's due to be born to a week the same as my rhodo's due to bloom. And he thinks his child will be a lot more successful than my rhodo; but, knowing his wife, I have my doubts. Not that I tell him so, for that would be to hurt the man's feelings."

They talked of the trees, and Mr. Fry uttered his ideas, while Loveday noticed that Bertram became quite quiet and played the part of interested listener. He made a good audience, and Adam evidently felt in a congenial presence, for he expanded and allowed himself to declare views usually reserved for familiars.

"I've often wished as I was a forest tree myself," he said; "and you might think 'twas a rather weak-witted thing to wish at first sight; but it ain't. For why? These here trees live two hundred year, and that's something in itself; and then, beyond that, they have a spring every year and be young again and in their green youth once more. But us—no more spring for us, no more shedding the white hair and breaking out a crop of brown; no more young wood; no more sap. They don't feel much and they don't think much; but they see the sun rise every day for two hundred year and more,

and they neighbour with nice folk like themselves, and, once they've made good their place, they lift up from strength to strength, as the saying is, and live a very interesting life, in my opinion. I often think, as I work among 'em, how they must look down upon me and wonder what I was made for. But some of 'em know—or think they do—and yonder larches—a thousand of 'em—that sheet of yellow up over—every one of 'em went through my hands in my 'twenties. I spread the dinky roots in the hole and dropped the soft stuff atop and watered 'em in. And I pretend to myself sometimes that they remember, and say as I go along, 'There's the chap that planted us here; but what the mischief's come to him? Here we be, just growing up to our full strength, so straight and slim and fine, and he's got as round as a woodlouse, and his hair's white and he's turned into a regular old go-by-the-ground!' They don't know 'tis old age, of course, and can't feel for me no more than you young creatures can. Youth can't picture age, and so 'tis vain to ask the young to pity the old."

"You must plant a tree," said Loveday to Bertram. "Everybody who is anybody plants a tree when they come to Vanestowe. Have you moved the big Siberian crab, Adam? If not, get Stacey to come and move it; then Mr. Dangerfield can plant it. He's going to be famous some day."

"You must discover yourself afore you can make the world discover you," answered Adam. "No doubt the young gentleman have done that much a'ready."

He took a little whistle from his pocket and blew it; whereupon a tall, shambling man with big yellow whiskers and a long, crooked nose appeared.

"Fetch the crab, that's on the trolley waiting, and bring him up over where the hole's dug for him, and tell Tom to bring the water-barrel," said Fry.

Then Bertram made a petition.

"Let me plant some crocuses," he begged. "There's a whole sack here, and here's a bank that wants planting. May I? I've an idea."

Loveday approved.

"You shall paint a picture in purple and yellow and white," she said. "And it shall be known as 'your bank' for evermore."

Bulbs of the three colours were brought, and Bertram instructed in the manner of planting. He became enthusiastic, for the possibilities were great.

"To paint in flowers—a magnificent idea!" he declared. "And the picture will die every year and then come to earth again with Persephone. Now go away, if you please. I want to be all alone with this bank for an hour at least. And I want some string and some sticks to sketch my design."

Adam approved, and spoke of him behind his back.

"There's a bit of the gardener in him," he said. "I see it in

his eyes. They be eyes of fire. A very understanding young youth, and if he can make pickshers, then he ought to bring his paint-box and do the edge of the north wood, where the maples are alongside the blue firs. The reds was in the sky last night as I went by, and 'twas like a living flame in the trees—the maples below and the beeches above.”

“I’ll ask him if he can do landscapes,” she answered. “He’s come here to paint Lady Dangerfield.”

“A tree’s autumn is a damned sight finer than a woman’s,” declared Adam. “What’s the use of making shows of plain, old people—with all respect—when you might——?”

“The people drop into the earth, but the autumn colour comes again,” said Loveday.

They found the Siberian crab presently, and called Dangerfield. The ceremony was purely formal; he flung a handful of dust into the new hole where the tree now stood, and declared that it was well and truly planted by himself. Then he returned to the crocuses.

An hour later his work was done, and the young couple walked away together.

“I must paint Adam Fry,” he said. “I like the angle of his back, and I like his eyes and his great eyebrows.”

“What have you put into the grass?”

“Wait until next February—then you’ll know. And you must write and tell me what you think of it.”

She praised flowers, and said they were her first joy in life.

“And yet,” he said, “there isn’t one you’d like to have all the year round. The deathless flowers in Paradise will be a great bore. The charm of flowers is quite as much that they go as that they come. All charming things come and go. You come and go. I come and go. It fearfully imperils the charm of anything if it comes and stops. The flowers don’t make themselves too cheap; they pick up their pretty frocks and trip away; and know that their welcome will be all the warmer next year. This business of retarded bulbs and birds and things is horrid—almost indecent. We might just as well retard ourselves and have unseasonable friends turning up at the wrong times, like grouse in June. You know how tasteless even the nicest people are if they come when you don’t want them.”

They parted presently, and he assured Loveday that he was dying to meet Sir Raleigh.

“As to landscape,” he told her, in answer to a final question, “of course I paint landscape. I paint everything in the world. I’ll meet you and your betrothed at the North Wood the day after to-morrow.”

“They’ll be six guns altogether,” she told him, “but none of your sort. And if you’re an impressionist, they won’t understand; but they’ll all be delightfully nice and forgiving.”

CHAPTER VII.

BAD FORM.

TEN people came to the dinner-party given in honour of Bertram Dangerfield, and he sat between Loveday and Nina Spedding. Sir Raleigh had Lady Dangerfield on his right, while Admiral Champernowne, Loveday's maternal uncle, sat beside Lady Vane. The company included the bereaved Hastings Forbes; the Reverend Rupert Hoskyns, vicar of Whiteford, and his sister; Patrick Spedding, and Miss Nelly Grayson, a professional musician, who was related to Mr. Hoskyns, and was spending a grey week at Whiteford Vicarage.

Dangerfield measured the men quickly and strove to accommodate himself to their interests; while a few of them, with kindly instincts, made efforts to discuss art and painting. The attempts on both sides were laudable, but futile. Sir Raleigh and his friends could only see in the painter a self-sufficient young man with doubtful and dangerous views; while to Dangerfield these people were tinkling brass. He had met some of them before at the North Wood, and been amused to hear their opinions on a note, painted swiftly, of the autumn forest. The general opinion appeared to be that he was trying his colours, and would presently begin to paint.

"Did you ever finish that picture of the woods?" asked Nina Spedding, who had been at the shooting-party.

"I thought you saw it finished. Don't you remember that I worked while you all fed, and Miss Merton brought me a glass of wine and a sandwich with her own fair hand?"

"It's impressionism, isn't it? You have to go a long way off to see it."

"Yes; and by going a little further off still you needn't see it at all. Nothing is easier than avoiding unpleasant things."

"I didn't say it was unpleasant," she retorted rather sharply. "I merely said it was unfinished."

"It was quite finished, I thought. I'm going to give it to Sir Raleigh, if he'll accept it."

She yielded.

"I expect it will look jolly in a good frame."

"The frame shall save it," he promised.

Presently Admiral Champernowne set a light to the fire, and Dangerfield, who was growing uneasy, struck into conversation that did not concern him.

The "three-decker" had been fulminating against the lazy poor.

"Work," he said. "They dread it like the fiend dreads holy water. Why do they hate the union? Simply because it is called the workhouse. They'll do anything and commit any crime to escape from work."

"And what about the lazy rich, Admiral?" asked Bertram. "D'you think they are any better? I'm sure you don't. I know them. They're haunted too—not by the fear of work, but by the fear of boredom. *Ennui* is to them what hunger and thirst are to the poor. In fact, it is a worse thing, because hunger and thirst only torture the body; but *ennui* shows that the mind is diseased."

Admiral Champernowne listened politely and stroked his white-peaked beard. He was an owl-eyed, handsome old man.

"Didactic ass," whispered Patrick Spedding to his neighbour, the young musician. But she was interested. The Admiral, however, only bowed slightly across the table, turned to Lady Vane, and made it clear that he was not talking to Mr. Dangerfield.

"And what's the cure?" asked Loveday, seeing that nobody was prepared to discuss the subject.

Thereupon Bertram lowered his voice and turned to her.

"To be busy—if it's only mischief. Better be after something, even partridges or another man's wife, than after nothing at all. Life's exciting in the first case—according to the modest requirements of the sportsman or lover; in the second case, it's one yawn. Illusion is better than disillusion."

"Illusions keep the world going round," declared Loveday, and he admitted it.

"They are like the ferment that turns grape-juice into wine," he said. "But disillusion is a mere suspension of faculty, and leaves the soul with the dry rot."

Mr. Hoskyns sat on the other side of Loveday, and he pricked up his ears professionally.

"The thing is to seek truth—the truth that soars above illusion or disillusion," he declared. "My experience is that there are very few idle rich in the country. The landed people and those who understand the true significance of that great saying, '*noblesse oblige*'—those who stand for the Throne and the Church and the State—are not lazy. There is no more energetic and self-sacrificing class in the kingdom."

Another artist was at the table, and by a sort of cryptic sense Bertram presently found it out.

Nelly Grayson, a handsome woman of eight-and-twenty, with a soprano voice and the perfect manner of a professional singer, was talking to Hastings Forbes, who sat upon her left.

"I'm too young to be a critic of myself," she told him. "I haven't known myself long enough. I muddle up my deeds and misdeeds with a light heart, and I really don't know what are the nice things I do and what are the horrid things."

"It is a great accomplishment not to criticise," he said. "I have always avoided criticising anybody. I praise indiscriminately, and not the least harm comes of it. Of course, you can't do that. Your art——"

"But artists have a perfect right to be idiots outside their art,"

she answered. "Ask Mr. Dangerfield. He'll know what I mean, if you don't."

She had been listening to Bertram, and now desired to get into touch with him.

"We're two defenceless things in this crowd," she thought. "We can back up each other."

Forbes sent the challenge across the table in a pause.

"Miss Grayson says that artists have a right to be idiots outside their art, and tells me that you will know what she means."

"Of course," he answered instantly. "Who doubts it? They owe it to themselves. And yet they're always criticised in a mixed crowd because they're not distractingly clever and brilliant and walking fireworks. That's because all the lay fools forget what an awful task-mistress art is. We, her slaves, are far too fully occupied with her commands to think of much else."

"The painters I have known certainly didn't show much intelligent interest in general affairs," declared Hastings Forbes, and Dangerfield was the first to laugh.

"I grant that. But why? They starve their brains and give the food to their eyes. If any of you could see what a real painter sees, your poor eyes would be blinded! When I hear a painter worthy of the name talking even sensibly about things that don't matter, I'm full of admiration for him."

"You talk sensibly," said Loveday.

"Very seldom," he answered. "Never when I'm painting."

After a pause the singer spoke across the table directly to Bertram.

"I tell Mr. Forbes that the artist is a deceiver always," she said. "But he is too gallant to believe it—of me."

"There's no denying that. He may be a gay deceiver—or a grim one; but it's all 'fake' underneath, though, of course, what comes out of it is eternal and the best that man can do. It's only the realists who pretend they are telling you the truth; and they know they're not—any more than the black cloak and poison-bowl and dagger people, or the cheerful, silly, sanguine souls who bawl Christianity from the top of a beer-barrel and paint a rainbow on every black cloud. They are all lying together."

The singer spoke.

"Modern swell novelists are like the school of realistic painters," she said. "They are simply fact-hunters, sticking nature into the frame of their own sympathies."

"So they are," assented Bertram. "Oh, the monotony of these piles of lower middle-class facts! They make truth uglier than it is already. To see the world all lower middle-class is not to see its face. It's not to see its full face or its side face—only its—goodness knows what!"

Sir Raleigh had heard the words "lower middle-class," and thought it an opportunity to speak to Bertram.

"One must avoid class prejudice, however," he said. "We countrymen aren't always killing things, as you might guess. We read a great deal, if it is only in the newspapers, and we begin to see clearly enough that they laugh loudest who laugh last."

Thereupon rose a stupid, boyish desire in Bertram to trouble this company. He resented Sir Raleigh's lecture.

Loveday spoke to him of pictures, and told him under her breath not to shock people. He bided his time, and drank—to banish a feeling of stuffiness and depression.

Unluckily he was challenged again, for Mr. Hoskyns discussed growing unbelief, mourned the discovery of a freethinking carpenter within the secluded precincts of his own parish, and declared that rationalism was a very real peril.

"Rationalism is so brutal. It freezes the heart and makes men stones," he said.

"You're wrong," declared the painter. "Rationalism no more bars out the ideal than faith does. Look at the Greeks—the highest artistic ideal the world has seen—founded on pure reason. They didn't idealise out of their own heads—as we are told the man did who made the Apollo of Tenea—you remember, Miss Merton—but they idealised on what nature offered them, as the man who made the Dioscubulos. That's the idealisation of reason—to go one better than Nature, not one better than some ideal not founded in Nature."

"I was speaking of religion, not art," answered the clergyman, shortly.

"I know; but it's just the same there. All supernaturalism is idealising on a wrong foundation. The rationalist tells you that religion must evolve along the line of reason, and that when we have done worshipping false gods and myths we shall begin to worship humanity, as the mightiest reality that existence on this earth can reveal to man."

Mr. Hoskyns started as though a serpent had stung him, then sighed and shook his head.

"You are young," he said. "You will live to learn what nonsense you are talking."

The elder turned away, and Bertram whispered under his breath to Loveday:

"One more snub and I'll burst!"

"You must give and take. You're not everybody," she replied, for his ear alone.

The thundercloud broke presently, and Miss Spedding felt the full charge of the explosion. But Dangerfield meant nothing: he had yet to learn the delicate art of conversation and the lightness of touch—like a dancing butterfly—that condones all allusions.

It happened that the table-talk fell on children, and Sir Raleigh, who cared for them, told of certain events at a school treat in the past summer.

"Do you remember, Hoskyns," he asked, "how three little sisters were lost in the park, and discovered saying their prayers in the fern dell and asking God to find their mother?"

"When I was young," said Nina Spedding, "I never could get further than mama in my prayers. God was too great an idea, so I made my idol of mama and prayed to her."

"Rather like me," declared Bertram. "I must have dimly understood the mysteries of creation pretty early. When I was nine years old I used to call my mother 'the Rock of Ages.'"

"Why?" inquired Miss Spedding. "I don't see the point."

"Because she was cleft for me, I suppose," answered the painter. There fell a hush, for everybody had heard him. The silence was broken by Loveday, who openly laughed, and said, "How beautiful!" But none else saw any beauty whatever. Miss Spedding did not speak to her neighbour again. It was the last straw, and the young man felt himself stifling in an atmosphere that he had never breathed till then.

"If that can hurt them, then let them be hurt," he said to Loveday. "I didn't know there were such people left."

The talk ranged over politics and sport. Loveday discussed golf with Hastings Forbes, and for a time Bertram was ignored. Then Miss Grayson addressed a question to him. Dessert had begun; Admiral Champernowne explained pear-growing to Lady Vane; while Lady Dangerfield discussed winter resorts with Sir Raleigh, who listened patiently.

"Which do you like to paint best, men or women?" asked the musician, meeting Dangerfield's troubled eyes. He thanked her with them before replying, then made answer:

"Women."

"That's quite wrong," she said. "You ought to say 'men.'"

"Why? Women, made right with long legs, are easily the most beautiful things in nature. Their outsides, I mean."

"Cold comfort for us! What sort d'you like best?"

"There are only two sorts. The women with shoulders as broad as their hips, and the women with hips broader than their shoulders. Both can be fine; but I like the Greek ideal best—the women with hips and shoulders of equal breadth. Which do you?"

Loveday caught her breath, and looked at Sir Raleigh.

He was perturbed, and signalling to his mother. Miss Spedding indicated further distress. Nobody spoke, and the only sound was Patrick Spedding cracking a walnut.

"Miss Merton's shoulders are exactly——"

But Lady Vane had risen, and in a minute the men were alone.

Admiral Champernowne, as the oldest among them, began to preach to the painter.

"My dear young man," he said, "excuse my bluntness, but—but—you must really try to consider your subjects more carefully in mixed company. Women are women, and they shrink from the

liberty—in fact, ‘manners maketh man’—a thing the rising generation has forgotten.”

“You may think us old-fashioned folk,” said Sir Raleigh; “and so doubtless we are; but— Perhaps in Italy there is less self-restraint.”

Dangerfield expressed no regret.

“This is jolly interesting,” he answered. “I didn’t know there were men and women left in the world who could have been staggered to hear an artist talk about hips and shoulders. A hunting girl, too!”

“It was more your voice than what you said,” replied Spedding. “But my sister’s a prude, though she does hunt.”

“Nothing of the kind, Patrick,” declared Sir Raleigh. “There’s no woman less a prude than Nina. It was the strangeness. She got over the first outrage. Excuse the word, for it seemed an outrage to her. But the second——”

“You puzzle me beyond anything I’ve ever heard about,” retorted Dangerfield. “I was going to say that Miss Merton’s hips and shoulders were exactly the same breadth, and that Miss Grayson’s hips were broader than her shoulders. Would that have been wrong? It would have been true; but, of course, that’s nothing.”

“It would not merely have been wrong, but impossible,” said Admiral Champernowne. “Even among ourselves the personal allusion is barred by a sort of instinct. We talk about the sex and permit ourselves an occasional joke—more shame to us—but we never indulge in personalities. There are men—thousands of them—who think nothing of it; but here we do not. Am I right, Raleigh?”

“It’s bad form, you know,” explained Patrick Spedding.

“Is it bad form to say that Miss Merton is the most beautifully shaped girl I have ever seen?” asked Bertram of Sir Raleigh.

“Yes, it is—frankly,” replied the knight. “I know there’s no offence; but one simply does not say things like that to a man about his betrothed.”

“For the same reason what you said to me some time ago was much to be condemned,” declared the smouldering Hoskyns. “In a Christian company there are things that no delicate-minded person could say.”

“Why not? You don’t hesitate to condemn the infidel, as you call him. You and Admiral Champernowne were differing about missionaries without making Lady Vane unhappy. Then why should not you and I differ about myths without——?”

“The very word is offensive. Can’t you see it?”

“Applied to Christianity in a Christian country and among Christians, it is,” declared Sir Raleigh.

“Christianity makes the world a prison, and death the end of the sentence. We are born in prison, and if we don’t behave ourselves

and get full marks, we shall only leave this gaol for another. Is it bad form to say that?"

"Worse than bad form—false and ignorant and abominable," replied the clergyman. "Your conscience must impugn such evil words."

The other shook his head.

"I shall never see or shock any of you again," he said, "so I can speak. Try and understand that you've met an artist—perhaps for the first and last time in your lives. An artist has nothing to do with bad form or good form, as you understand it. He must think free if he is to think clean. Your conventions foul the clean thinker's thoughts and make—— It's this way: most men's minds are like frosted glass: they take no clear image and only reflect dimly the meaning of all around them; but the artist's mind should be bright silver polished ten thousand times, so that the image it receives is clear and perfect. Yet every mirror is cracked and the little network of invisible flaws—that is the man. That decides the image he reflects, and gives the distinction. But for that you would have perfect art—an impossibility. There are far better things in art than perfection. But that's how I see, and you men—simply foundering in superstitions and obsolescent conventions—have no right whatever to feel doubtful about my vision. You are suspicious of me; you think I stand for a new order of ideas. I do. Take conscience. Mr. Hoskyns asked me if my conscience didn't do something or other. No doubt he would talk of a 'bad conscience.' But doesn't he know that a bad conscience is like a tropical plant? It can only live on certain stuffy levels, with remorse and piety and pity and a lot of other weeds. Carry your bad conscience up a mountain and you'll kill it—with pure air. Take your muddled metaphysics and old creeds and mummeries of mind into the pure air of reason, and they'll curl up and die."

"You are saying things that strike at the very roots of society and are subversive of all high thinking and fine living," declared Sir Raleigh; but the youth denied it.

"What I would have makes for fine living," he replied. "Your views and opinions and prejudices make for fine dying. Your life must express your values. Your outward and visible life may not, because so much must come between a landlord and his ideals; but your inward and spiritual life *must* express your values, if you have any power of thinking at all. And the nearer you can get the outward and the inward into harmony, the better will life be from your point of view. But your idea of harmony would be stagnation: science sat upon and the poor kept ignorant, and the Church and State——"

"Don't speak for me," answered the knight. "Harmony I certainly want, and harmony will come in due time, as the classes grow more in tune with each other and the unrest and surge of these days begin to settle down; but since you speak so openly, we may also;

and I voice all at this table when I tell you that through Christian religion, and not through pagan art, will the millennium come in God's good time."

"Life is not harmony; it is fighting," declared the Admiral. "It always was, and always will be. You're a fighter yourself, Mr. Dangerfield, and you come of a fighting stock, and you're fighting a losing battle for the moment. However, the blood in your veins may save you when it runs a little slower and a little cooler."

But Bertram was not abashed. He talked on while conversation ranged hither and thither. In almost every case he was alone, save when Hastings Forbes, with understanding widened by his recent personal experience, concurred. At last, however, Bertram and Sir Raleigh found themselves absolutely at one, and the artist applauded very heartily.

"To be a sportsman is nothing," declared the knight; "but to be sporting is everything; and that's what no one understands but an Englishman—and not all of them."

"It is the grand thing that we are teaching the French—in exchange for art," declared Bertram. "The idea is entirely foreign to the Latin mind, but they are grasping it—through the channels of sport."

He pleased them, too, with another sentiment. They spoke of politics, and asked him what he was.

"I stand for Tinocracy," he said. "For the pursuit of honour and a constitution based upon the principle that the honour of the State must be paramount and outweigh every other consideration. What honour can any party government pay to the State? The house divided against itself falleth; the principle of party government is a pure anachronism to-day, though, of course, nobody sees it. I suppose the house will go on dividing against itself a little longer, and then a coalition will open the eyes of England, and we shall all see what hopeless fools we've been, wasting precious time under our twopenny-halfpenny party flags. It couldn't be helped—I know that; but it will be helped pretty soon."

"After such a great and glorious prophecy, let us join the ladies," suggested Sir Raleigh.

(To be continued.)

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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. DLV. NEW SERIES, MARCH 1, 1913.

ARCHDALE WILSON, THE CAPTOR OF DELHI.

IN the pages of this Review for April, 1883, the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman reviewed the *Life of Lord Lawrence*, written by R. Bosworth Smith. He pleaded for Brigadier Corbett, General Anson, and General Archdale Wilson, that "complete justice" had not been done to them in the interesting volumes just issued. In defence of Wilson he offered some detailed remarks, adding that "much might be said to show that under most trying circumstances, and in the worst health, he exercised his command with judgment. This may be done at some future day." And his intentions were strengthened by a letter received from Lord Halifax, dated April 4th, 1883, in which the late Secretary of State for India expressed the pleasure with which he had read the article "in the train yesterday," recording his own opinion of Wilson—"who has never, I think, been sufficiently appreciated." But the fuller vindication promised by Norman never came from his pen. Unforeseen demands on his time, and the stress of public duties rendered to the Crown in Jamaica, 1883-88, and in Queensland, 1889-96, interposed delay, and when once more he sorted his papers for the purpose a Royal Commission carried him off as its chairman to the West Indies in 1897. Then again, as he settled down to life in London and at Chelsea Hospital, he faltered in the undertaking, and was obliged to content himself with arranging papers and writing notes upon which others might build. During this period certain books appeared which increased his regret at being forced to abandon a pious duty, and to the writer of these pages he communicated his views upon the points at issue. In 1897 appeared the first edition of Lord Roberts's most deservedly popular book, *Forty-one Years in India*, and in the same year Colonel H. M. Vibart wrote his memoir of Richard Baird Smith ("the leader of the Delhi

heroes"), published by Constable. Colonel Vibart (page 162) challenged the opinions put forward by Norman in *THE FORT-NIGHTLY REVIEW*, taking the lead in the controversy, and Colonel Vetch appealed to a larger class of readers, contributing, in 1898, to the *Dictionary of National Biography* (Vol. LIII.) an article on Baird Smith, and in 1900 (Vol. LXII.) another on Archdale Wilson, amplifying the views previously expressed by him in an article on John Nicholson (Vol. XLI.).

The appearance of a dictionary to which all students "look for facts and dates without embroidery," which by general consent has become a national work of the highest authority, constitutes a decisive moment in historical controversy, and if no appeal is made within a reasonable time the court of history closes its doors. Another event has recently occurred which imparts urgency to the question. Delhi has become the capital of British India, and to the historic ridge thousands have thronged, and will continue to gather, who seek for true knowledge about the fifteen weeks' siege which commenced on the 8th of June, 1857, and ended on the 21st of September, when Wilson's headquarters were moved to the palace of Delhi. For their instruction "short accounts" are published, and the siege of Delhi, compiled by Major-General A. G. Handcock, third edition, 1899, repeats the oft-told tale which Norman held to be unjust to his chief. Commenting on the results of the operations of the 8th of September, Handcock cites Malleeson's short history as his authority, and writes: "To the British General the result of the day's work was discouraging, for his columns had been stopped and driven back, and his troops only held a short line of rampart instead of the whole city. He even thought of withdrawing to the ridge, but on the advice of Baird Smith, Chamberlain, and Nicholson (who was lying mortally wounded in his tent), he decided to hold what had been taken." And in an earlier portion of his account he states that Wilson only decided to assault after the arrival of the siege guns on September 4th, "being urged to do so by Baird Smith." In these circumstances it seems to be a pressing duty to the memories of Wilson and Norman, as well as a public duty, to call attention to some correspondence and facts of the highest authority, some of which have never yet been published.

At the outset it is sufficient to recall to memory a few facts and dates. Norman and Wilson served throughout the operations. The gallant Chamberlain arrived to replace Chester, whom Norman had succeeded, on June 8th, and took up his duties as Adjutant-General on June 24th; he was wounded severely on July 14th, and thereafter, as he wrote to his sister (G. W. Forrest's *Memoirs*), his interest was "confined to the listening

to the fire, and afterwards being told what had been going on." From that moment Norman succeeded to his place by the side of the officer commanding the force. General Reed retired from the command on July 17th incapacitated, and Archdale Wilson assumed the command of an effective force of 218 European officers, eighty-three native officers, and 6,438 soldiers, including 2,680 Europeans, infantry and cavalry. The daily attacks of the enemy—estimated at more than 30,000 trained sepoys—disease, and hardship wore down their strength until, on the 6th of September, 2,800, either wounded or on the sick list, were reported "in hospital." Nicholson arrived on the 7th of August ahead of his troops, and learnt for the first time the serious state of affairs. He rejoined his force and marched in with 1,600 infantry, a field battery, and 200 cavalry on the 14th following, while the heavy guns from Ferozepore and other reinforcements did not arrive until September 4th. Finally, Baird Smith reached Delhi on July 3rd, two days before General Barnard's death, and he was wounded by a splinter from a shell on August 12th, continuing bravely to perform his duties to the end. These are the main *dramatis personæ*, and the inquiry into Wilson's conduct may now proceed, the two counts of indictment being, first, that he was reluctant to order an assault and was only goaded into it by Baird Smith, Chamberlain, and Nicholson, and secondly, that on the day of the assault, September 14th, he was only prevented from retiring to the ridge by their opposition.

Colonel Vibart, in his life of Richard Baird Smith, sets forth his views of the case against Wilson. In the preface he strikes the keynote of his biographical sketch by quoting Colonel Baird Smith's account of his own doings: "Not a vital act was done but under my orders and my responsibility, and but for my resolute determination, humanly speaking, there would have been no siege of Delhi at all." Of Baird Smith's temperament and attitude towards his commanding officer two samples may be given. To Professor Norton, of Harvard, he wrote on November 1st, 1857: "We had a third change of commanders, and got in exchange for him a General Wilson, of the artillery. I never served under a man for whom I had less respect, or on whose judgment and capacity I had less reliance" (page 135). To his own father, on October 28th, he wrote as follows: "The simple truth is that I have such contempt for his military capacity, and found him throughout the siege operations so uniformly obstructive by his dread of responsibility and his moral timidity, that I say as little about him as I can." Colonel Vetch, as becomes an author who was not at Delhi, uses more moderate language than this in his article on Baird Smith (*Dictionary of National Bio-*

graphy, Vol. LIII., A.D. 1898) : "When Brig.-General Wilson assumed command on July 17th, it required all Baird Smith's energy and enthusiasm to sweep away Wilson's doubts, and to persuade him 'to hold on like grim death until the place is ours.'" In a later article on Wilson (Vol. LXII., A.D. 1900), Colonel Vetch observes : "Wilson was not a man of strong character. Fortunately he had with him resolute men who supported him and upon whom he wisely, although reluctantly, relied." The charge which has to be met may be taken as thus stated, without adopting the far more violent language used by others. Kaye and Malleson, for instance, repeatedly dwell on Wilson's vacillation and thoughts of retiring, a full list of their disparaging remarks being carefully collected and printed on pages 161 and 169 of Colonel Vibart's memoirs of Baird Smith. Bosworth Smith (Vol. II., p. 201, *Life of Lord Lawrence*) writes : "One day he [Wilson] was all in favour of instant action ; the next and the next and the next he was for postponing it indefinitely, or even abandoning the siege altogether." The Rev. Cave Browne, in his account published by Blackwood in 1861, *The Punjab and Delhi in 1857* (Vol. II., p. 166), is the author of the famous phrase, "a council of war," and although he is much less harsh than Vibart in his criticism, he alludes to "thoughts of vacating the city" (page 187). Captain Lionel Trotter's *Life of John Nicholson*, published in 1898, will be referred to by those who claim for Nicholson rather than for Baird Smith the support without which the "croaking" Wilson could not have assaulted or taken Delhi.

The case against Wilson, so far as he is charged with vacillation and reluctance to order an assault, rests upon a chain of four statements. In the first place he was worn out by disease and want of rest, therefore predisposed to retire. Secondly, he is said to be convicted out of his own mouth, for he wrote to John Lawrence that he might have to retire to Karnal (letter of July 18th, quoted in full hereafter). Thirdly, the current talk of the camp is cited against him ; and lastly, the "Council of War" is referred to as affording sure proof of his hesitation to the last. With the evidence which has lately fallen into the writer's hands it may be possible to form a more just conclusion, and at any rate to distinguish between fact and fiction.

Wilson's ill-health cannot be denied, and with this common knowledge Sir G. W. Forrest (*History of the Indian Mutiny*, 1904, Vol. I., p. 109) records the deliberate opinion that "he was a man of nerve and determination of character." It cannot be denied that despite his infirmities he carried his command to victory, outstaying as he did three previous commanders of the

Delhi field force, Anson, who died of cholera on May 27th; Barnard, who succumbed to the same scourge on July 5th; and Reed, who on July 17th vacated the command broken down in health. General McLeod Innes, V.C., writing in 1897, closes this part of the subject with these remarks: "There can be no doubt of the intensity of the anxiety or the reasonableness of hesitation when the decision had to be given for a hazard so tremendous."

Probabilities give place to "fact," or rather distortions of fact, when the second chain in the evidence is reached. Bosworth Smith bids us turn to the "alarming letter," written by Wilson on July 18th, the day after his assumption of the command, as proof of his thoughts of retreat. Unfortunately he omits (page 150, Vol. II.) the most important part of the letter—"I have determined to hold the position we now have to the last," and therefore a complete copy of the letter is here given as received by the present writer directly from the Punjab secretariat, where the original is to be found:—

Confidential.

To,

Sir J. Lawrence,
Chief Commissioner,
PUNJAB.
Camp before Delhi,
18th July, 1857.

Sir,

The Command of the Delhi Field Force having been made over to me by Major General Reed who has been obliged to leave on Medical Certificate, I wish to acquaint you, as briefly as possible, with our present position here.

I have consulted with Colonel Baird Smith, the Chief Engineer with the Force, and we have both come to the conclusion that any attempt now to assault the city of Delhi must end in our defeat and disaster. The Force consists at present of 2200 Europeans and 1500 Natives—or a total of 3700 Bayonets, while the Insurgents are numberless, having been reinforced by the Mutinous Regiments from every quarter. They are in a perfect state of preparation with strong defences and well equipped. In fact, this Force is, and has been ever since we arrived here, "Besieged" rather than "Besiegers." The Insurgents have attacked our position twenty different times, and this day they are out again, making their twenty-first attack. It is true they have been invariably driven back, but we have lost a great many men in doing so in killed and wounded and from the season of the year to which the men are exposed. We must expect great sickness in camp. I have determined to hold the position we now have to the last, as I consider it of the utmost importance to keep the Insurgents now in Delhi from over-running the country, or turning their arms towards the reinforcements coming up from below. To enable me, however, to hold this position I must be *strongly* reinforced, and that *speedily*. I hear there is no chance of relief from the Forces collecting below, as their attention has been diverted towards Oudh. I therefore earnestly call upon you to send me as quickly as possible such support

as you can from the Punjab—a complete European Regiment if possible, and one or two Sikh or Punjabi Regiments.

I candidly tell you that unless speedily reinforced this Force will soon be so reduced by casualties and sickness, that nothing will be left but a retreat to Karnal. The disasters attending such an unfortunate proceeding I cannot calculate.

May I request an immediate reply by telegraph stating what aid in reinforcements you can afford me, and when I may expect them to join my camp?

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. WILSON, *Brigadier-General*,

Commanding Delhi Field Force.

(K. S.)

When this letter was sent the total field force was reduced to its "very lowest ebb," as Norman describes it. John Lawrence, moreover, was at the time expressing to Lord Canning his own disappointment at the slow progress made in Delhi. He was absolutely ignorant of the havoc caused by disease. The first object of the letter was therefore gained, for it opened the eyes of the Chief Commissioner, who at once wrote to Norman on July 30th:—"I feel very anxious about you all before Delhi, and I only wish I could help you more effectively. I had no idea that our force had been so reduced. It appears to me that you have not 4,500 effective cavalry and infantry." Another point to notice is that on the very day that Wilson courageously told the facts, which his critics appeal to as evidence of his intention to retire, Baird Smith wrote to his wife (*Vibart's Life*, page 102) to report the result of his interview with Wilson: "I told him that my view of matters was that we should maintain our present grip on Delhi like grim death—till we were strong enough in men and material to assume the offensive in a decided way. . . . To all this he seemed very heartily to concur." Neither the letter itself nor the surrounding circumstances justify the inferences drawn by Bosworth Smith. And a further piece of evidence is preserved in the Agra records which seems to clinch the discussion. On July 30th Wilson wrote to the Hon. J. R. Colvin as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR,

It is my firm determination to hold my present position and to resist every attack to the last. The enemy are very numerous and may possibly break through our entrenchments and overwhelm us, but this force will die at their post. Luckily the enemy have no head and no method, and we hear dissensions are breaking out among them. Reinforcements are coming up under Nicholson; if we can hold on till they arrive we shall be secure. I am making every possible arrangement to secure the safe defence of our position.

Surely this letter, which does not appear to have been known even to Norman, scatters the theories and idle stories as to Wilson's intentions, which have been so sedulously spread when he is no longer able to defend himself. For be it remembered, first, that Wilson never did take a single step, even in preparation, for a retreat, and further, that John Lawrence never wrote a single sentence in support of Baird Smith's exaggerated remarks or Nicholson's honest but impatient apprehensions as to the mind of Wilson.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the make-weight argument as to the common belief that Wilson meant to retire. A few quotations will suffice to show what others believed. Norman writes: "He first organised our defensive arrangements so that we ceased to have profitless and bloody contests in the suburbs, and then initiated arrangements for an active siege, so that on the arrival of a siege train we speedily were in a position to assault, did assault, and under his orders captured, Delhi. I believe that the very highest credit was due to General Wilson." Lt.-General Sir James Johnes, V.C., G.C.B., writes on June 22nd, 1902: "As regards Wilson, I do not think full justice has been done to him. In particular he deserves more credit than he has received for the plans and action of the batteries formed for the assault. I never heard during the siege or the assault a whisper of any intentions on his part to withdraw. I was a subaltern in Tombs' troop, and we had plenty of work fully to occupy our attention. I am therefore not an authority, but I cannot but think they would have reached me if there had been any truth in them. As far as I remember, the stories about General Wilson's hesitation and purpose to withdraw were circulated some time afterwards." General Sir F. R. Maunsell, who contributed an article to the *Nineteenth Century and After* for October, 1911, vindicates Wilson, and in a letter dated November 13th, 1911, referring to Norman's account of events, he writes with indignation of "the fictions and even malignant reflections on Sir Archdale," adding: "I can corroborate every word of Norman's." Captain Griffiths' narrative, published by John Murray, gives no support to the stories of doubt or hesitation. Without the siege train attack was impossible, and on its arrival "no time was lost."

"The Council of War" is the last and strongest proof adduced in support of Wilson's hesitation. And yet how few have observed that the date assigned to this "so-called Council" is shifted from August 23rd to September 7th and again to September 12th, or even the 13th! As Norman remarked when he read the account given by Lord Roberts—"Was there ever a

Council of War held at all? I know of none." Norman did not live to learn that in Wilson's own handwriting exists an absolute contradiction to the story of a Council of War. How the authorities differ amongst themselves can be seen at a glance. Colonel H. M. Vibart (*Life of Baird Smith*, page 53), writes: "At a Council of War which took place on August 23rd, Wilson yielded openly to the strong remonstrance of the Chief Engineer." If this be true, Wilson must have soon and unaccountably forgotten his brave words of July 30th: "This force will die at their post." More strange still would be the fact that on that very day Baird Smith, tied by his wound, wrote to his wife (page 123) to say that the General was coming over to his tent to "have a talk" with him, and ended the letter without any reference to "a Council of War," or even other visitors. "The General has just been and gone, and the result has been most satisfactory. Our whole plan of work is settled and just as I wished in every particular." Not a hint of opposition is given. Norman has left an account of the events of each day, and there is no mention of any meeting whatever on August 23rd. Fagan's lucky aim at an elephant being used by the insurgents to block a path was the most important event of that day.

No other authority fixes August 23rd for the Council of War. Lord Roberts gives no date in his book, but very kindly supplies one, i.e., September 7th, in a letter to which reference will be made hereafter. On the other hand the author of the high-sounding phrase and one of the earliest writers on the subject, the Rev. Cave Browne (*The Punjab and Delhi*, Vol. II., page 166), fixes the date as September 12th. "By midday on the 13th it was clear that the crowning assault was only a question of hours. The day before a Council of War had sat, and everything was arranged for the assault, the time only remaining a secret." But we know from Norman precisely what occurred on September 12th, when the General summoned the chosen leaders of the columns and others, not to discuss the question of an assault, but to hear the parts assigned to them in the assault upon which he had fully determined. "On September 12th all British commanding officers and the principal Staff officers were assembled at the General's tent, and the plans of attack, and of occupation of posts after the assault, were read and explained. All were asked if they thoroughly understood the arrangements, and I believe that every officer went away with a distinct and complete knowledge of all he had to do. It was an interesting assembly, and had an air of reality about it that is often absent from meetings for other purposes." This account of what

occurred is confirmed by Captain Trotter (*Life of Nicholson*, page 281), except that he speaks of the date as September 13th, which seems to be a slip of memory.

What then becomes of Nicholson's intention "to appeal to the army to set Wilson aside and elect a successor?" No one can doubt either Nicholson's sincerity or his zeal. Before he joined the Delhi force he had enjoyed the confidence of John Lawrence, who at the outset was chafing at General Reed's call for help and want of energy (Letter to Lord Canning, June 14th, 1857), and when he reached Delhi on August 7th Baird Smith at once poured out to him his alarms and the vials of his indignation. The one certain fact is that Nicholson never carried out his threats, and Bosworth Smith (Vol. II., page 222) admits the "ungovernable restiveness" of the glorious Nicholson. If it be granted that Nicholson believed fully that Wilson might falter and might decide in favour of withdrawal, that belief, unsupported by a single expression or action on the part of the Commander, cannot be accounted evidence of the latter's intentions. At any rate those who condemn Wilson, and shield themselves behind inferences drawn from Lord Roberts's account of the "Council of War" (Chapter XVII. of *Forty-one Years in India*) must reconsider their opinions as they read the following extract of a letter kindly addressed to the writer of this article by Lord Roberts on December 3rd, 1911: "I never stated in my book that there was a Council of War to discuss retirement. I feel sure that Wilson never contemplated retirement. What he could not do was to make up his mind to order the inevitable assault, and it was understood throughout the camp that the meeting, which was certainly looked upon as a Council of War, held in the headquarters camp on September 7th was for the purpose of getting the matter settled." Upon this Sir Frederick Maunsell observes: "At that time, September 6th, there was no question of assault—which could only arise after the rampart was breached, and that, again, depended on the result of the actual siege operations and the time they would take. All arrangements had been made and orders issued; the plan and position of batteries fixed." In proof of General Sir F. Maunsell's statement the following sequence of events tells its own tale, and leaves no gap for doubt or hesitation. On September 4th the heavy guns arrived and on the 6th the 200 bayonets of the 60th Rifles. On that very night, September 6th, the new light gun battery was established on the British right front to check sorties from the city upon the flank of the heavy batteries about to be placed. On the 7th a general order was issued to the force ensuring co-operation with the engineers.

and from the 7th to the 13th fifty heavy guns were established. On the night of the 13th Medley and Long examined the Kashmir bastion while Greathed and Home examined the breach near the Water bastion. The assault was delivered on the 14th, and from the arrival of the siege guns to the assault not an hour was lost. That Wilson verified matters for himself and referred now to Nicholson and then to Baird Smith, was the obvious duty of a responsible General. As Sir F. Maunsell writes: "General Wilson was himself an artillery officer of long experience, perfectly cognizant of the scientific procedure of sieges, and as to the plan of operations he in no wise accepted it blindly, but assured himself independently before determining on and giving effect to it."

But the theory of a "Council of War" can be exposed to a stronger searchlight. Sir Archdale Wilson possessed a copy of Cave Browne's *Narrative of the Punjab and Delhi*, published in 1861. In Vol. II., p. 166, occur these words: "By midday on the 13th it was clear that the crowning assault was only a question of hours. The day before a Council of War had sat." In the margin Sir Archdale wrote: "No Council of War ever sat under my command. Every officer and staff were assembled in my tent to hear the plan of attack and to write out what each had to do." This conclusive denial leaves no room for doubt.

From the first count of indictment it is time to pass to the second, under which Wilson is charged with the intention of retiring to the ridge after he had gained an entrance into the city on September 14th. The charge is set forth by various writers in these terms. Colonel Malleon, who, like Colonel Vibart, Cave Brown, and many other writers, was not at Delhi (Book X., Ch. i., page 55), writes of September 14th: "The General's first thought had been to withdraw the assaulting columns to the position they had so long held on the ridge. From this fatal determination General Wilson was saved by the splendid obstinacy of Baird Smith, aided by the soldier-like instincts of Neville Chamberlain." Baird Smith in his letter to Colonel Lefroy (page 69, *Vibart's Life*), and his letters to his wife written between September 11th and September 19th (pages 130-31), does not even refer to any suggestion of withdrawing the troops, but his biographer, Colonel R. H. Vetch, in his article on Baird Smith (*Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. LIII., page 105), writes: "A lodgment was made but at heavy loss, and the progress inside Delhi was so slow and difficult that Wilson thought it might be necessary to withdraw to the ridge, but Baird Smith asserted, 'we must maintain the ground we have won.'" Bosworth Smith makes even more of the hearsay that reached

his ears (Vol. II., *Life of Lawrence*, page 215) : "General Wilson indeed proposed, as might have been expected from a man in his enfeebled condition of mind and body, to withdraw the guns, to fall back on the camp, and wait for reinforcements there. But the urgent remonstrances of Baird Smith and others by word of mouth ; of Chamberlain by letter ; and perhaps also the echoes which may have reached him from the tempestuous hero who lay chafing . . . and exclaimed when he heard of the move which was in contemplation, 'Thank God, I have strength enough to shoot that man,' turned the General once more from his purpose." Bosworth Smith does not give his readers the contents of Chamberlain's letter, but the gallant Chamberlain, while still maintaining his opinion that "the alternative of withdrawal was passing through General Wilson's mind when he wrote," hastens to add in his letter of January 24th, 1884 : "I have never said that General Wilson intended to withdraw the troops. I merely say that he asked my opinion on that point, and Baird Smith told me he had consulted him as to the advisability of withdrawal : beyond this I know nothing." At what date Baird Smith wrote the letter to his wife, quoted by Colonel Vibart (page 163, *Richard Baird Smith*), in which he claimed that he "withstood with effect the desire of General Wilson to withdraw from the city on the failure of Brigadier Campbell's column," is not stated. But it is not denied that Baird Smith wrote with scorn of Archdale Wilson, and claimed that he himself had won Delhi. The question whether Wilson seriously contemplated retirement is a question of fact, and since hitherto no documentary evidence of an intention to withdraw has been produced, and no one has ever come forward to say that he heard with his own ears the intention announced by Wilson, it is permissible to remark that there was no transport, and no provision of any sort was available, for carrying out such a change of plan. Norman declares that, "I who was constantly near him never heard him breathe a word about retiring." Colonel Vibart retorts (page 163, *Life of Baird Smith*), "It may be that during some of those 'short periods of absence' the fact which he [Norman] attempts to deny actually took place," and he proceeds to cite Lord Roberts's account of the visits which Norman and he paid to the city as proof that Norman was not by Wilson's side at all times. But surely if probabilities are to count it is highly improbable that in the event of any contemplation of retirement Wilson's acting Adjutant-General would have been absent. After years of controversy, two admitted facts render even the thought of retirement beyond all belief. The first is that no one has ever suggested the name of anyone to whom Wilson clearly expressed any deliberate thought of with-

drawal; the second is that there were no means available for withdrawing either guns or men. Still less was such a movement possible at the most critical moment, when, as Bosworth Smith tells us (Vol. II., page 215), "A large number of our troops had fallen victims to the temptation, which, more formidable than themselves, our foes had left behind them, and were wallowing in a state of bestial intoxication." Authorities differ as to the extent of the drunkenness, Lord Roberts stating that he did not see "a single drunken man" on the day of the assault, while Norman thought the charge exaggerated. But every writer on the subject admits the reports of widespread incapability that reached the ears of Wilson, and the strong measures adopted to destroy the vast quantity of spirits. Whether, however, the extent of the mischief was partial or widespread, it only made a retrograde movement more difficult and the thought of it more improbable.

On the evidence hitherto adduced no magistrate would even put Wilson on his defence. It was his practice and his duty to consult his responsible subordinates, and he might well ask their opinion as to the next step recommended by them after his entrance into Delhi without being suspected of entertaining a thought of retirement. Lord Roberts lends no countenance to "the notion that Sir Archdale Wilson ever contemplated retiring from Delhi." Sir Fred. Maunsell writes, "that he may have dropped expressions of the anxiety all felt is probable enough, but a General is to be judged by his acts and success, not by what he does not do!" Fortunately Wilson can still give evidence for himself as to the nature of his thoughts. In the book to which I have already referred Cave Browne (Vol. II., pages 186-7) speaks of the "utter disorganisation in the whole force" from drunkenness, adding, "in such a position it perhaps was scarcely to be wondered at that thoughts of vacating the city and falling back on the camp to wait for reinforcements should have entered the mind of General Wilson." The reader of this sentence, Sir Archdale himself, has written in the margin: "No such thought ever entered General Wilson's mind. It is true when he found the whole of the European force drunk, he fully expected to be driven out of the city. Had the rebels known the state of the force, and not lost all pluck, they could easily have done it, but it would have been impossible to have retired the force when in such a state. Next day they were all right, and the taking of the Magazine gave us a strong position; there was no longer any chance of their succeeding against us." A little further on Cave Browne adds that "indignant remonstrances" at the thought of

retirement "resounded through the camp," on which Wilson notes, "This is all bosh; there was no such cry or remonstrance."

It has already been stated that Lord Lawrence left nothing on record which lends support to the idle stories and opinions collected by Colonel Vibart, and repeated from the publication of Kaye and Malleson's history to the present century. There were no war correspondents in Delhi, and the gallant survivors are rapidly disappearing. But it is pleasant, in contrast to these reflections on the Commander of the Force, to recall the generous terms in which Wilson, in his despatch dated September 22nd, 1857, referred to the "greatest ability and assiduity" devoted by Baird Smith "to the difficult and important operations of the siege," and his tribute "to that most brilliant officer, Brigadier-General Nicholson," and "to that very distinguished officer, Brigadier-General Chamberlain," as well as his mention of "that active and gallant officer, Lieut. F. S. Roberts." As to the General's services, John Lawrence wrote in his despatch: "It will be for a grateful Government to acknowledge as they deserve the services of Major-General Wilson and his army to the British Empire in India, but the Chief Commissioner cannot refrain from offering them the warm tribute of his heartfelt admiration." The Government of India and the home authorities cordially echoed this high praise, which is now challenged on such questionable grounds. But no country can lightly or with impunity allow its national heroes to be robbed of their hard-won reputations by preferring fables and suggestions of purpose to proved facts and deliberate actions.

W. LEE-WARNER.

THE BALKAN LEAGUE: HISTORY OF ITS FORMATION.

OF the epoch-making events within the last twelvemonth, by far the most remarkable has hitherto attracted comparatively little notice. Few will be disposed to deny that the formation of what has come to be known as the Balkan League proved the *causa causans* of the great upheaval which has left the imposing edifice of European Turkey in ruins. But the covenant, whose vitality has been demonstrated in such a dramatic way, continues to remain for most people a closed book. Its inception is shrouded in mystery; the identity of its originators has not been disclosed, and its precise contents are, to a great extent, a topic of guesswork. Small wonder if, in the circumstances, legends should have sprung up which make it difficult to unravel truth from fiction, and to give a connected account of the various transactions that led to such momentous results.

During the earlier stages, absolute reticence on the part of the negotiators was an indispensable condition for the success of their scheme. The object which they were setting before themselves partook of the nature of a conspiracy against the established order of things, and the slightest indiscretion would have opened the door to a deluge of intrigues. Safety, therefore, lay in absolute secrecy, and it must be admitted that the manner in which this *mot d'ordre* was observed has rarely been equalled. The first rumours of the alliance did not transpire until months after some of the most important conventions had been signed, and, even then, few felt inclined to attach any credence to these reports. The world at large, including most European Chanceries, did not realise that a new factor had been ushered into life until the very eve of the present crisis. Since then, public attention has been engrossed in events of a more exciting nature, and has hardly had leisure for probing their inward causes. But the work which the Balkan statesmen silently accomplished, before the soldiers monopolised the scene, has by no means exhausted its effects, and, before many weeks have elapsed, what now seems stale history will once more become a burning actuality. It will then be discovered that the repartition of at least some of the conquered territories turns on arrangements which, though not primarily contemplating a post-bellum state, did not lose sight of such an eventuality, and provided means for avoiding disputes among the allies. A brief survey

of the origins of the Balkan League and of the various compacts on which it rests is, consequently, not devoid of practical interest, and may even prove of some assistance in anticipating future developments.

The record of the Balkan nations during the last quarter of a century forms a wearisome tale of bitter quarrels and mutual hatreds. The passing over their lands of the Turkish hurricane, and the long night of serfdom which followed it, had left their ancient feuds unaffected. This situation was further aggravated by the Congress of Berlin, which, by trampling on their legitimate aspirations, sowed fresh seeds of discord and predestined them as easy prey to foreign intrigues. Bosnia and Herzegovina were ceded to Austria and the ambitions of Servia, thus balked in their natural environment, were steered into paths that led to certain conflict with Bulgaria. Greece and Montenegro were, in their turn, left disappointed and seething in discontent. Bulgaria suffered even a worse fate, for she emerged from the Berlin ordeal literally amputated. To this medley of frustrated appetites the Congress threw Macedonia as an apple of contention, retaining the Turk in what it knew could only be a temporary stewardship. Had Europe wished, of set purpose, to transform the Balkans into a hotbed of rivalries she could hardly have improved on the scheme elaborated in 1878. In apportioning responsibilities for the sorry spectacle which these small nations have presented to the world during the last two or three decades, we must always bear in mind that European diplomacy comes in for a respectable share.

It would, however, be a mistake to speak of the period to which we have referred as unredeemed by any effort towards co-ordinating all these scattered forces and ambitions. The idea of a closer union between the Balkan nations has never been without its votaries. The laudable, though unfruitful, initiative of M. Tricoupis and his pilgrimage to the various Balkan capitals in the early 'nineties are still remembered. During the Greco-Turkish war in 1897, the Greek Government once more approached Bulgaria, but the latter declined to be drawn into a conflict which had been precipitated without a previous understanding. Besides, at that time, and for a good many years to follow, the cardinal principle of the Bulgarian foreign policy consisted in cultivating the friendship of Turkey. Proposals for a delimitation of northern Macedonia into spheres of influence, put forward by Servia about the same period, met with no better fate, although the government of M. Stoiloff expressed readiness to co-operate with Servia on behalf of Macedonian autonomy.

With the opening of the insurrectionary era in Macedonia,

which culminated in the great revolt of 1903, relations between Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece became very strained, and the cause of Balkan *rapprochement* suffered a temporary check. But towards 1905 the air had somewhat cleared, and the two former countries found themselves drawn considerably closer. King Milan and the Obrenovich dynasty had disappeared, and Serbia, after shaking off the yoke of Austrian domination, had come under Russian influence, which was favourable to the union of the Balkan peoples. This change in the atmosphere soon found expression in an attempt at concluding a Zollverein between Serbia and Bulgaria, the expectation on both sides being that a similar arrangement would help to prepare the ground for a political understanding. Their hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment owing to the determined opposition of Austria, who saw in these efforts a plot against herself. If proofs were needed, here was one that, whatever lip homage some of the Powers may have rendered to the cause of a Balkan *entente*, they were not over-anxious to see such a policy carried into effect. Still, the experiment had the great merit of showing that, even on such a vexed question, an agreement was not beyond the reach of practical statesmanship.

The advent of the Young Turks, who were eventually to play such a decisive part in welding together the heterogeneous Balkan elements, at first had the reverse effect. During the crisis, following the proclamation of Bulgarian independence, Greek and Servian sympathies were on the Turkish side. Greece lent her moral support to Turkey in the vain hope that the latter would recompense her zeal by voluntarily abandoning the island of Crete. This was, it need hardly be added, before cool-headed Venizelos had become the paramount factor in the political life of that classic land of dreams. The case with Serbia was somewhat different, and her dissatisfaction with the Bulgarians arose from the suspicion that they had connived at Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. But this umbrage was a small matter as compared with the Austro-Servian conflict, and the humiliation which Serbia then suffered from Vienna was a pledge of her speedy reconciliation with Bulgaria. Tolerably cordial relations between Belgrade and Sofia were soon restored, and eventually led to indirect negotiations concerning the future of Macedonia. A formula appears to have been adopted, which reserved to Serbia access on the Adriatic coast, with sufficient territory to secure a right of way. In 1910 Greek official circles were also sounded, and were found to be well disposed. Shortly afterwards, M. Panas, Under-Secretary of the Greek Foreign Office, was appointed Greek Minister at Sofia; but, in the

meantime, General Paprikoff, from whom the initiative originally came, had retired, soon to be followed by the entire Democratic Cabinet, and matters had made no progress when the Coalition Government of M. Gueshoff assumed office in the spring of 1911.

One of the humours of the present crisis has been that the people on whom the final decision of the question of peace or war fell belonged to an eminently pacific administration. To describe Monsieur Gueshoff as a martial statesman would be a contradiction in terms. The National and Progressist parties, on whose support his Cabinet relied, had always favoured a close understanding with Turkey, and the general belief in Bulgaria and abroad was that one of the first tasks of the new government would be to give effect to this policy. Neither did events belie these expectations. Measures were at once taken to prevent the passing into Macedonia of revolutionary bands, and the Porte was assured that Bulgaria would use every effort to bring about a lasting reconciliation between the two countries. All conversations with Serbia and Greece on the subject of an agreement against Turkey were dropped; the more easily, as the impression then prevailing in Sofia was that Greece was chiefly preoccupied with Crete, and courted the friendship of Bulgaria as a stepping-stone to that goal. The attitude of Serbia, also, inspired misgivings in view of the fact that, while ready to conspire against Turkey, she yet managed to live on excellent terms with that country. x

Unfortunately, these indubitable proofs of sincere intentions on the part of the Bulgarian Government failed to evoke the slightest response from Constantinople. Nothing was done to improve the lot of the Bulgarian populations in the Empire, and even in questions like the conclusion of a commercial treaty and the junction of the Turkish and Bulgarian railways, the Porte displayed a strange lack of conciliatoriness. The difficulties raised on this last point were the more annoying, as an Imperial Irade, fifteen years old, had authorised the junction, and had prompted Bulgaria to spend large sums on constructing a line from Radomir to Guoshevo. The unfavourable impression thus created was further aggravated by a frontier incident which occurred during the summer of 1911, when a Bulgarian officer was ambushed by Turkish soldiers and killed. Although the culprits were known to the authorities, no steps for their prosecution were taken until after several protests had been lodged by the Bulgarian Government. Eventually, the two courts-martial to which the matter had been referred issued verdicts of acquittal. Such a miscarriage of justice was bound to raise a storm of

indignation throughout the kingdom, and the position of the Bulgarian Government became extremely delicate. It so happened that, at this critical juncture, Assim Bey, Turkish representative at Sofia, was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. Before departing for Constantinople, he was adjured by the Bulgarian Government to inform his colleagues that, unless the policy of provocation and procrastination was speedily abandoned, the two countries would inevitably drift into open conflict. Assim Bey inquired whether Bulgaria had any understanding with the other Balkan States, and was frankly told that no such agreement existed, but that Bulgaria would not remain passive if Turkey attempted to crush any of them. There were fears at that time that she was meditating an attack on Greece. He expressed his satisfaction at this outspoken declaration, and promised to use his influence for the settlement of all pending questions. Events, however, soon showed that in his case, as on so many previous occasions, Turkish promises had no other object than to gain time.

Such was the situation when the Turco-Italian war broke out. The best-disposed Bulgarian Government, after repeatedly trying to improve relations with Turkey, had reluctantly come to the conclusion that the experiment had once more failed. Further perseverance could only entail fresh disappointments, and public opinion in Bulgaria, stirred by the Italian adventure, was not in a mood to tolerate such a low-spirited attitude. The choice of M. Gueshoff and his colleagues now lay between abandoning their long-cherished hope or retiring from office, which, in the circumstances, would have meant the discredit of their parties. After some hesitation they adopted the former course, and immediately proceeded to take stock of the dispositions in the various Balkan capitals.

As might have been expected, the first thought of the Bulgarian Government, after it had become awake to the necessity of a change in its policy, was to ascertain whether conditions in Belgrade were propitious to an understanding between Bulgaria and Serbia as regards their future conduct towards Turkey. The co-operation of Serbia was indispensable, not only on account of the military assistance which she could bring in the event of an armed conflict, but also in order to prevent the Porte from exploiting the mutual jealousies of the two nations. It was this latter consideration which originally weighed most with the Bulgarian Government; for, when the question of an alliance was first mentioned, the possibility of a war did not seriously enter into the calculations of the contracting parties. The mission of sounding the views of Dr. Milovanovich,

the Servian Prime Minister, was entrusted to the Bulgarian representative in Rome, who happened to be in Sofia on leave of absence. M. Rizoff had spent several years in Belgrade, as Bulgarian Envoy, and had taken an active part in the Zollverein negotiations. His instructions were to observe the strictest incognito, and to report results to M. Gueshoff, who was then on his way back from France. Towards the beginning of October, 1911, they met in Vienna, and, as M. Rizoff's story sounded most encouraging, a secret interview between Dr. Milovanovich and M. Gueshoff was at once arranged, and took place on October 11th, in the train from Belgrade to Nisch. For several hours on end, the two statesmen discussed *à cœur ouvert* the political situation in the Balkans, the hopeless plight of the Macedonian populations, and the urgent need of an understanding between Serbia and Bulgaria as the sole means of ameliorating the lot of their compatriots in Turkey. They had no detailed scheme before their minds, and conversation turned on generalities, but the conclusion at which they both arrived was that no serious differences existed between their standpoints. Dr. Milovanovich agreed to the principle of Macedonian autonomy, insisting, however, that there should be a preliminary delimitation of the Bulgarian and Servian zones of influence. To this plan the Bulgarian Premier had no objection to offer. Before parting, they agreed to begin regular negotiations without any loss of time, and to treat the matter as absolutely confidential. This meeting may be said to form the opening chapter in the history of the Balkan League, and with it the question emerged from the domain of speculative talk into the regions of practical politics.

Shortly after the dispatch of M. Rizoff to Belgrade, M. Theodoroff, who was then administering the Bulgarian Foreign Office, approached the Greek representative at Sofia. He began by expressing the hope that, with the outbreak of the Turco-Italian war, a way might be found for definitely settling the Cretan problem. M. Panas replied that, while the naval position had improved, on land, Greece continued exposed to an overwhelming Turkish attack, and that people at Athens were greatly perturbed at Turkey's provocative conduct. M. Theodoroff thereupon repeated the declaration which he had made to Assim Bey as to the probable attitude of Bulgaria in the event of a Turkish aggression against Greece, and laid stress on the desirability of the Balkan States closing their ranks in view of the threatening way in which the immediate future shaped itself. The Greek Minister, to whom the statement of M. Theodoroff had come as an agreeable surprise, expressed full acquiescence,

and promised to communicate the purport of their conversation to his Government, of whose concurrence he felt absolutely certain. His anticipations proved correct, and the answer which soon followed from Athens set at rest all doubts as to dispositions in that quarter.

No steps were taken at this stage to secure the collaboration of Montenegro, as that country had no special interests at stake in Macedonia. Besides, relations between Sofia and Cetinje were very intimate, and the well-known feelings of King Nicolas were considered by the Bulgarian Government sufficient guarantee that no difficulties need be apprehended on the part of Montenegro.

Sofia remained, from first to last, the centre of the various pourparlers which led to the conclusion of an alliance between the four Balkan kingdoms. As already remarked, the guiding principle of the Bulgarian Government was that a complete understanding with Servia should precede all other transactions. It rightly thought that, once this object attained, the rest would be plain sailing. From a military point of view, also, the co-operation of the Servian army was deemed indispensable. Negotiations began in earnest towards the end of autumn, with the appointment of Dr. Spalaikovich, Permanent Secretary of the Belgrade Foreign Office, as Servian Minister at Sofia, and terminated on March 13th, 1912, with the signing of a treaty of alliance between Bulgaria and Servia. The actual elaboration of the instrument did not take more than a month, but there was some delay in the ratification owing to the necessity of referring various points to the Servian Government. The only persons on the Bulgarian side who knew the whole of the affair were MM. Gueshoff and Theodoroff, and Dr. Daneff, President of the Bulgarian National Assembly. In Belgrade, Dr. Milovanovich took into his confidence M. Pashich, the veteran Radical leader, who was soon to succeed him in the Premiership. The remaining members of the two Governments were not kept informed, and only suspected that something important was going on. It need hardly be added that both King Ferdinand and King Peter followed matters very closely, and were consulted on all vital questions. During the negotiations Dr. Milovanovich paid a visit to Sofia, and Dr. Daneff, who was one of the initiators, had two secret meetings with M. Pashich. Shortly before the conclusion of the treaty, the representatives of two friendly Powers learned about the great event, but the other foreign Ministers, both in Sofia and Belgrade, remained in blissful ignorance to the very end. ✕

The actual treaty is a lengthy document, covering nearly three

pages, and some of its provisions, more particularly those concerning its duration and the reciprocal liabilities of the allies in the event of a conflict with countries other than Turkey, have not been disclosed. The principal obligation which it lays on the contracting parties is that they should combine their efforts on behalf of autonomous government for Macedonia. The object of the alliance is primarily a pacific one; but, as even at that period a recourse to coercion was not excluded, the treaty explicitly provides that, if such necessity arose, the allies shall wage joint war against Turkey.

The few serious difficulties that were encountered in the course of the negotiations bore on the delimitation of European Turkey into future spheres of influence. The method adopted was, first to deal with those regions which provided no material for controversy. Such was the case with Old Serbia, to which the Bulgarians had never advanced any claim. As a counterpoise, it was suggested on the Servian side that the territories lying to the east of Macedonia should be considered as undisputed Bulgarian sphere. The Bulgarian Government, however, declined to admit that there could be any serious discussion about the greater part of Macedonia, and insisted that the disputed zone, instead of being artificially enlarged, should be reduced to the strictest minimum. Eventually, an agreement was reached to the effect that all territories north of Shar Mountain should form the Servian sphere of influence, while the regions to the south were recognised as Bulgarian. The cazas of Koumanovo, Uskub, Kichevo, Dibra, and Strouga were declared disputable, and the decision of their future fate was reserved for the friendly arbitrament of the Russian Emperor.

This delimitation, although originally intended for an autonomous Macedonia, has lost none of its binding force in consequence of the late military events. The treaty explicitly stipulates that, in the case of a war favourable to the allies, the frontiers of their respective spheres of influence shall serve as basis for the repartition of the conquered territories. The articles regulating this subject are specific and categorical in their tenour, and can only be altered by mutual consent, or evaded at the price of perjury and dishonour.

Negotiations with Greece did not commence until the alliance with Servia had been nearly concluded. They were conducted in Sofia, Greece being represented by M. Panas, the Greek Minister. Matters this time did not move quite so rapidly, and, as it was deemed advisable to arrive at an early understanding, the Servian precedent of a territorial arrangement was not followed. An attempt of that kind would have involved consider-

able difficulties, and might have retarded negotiations still further. The settlement in the end assumed the form of a general agreement, advocating the principle of self-government for Macedonia, and establishing a defensive alliance between the contracting parties. A clause of the treaty, which was signed on May 29th, 1912, stipulates that there shall be no *casus fœderis* in the event of the war being provoked by a precipitate action on the part of Greece. This reservation was prompted by the fear that Greece, relying on Bulgarian protection, might feel tempted to reopen the Cretan question.

An agreement between Bulgaria and Montenegro had been concluded before the signing of the Greco-Bulgarian treaty. As anticipated, this transaction proved the easiest part of the whole enterprise. Towards the middle of April, 1912, Dr. Daneff and MM. Theodoroff and Rizoff had an interview with the Montenegrin Prime Minister in Vienna, where he accompanied King Nicolas on an official visit to Franz-Joseph. The bargain was struck on the spot, Bulgaria undertaking to assist Montenegro financially should war break out. Later on, King Nicolas ratified the arrangement, by declaring his readiness to begin the struggle single-handed, provided Bulgaria and her allies joined him within the period of a month. No formal treaty of alliance exists between the two countries.

Some time after Bulgaria had signed her treaties with Serbia and Greece, the two latter exchanged Notes, recording their new relations to one another. There is no territorial agreement between them, and there could be none, for the good reason that the Servo-Bulgarian treaty had left all the regions south of Shar Mountain to Bulgaria. An arrangement, however, exists between Montenegro and Serbia, dealing with the repartition of the territories in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar. Certain regions are declared disputable, and their allotment will probably be referred to the arbitrament of one of the Balkan rulers.

In addition to these treaties and agreements, which represent the political side of the *entente* between the various Balkan States, there exist a number of military conventions. The employment of force not being excluded from the purview of the alliance, measures had to be taken in time to provide against such an emergency. No special haste appears to have been displayed on this occasion, and the convention between Bulgaria and Serbia was not concluded until the end of last August; while that between Bulgaria and Greece was only signed after the order for mobilisation had been issued by the Bulgarian Government. Negotiations were again carried on in Sofia, through Servian and Greek officers, whose presence there was kept in utmost secrecy.

The contents of these conventions have not been disclosed, but their rough lines are more or less known. Each of the contracting parties undertakes to furnish contingents of a fixed minimum. The war is to be waged from start to finish as a common venture, and the distribution of the allies' forces is made dependent on the needs of the military situation. The Servo-Bulgarian convention distinctly provides that Servia will dispatch troops to the Thracian theatre of war, where the main shock with the Turkish armies was from the very first expected to take place.

August 26th, 1912, will remain a memorable date in the history of the Balkan League. On that day, King Ferdinand presided, in his summer palace at Tsarska-Bistritsa, over an important council, consisting of the initiated Ministers and Dr. Daneff. A fortnight earlier, the massacre at Kochani had been perpetrated by regular Turkish troops. The European Chanceries had been approached on the subject of Macedonian autonomy, and had all given discouraging answers. The Turco-Italian war was gradually drawing to an inglorious end. After examining every aspect of the situation, the council reached the unanimous conclusion that the hour for supreme resolutions had struck. It was decided to discontinue barren appeals to Europe, and to summon Turkey directly to fulfil her obligations under the Treaty of Berlin, failing which war should be declared. This decision was communicated to the other allies, and met with their full approval. What followed is within the memory of everyone, and requires no recounting.

There is one more point which calls for a few words. The Balkan League has proved its efficacy in a way that must have surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its authors. Originally intended as a palliative against the chronic Turkish misrule, it has actually provided a cure for the disease. What now remains for it is to establish that it also possesses the element of durability. Paradoxical though that may sound, the most serious danger which threatens its future springs from the fact that it succeeded too well in its first efforts. Victory stimulates appetites, and those who have felt the brunt of the fighting least, as a rule, show themselves most clamorous when it comes to reaping the fruits. Realising this, the Servo-Bulgarian treaty has taken in advance every precaution, and has left no room for disputes. No such agreement, however, exists between Greece and Bulgaria, and considerable difficulties will be encountered before a final adjustment of their rival claims is reached. Upon the success with which this task is performed will depend whether the Balkan League is to be the forerunner of a Balkan Confederation, or a prelude to fratricidal strife.

M.

UNIONISTS AND THE SESSION.

THE Parliamentary Session of 1912-13 is drawing to its unhonoured close. Ministers and members alike are tired of it. The country has almost ceased to regard it. The general public is sunk in indifference and apathy. Never, within living memory, was the ordinary Briton so surfeited with politics and so impatient of those who profess to represent him. The nation craves a rest. It would gladly see the House of Commons closed for a year and not hear the title of a single new Bill. It would cheerfully give its legislators a prolonged holiday on full or on double pay, during which they might perchance find a little leisure for thought and contemplation. It never had a lower opinion of its once proudly cherished Parliamentary institutions.

Such is a plain statement of sentiments heard on every side, after a session of unexampled length and labour. Ministers may boast that they have worked harder than their predecessors, addressed themselves to greater tasks, carried two measures of first-class magnitude, and would have carried a third but for an unfortunate and unexpected miscarriage. But the public takes no joy in these achievements. One of these two measures is felt to be a gigantic gamble with national safety, which at best will lead to dangerous friction between the British and Irish Governments and Parliaments, and at worst may lead to civil war. While as for the disendowment scheme of the other, public opinion inclines to agree with the poet :—

"In vain we call old notions fudge
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge
And stealing will continue stealing."

The spoliation of a poor Church, working hard and earnestly to repair its old lapses and regain its ancient hold on the hearts of the Welsh people—that is felt to be a mean thing to which only the professional politician or the envious sectary can "bend his conscience" without a twinge of remorse. Moreover, these measures have been carried through a House of Commons in which members have only been allowed a free vote as a sort of rare intellectual treat. The majority has voted to order week after week. Whatever concessions have been made to the minority, have been the result of outside bargaining between the Government and the parties concerned. All vital interest has

been knocked out of debate, and the baleful influence of the guillotine has shown itself in a listless and nearly empty chamber.

The charge, so repeatedly urged of late against the Government, that it has reduced the House of Commons to the level of a mere machine for "registering the edicts of the Executive," is an old one in British Parliamentary annals. The identical phrase was employed by the elder Pitt, when declaiming against the undue influence of Lord Bute. "Take care lest you degenerate," he said, "into a little assembly serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject, to be an appendix to—I know not what—I have no name for it." The chief difference between that day and ours is that the "too powerful subject" now looks for his orders, not to the Throne, and not even to King Demos, but to the wirepullers of the various sections of the Coalition. But the charge itself was never better founded. The House of Commons, as apart from the Executive, is almost a cipher in respect of all Government measures which have been made the subject of bargain. The Opposition is there to be trampled on. The ties of self-interest binding the Coalition together are so overwhelmingly strong that Ministers know that they can go to almost any lengths in the presumption that their decrees will be obeyed.

What then? If all this be true, the Government ought to be profoundly unpopular! We believe they are. The public ought also to be longing for any opportunity of throwing the tyrants out of office, and ought to snatch at every by-election to defeat the Government candidate! But, obviously, they use such opportunities very gingerly. What is the explanation? It lies, we believe, in distrust of the Opposition, in suspicion of its policy, in lack of faith in the ability of its leaders. It is not because the public love the Government that more by-elections are not won by the Opposition; it is rather that the public is not attracted to the men of the other side. The Government have won three successive General Elections, and it is quite on the cards that they may win four. The country would dearly love to change its masters, but dare not. It angrily submits to the rods it has come to know rather than risk the axes borne by the rival set of lictors.

Last month, in the pages of this REVIEW, appeared a brilliant and incisive article entitled, "The Nemesis of Tariff Reform." It would be useless to cover once more any part of the ground so ably covered by "Autonomos." The ten years' history of the Tariff Reform movement has been, as he conclusively proved, one long succession of blunders. Badly improvised at its inception, it was preached by Mr. Chamberlain with astonishing zeal, but

also with a recklessness of prophecy which time has most cruelly falsified. The amazing prosperity records achieved in the very industries which Mr. Chamberlain declared to be either "gone" or "going"; the capture of the Imperial Preference movement by the Protectionists, which continued until the result of the Canadian elections brought Preference again into the ascendant; the bewildering changes that were rung on the two-shilling duty on corn, and whether Colonial wheat should be taxed at all or taxed at a lower rate than foreign wheat; the juggling with the farthings of the poor man's household budget; the promise that every fraction of increased cost due to any new tax on food should be remitted on other articles of taxation; the cumulative effect of all these things has been crushing and fatal to the immediate prospects of the movement.

The average Unionist voter has had his faith in the new economic gospel sadly shaken, and probably the faith itself was never very robust. He was chiefly reconciled to it because of his strong Imperialism—and the chief virtue of the Imperial Preference movement is that it has done more than anything else, save the determined menace of Germany to our old naval supremacy, to keep aglow the Imperial spirit which Radical Ministers at one time used to disparage and even to ridicule. He would willingly give the Dominions and the Colonies a Preference in return for the valuable Preference which they have given to British goods. But he has never been really reconciled to the policy of imposing new food duties, because he has no faith in the promise that the duties would remain at two shillings a quarter, and no confidence whatever in the elaborate arguments by which it was demonstrated that they would have no effect upon price. Moreover, the ordinary Unionist voter, while impatient of the Free Trade augurs who declare that our fiscal system is as perfect as man can make it, doubts very much whether "under Tariff Reform," his particular increase of wages would compensate him for the general rise of prices affecting every article which he consumes. That he was open to conviction when the crusade was started is undeniable. He listened eagerly. Mr. Chamberlain almost persuaded him. But in the last four or five years the very stars in their courses have fought against Tariff Reform, and the movement has failed to produce a single leader of commanding ability or persuasive power. The present position of Unionists, after all these marches and counter-marches, is that they are back in Balfourism, but without Mr. Balfour. It is a sorry record. The party's best hope remains, as it has been ever since 1906, not its own virtue, but the vice of Ministers; not its own attractiveness, but the repellent features of the Government.

It is not enough. It will not do. As Disraeli once said, through the mouth of one of his characters in *Coningsby*: "An Opposition in an age of Revolution must be founded on principles. It cannot depend on mere personal ability and party address taking advantage of circumstances." In the present case, not only are the principles weak, but the personal ability and even the party address are by no means too conspicuous.

With such a session, with such a Government, and with such a situation, there was a glorious chance for a really capable and determined Opposition. The opportunities for attack were boundless, though it is only fair to say that never was a Government more astute than the one in power, and never were fewer blunders made through mere carelessness or ineptitude. Nevertheless, the Government during all these months have been in the utterly indefensible position of having to thrust through an exhausted House of Commons an immense mass of crude legislation, the pressure of which was due to no public necessity but to the exigencies of naked partisanship and the iniquities of the Parliament Act. Day after day, therefore, they have exposed themselves to what might have been a successful, if it had also been a remorseless and skilful, attack. That attack has not been delivered. The defence, in the case of the Home Rule Bill, at any rate, was more determined than the assault. It may be said that most of the advantages lay with the Government. Not so. If the positions had been reversed, if those who sit on the Front Opposition Bench had been the Government of the day, does anyone who knows the House of Commons believe that they could have withstood the merciless, relentless, continuous fire that would have been poured in upon them by the present Ministers and the able guerilleros, who swarm on the benches behind them, not to mention the Labour party and the Irish Nationalists. All these would have made the position of a Unionist Government absolutely intolerable, even if guillotine resolutions had been passed precisely similar to those which have taken the life out of the debates this session. It is all a question of ability, enthusiasm, ambition, concentration of purpose, and debating power, and these qualities are conspicuously lacking on the Unionist, as compared with the Ministerialist, side.

On one notable occasion, indeed, the Unionists brought the Government sharply to their senses by refusing to grant any Ministerialist a hearing, and by threatening to bring Parliament itself to a standstill unless the Government retraced their steps. It was a heroic measure, and it was fiercely criticised. But it was entirely successful. Does anyone doubt what the Radicals, and the Irish and Labour members would have done, if they had been

subjected to the automatic action of the guillotine once, and often twice a day? The Opposition protested—but submitted. It is true that, though both were bad, the Unionist attendance was rather better than the Radical. But if they had kept their benches full and had possessed relays of speakers capable of exciting enthusiasm, there would not have been so much talk of the unreality of debate, and there would have been fewer ineffectual complaints about the gag. One or two good opening speeches and then “Wishy up and Washy follows”—that has been the dreary epitome of many a lifeless sitting. It is idle to count up for parade before electors who have never seen a Bill, and would not understand one if they did, the number of lines and clauses which have been passed without discussion, or the number of amendments which have been slaughtered automatically and quite painlessly. The country is not moved by these things.

There have been, of course, some brilliant exceptions. Sir Edward Carson has led the opposition to the Home Rule Bill magnificently. Throughout the long Committee stage he was always in his place, watching for and promptly seizing any opportunity to strike. His hold over the House deepened as the weeks passed by, and the last of a splendid series of speeches in which he set forth the reasons of Ulster’s invincible repugnance to Home Rule, was the finest and most impressive of them all. It was also the speech which contained least of that lashing invective of which, when he chooses, Sir Edward is a master. He spoke with passion, but the passion was under full control. Mr. Balfour’s interventions were comparatively rare but always welcome. He tore the Home Rule scheme to tatters on its introduction, and he moved the rejection of the third reading with a speech principally designed to show how hopeless it was to expect a settlement from such a Bill, how certain friction was to arise, how the Government had yielded far too much if devolution were their real motive, and far too little if they designed to satisfy the aspirations of Irish Nationalism. The incongruities, the false compromises, the financial shams of the Bill suited to perfection Mr. Balfour’s inimitable dialectic. He never speaks without light or without leading. He is cheered now from all quarters when he rises. More than ever, he is the first Parliamentarian of the day. The Leader of the Opposition also made his best speeches of the session against the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Bonar Law never speaks more effectively than when he briefly intervenes at the end of some long discussion and drives home the final attack through the weakest spot in the Government’s armour. His set speeches are scarcely so successful, except in the matter of rasping Ministers almost beyond endurance. In that he has

no rival. But though he stings his enemy, he does not seriously weaken him. He annoys and worries, but does not crush. The New Style, as it is called, may have its merits, but the Old Style was better. What is lacking in Mr. Bonar Law's speeches is quality; there is no breadth; no ripeness; no reserve of power. The greatest Parliamentarians are felt to be greater than their best speeches. One does not feel that with Mr. Bonar Law.

Mr. Campbell always spoke well and to the point, but no other member of the Front Opposition Bench enhanced his reputation by his anti-Home Rule efforts. Indeed, the row of Right Honourables did not render half the service to the party that was rendered by the two brothers, Lord Hugh and Lord Robert Cecil, by Mr. George Cave, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Cassell—on the legal side—Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. McNeill, and Mr. Hoare. But no single speech made in the House of Commons can compare with the crushing attack on the finance of the Home Rule scheme delivered by Lord St. Aldwyn in the House of Lords, and it is difficult to escape the conclusion that Ulster has been at once the strength and weakness of the Opposition. The line of Ulster resistance has been adopted, *sans phrase*, as the line of British resistance, and though the sincerity of the Orange spokesmen is beyond question, their Parliamentary ability is by no means equal to their Parliamentary violence. Even those who sympathise most strongly with their principles and prejudices cannot help feeling as they watch Mr. William Moore, Captain Craig, Sir John Lonsdale, and Mr. Mitchell-Thomson, all waving the Orange flag and all *belli simulacra cientes*, that their case is much better than its presentment. Ulster has been the inevitable peroration of almost every important speech. It was not so to anything like the same extent in 1886 or 1893, but in those days, of course, there was no Parliament Act, and the House of Lords stood as a sure barrier between the Bill and the Statute Book.

The case of the four Protestant counties of Ulster would have been much stronger if, from the very outset, they had made exclusion from the Bill, or some form of separate treatment, their constant and undeviating demand. It is one thing for these four counties to say that they will not have Home Rule thrust upon them. It is quite another thing for them to say that all the rest of Ireland shall not have the Home Rule which the Nationalists demand by a stable and overwhelming majority. Some sort of Home Rule—call it by whatever name—is inevitable. The *demand* for it is constant. It can neither be killed by kindness nor yet smothered by coercion. If the present Home Rule Bill were destroyed—as it ought to be destroyed, for it is a sheer monstrosity—the governing of Ireland on the old plan would be

rendered impossible in two or three years, though all that time England would be shovelling gold across the Channel. The Federal principle is in the air, and in that principle alone lies, as it has always lain, the only hope of a satisfactory solution of the Irish problem. Not the Federalism of the Bill, which is a bastard Federalism, but a real and statesmanlike application of the principle! That was recognised by several Unionist speakers in the House of Lords, but in the Commons the Unionist attitude was one of mere obstinate negation. The Bill is bad; its finance, as Mr. Healy said, is "putrid"; nothing but disaster can come of it. But there is certainly no permanent solution in the Unionist policy of just continuing as before, with a stream of sops and doles that will enormously and progressively increase the Irish deficit, but will not, to any sensible extent, abate the political demand for Home Rule. Now that the land question is far on the road to complete settlement, the bulk of the Irish peasantry would doubtless be content to cease from agitation. But not so the professional agitators; not so the small and active minority of ambitious and needy adventurers; not so the patriot and national heart of the movement; not so the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which covers the whole surface of Catholic Ireland with a closely woven web. For the past six months the politicians at Westminster have been busy digging graves in Ulster. Graves for whom? The future will show. But the victims, whoever they be, will assuredly take the old system down with them into the pit.

Against the Welsh Church Bill the Opposition put up a much more effective fight, but even here they were not free from some embarrassment. The principle of the Establishment—though valiantly and earnestly defended in both Houses, and especially by the Bishops of St. Asaph and St. Davids—is losing ground even among Churchmen, and in Wales, where the Church is in a very small minority in those country districts where the demand for Disestablishment is strongest, they find it particularly hard to defend, however grievous the spiritual injustice of dismembering the Church by lopping off the four Welsh dioceses. If the Welsh Radicals had merely asked for Disestablishment, the fight would soon have been over. But they coupled with it a demand for Disendowment, which they bolstered up with false history and flimsy argument, and they showed from the outset that their main concern lay with the money. The Welsh Radical members, with but one or two honourable exceptions, have come very badly out of this controversy. They have grudged every paltry concession which the Government have been driven, by the pressure of public opinion, and the lack of enthusiasm among their own ranks, to make to the despoiled Church. They have

done their best to mask their ruling motive, but the sight of a few thousand golden guineas slipping from their grasp has been too much for them at times, and has evoked outbursts of bitter rancour.

Mr. Lyttelton, who led the resistance to this Bill, has never shown to greater advantage. In tone, in temper, in argument, his speeches have been admirable, and he has received constant and invaluable support from Sir Alfred Cripps, Sir Arthur Boscawen, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, and a few others. But incomparably the finest speeches have been those of Lord Hugh Cecil, who, always profoundly interesting when speaking on Church matters, has risen once or twice to still greater heights when dealing with the perennial theme of humanity's instinctive need of the consolations of religion. On the Liberal side, Mr. Gladstone has earned the general respect and admiration of the House for his fearless criticism of certain features of the Bill which he deemed unjust to the Church, and Mr. Roch and Mr. Llewellyn Williams have brilliantly shown how two opposite natures, actuated by different sympathies and displaying the contrary virtues of gentle persuasion and biting invective, can yet be found continually in the same lobby. Of the Home Secretary, the Minister in charge, it is enough to quote the comment passed on his performance by one of his colleagues in the Cabinet—that he conducted the Welsh Church Bill as if he were winding up a bankrupt concern.

Once more the active work of the Opposition was left to a very small handful of members. Mr. Bonar Law intervened occasionally with great spirit, but he is not a Churchman. Where, indeed, were the Churchmen of the Front Opposition Bench? They were rarely in their places, and if they do not attend how can they expect to bring about the downfall of Ministers? The compliment of being called up to the Front Opposition Bench, which was offered to Mr. F. E. Smith rather for his trenchant platform performances outside the House than for assiduity of labour within it, might well be extended to one or two of the back-benchers, who have done the drudgery of the session. It might at least help to awaken the sluggards.

The Unionist party wants a rousing shake-up. Some of its veterans might well retire and give up their seats to younger men of ability and brains, if such be known at headquarters. The temptation, no doubt, is great to choose the candidate, whatever his ability, who has wealth or territorial influence—and probably there are some seats which no other candidate could hope to retain—but the temptation must be resisted if the party is to hold its own in the Commons. It is not less important that there

should be a shake out from the party of such equivocal organisations as the Land Union. An organisation like that, which masquerades as non-political, though it monopolises all the energies of Mr. Pretymán, is scarcely compatible with the Unionist appeal to the Democracy for democratic support. The Land Union still talks of repealing the land taxes of the Budget of 1909. It might as well talk of repealing Magna Charta or Old Age Pensions. The land taxes may have been right or wrong. But they have come to stay, and the spirit of the Land Union was, and is, the same as that which gave the House of Lords the fatal counsel to throw out the Budget. If the Unionist party hopes to retain its hold over the shires, in face of the new land agitation which is gathering like a thunder-cloud and will soon overspread the sky, it will have to give active proof of the *bona-fides* of its devotion to a bold housing policy for town and country, of its sincere desire to help the labourer, who has so faithfully stood by the Tory and Unionist party, and of its zeal for the encouragement of small ownership. Lord Morley recently spoke some very pertinent words to the House of Lords on their record in the matter of Irish Land. He accused their lordships of being chiefly to blame for the falsification of the high hopes and for the abandonment of some of the high ideals of Pitt and Castlereagh with respect to the Act of Union. The accusation was true. History has passed an unanimous verdict from which there is no appeal. "As well," added Lord Morley with a searching quotation from O'Connell, "speak to the House of Lords about land as speak to a butcher about Lent!" Yet the immediate fate of the Unionist party will largely depend upon the great landowners' answer to the new crusade. If they take it, as they took the "People's Budget," with imprecations and cursings, and blank denials only, another *débâcle* may lie ahead. The Radicals are bent on making a desperate effort to capture the agricultural vote in the South and West, as they have already captured it in East Anglia. The Unionists cannot hope to foil them by mere negations.

There is yet another grave pitfall before the Unionist party. Several prominent Unionists are among the most active advocates of the Woman's Suffrage movement. To that alone is to be attributed the extraordinary tenderness shown to the Government in their recent fiasco with the Franchise Bill. Mr. Birrell, indeed, is credited with the saying that when the Government had dug a pit for their own destruction, Mr. Bonar Law came along and kindly filled it up. If he had postponed putting his now famous question to the Speaker until after a Suffrage amendment had been passed—if it had been passed—the discredit to

the Government's prestige would have been infinitely greater. But he put it beforehand, and the Cabinet were able to patch up their internal difficulties with a new compromise and thus made good a temporary escape. But what will happen next Session, when the Suffragists of all parties combine to frame and pass their Bill? The Radical and Labour Suffragists will insist, if they are successful, on advantage being taken of the Parliament Act. Will the Unionist Suffragists give their consent? If they do, they will thereby make themselves accomplices to the very Act which they have denounced as infamous and iniquitous up hill and down dale, and they will cut clean away from under their feet the strongest grounds on which they oppose the Home Rule Bill and the Welsh Church Bill. It will be a painful dilemma for impassioned Suffragists like Lord Robert Cecil, but if they falter, on whatsoever pretext, in offering uncompromising opposition to the Parliament Act, they will certainly deal their party a deadly blow and shatter the last illusions—there are not many left—as to the honesty and principles of politicians.

AUDITOR TANTUM.

THE MILITARY CONSPIRACY.

ONE of the most amazing facts in the present political situation is the existence of a conspiracy, under the very eyes of a Liberal Government, to dragoon the nation into the provision of a vastly increased Regular Army, and to force it to adopt conscription for the Territorial Army.

This movement, it is common knowledge, is viewed by many of the most highly placed officers at the War Office with approval, and by some it is almost openly encouraged.

It was only recently—on January 29th last—that General Sir John French, the Chief of the General Staff, remarked in addressing a Territorial gathering, that he “saw no use in taking too optimistic a view of things or in failing to realise where we stood”; “there were matters which tended to discourage them as to the condition, in some respects, of the Territorial Force”; “they were, no doubt, very much under their strength”; and then followed the hackneyed reference to “the apathy with which apparently the youth of this country regarded their duty, and failed to come forward and take their share in their country’s defence”; this “apathy,” in the opinion of this officer, was “terrible to observe.”¹ In other words, General French said practically ditto, in more or less guarded language, for he is in office, to some of the statements made by Lord Roberts, though he hesitated to go as far as Earl Percy in declaring that “the situation required . . . the creation of a national army, recruited on the same basis as that of Continental armies, and similarly trained.” (Tynemouth, December 18th, 1912.)

The public have a right to know what are the open and the covert relations between highly placed officers on the Army Council and leaders of the present military conspiracy. Colonel Seely, who in former days sympathised openly with the policy of the National Service League, now denies that he believes in

(1) In the House of Commons on February 12th last the Secretary for War, telling quite a different story, stated: “During the last four months the Territorial Force has shown a continued increase in recruiting. It is constantly said outside that the Force is going down. It is not so. It is going up. At the present time recruiting is progressing satisfactorily. The figures for the December quarter of 1912 are considerably in excess of those for the same quarter in 1910 and 1911. The figures for re-engagements show a similar improvement. During January the net increase of non-commissioned officers and men amounted to 1,291.”

the necessity of compulsory service. But his casual disavowal of his former views is not sufficient. What steps is he, as Secretary of State for War, taking to prevent his experts feeding the movement which he now publicly condemns? There is a curious tendency to agreement between the public statements of members of the Army Council and the leaders of the conscription movement, and if there is this approach to harmony in public, what, it may be asked, are the less public relations which exist?

Armaments depend upon policy. It was for this reason that Disraeli and Gladstone kept a firm hand on policy, and took every precaution to prevent the generals from shaping it so as to justify the creation of a large standing army in this country. These statesmen were the guardians of the public purse, and of public liberty, and they refused to permit army officers, directly or indirectly, to shape the course of our relations with our neighbours in order to justify a standard of military armaments of which they disapproved. Since the days of Disraeli and Gladstone, a General Staff for the Army has been created—an immense and costly organisation. What is its main work? It consists of the study of possible wars in which the British Army may be engaged. The military problems of a maritime Empire are necessarily few in number, and of limited scope, and the staff duties which preparation entails are of the lightest character.

What is the basis of our traditional defence policy? Lord Kitchener, no mean soldier, remarked in his Memorandum to the Australian Government:—

"It is an axiom held by the British Government that the Empire's existence depends primarily upon the maintenance of adequate and efficient naval forces. As long as this condition is fulfilled, and as long as British superiority at sea is assured,¹ then it is an accepted principle that no British dominion can be successfully and permanently conquered by an organised invasion from overseas."

In these circumstances the legitimate *role* of the General Staff is circumscribed. It is the tendency of soldiers in council, with very little to do, to cast their eyes over forbidden battle-fields, and work out the details of forbidden campaigns. This occupation leads to the desire for a military instrument which can be used in such circumstances, and for a national policy which will justify the creation of a military arm to carry out such a policy. This, there is only too good reason to believe, is what has happened since Lord Haldane established a General Staff for the Army. It is a body of officers who, so long as we

(1) The British Fleet is assured in the future, as to-day, of a superiority over the next strongest naval Power of more than 60 per cent.—in other words, it will be above the old Two-Power Standard.

maintain our old defence policy, must be largely idle; they are full of energy; they want a big field of action, and, unless the Government take firm and decided action, they will secure it and an army of corresponding size.

It is probably this development of military thought which led to the wild-cat scheme of the summer of 1911, which nearly involved this country in a European war. It is currently reported that the Army Council proposed to land the Expeditionary Force on the Continent in support of France. In Germany they claim to have ample proof of this scheme, and new military legislation was the result, adding to the German Army about the equivalent of the British Expeditionary Force. If this project had been carried out; if these 150,000 or 160,000 British soldiers had been sent wandering over the Continent; if disaster had befallen them as, in opposition to the vast organised forces which they would have encountered, might well have been the case; if we had lost our one and only Army for defending vital—and not imaginary—British and Imperial interests, what would have been our position had the need suddenly arisen for giving imperative aid in Egypt, in India, or in any of the oversea Dominions? We should have been without an Army.

This scheme would surely not have been proposed unless it was believed by the officers responsible that they had the support of Ministers. What ground had they for this confidence? We do not know; complete silence has been maintained. The nation has a right to be informed whether the political-military ideal which found expression in this plan still holds the field. This is a question on which light should be thrown, because if we are to be prepared in the future to carry out any such project our present Army is ludicrously inadequate. And even a system of conscription—owing to the balance of population being against us in comparison with the Great Powers of the Continent—would fail to provide us with the necessary number of men.

It is a subject of deep concern to the people of the British Isles that they should know what are the liabilities of their foreign policy. The scale upon which we maintain our military armaments depends on that policy, and not only have the people of these islands to pay for those armaments, but they must bear the burden—the loss in men, money, and prestige—due to any disasters which may occur if those armaments are not suitable to the policy.

This has become a matter of first importance owing to the fact that the suitability of our armaments—naval and military—to our needs is being discussed throughout the country. No less

a man than Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, a former Commander-in-Chief of the Army, whom officers and men have been accustomed—indeed, ordered—to obey, is the leader of the new movement, with his agents throughout Great Britain—all working to create a great army based on compulsion.

The time has come, before the discussion among the “common people”—mere ignorant civilians—proceeds further, for light to be thrown on this question. Which foreign policy is to determine our defensive policy, and the burden which the people of this country are to be called upon to bear? Is it the avowed policy of the Government—which the Cabinet inherited from the Balfour Administration (one of isolation from the maelstrom of the Continent)—or is it the new policy favoured by the War Office, which raised its head unashamed in the crisis of the summer of 1911?

If it is the latter, then we must prepare an Army corresponding in size as nearly as is possible to the great conscript armies of the Continent, and trained as they are trained. We must measure its size and its efficiency with the immense military forces of Germany in particular.

On the other hand, if we are to be satisfied with the Unionist policy (imposed on the War Office when Lord Roberts was Commander-in-Chief), then, as Mr. Balfour once observed, the size of the armies on the Continent is a matter of comparative indifference to us, except so far as any body of these troops can cross the sea and invade us. Mr. Balfour added, and he has since reiterated his statement—that he was advised by the highest military authorities—including Lord Roberts—that the minimum number with which an enemy could hope to land so as to effect any useful purpose was 70,000 men, and he stated that the Admiralty declared that, even in the absence of the main fleets, these men could not get ashore.¹

If the present Cabinet holds this opinion, then a serious difference exists between the Cabinet and some of its servants at the War Office, and the nation ought to know which is the real determinative policy—that of the Cabinet or that of the War Office? In the summer of 1911 it was apparently the War Office policy which was in the ascendant—controlling our foreign policy—and now it is reported on the strength of statements recently made by the Colonial Secretary, that the Cabinet holds to the old policy, with its moderate military burden, which commended itself to Mr. Balfour and his colleagues down to the end of 1905.

(1) No Board of Admiralty has ever admitted that even in these favourable circumstances 70,000 men could reach this country. Mr. Asquith made this plain in his speech in the House of Commons of July 29th, 1909.

Which policy is, as a matter of fact, the policy of the country? Which policy is not only preached from the housetops, but is also preached in the seclusion of Government offices and in foreign Chanceries?

General French and all the Army officers who talk about the apathy of the youth of this country should familiarise themselves with the history of the Volunteers. This force, whatever its demerits in numbers and training in the past, was not created by the Government or by the War Office. It was a spontaneous expression of patriotism, at a moment when Parliament was voting only 150,000 men for the Army and our total military expenditure was about £15,000,000—half what it is to-day—in face of what was believed to be a national peril owing to the development of French policy and armaments.

The movement spread, not only without encouragement from the Government and General French's predecessors at the War Office, but in spite of their hostility, either open or covert. Regular officers regarded the citizen soldiers as hopeless amateurs. For some time the War Office would have nothing to do with the Force. It was only when the national spirit proved superior to the opposition of the Army officers that the military authorities at last agreed to recognise that the Volunteers existed. They then informed these citizen soldiers that if they agreed to equip themselves with uniforms, accoutrements and arms, and supply themselves with military instructors at their own expense, the State would officially recognise their existence. These men, so great was their devotion to their country, accepted these conditions, although it meant a heavy expenditure, and it was not until some time later, and because the nation demanded it, that the War Office provided any money for the Force.

During the 'sixties, right on through the latter half of the nineteenth century, the majority of Regular officers regarded the Volunteers with hostility, and even with contempt, and they more or less openly opposed the expenditure which the maintenance of the Force involved, holding that the money could be much better spent on providing a larger Regular Army. They refused to entertain the idea that under any possible development the Volunteers could be regarded as of practical use. The War Office looked upon the Force as an inconvenience and an embarrassment, and it was only under the pressure of public opinion that it received those marks of royal favour which did so much to encourage its growth.

It was in these conditions that the Volunteer Force came into being and expanded. At last it was recognised as the Cinderella of the Army, and was associated with the various Infantry regi-

ments. But throughout this period, and it is a point to be specially emphasised, *the War Office took no steps to provide this citizen army with artillery, cavalry, transport (except in a very few cases), war training, or war equipment.* The Volunteers were not wanted, and, short of outraging public opinion, the War Office was continually letting them know this fact. It was in these circumstances that the Force continued year after year and advanced in strength and in efficiency.

The remarkable record of patriotic enthusiasm living under official discouragement is revealed in the following figures showing the enrolled strength of the Volunteers down to the year in which the present Government came into office :—

1860	119,136	1883	209,365
1861	161,289	1884	215,015
1862	157,818	1885	224,012
1863	162,935	1886	226,752
1864	170,544	1887	228,046
1865	178,484	1888	226,469
1866	181,565	1889	224,021
1867	187,864	1890	221,048
1868	199,194	1891	222,046
1869	195,287	1892	225,423
1870	193,893	1893	227,741
1871	169,608	1894	231,328
1872	178,279	1895	231,704
1873	171,937	1896	236,059
1874	175,387	1897	231,796
1875	181,080	1898	230,678
1876	185,501	1899	229,854
1877	193,026	1900	277,628 ¹
1878	203,213	1901	288,476 ¹
1879	206,265	1902	268,550 ¹
1880	206,537	1903	253,281
1881	208,308	1904	253,909
1882	207,336	1905	249,611

When the Unionist Administration went out of office the Volunteers numbered about a quarter of a million, while reference to the General Army Return shows that the normal establishment at that time was put at 342,726. In other words, at this date, and at the time when Lord Roberts was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, there was a shortage of the establishment far greater than the shortage existing to-day, which moves General French and Lord Roberts to shed tears over the "apathy" of the youth of the country, and which makes certain members of the Unionist party indulge in wild jeremiads. The fact is that never before under peace conditions have we had so many citizen soldiers.

(1) South African War.

But this does not complete the story of the War Office and the Volunteers. In 1905, the Secretary of State for War in a Unionist Administration determined to reorganise the Army, and incidentally to deal with the Volunteers. A scheme was evolved and presented to Parliament with the full concurrence of Mr. Balfour's Government. What was the scheme? Was it a proposal for further encouraging the patriotic spirit of the youth of this country, and using it to the best advantage in making these Isles more secure against the attacks of the invader? Was it a proposal to utilise the movement to instil into as many of the youth of this country those moral qualities which, we are now told, the carrying of a rifle confers on all and sundry? Was it intended to make this force a reservoir of drilled and disciplined manhood from which the Regular Army could draw in emergency?

The scheme was, in fact, opposed to any such ideas. Once more the War Office announced, but this time openly and officially, that the Volunteers were too numerous; that the patriotic spirit of the country was too healthy. In the Memorandum accompanying the Army Estimates of that year, when the War Minister was in full possession of the results of the Invasion Inquiry of the Committee of Imperial Defence, appeared the following statement as to the Volunteers :—

"The numbers on January 1st, 1905, were 245,359, as compared with 241,280 on January 1st, 1904. *The force is at present largely in excess of mobilisation requirements*, and the present regulations encourage commanding officers to take men for financial reasons rather than with a view to efficiency.¹

"It is calculated that a *reduction of the force to 200,000* would allow of the following changes :—

(And then followed a scheme for the readjustment of camp allowances, etc.)

"It must be clearly understood that these changes are contingent upon the reduction of numbers, and, with the exception of field training and gun ammunition, cannot be carried out this year."

A generous Government, giving expression to the views of the War Office, proposed to find further limited sums of money for the Volunteers by reducing the number of recruits, and thus sitting upon the safety-valve of a patriotic nation. The Secretary of State for War admitted that there were too many—and not too few—Volunteers to fit in with mobilisation arrangements of the War Office. The patriotic enthusiasm of the youth of this country, and not "the apathy," was then in fault, and it was to be damped down. Not a word was said about the moral effect of military drill and the influence which service would have on

(1) What of the moral influence of the military drill of which we hear so much to-day?

physique. On these points, with a Government in office united in opposition to conscription, the War Office spokesman said not a word.

It is apparent that in 1905, on the very eve of the present Government coming into office, General French's predecessors were not greatly disturbed by "the apathy of the youth of this country"—in fact, they found the patriotism of the young men which led them to serve in defence of the British Isles an embarrassment, and they proposed to keep down the numbers recruited. The Volunteers being already short of the establishment by 90,000, the War Office proposed to reduce the establishment by 145,817 officers and men, and to cut down the actual strength of the Volunteers by about 50,000 men—the rifles were to be taken from these men. This was the War Office's attitude towards the citizen army in the months which immediately preceded the downfall of Mr. Balfour's Administration and the accession to office of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

One of the first acts of Lord Haldane (Mr. Haldane, as he then was) after he went to the War Office was to reorganise the Regular Army and to reshape the Volunteer Force. Out of the material which remained after the process of experiment to which the Army had been submitted under Unionist War Secretaries, Lord Haldane provided an Expeditionary Force, and he then presented to Parliament an Act for the creation out of the despised citizen force, without war equipment or war organisation, of a Second-Line Army specifically for home service.

The object of the change was to place the Imperial Yeomanry and the Volunteers upon a new footing, in order that they might be recognised as the Territorial Army—note the term implying home defence. The problem, as explained by Lord Haldane, was to convert these Forces, and to do it thoroughly, "since no tinkering would be of any use." He reasoned that there must be the different arms in their proper proportions, and the Territorial troops with this object were to have a divisional organisation. The fourteen divisions of Infantry produced the equivalent of a brigade of 168 battalions, and the Yeomanry were to give an equivalent of fourteen brigades of Cavalry, exclusive of the divisional cavalry of the Expeditionary Force. The principal difficulty, he explained, was in regard to the Territorial Artillery. Up to then the Volunteers had been armed with quite obsolete guns, but now it was intended to take the former field guns of the Regular Army, which had been replaced by the new quick-firers, and to convert them into quickfirers at the cost of something less than £1,000 for each battery. It was thus proposed to arm the Territorial Artillery with good 15-pounders, and

convert them as rapidly as possible into quickfirers. Thus it was hoped to create an Artillery proportionate to the other arms. There would be no difficulty, the Secretary for War added, in regard to the Engineers for the new Territorial Force, and the same was true of the Army Service Corps and Army Medical Corps.

The organisation of the Territorial Army was placed in the hands of County Associations, which were formed under the Territorial and Reserve Act. These Associations were to hold office in accordance with schemes made by the Army Council. It was prescribed that the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, or other person selected by the Army Council, should be president of each Association, which would also have a chairman and a vice-chairman. For training and on mobilisation the Territorial Forces would be under the direct orders of the general officers commanding-in-chief in the several districts, who would control the training grants, while administrative and other grants would be in the hands of the County Association.

The War Office, having derided the Volunteers and proposed a reduction of numbers from an establishment of 342,726 to 200,000, now turned round and supported the new War Secretary in his proposals to create a Territorial Army. Lord Haldane announced that the establishment of the Territorial Army would be 315,000 officers and men, but he explained to the House of Commons at the time that, while he would welcome recruitment up to full numbers, he did not expect that the full establishment would be attained under peace conditions. Churches provide more seats than are usually occupied, but the suggestion of compulsory attendance has not been revived, nor are the Churches denounced as failures. As a matter of fact, the full establishment of the Territorials has not been attained, but let it not be forgotten that the number of officers and men who serve under the strict conditions imposed by the Territorial Act is practically the same as when Lord Roberts was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and, moreover, the new Force not only devotes a far greater amount of time to drill and camp, as official figures show,¹ but it has been provided with the equipment necessary to a war force.

The country has not been permitted until recently to know why the military officers made this *volte face* in reference to the Volunteers. They had nothing but contempt for citizen soldiers in 1905, and proposed to reduce the numbers, and yet in a year or two gave their blessing to a new scheme with an

(1) Three times as many of these citizen soldiers now attend camp for 15 days as was the case in 1905. In 1912, 163,855 officers and men were present in camp; in 1905 the corresponding figures were 47,918.

establishment of 315,000. What caused this change of view? Was it a sudden conversion to the great moral and physical effect of military drill on the youth of the nation? Was it a desire to put the voluntary system on a sure and certain foundation? Apparently not. We are now told by the military correspondent of *The Times*, who is in the closest touch with members of the Army Council and the General Staff, that their elaboration of the Territorial scheme was part of a much greater plan—the thin edge of the conscription wedge. He confesses, after referring to the financial conditions imposed by the Government :—

“But the soldiers who created the Territorial Force looked steadily to the possible future of voluntary enlistment,¹ organised the Force on the basis of population, and, instead of mortgaging the future, raised a system expressly adapted to other methods of recruiting whenever our people were either ready or compelled to accept them.”

So the change in the opinion of the Army officers between 1905 and the creation of the Territorial Army was due to the fact that they saw their way, with reckless Unionists in Opposition to help them, to the creation of a scheme which would fit in with, and prepare the way for, compulsory service. They elaborated a plan “expressly adapted to other methods of recruiting whenever our people were either ready or compelled to accept them.” Part of the conspiracy now is to “compel” the nation to accept some form of conscription. We know at last why the change in military opinion occurred, and why, almost ever since the Territorial Army came into existence, voluntary enlistment has been denounced as a failure.

Because under peace conditions the Territorial Army, representing the highest standard of efficiency ever attained by a volunteer force,² has not reached the full establishment—a fanciful figure—the Territorial Army is “a sham” and “a failure.” There are 60,000 more Volunteers than the War Office wanted in 1905; they submit to more training than ever before; they have attained a higher standard of efficiency, and they are equipped as a field army, and now the Chief of the General Staff sheds tears in public over the “apathy” of the young men of the country who were not wanted in 1905. The new crusade as a revelation of the frailty of human nature would be very pathetic if it were not so deplorable a revelation of a conspiracy to drive the country into the adoption of a system of conscription in accordance with the views held openly or secretly by so many

(1) In 1905 voluntary enlistment was providing 50,000 more men than the War Office desired.

(2) “The present Territorial Force is twice as well trained as the old Volunteers and about as numerous.”—Military correspondent of *The Times*, February 7th, 1913.

Army officers not only in the War Office, but throughout the country.

So much for the Territorial Army and the apathy of the youth of the country. What of the Regular Army? Many members of the Unionist party hold up their hands in horror at the relatively small size of the Regular Army. What was the policy of the Unionist administration in 1905? This is no secret. The Secretary for War in that year laid all the cards of the Cabinet on the table and exposed them to a full and interested House. He explained the rôle the military forces of the country—regular and auxiliary—would have to fill in time of war. He stated:—

"If it be true, as we are told by the representatives of the Admiralty, that the Navy is in a position such as it never occupied before—that it is not only our first line of defence, but a guarantee of the safety of these Isles—does that make no difference to the system which has grown up avowedly on the basis of defending these Isles by an armed force against invasion? That is the deliberate conclusion of the Government and the Defence Committee. . . .

"We have had it laid down by the Prime Minister (Mr. Balfour), on behalf of the Government, that the principal duty of the British Army is to fight the battles of this country 'across the sea.' *For this country 'across the sea' can only mean those parts of the world where we have frontiers to defend.* The problem is to supply an Army to fight on our frontiers in the event of war, and we are going the right way to work in furnishing that need."

This was the military policy of the Unionist Government, and represented its views on the very eve of its resignation.

The Army Estimates of that year provided the following force:—

ESTABLISHMENT AND STRENGTH OF THE ARMY, ARMY RESERVE, MILITIA, IMPERIAL YEOMANRY, AND VOLUNTEERS.

	NORMAL ESTABLISHMENT.	ACTUAL STRENGTH.	WANTING TO COMPLETE.
Regular Forces, Regimental Establishments ...	281,439	285,615 ¹	—
Additional numbers (Somaliland) ...	10,000 ²	1,625	4,189
General and Departmental Staff and Miscellaneous Establishments ...	2,688	2,688	—
Army Reserve ...	80,000	74,940	5,060
Militia ...	132,146	93,540	38,897
Militia (Reserve Division)	10,000	7,082	2,918
Channel Islands and Colonial Militia ...	5,970	4,948	1,022
Imperial Yeomanry at Home ...	28,114	27,095	1,019
Volunteers ...	355,817	256,481	89,336
Bermuda Rifle Volunteers	319	190	129
General Total ...	906,493	754,204	142,570

(1) 4,186 supernumeraries. The old Militia Reserve, which was dying out, numbered 1,487.

(2) A nominal figure.

This was the Army of the dreams of the Unionist party when it went out of office—an Army which was intended for use “across the sea,” on our own frontiers. Throughout the whole of the speeches of the Ministers for War who held office during the Unionist *régime*, there was no suggestion of the country being called upon to provide a Regular Army which would be prepared to embark for the Continent and meet the great conscript forces there. Mr. Balfour, as has been already recalled, definitely stated that we had no interest in the size of these Continental armies, except so far as any portion of them was able to invade this country. He was advised by the highest naval opinion that the largest number that could land on these shores in the most favourable conditions, that is, in the absence of the Fleet and the absence of the Regular Army over the seas, was very small. It was on this basis that the Unionist policy was moulded, and in 1905 the Secretary of State for War announced that he was laying foundations which would lead to “progressive economies” in the expenditure on the Army. This statement met with the hearty approval of the Opposition of the day in the House of Commons, and it really looked as though the two parties were at last more or less in line in determining to check the movement for providing this country with a vast standing Army.

What is the position now? It is not necessary to follow either the Duke of Bedford, Earl Roberts, or Earl Percy in their attempts to prove that we have no Army, or at any rate one that should be regarded as a ridiculous caricature of an Army. We may take the official statistics for 1912. What do they reveal? The figures are as follows :—

	ESTABLISHMENTS. 1912-13.	EFFECTIVES. Jan. 1, 1912.
Regular Forces	244,168	242,981
Colonial and Native Indian Corps ...	8,871	8,801
Army Reserve	189,000	187,682
Special Reserves (excluding Regular Establishment)	89,913	61,951
Militia, U.K. ¹	—	1,446
Militia, Reserve Division ¹	150	171
Militia, Channel Islands	3,166	3,113
Militia, Malta and Bermuda, and Bermuda Volunteers	2,894	2,682
Territorial Force	316,307	268,414
Isle of Man Volunteers	146	112
Officers Training Corps (Officers and Permanent Staff)	1,008	708
General Total	805,623	728,011

The Army which does not exist to-day, according to Lord Roberts, is revealed as much the same Army as that of which

(1) Forces dying out.

he was Commander-in-Chief, somewhat smaller in numbers, but far more efficient. The standpoint makes a vast difference even in counting noses, and evidently Lord Roberts, despite his enthusiasm, has not been near enough to the Army in recent years to realise its numerical strength, much less its efficiency. The admitted fact is that, owing to the splendid work of Field-Marshal Sir William Nicholson and General French, and the other officers associated with them, the Army is a very much better fighting machine than it was, and, thanks to Lord Haldane's labours, it is better organised. Though the numbers of the Regular Army are somewhat smaller, no one has denied that the force is in much better condition to take the field than it was seven or eight years ago. Even the Military Correspondent of *The Times* (February 7th, 1913), admits that, "taking everything together, we can . . . feel confident that we have never at any time owned a more efficient and better organised Regular Army than that which we possess to-day."

In the light of these facts as to the condition of the Regular and Territorial Armies, what is to be thought of the basis on which the military conspiracy is being conducted? If the policy which is behind the Army is still what the Unionist Government left as a legacy to their successors, why all these tears? The forces which the Unionist Government considered adequate have been rendered more fit for war than they were, and the country is in peril! It was in no danger in 1905; the enthusiasm of the youth of the country to shoulder the rifle was then so exuberant that the War Office proposed to reduce the number of citizen soldiers arbitrarily to 200,000, because they did not want more; now we have 262,000 of these citizen soldiers, organised and trained as the Volunteers were never organised and trained, and Army officers and others go about the country bewailing the "apathy" of the young manhood of the nation, and pointing the finger of contempt.

What is the explanation of this change of official opinion? The armies on the Continent are to-day almost identically the same as they were in 1905; the sea still sweeps round these islands; the strength of the British Fleet, our first line of defence, is far greater actually than it was then, and relatively it is still twice the size of that of Germany; to-day we are on terms of intimate friendship with France and Russia, as we were not eight years ago. The stars in their courses seem to be fighting for the British peoples, their relations for mutual support in peace and war are being cemented, and yet we have "Messages to the Nation" from Lord Roberts, suggestions of "apathy" on the part of the youth of the country which General French tells us is

"terrible to observe," and generally we are a poor, unpatriotic race, who are rapidly moving downhill.

The real explanation of the whole series of misrepresentations is that highly placed Army officers have not got the Army of their dreams, an Army which can be used in pursuit of an ambitious and dangerous policy, an Army which can, in fact, be thrown on the Continent, and they want a Home Army on a compulsory basis so as to complete the Territorial scheme according to their ideas—ideas which apparently they concealed from Lord Haldane. Hence the Territorial Force as now constituted on a voluntary basis is to be killed. The lengths to which the agitators are going was recently revealed by Colonel W. C. Horsley, in a letter to the *Westminster Gazette*. He stated that Territorial officers on the active list were being circularised, and urged to offend against the military law to which they are subject, by communicating to the Government and the nation their views on military subjects in the terms suggested in Lord Roberts's "Message" (p. 53). "On the completion of my period of command of the Artists' Rifles," this Territorial officer continued, "I feel myself at liberty to express publicly my deep regret that encouragement in disregard of the written law should spread from Suffragettes to Field-M Marshals. Such encouragement seems to strike at the very root of discipline."

The military situation is no worse—in many respects it is better—than it was in 1905, when a relatively small Army was justified by the Unionist Government, and the Volunteer Force was to be reduced; but now we are told, when there is a Liberal Government in office and the Unionists are out of office and can be valiant because irresponsible, that we have "no Army," General French indulges in lamentations over the Territorials, and some form of conscription, it is asserted by others, is our only means of salvation.

If the nation is to return to its senses, the Government must act at once. It must admit the existence of this conspiracy and kill it. It must make plain the liabilities of our foreign policy, and then it will be found that, unless this policy differs from that of Mr. Balfour's administration, we have a Regular Army admirably fitted for its legitimate work, and a citizen force which should be the pride of the nation as a voluntary expression of the martial spirit which even the dragons of the War Office failed to subdue.

ISLANDER.

TO CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT, C.V.O., R.N.

I.

SOMEWHERE in space, where howls of desolation blow
And buffet icebound heart of rocks with maddened race
Of hurricane, thy strength broke down, thy star sank low—
Somewhere in space.

Sank, just as with achievement in thy hands, thy face
Homewards was set, as through bleak wilderness of snow
Beckoned not far, warm food and shelter of a base.

The fierceness of thy fight with death none e'er will know :
Perished for all eternity the storm-swept trace
Of thine untended agony, thy last lone woe—
Somewhere in space.

II.

Somewhere in frozen space, whereto no living soul,
Only strong, selfless seekers after knowledge fare,
They buried thee and thy brave comrades at the Pole—
Somewhere.

Now to that tomb Antarctic blizzards scourge and tear,
Goes out the yearning admiration of the whole
Great world, in dreams humbly to kneel and worship there.

For deeds and deaths like thine divinely lift the goal
Of human effort, kindle men to strive, to dare,
Gladly their names to enter on the martyrs' roll—
Somewhere.

ALEXANDRA VON HERDER.

NATIONAL INSURANCE AND LABOUR UNREST.

THE National Insurance Act was put into operation with the avowed object of alleviating the distress caused among the working classes by sickness and unemployment. The effects of the provisions in the clauses of the Act covering sickness will undoubtedly be realised and appreciated by the workman before he is called upon to experience the unemployed benefits. It is, nevertheless, the clauses of the Act dealing with unemployment which are destined to exert the greater influence on the future of the working classes of this country. There were, before the passing of the Act, such a relatively large number of facilities for enabling even the working classes to obtain medical treatment that many sociologists have been led to think that the real object of the new Act is to deal with unemployment, and that the sickness clauses are merely designed to smooth the way for some new method of coping with labour unrest.

Whether this conjecture is right or wrong, the fact remains that from the most important points of view—economic, social, political, and moral—the unemployment clauses of the Act are its main clauses, and an examination of a few of them may perhaps bring into relief one or two remarkable aspects of the Act which have not hitherto been properly emphasised in the Press. When we speak of unemployment in this connection, it is hardly necessary to classify unemployed workmen under several headings. It is realised well enough by those concerned with the treatment of the problem, as well as by the unfortunates who actually furnish the material for the problem itself, that there are capable workmen who cannot find employment, owing to slack trade or dulness in trade at a particular season of the year, just as there are other workmen willing to work regularly, but unable to do so for a variety of reasons, such as a lack of technical knowledge in competing with their more experienced fellows, or ill-health, and so on. The problem of those working men who are almost permanently unemployed owing to drunkenness, laziness, or like moral defect, is not of such urgency as the problem of the capable workman who, owing to purely industrial causes over which he has no control, is unable to find the work he seeks. It is unfortunately true that a century of industrialism has robbed the British working classes of much of their moral stamina. But it should, nevertheless, be more generally realised than it is that

the number of potential tramps and criminals among the working classes is still relatively small.

Any sociologist who reads the unemployment clauses of the Insurance Act must surely ask himself why they were deemed necessary at all. Trade unions, friendly societies, and clubs and benefit societies of many kinds, had already covered the ground fairly well. If it is argued that the Insurance Act covers several categories of workers not previously insured, it must be remembered that it does not confer the full blessings of the Act on such men. In order to obtain the maximum benefits from the Act it is necessary to join an approved society. It may be taken for granted that nearly every man belonging to the so-called aristocracy of labour—the miners, engineers, printers, &c.—had already belonged to some such society even before the passing of the Act, and was consequently in receipt of benefits to which the Act does not, generally speaking, add anything of value. Indeed, many instances could be quoted to show that the benefits under the new Act will be less than they were before it was passed. This applies not merely to unemployment, but even more particularly to sickness.

As for the vast body of unorganised casual labour which has not previously been enjoying the advantages offered by any friendly society or trade union, the benefits it will receive from the new Act are at least questionable. Casual workmen, not having been able to join an approved society, must become Post Office depositors, and, under the arrangement outlined in the Act covering their case, they cannot draw a greater amount of money in benefits than is actually standing to their credit in the Post Office—amounts which they themselves have paid in.

A similar remark applies to domestic servants and agricultural labourers. The two last-mentioned classes stand to lose most and to gain least under the Insurance Act. It is, I venture to say, notorious that the Act has even now broken down in connection with these classes, and that Mr. Lloyd George's amending Bill—which has already been discussed in inner political circles, although no active steps have as yet been taken to draft it—will, if the present proposals are carried into effect, contain radical alterations with respect to the treatment of domestic servants and agricultural labourers. It will be borne in mind that in the course of the resistance offered to the Insurance Act in the later stages of its discussion, several public men of standing, including, I think, Mr. Belloc, definitely asserted that the contributions from domestic servants were wanted simply for the purpose of financing the Act in its early stages after it had come into operation, and that subsequently the losses incurred by the domestic servants

were a matter of comparative indifference to the Government. The joint contribution of master and servant amounts to 6*d.* a week, but it is provided in the Act that where an employer is willing to look after a servant on his own responsibility during short illnesses, the contribution to the insurance funds shall be reduced by 1½*d.* The question is, naturally, what becomes of the remaining 4½*d.*? The employer provides for the servant at his own cost, and the 4½*d.* goes to swell the insurance funds. For this 4½*d.* no return is made either to employer or servant. The most charitable supposition seems to be that the 4½*d.* ought to be looked upon in the light of a premium against a complete breakdown on the part of the servant; but in this case it can only be added that it is a much larger premium, proportionately, than any ordinary insurance company would dream of demanding in similar circumstances.

We find, then, that domestic servants, agricultural labourers, and all casual workers, cannot be justly said to benefit under the Insurance Act, while the other working classes already referred to have been drawing sickness and unemployment benefits for years without feeling the necessity for such an Act at all. Although the Government may say with truth that four or five million people are insured now who were not insured before, we shall have every reason to realise in the near future that these extra four or five millions are not benefiting under the Act to any great extent, and that many of those already insured are losing rather than gaining. The really noteworthy difference between the present system and the former system is that whereas insurance is now compulsory, it was previously voluntary; but the State attaches certain conditions to this system of compulsory insurance which may be mildly described as irksome and irritating. It is from the resistance, active or passive, offered by the workmen of the country to these new conditions that we shall have to judge the real extent to which their moral stamina has degenerated under a severe industrial *régime*.

Whatever the disadvantages of voluntary insurance were, they at least allowed the workman perfect freedom of action towards his employer, and if he were a member of a trade union or friendly society of any sort he could draw his sickness or unemployed contributions in spite of any trade dispute. Under the Insurance Act, however, it is distinctly stipulated that a workman who is unemployed by reason of a trade dispute is not entitled to any unemployed benefit, and the term trade dispute includes a sympathetic strike. Furthermore—and this provision is of equal gravity—any workman “who loses employment through misconduct, or who voluntarily leaves his employment without

just cause, shall be disqualified for receiving unemployment benefit for a period of six weeks from the date when he so lost employment."

It is highly significant of what I personally cannot but regard as the corrupt tendency of our political and social life at the present time, that no attempt has yet been made by persons in touch with the working classes to enable them to realise the actual meaning of these clauses. They will be found in Section 87 of the Insurance Act, and it is not the slightest exaggeration to say that they turn free workmen into helots by a mere stroke of the pen. The term misconduct is a vague one; but, in the event of any dispute concerning its technical meaning in Section 87 of the Insurance Act, it is sufficiently obvious that the forces supporting the employer can make their interpretation of it prevail over any interpretation put forward by the forces supporting the working classes. For all practical purposes, this disqualification for six weeks in the case of the average working-class family might just as well be disqualification for six months or six years. Before the passing of the Act, the workman, however downtrodden he might be, however ill-paid, and however sweated, had at least the advantage of deciding for himself whether he should remain at his employment or not. Henceforth he is no longer his own master in this respect. If he voluntarily leaves his employment without just cause he is penalised to the extent of being deprived of his sickness and unemployment benefits. The term just cause in this connection is as vague as the term misconduct, and it cannot be too strongly emphasised that the workman has no possible chance, in practice, of having the matter argued out. Financial reasons alone will prevent any working man from being able to afford the time to take cases to the Court of Referees or to the "Umpire" who is to settle all disputes definitely. Even assuming, however, that the financial difficulties can be overcome, it must be recollected that workmen and employers have never yet met, and never will meet, on equal terms before any Court of Referees or compulsory arbitration board, however perfect the constitution of such bodies may be in theory. Any sociologist or political scientist who knows his business, is well aware that where workmen and employers are in conflict the tendency of the bureaucracy and the governing classes is to be prejudiced in favour of the employer and against the workman.

Shortly summing up the effects of the Insurance Act as it bears upon the better-class workman, then, we see that they are these :—

1. The workman cannot in future leave his employment of his

own volition, but only when his employer sees a "just cause" and permits him to do so. If a workman does insist on leaving his employment he forfeits his unemployment benefit for six weeks, which, in the case of the average working-class family, means utter ruin.

2. As unemployment and invalidity benefits will be, where practicable, administered through the great friendly societies, the workman will in future find himself unable to rely upon his union in case a dispute should arise; for it is clear enough that, in view of the rate of wages now prevailing, the number of workmen who will be able to subscribe to the ordinary trade union funds as well as to the National Insurance Fund is so small as to be negligible.

3. With the gradual weakening of the trade unions in this way, we shall find them in future dependent, in effect, on the Government, and consequently unable to provide funds for trade unionists in the event of a strike. As the financial position of trade unions at the present moment is, on the whole, satisfactory, these consequences may not perhaps follow for two or three years to come, or even longer; but they are none the less inevitable as the Act stands at present.

So much for the Act as it affects the better class of labour. But how about the Act as it affects the poorly-paid classes, those unorganised workmen and casual labourers who are dependent upon the sums standing to their credit in the Post Office, and who cannot rely upon an extra subsidy from the State? I have already said that such people could never join a trade union or a friendly society, simply because they were too poor to do so. In future these workers, to whom, let it be borne in mind, every farthing of their paltry income is of value, will find themselves deprived of a few pence a week for which they cannot expect any adequate return. Those few pence from the vast body of casuals, however, were an essential item in the sums required to bolster up the financial part of the scheme in relation to the higher working classes.

There are very unjust provisions respecting the payment of arrears by the workman insured, but I pass those over to come to the celebrated "ninepence for fourpence" catchword. I think this statement was first made in a letter sent by Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. Gladstone in September, 1911, but it was certainly repeated in Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the Whitefield Tabernacle on October 14th of the same year, when he said in effect: "The Insurance Bill provides that for every fourpence paid by the workman he shall receive ninepence. To aid the worker's contribution the sum of seventeen million pounds per year is

being subscribed by employers and taxpayers." In view of the penalties inflicted on the workman in connection with the loss or surrender of his employment; the fact that the Insurance Act is intended to supplement the Workmen's Compensation Act, and not to supersede it, and that sums payable under the Workmen's Compensation Act will disqualify the employee from receiving any payment under the Insurance Act, in spite of his fourpence a week; and the fact, again, that deposit contributors cannot in any case receive ninepence for fourpence, even if this were practicable, Mr. Lloyd George's exaggerated statement may be taken as already disproved. I must, however, regard it as disproved, not merely for the reasons given above, but for a much more important reason, and one which, perhaps because of its importance, neither the newspapers nor public speakers have sufficiently emphasised. The figure of seventeen million pounds will be found in practice to be an underestimate, exactly as Old Age Pensions cost, in the first year or so, approximately twice as much as had been expected. Taking the figures as accurate, however, where does Mr. Lloyd George mean us to understand that the seventeen million pounds is coming from? It is, he tells us, to be contributed by employers and taxpayers; but the workmen themselves are taxpayers. Furthermore, the working classes form the largest body of taxpayers; for the greater part of national and municipal revenue is raised by indirect taxation. It was possible, up to the passing of the Insurance Act, to say that the workman did not pay income tax; but he now does so to the extent of fourpence a week, on an average. The working classes must, then, henceforth find, in the first place, fourpence a week as a direct subscription to the insurance funds; and, in the second place, their share of the proportion of the seventeen million pounds which, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us, will be borne by the taxpayers.

This, however, is not all. In the case of employers generally, it may be said that they can always recoup themselves for their share of increased taxation, direct or indirect, by raising the prices of their commodities. It is quite true that the Act may press rather hardly on many small employers, and upon many people who act as agents or middlemen; but the large employers of labour, who have generally been supposed to feel most severely the pressure of the employer's contribution of threepence a week, will certainly feel it least. The rise in prices already noticeable since the passing of the Insurance Act is a sufficient justification of this statement. It was, if I remember rightly, the brush-makers who caused some amusement amongst sociologists by announcing an increase in their prices immediately after the

passing of the Bill, and several months before it came into operation. The tactics of large employers, in fact, in connection with the Insurance Act are simply those of the coal merchants when the miners went on strike in the spring of 1912. No doubt householders will remember that even the mere rumours of a strike sent up prices a shilling or two a ton, and that when the strike actually occurred coal rose in value to an extent absolutely unjustified by the range of the strike and the amount of coal held in storage by the large dealers. Similarly, at the time of the railway strike in 1911, the railway companies economised their non-union labour by running less frequent services of trains; and they recouped themselves for their losses afterwards, not by raising fares, which they could not legally do, but by penalising the public in connection with such profitable sources of income as excursion, return, and season tickets.

Furthermore, when the transport workers secured important wage concessions from the shipping companies, the public at once found it necessary to make up these concessions to the companies in the form of increased freight and passenger charges. Closely analysed, in fact, it will be found that the additional charges of the shipping companies—particularly where Atlantic liners were concerned—were out of all proportion to the wage concessions made to the men.

Called upon to pay threepence a week, then, the employers have two alternatives. They can find the money only by deducting it from their profits or by increasing their prices; there is no third course open to them. He would be indeed a highly optimistic social reformer who could imagine for a moment that any employer of labour would penalise himself by reducing his profits so long as he was in a position to penalise the public by raising his prices. A rise in prices, however, means an increase in indirect taxation; and an increase in indirect taxation presses most closely upon the classes who cannot possibly retaliate by raising prices themselves, viz., the middle class, the lower middle class, the working class, and the unorganised labourers; though these classes, particularly the last three, are the very classes already penalised by being called upon forcibly to submit to a tax of fourpence a week from the already scanty pay of the wage-earner.

In addition to the workman's contribution of fourpence and the employer's contribution of threepence a week, the State has agreed to find twopence a week. This contribution by the State simply means an amount of money supplied by the general community, or, in other words, employers and workers in another form, for the State's contribution of twopence a week can be

raised only by taxation. If this taxation is indirect it will fall upon both employers and employed; if it is direct it will fall upon employers only. This makes no difference as far as profits are concerned, because in either case the employers can still recoup themselves by raising prices, whereas the employees cannot do this. It follows, therefore, that the working classes will pay towards the ninepence a week their own direct contribution of fourpence, their employer's contribution in the form of higher prices, and the State's contribution in the form of increased taxation. In addition to this, the taxpayers will be called upon to pay the entire cost of administering the National Insurance Act. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has more than once endeavoured to show how well off the working classes would be under his scheme, not merely because they would get ninepence in return for fourpence, but because they would not be compelled to contribute anything towards the cost of administration, which would be borne by the State. Surely, however, few people should know better than Mr. Lloyd George that the State in this connection simply means the general body of taxpayers, the working classes among them being, as always, in the majority. In short, as soon as rates and taxes have once more become normal after the disturbance caused to them by the operations to which the Insurance Act has led, the workmen will find that they will be paying, not fourpence a week, but at least ninepence a week, and perhaps even more, for fewer benefits than they were entitled to before the Insurance Act came into operation.

The examples offered us by other countries may possibly be pointed to. All such comparisons are apt to be quite fallacious unless made with great care. We have to take into consideration, not merely the bare fact that insurance may be compulsory upon the workmen in several European countries, but other factors which are not likely to yield adequate comparisons. We must, for example, be made aware of the state of industry in the country compared, its economic condition, and the preponderance in it of agriculture over industrialism, or *vice versa*. More important than all, we must know the character of the people, and ascertain whether a form of insurance which has proved harmless enough in one country may not perhaps prove somewhat degrading in another. Several European countries, including Russia, Italy, France, Germany, and Austria, have introduced compulsory insurance against sickness, while there are voluntary insurance schemes in force in Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, and Holland. This is a bare statement, and may be found in many books of reference and articles which have been written in this country regarding insurance abroad. Analysed, it is seen to be

essentially erroneous as it stands. In France, for instance, compulsory insurance applies only to miners, and only to miners when they are sick. In Italy women workers and certain Government employees are compulsorily insured against sickness, but not against unemployment. For other workers in Italy a voluntary insurance scheme is carried on through the *Cassa delle pensioni per gli operai*, an institution which may be said to convey the benefits of our own Insurance Act without its disadvantages. It is a State-aided and State-subsidised institution, and imposes none of the onerous restrictions upon the liberty of the workman such as we have remarked in Mr. Lloyd George's Act. An attempt made in France not long ago to introduce a system of compulsory insurance was met with such a show of resistance that the Government deemed it prudent to drop the measure they had contemplated putting into effect. If a scheme analogous to our own is working fairly satisfactorily in Germany, it must be remembered that the Teutonic character is very different indeed from the Anglo-Saxon. Industrialism in Germany is, in its modern form, of very recent origin, and the German workman, like all Germans who do not belong to the nobility and the bureaucracy, is accustomed from his youth to be drilled and classified and ticketed by those whom it has pleased the Kaiser to set in authority over him. From the discipline of the barracks to the discipline of municipal supervision was no transition to the German worker; but from freedom of trade-union action to the discipline imposed upon him as an insured man with a card—a discipline infinitely more galling than military discipline—is a very great transition indeed for the British workman. This is, perhaps, hardly the place to elaborate the comparison, or rather the contrast. It may be sufficient to remind our own Insurance Commissioners that they may yet have to study it with more care than they have already devoted to it.

In addition to all this, there is one paramount factor which those writers who have been comparing England to other countries in the matter of National Insurance have never taken into consideration. In no country in the world is unemployment insurance, compulsory or otherwise, associated with such stringent and slave-making conditions as those I have quoted from Section 87 of Mr. Lloyd George's Act. It is true that this Act is not in accordance with our national or our political traditions; that it was prepared, generally speaking, with a view to the welfare of the employer; that it was rushed through the House of Commons and the House of Lords without adequate discussion and without the consent of those most likely to be affected by it, and that, in a word, it is a bad Act. We might conceivably have overlooked

some of these things; we might have rectified some of them after having observed how the Act worked in practice. But in no case could we overlook the fact that a complete section was deliberately introduced into the Bill with the definite object of drawing a sharp line of demarcation between employers and workpeople. Section 87 of our Act definitely withdraws the elementary English right of liberty from one section of the populace and establishes that section of the population as a helot class. This statement, I fear, cannot be veiled in soft language, nor can its edge be turned by glib references to ninepence for fourpence and other "benefits" that nobody wanted.

If it should be asked what means ought to be taken to secure for the workmen in reality the benefits which Mr. Lloyd George's Act offers them only in appearance, postulating at the same time their liberty as Englishmen, the answer, surely, is sufficiently clear when the history of the British labouring classes is taken into account. The old form of guild was a purely Saxon institution; but, though it disappeared with the craftsmen under a crushing industrial *régime*, not even the new and harder conditions could destroy the spirit of combination which has enabled the working men of England to help each other in a way that the workmen of no other country have been able to emulate. Though the guilds disappeared, their place was taken after an interval by the friendly societies and the trade unions. I do not think it necessary to refer to co-operative societies, slate clubs, and the many other forms of mutual aid organised by the British workpeople. It is sufficient to note that the friendly societies and the trade unions, properly aided by grants from the State, could have carried out an adequate system of insurance without all the wearisome regulations and interferences with liberty which are so prominent in Mr. Lloyd George's Act. If we must have State insurance, let us at least make it voluntary, and see that the working classes are not penalised under it. The time spent by the permanent officials in drawing up the present Act would have been much better occupied in preparing a scheme based on the Ghent model, which is substantially that of the "Cassa" already referred to. But this scheme would have differed from the actual scheme in one essential particular: it would not have given employers power to control their workmen—it would not, in other words, have provided the employing and governing classes with a legal authority for preventing strikes. Can the employing classes, then, be surprised if public men of standing who sincerely sympathise with the working classes are found ready to declare that Mr. Lloyd George's gigantic scheme was drawn up solely for the sake of Section 87? As the other provisions of the Act had

in effect already been covered, it is to be feared that the inference is at least plausible. It would have been in accordance with our national traditions for the Government to have supported really democratic and working-class institutions like the friendly societies and the trade unions. Instead of this, our Insurance Act is covertly designed to place these institutions in the hands of the governing bureaucracy. As the Government is the concrete representation of the abstract power which we know as the State, and as the State, being based on a definite economic system that permits the employing classes to regulate prices, including the price of labour, is in practice the instrument of the employing classes, it follows that by allowing the Government to control organisations still identified with labour movements we are enabling employers to control their workmen body and soul. These are inferences. They are drawn from the Insurance Act itself, and from the attitude assumed by the Government in many recent labour disputes. They may be wrong inferences; but no one can possibly deny that there is every reason for making them. If they can be shown to be incorrect, the fault is not ours for making them, but of Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues for the manner in which they have zealously brought all the forces at the command of the Government to the support of the employers in labour disputes of the last six years.

This is the Liberal attitude. A much more sound attitude towards the problems now confronting statesmen was that taken up by Mr. Bonar Law, and outlined by him in a speech delivered at a Tariff Reform League banquet held at the White City on November 8th, 1911. In the course of this speech, referring to the prevalent labour unrest, Mr. Bonar Law said: "The poor were led to believe that the passing of the Budget would be for them the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth. The millennium, however, was not yet, and up to now the only tangible result of the Budget to the working classes was dear tobacco, thin beer, and bad whisky. That was one cause. Another was that while the total wealth of the country had greatly increased, the position of the working classes had become worse. In spite of the Government—which had been living on the dear loaf—the necessities of life had risen, but wages had not. Every class would like to see the working class get a larger share of the profits of their industry, and the method by which that was to be obtained was the touchstone between the two political parties. That of the Government was to take from the rich by taxation and give to the poor by doles. That of Tariff Reformers was to put the working classes in a position to help themselves, and under no other fiscal system could there be a general rise in the

level of wages in this country. The Insurance Bill, introduced, perhaps, with the best intentions to help the poor, must add a burden to industry, and might increase the number of the poor, and the Bill to help unemployment might increase it."

Barring this somewhat vague reference to a Tariff Reform policy which has come into a certain amount of disrepute of late, this passage from Mr. Bonar Law's speech sums up with fair accuracy the views of the best sociologists among us. The policy of assisting the working classes out of the public funds is a form of charity, however we may try to disguise it under high-sounding names, and the particular form adopted of making a deduction from the workman's wages is nothing more or less than a poll tax, a form of impost which has never been popular in any period of English society.

It is also quite true to say that legislation such as that which is embodied in the Insurance Act has the effect of lowering the wages of workmen; but Mr. Bonar Law might have gone a step or two further by pointing out that the labour unrest about which he was speaking was not due so much to a demand for higher wages as to the desire of the working classes to restore the purchasing power of their earnings to what it was ten or fifteen years ago. Anyone who carefully examines the Board of Trade returns, and other official statistics bearing on the matter, will find that since 1891 the purchasing power of a pound sterling has declined to seventeen shillings: what the workmen bought for seventeen shillings in 1891, whether in the form of housing accommodation or food or clothing, he must now pay twenty shillings for. Although, therefore, taking trades generally, there has been a rise of wages within the last twenty years, prices have risen in a much higher proportion; so that to-day, in spite of his increased wages, the workman finds himself worse off in an economic sense than did the workman of the 'nineties. I say the workman, not because increased prices do not affect all classes, but because the working classes feel the effects of higher prices more than any other section of the community. That wages in industrial countries constantly tend to a mere subsistence level is as true to-day as when the proposition was first enunciated; and the more acute labour unrest of the last six years is simply due to the fact that in many trades wages have shown a tendency to fall even below subsistence level.

These facts, as far as we may judge them from the public utterances of politicians of all shades of opinion, are not sufficiently well realised by those responsible for the conduct of our national life. Mr. Bonar Law, however, seems to appreciate them in a much greater degree than his colleagues. All the more inexplic-

able, then, is the unwillingness of the Conservative party, even after Mr. Bonar Law became its leader, to take up a definite stand against the Insurance Bill in the House of Commons—inexplicable, that is, unless we venture to surmise with Mr. Belloc and others that the financial interests supporting the Insurance Bill proved too much for all parties in the House. On one memorable occasion Mr. Bonar Law announced in a House of Commons debate that if the Unionist party came back to power they would repeal the Insurance Act. When this became known the Unionists and their leader enjoyed unparalleled popularity throughout the country for a few hours. But on the same evening Mr. Bonar Law wrote to the papers explaining away his deliberate and definite statement in the House. This can only be characterised as political amblyopia of the worst kind. The Conservative opposition to the Act has since taken the form of protests, more or less skilful and intelligent, against its details, usually its financial details, whereas what is really wrong with the Act from the sociologist's point of view is the fact that it establishes the principle of compulsion. A second objection is a purely moral one, viz., that a forcible deduction from the workman's wages is a distinct interference with the liberty of the subject and a positive incitement to degradation of character. These degrading principles of compulsion in the first place, and deduction in the second place, will, if not soon removed from the Act, do more to foment class hatred and class wars than the combined Socialist oratory of the last thirty years. The causes of poverty, of the growing tension in the relations between masters and men, and of labour unrest in general, are serious and complex enough. But they will never be remedied by the sentimentality with which inexperienced newspaper critics hailed the introduction of an inefficient Insurance Bill. The curse of our political system is the part, the preponderating part, played in it by rhetorical politicians and superficial journalists. When the charlatans are forced to stand aside, then the political scientist will have his opportunity.

J. M. KENNEDY.

DISRAELI.

What he said was not free from self, from that perpetual presence of self to self which, though common enough in men of great ambition and ability, never ceases to be a flaw.—ANTHONY HOPE.

IN these words the author, in a novel obviously suggested by Disraeli's career, sums up at once the attraction and the repulsion wielded by that remarkable man. The tragic circumstances under which the second volume of the Disraeli biography has appeared make everything like an ordinary review of that work clearly impossible. None the less, it is equally impossible for those who are fascinated by the politics of the past to pass by in silence the second phase of Disraeli's career. The great man's life falls inevitably into four parts. There is his youth; there is the ten years of arduous and unrewarded labour in Parliament culminating in the struggle with Peel, and the accession to what was practically the joint leadership of the remnants of the Tory party. The third stage is represented by the twenty-five years of what was, in effect, perpetual Opposition, varied with occasional and insecure tenures of power. This period really represents the effort to reconstruct a shattered party on a new basis, and, with the exception of the single dazzling *coup* of 1867, calls for Parliamentary adroitness and unwearied tenacity of purpose, rather than for those other more brilliant qualities with which the protagonist's name is usually associated. Finally, comes 1874, and the great Ministry which culminated in such a disastrous fiasco.

It is the second and, I think most people would agree, the most interesting period which we now have before us. The rise to power must always, in nine cases out of ten, be more interesting than its fulfilment. There is the clash of personalities, the sporting risk, the attraction of youth and effort; whereas the Premiership, after all, often consists in signing your name to schemes invented by other people. Mr. Gladstone, of course, was different. He was in office almost from the first year of entering Parliament, and his office work was to him always the most congenial of relaxations. By leaving the party with the Peelites and transferring himself slowly and surely to the other side in politics, he spent in power the weary twenty-five years his great opponent spent in Opposition. The varying fates of the two great men of the nineteenth century were not unsuited to their temperament. One liked departmental drudgery, the other hated routine. For one everything was made smooth and

easy. Gladstone had money and brains, and happened to enter political life at a period when the rich manufacturing class from which he sprang was just dispossessing the original holders of political power, and had succeeded in placing, in Sir Robert Peel, its own nominee at the head of the Tory party. His ideas were therefore congenial to the age and to his leader, who was engaged in the formidable task of converting a historic Toryism into a middle-class Conservative party based on the town rather than on the country districts. Disraeli, on the other hand, started with nothing. He was not only deficient in cash and in influential connections, but he possessed the more fatal disadvantage of thinking for himself. The reason why Disraeli's name and influence are still a potent and moving factor in the minds of men, while Gladstone's influence has become a shadow connected with nothing but a catalogue of Bills and measures passed, is to be found in the fact that one man followed his age, while the other at least attempted to lead it.

The period in which Disraeli entered the House of Commons, in 1837, was one of the most tangled and confused, and in some ways the dullest, of the last 150 years. All the great controversies were over and settled, and with Reform and Catholic Emancipation and the end of the war, there passed away all the great figures whose names are linked up with those particular problems. Pitt's successors had followed Pitt to the grave, and Castlereagh and Canning had been replaced by Peel and Sir John Graham. On the Whig and Liberal benches Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were still regarded as more or less respectable mediocrities, while Macaulay's pyrotechnic efforts had long ceased to hold or to amuse the House. Europe was far too exhausted to allow any scope for urgent questions of foreign policy, and the problems of the time were in essence purely internal and almost purely economic.

The action and reaction between politics and economics is always an interesting study. When the younger Pitt formed his first Ministry the country was apparently on the verge of a cycle of unbounded prosperity. The wars of Chatham had produced effects which would have been peculiarly disappointing to the disciples of Mr. Norman Angell, and the exploitation of the new conquered territories under the Colonial system was pouring a vast volume of oversea wealth into the Home country. This development was almost contemporaneous with the rise of the new industrial system, so that the wealth of India was, in fact, employed to capitalise the new factory systems of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the merchant became the manufacturer. Then came the French Revolution and the war, and all Pitt's

hopes faded into mist. England thus found herself with a terrific, expensive, and long-sustained Continental struggle on her hands, while she was still, more mechanically than of set direction, constructing what is now the modern industrial world. The new industry, in a word, had to pay for the war. But if this crushing burden sometimes brought the new system almost to the verge of bankruptcy, it certainly gave this country the first start in the race for the industrial lead. If England had a grinding income-tax, Central and Southern Europe generally had a conquering army in its capital, and it still remains true that a tax is less expensive than an invasion. Waterloo, however, left a country of only fifteen millions of people saddled with a tremendous National Debt, and the problem from then onwards became a twofold one. In the first place, what was necessary was the restoration of credit, and that restoration could only be effected by an increase in the resources and numbers of the people who had to pay the Debt. The encouragement of industry, which is a far more rapid way, if not so sound a one, of increasing your population than the encouragement of agriculture, was the natural method of solving the problem. The Tariff issue as we know it to-day was for the moment practically in abeyance. The United States, still in its infancy, had been even worse hit than we had been by its wars of forty years, while European industry was only beginning again to struggle into existence. On the seas for twenty years no flag had flown except by Britain's permission, and it was not unnatural that to many minds a system of universal Free Trade should possess a fatal attraction. The second aspect of the problem was the conditions under which the industrial world which was to pay off the Debt should organise itself. Here, again, the natural, if erroneous, conclusion was that the growth and the profits of industry should be as great and rapid as possible. Any consideration, then, for the health of the workers employed in that industry was regarded as a check on the growth of the national credit and of the national prosperity. It was these economic factors which gave to the creed of philosophic Liberalism a certain plausibility. Men wanted money made quickly, and were not indisposed to accept a theory which claimed that to make money in a hurry tended to the highest good of humanity. Although, then, in the year of Disraeli's entrance into the House the Whigs still remained theoretical Protectionists, the spread on their side of the House of the doctrines of philosophic Radicalism was already formidable and increasing. On the Conservative side, too, the general tendency of the age had not been without its effect, and the Tory party was becoming increasingly Laodicean on the

whole Tariff issue. If, then, Parliament was rapidly moving towards one view of the best solution of the economic problem, the other side of the shield was represented by the fierce social disorders which marked the period. The Whig panacea for machine-breaking had been to give the vote to the class who lived by the product of new invention. The Reform Bill of 1832 was in most ways a reactionary step which placed political power in the hands of the one class which could not be trusted to build a solid State out of the welter of industrial development. It is, in fact, to that Bill that we owe our social problem to-day.

Reform had, of course, not the slightest effect on a prevailing discontent which was completely economic in its causes, and the Whig Ministry did not long survive its offspring. The country turned to Peel and the Conservative party, and gave them a chance to try their hand at a solution of the difficulty. Unfortunately, however, when the country declared for Reform it robbed Toryism of about half the conditions which made success conceivable. The old electoral arrangement, which had in effect been in force with brief intervals ever since the time of the Tudors, was not such a bad one. If the King or his advisers wanted to know what the country was thinking, they took a certain number of places more or less at random in the country, but in sufficient numbers to make them reasonably representative, and held a poll. This, and nothing else, was the origin of the rotten borough. Of course, the system was liable to gross abuse, and in many cases boroughmongering had reached the stage of a grave scandal. But the Whig historians, who have dominated University thought for the last fifty years, have totally failed to explain on their own hypothesis how a system which they perpetually describe as hopelessly vicious and corrupt, produced at every time, save in the Long Parliament, and during the short period of George III.'s corrupt domination, a Parliament which absolutely represented the nation on every occasion of crisis. Did the country want the Restoration? Well, it got a Parliament which did. Did the country like the Anglo-French Alliance against William III.? Well, it got a Parliament which didn't. Was the country ever Jacobite? Well, it never had a Parliament that was. The list could be prolonged indefinitely. The reason that our Whig friends have no explanation is that the type of man who dominated the voting in the borough reflected accurately the general view of the people whose votes he controlled. Probably he reflected public opinion far better than the methods of the caucus do to-day. In four cases out of five he was an ordinary country gentleman, with nothing particular either to lose or to gain either by changing or sticking to his

political convictions : he was too strong to be ousted from his borough, and not strong enough to expect office or emolument. It is perfectly true that in the eighteenth century the system had shown signs of breaking down under the pressure of a very able King and a new flood of wealth which was demoralising the political system of the country. But the reasonable cure was a reformed system giving the new industrial districts adequate representation in a way which would have allowed the working classes to make their influence felt. This was not done in 1832, and, as a consequence, when the country recovered from its Whig debauch, and asked Sir Robert Peel to face the situation, it presented him with a Parliament and an electorate which was quite determined that, whatever was done, nothing should be done which interfered with the sacred rights of the freedom of contract and free exchange. There were, then, two ways out of the difficulty, and Peel and Disraeli, as might have been expected from their temperaments, took precisely opposite views. The first way was to tell the truth and appeal to the democracy against the manufacturing classes, and this was Disraeli's suggestion. But Peel himself was a manufacturer, and his alternative suggestion was to steal a sufficient quantity of manufacturing support to make a coalition with the old country party, and then to drift on by making little alterations in our commercial system which would really cheat both sides of what they wanted and thought they were getting. The story of politics from 1837 to 1846 is nothing but a record of Peel's perpetual drift towards the inevitable Falls. Disraeli, on the other hand, was left standing on the bank shouting advice to his leader to row back even at the cost of office—a course which that leader has never had the faintest intention of adopting. In the circumstances, it is not unnatural that the stroke of the boat and the coach were not on the best of terms. Even though Disraeli's exclusion from office was, as a matter of fact, not due to Peel at all, it would have been due to Peel had that statesman been capable of appreciating what was in his fellow-member's mind. That appreciation came later, and with it the crash.

The argument between the two men was, therefore, from start to finish hopeless, and the Life proves conclusively that it was not due to personal ill-will or to Peel's notorious manner. Even when every allowance has been made for that tendency of self-glorification which marks the biographies both of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Lloyd George, it is clear that Peel went out of his way to give his subordinate a measure of encouragement and approbation which he bestowed on few of his followers. The difficulty was with the facts, and not between the men. I have pointed

out already that the relation between the economic and political factors which mark the period in which Peel held his last tenure of power, made a successful solution of his difficulties absolutely impossible to a man of his temperament. The crisis, however, was precipitated by the severe industrial depression which marked the first five years of the 'forties. That depression is, indeed, shown in the abnormally low birth-rate of the period—a fact which, by the way, will utterly throw out of gear all the original Treasury calculations on the cost of Old Age Pensions. The famine in Ireland was merely the last straw which broke the camel's back.

Nothing is more admirable in the last instalment of the *Life* than the light it throws on Disraeli's attitude towards the Tariff and the industrial question. On both sides of the problem his view was consistent, sane, and prophetic—a combination of qualities not always found in public men. In the first place he was, as his biographer justly points out, aware of the fact that tariff systems are made for men, and not men for tariff systems. Peel had long been drifting towards the complete abandonment of Protection. At the very moment when Disraeli was explaining to his constituents in Shrewsbury that he would support his leader in a modification of the tariff, but not in its repeal, that same leader was informing his *âme damnée* at the Board of Trade, Mr. Gladstone, that he had already been converted by Cobden. But, in spite of the refusal of office, and of the manifest tendencies of the leader's mind, Disraeli supported the Government in the House for two years after the Shrewsbury speech. Nothing, indeed, in the present volume is more interesting than its complete justification of Disraeli's consistency and prevision on the whole tariff issue. He was obviously animated throughout by a settled conception of policy which was in no way influenced by personal pique.

The dates themselves supply a complete refutation of the story set going by hostile biographers like Mr. T. P. O'Connor and often popularly believed, that the failure to obtain Government office was followed by, and was the cause of, the Protectionist revolt. The most biting attacks on Peel antedate that revolt by two years, and at the end of twelve months of isolation Disraeli is discovered writing from Paris to the effect that the Government were stronger than they were when they took office, and that his own prospects were hopelessly clouded. To sum up, the member divined what was passing in the leader's mind some years before the leader ventured to announce it to his party. When the announcement came the crash followed in a moment, and the member stepped inevitably into what was left of the leader's

shoes. The antagonism of Peel and Disraeli was an irreconcilable clash of political theory and method, and was only so far personal in that a coalition might have brought a compromise. Peel, however, to his misfortune, did not choose to treat the younger man seriously, and it is, indeed, very doubtful whether the agreement would not have been as fatal to Toryism as the actual disruption. Like Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone in 1886, the two men "did not mean the same thing." One was a moderate Cobdenite. The other was a man whose whole intellectual position was a violent revolt against the quackery of philosophic Liberalism. The "inspired bagman's" dream of universal Free Trade in the interests of Great Britain and to the perpetual detriment of Europe was clearly an idle vision; no one but a philosophic Liberal would have believed it, for it ignored the principle of Nationality, and on Nationality the world is based.

At the same time, the tariff of the 'thirties and the 'forties was, as Huskisson, that much neglected Minister, knew, unduly and unnecessarily high on many articles. Disraeli's policy was to maintain the principle of the tariff as a weapon always to hand when industrial Europe had recovered from Napoleon, and, at the same time, to prevent any dislocation of existing trades and interests. Among those interests the agricultural districts had a very strong claim to special consideration, both from a national and political point of view. They were not only the backbone of the Tory party, but they supplied the national physique, and were the only possible check on the insensate greed which made a holocaust of national life in the pursuit of industrial expansion. From the external standpoint the great man decried the modified tariff from the point of view of a householder in a disturbed district who lays in, not a Maxim gun, but a revolver as the weapon in reserve. But to carry such a policy—and so far Peel was right—required a greater backing than the country party could of itself supply. It became necessary to contemplate the other side of the shield, and to add a further policy of consideration for the new working classes, who were being trampled to death in the struggle for profits, and of the new and revised franchise. That franchise was not obtained till twenty years afterwards, and without it the Young England schemes were deprived of their motor muscle. They never ceased to be dreams, and never became programmes. It is now quite clear that though Disraeli's active democratic sympathies made him sympathise strongly with that particular movement, he was himself neither its inventor nor its chief. He was an older and an abler man brought in at a later stage to help a movement begun by undergraduates, and although the Young England policy had the root of the matter

in it, it was from first to last an undergraduate scheme, composed by men who had no knowledge of or connection with the harsh realities of life. That reality Disraeli, who had fought his way by no man's grace or favour, could have given it had he been the leader of the Tory party. But he was not the leader, and so we have that party during Disraeli's ten years of unrecognised work drifting towards the catastrophe which was to make him leader and deprive him of power. The controversy then between the two Tory sections raged impartially over Poor Law Reform, of which Disraeli took the modern view and Peel the Whig one; the Twelve Hours Bill, on which a similar divergence of opinion arose, and finally on the tariff. In each case the country party either supported, or wanted to support, the revoler, partially in deference to their real convictions, and partially in revenge for the Reform Bill which the manufacturing classes had thrust upon them. In each case Peel supported the manufacturing classes, even though it involved an almost open alliance with his opponents across the floor of the House. To use a modern cant phrase, the Tory party stood for Tariff and Social Reform, whereas their leaders stood for Free Trade and no social legislation. In these circumstances the *dénouement* was inevitable, and in 1846 it came. Disraeli at last had his chance. The old leader became the new heretic, and the old heretic the new leader.

So much, then, for the general position with which the second period of the protagonist's career is concerned. For many people, however, the personal side of politics will always possess a greater attraction than the general current of political events. Disraeli always had the good fortune to attract both kinds of interest. If his ideas were great, his personality was also dazzling; so dazzling, indeed, as to suggest occasionally the texture of varnish. The personality is perhaps at the best in this central period. Lord Rosebery has written a well-known passage in which he describes the impossibility of reading the political oratory of the past:—

"Is this the phrase we thought so thrilling? Is this the epigram that seemed to tingle? The voice sounds cracked across the space of years; the lights are out and the flowers have faded."

Disraeli in the period we are discussing is an absolute refutation of the whole dictum. No one can read the famous philippics without something of the pleasure, the excitement, and the somewhat tremulous emotion which they raised in the hearts of the House of Commons of his time. The reply to Palmerston on the question of a prolonged tenure of office, the jests at the expense of the staid and solid Graham, no less than the "candid friend" speech, deserve to live, and always will live, as masterpieces of

Parliamentary sarcasm. In re-reading the speeches one realises that certain forms of art can never lose their interest however much tastes and circumstances change. The dictum, "For ever will she flee and thou be fair," is not confined to sculpture. If there is one criticism which might be made on the style, it would be that it is almost too exuberant and too full of good things. The brilliancy of each succeeding sentence seems to cast its predecessor into the shade. But the contemporary accounts of the method of delivery do not agree with this view. They suggest that the attack was carried out far more in Mr. Chamberlain's style: the quiet, acceptable, and impassive argument being sandwiched in between the telling phrases which were meant to bite and hold. "The power of the orator was more confessed," says a contemporary, "in the nervous twitchings of Sir Robert Peel and his utter powerlessness to look indifferent or to conceal his palpable annoyance, than even in the delirious laughter with which the House accepted and sealed the truth of the attacks, followed, in justice let us add, by a sort of compunction that they should thus have joined in ridiculing their former idol."

For the rest, the most interesting points raised by the biography are the old controversy about the letter to Peel asking for office. and the precise degree of influence which Disraeli had obtained in the House at the time that that demand was made. It is extremely difficult to come to any conclusion on either question. The accounts of Disraeli's speeches up till 1842 come almost entirely from sources too favourable to himself to be taken at their face value. Nor is it probable that Taper and Tadpole, even though backed by Lord Stanley, could have kept Disraeli out if the effect of his oratory on the House had been so tremendous as he himself describes. The very fact that it is now certainly known that Peel had no personal prejudice in the matter makes it more improbable that he would have acquiesced in the exclusion of so valuable a debater. It is the habit of men conscious of the great careers which lie before them to antedate their success, as a recent biography has undoubtedly shown. It would be harsh, but not unfair, to say that what can only be described as bragging and bounding is not incompatible with the highest attainments. Disraeli undoubtedly suffered from a tendency in this direction, and his statements about his own performances must be taken with a grain of salt. None the less, he did, in the celebrated phrase, tomahawk his road to power, though it may remain uncertain at what precise point his grip on the House of Commons became unquestionable.

On the second point it must be confessed that the biography appears a little unfair to its subject. That Mrs. Disraeli applied

to Peel, directly and indirectly, on her husband's behalf is incontrovertible. But it is not so easy to interpret Disraeli's own letter on the subject. Methods of expression which are perfectly clear to contemporaries in a particular walk of life, are very easily misinterpreted by subsequent generations, and the flat denial in the House makes it vastly more improbable that the author of the letter regarded it as a formal application for office. Only three views are possible. Either Disraeli wrote the letter in a deliberately ambiguous sense, and, remembering its existence, was convinced that he could prove that it was not an application—for, as has been pointed out, he must have foreseen the possibility of Peel having kept it—or, far more probably, he did not regard it himself in the light in which it has been interpreted, and was therefore careless as to whether Peel had kept it or not. The third explanation is, of course, a lapse of memory in the excitement of the moment. In any case, I think any jury would return a verdict of not proven, if only on the strength of what seems to the modern generation the extravagant indecisiveness and ambiguity of all the correspondence between Peel and Disraeli.

The generation of to-day finds Chatham's letters, to most of which we have no other key, almost unintelligible both in substance and form, and the same difficulty applies to the present case. If Lord Chatham wrote that he had the highest esteem for Lord Temple, it probably meant that he was willing to enter a Cabinet with him. If Mr. Winston Churchill wrote that he had the highest esteem for Mr. Lloyd George it would not necessarily convey any such implication.

But in any circumstances, the matter, in the light of the knowledge possessed to-day, is one of trivial importance. The divergences between Peel and Disraeli were, in any case, too profound for settlement, but the younger man was not aware in 1842 how deep those divergences were. There was no earthly reason why he should not have applied for office if such a course was in consonance with the etiquette of the day, and there was no earthly reason also why, after refusal, he should not differ from a policy which only became fully developed two years after this so-called application. The only difference the matter made was that no resignation from the Ministry was necessary, for in no circumstances would Disraeli have gone into the Peelite camp. Such a course would, indeed, have meant tearing up the whole of his political convictions by the roots, and of such a step he was totally incapable. The other doubtful points with which hostile writers have made play come to nothing but faults of taste and manner. Lord Beaconsfield was flattered by the idea

that he was a Winchester boy. When a mis-statement to this effect was made in his presence he did not care or bother to contradict it. This, indeed, is the general run of the other accusations. Someone has observed that we are not all people of enormous virtue, like Lord Althorp and Mr. Gladstone, and even Mr. Gladstone himself no doubt possessed his little private weaknesses, such as mixing his wine after dinner while lecturing against the practice.

But it is impossible to understand Disraeli's character without realising that he was a man of letters who was determined to be a successful man of action. His temperament was the literary temperament, and his political career largely the history of the force of will with which he thrust himself into the centre of active affairs. The exotic extravagances of his youth are not the faults displayed by men who are by nature great in the world of action. They are the posthumous exhibitions of the romantic movement, and to anyone of less determination would have proved fatal. The difference between the author of *Vivian Grey* and Lord Beaconsfield is the difference between the boy who determined to pursue a certain course largely inconsistent with his real character and tastes, and the man who was the result of the struggle and of the success, and who thus comes out in many respects vitally altered in character. In so far as temperament responds to environment, it is not a permanent, unchangeable, and indestructible thing. It can, on the contrary, be largely re-made by the will which selects the environment. I have said already that, in a sense, there are four stages in the Life, and, as a matter of external history, that statement is perfectly correct. As a matter of intellectual and moral history, it would be more accurate to say that Disraeli went through a triple development. There is the original period in which he formulates political principles to which he adheres all through his life. There is the second stage in which, in the hard struggle of leading an Opposition against an overwhelming trend of opposing sentiment, he gets—to use a slang phrase—the nonsense knocked out of him, or in other words comes to realise that Peel had killed Young England, even if Young England had broken Peel. The final stage is power when too much of the nonsense has been knocked out, and when for the first time there was present that democratic backing which had been lacking to the author of schemes of social reconstruction until his career was almost over and when will and intellect and circumstances make it impossible to take up the splendid and practical dreams of the early 'thirties.

These facts perhaps explain the most unjustifiable distrust

which pursued Disraeli throughout the greater part of his career. The so-called men of intelligence had transhipped themselves to the Liberal ship in the crisis of '46. The remainder wanted a leader badly, but they did not want a man of literature or of ideas. A kind of haze of misunderstanding, therefore, spread between the two parties to the agreement. There was no difference of view, but there was a strong difference of temperament. There was, then, for a long period something of a *mariage de convenance* between the real leader and the followers. As a result, intermediary figure-heads like Lord George Bentinck and Lord Stanley had occasionally to be put forward to smooth over a temporary difficulty, but the dominant and the working mind remained the same, and the hand which struck down Peel reconstructed and restored to power a party far more hopelessly shattered than Liberalism was in '86, in the face of difficulties far greater even than those which confronted the successors of Mr. Gladstone.

But throughout it all the instinct of Toryism was right. The leader was steeped in the political traditions and literature of the party, while his followers were actuated by that instinct, though they had never read the literature. And if the party was right, so was the democracy, which has always accorded to Lord Beaconsfield a sympathy and affection which it has denied to Mr. Gladstone. The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Gladstone, by the accident of time and circumstance, was the author, and the acknowledged author, of far more numerous measures of reform than fate and accident left to his great antagonist. But the Liberal statesman "reformed" on principle, and not because he had the faintest sympathy with the practical needs and aspirations of the masses. Lord Beaconsfield, on the other hand, was unquestionably by temperament averse to that vast mass of detailed knowledge, only to be obtained by continuous work, which is essential to most measures of social reform. He only obtained complete power long after his maturity, while his opponent spent two-thirds of his time in office at the very height of his vigour. None the less, in some instinctive manner the newly-enfranchised democracy of 1867 penetrated to the real truth. The deferred returns came in, and the leader of the Conservative party obtained from the people in his old age some recognition for the great reforms he had planned in his youth and had been prevented from carrying into practical effect, first, by the Cobdenite reaction, and, secondly, by the mere lapse of time. The democracy always knew at heart that Lord Beaconsfield was a democrat, just as the intellectuals have always known that Mr. Disraeli was the only statesman of the early nineteenth century who

possesses any great claim to intellectual eminence. It is on this double basis that his reputation rests, and no amount of rather ill-natured gossip about his "table manners" will affect the result.

Disraeli, then, remains, and will remain, by far the most interesting political figure of his century; perhaps, indeed, the most interesting figure of the last two hundred years, with the exception of Chatham and Bolingbroke. This is due partly to his essential greatness, and partly to the fact that his whole existence was, in a sense, a paradox. He was, by race, an alien, who cared more deeply than many of his British contemporaries for English history and England's greatness. He was pre-eminently a man of ideas and a man of literature, who yet exhibited in practical life a capacity and an endurance which baffled and defeated the so-called men of the world and of affairs. He outwitted the financiers over Suez, and he beat Mr. Gladstone over Parliamentary tactics on the Franchise Bill. He was a man of supreme intelligence—are not many of us living on his ideas to-day?—who yet could condescend to the tawdry. But he had genius, and when one has said that one has said everything. His mind, in an age given over to the worship of false political ideas, was neither bent nor broken by the opposition of the vast mass of his contemporaries. He planned in his youth the foundation on which the new industrial State ought to have been built, but was not built, with so sure a hand that he would probably have builded far wiser than he knew. Of what he wrote and spoke on industrial and social policy every word remains true to-day. And this was because his instinctive feeling for the facts of British life, and for the mental qualities of the British people, was truer than that of the men of formulæ and theories who got their way in spite of him. It is for this reason, then, that his memory remains a living and a moving force. If one thinks of Napoleon, the picture is of Lodi or of the eve of Austerlitz or of the great tomb in the Invalides. To think of Bismarck, Disraeli's only contemporary rival in the field of nineteenth-century Conservative statesmanship, one must come back to the entry of the returning army through the Brandenburg Gate in 1866, or to the Terrace at Versailles where the German Empire was consummated. But the mental picture of Disraeli will always be the statue in the Square in the dusk of a November evening, with the dark bulk of the Houses of Parliament, and all they embody, looming behind.

MAURICE WOODS.

ENCELADUS.¹

*In the Black Country, from a little window,
Before I slept, across the haggard wastes
Of dust and ashes, I saw Titanic shafts
Like shadowy columns of wan-hope arise
To waste, on the bleary sky, their slow sad wreaths
Of smoke, their infinitely sad slow prayers.
Then, as night deepened, the blast-furnaces,
Red smears upon the sulphurous blackness, turned
All that sad region to a City of Dis,
Where naked, sweating giants all night long
Bowed their strong necks, melted flesh, blood and bone,
To brim the dry ducts of the gods of gloom
With terrible rivers, branches of living gold.
O, like some tragic gesture of great souls
In agony, those awful columns towered
Against the clouds, that city of ash and slag
Assumed the grandeur of some direr Thebes
Arising to the death-chant of those gods,
A dreadful Order climbing from the dark
Of Chaos and Corruption, threatening to take
Heaven with its vast slow storm.*

I slept, and dreamed.

*And like the slow beats of some Titan heart
Buried beneath immeasurable woes,
The forging-hammers thudded through the dream:*

*Huge on a fallen tree,
Lost in the darkness of primæval woods,
Enceladus, earth-born Enceladus,
The naked giant, brooded all alone.
Born of the lower earth, he knew not how,
Born of the mire and clay, he knew not when,
Brought forth in darkness, and he knew not why!*

Thus, like a wind, went by a thousand years.

*Anhungered, yet no comrade of the wolf,
And cold, but with no power upon the sun,
A master of this world that mastered him!*

Thus, like a cloud, went by a thousand years.

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Who chained this other giant in his heart
That heaved and burned like Etna? Heavily
He bent his brows and wondered and was dumb.

And, like one wave, a thousand years went by.

He raised his matted head and scanned the stars.
He stood erect! He lifted his uncouth arms!
With inarticulate sounds his uncouth lips
Wrestled and strove—I am full-fed, and yet
I hunger!

*Who set this fiercer famine in my maw?
Can I eat moons, gorge on the Milky Way,
Swill sunsets down, or sup the wash of the dawn
Out of the rolling swine-troughs of the sea?
Can I drink oceans, lie beneath the mountains,
And nuzzle their heavy boulders like a cub
Sucking the dark teats of the tigress? Who,
Who set this deeper hunger in my heart?
And the dark forest echoed—Who? Ah, who?*

"I hunger!"

And the night-wind answered him,
"Hunt, then, for food."

"I hunger!"

And the sleek gorged lioness
Drew nigh him, dripping freshly from the kill,
Redder her lolling tongue, whiter her fangs,
And gazed with ignorant eyes of golden flame.

"I hunger!"

Like a breaking sea his cry
Swept through the night. Against his swarthy knees
She rubbed the red wet velvet of her ears
With mellow thunders of unweeting bliss,
Purring—*Ah, seek, and you shall find.
Ah, seek, and you shall slaughter, gorge, ah seek,
Seek, seek, you shall feed full, ah seek, ah seek.*

Enceladus, earth-born Enceladus,
Bewildered like a desert-pilgrim, saw
A rosy City, opening in the clouds,
The hunger-born mirage of his own heart,
Far, far above the world, a home of gods,

Where One, a goddess, veiled in the sleek waves
 Of her deep hair, yet glimmering golden through,
 Lifted, with radiant arms, ambrosial food
 For hunger such as this! Up the dark hills,
 He rushed, a thunder-cloud,
 Urged by the famine of his heart. He stood
 High on the topmost crags, he hailed the gods
 In thunder, and the clouds re-echoed it!
 He hailed the gods!
 And like a sea of thunder round their thrones
 Washing, a midnight sea, his earth-born voice
 Besieged the halls of heaven! He hailed the gods!
 They laughed, he heard them laugh!
 With echo and re-echo, far and wide,
 A golden sea of mockery, they laughed!

Enceladus, earth-born Enceladus,
 Laid hold upon the rosy Gates of Heaven,
 And shook them with gigantic sooty hands,
 Asking he knew not what, but not for alms;
 And the Gates opened, opened as in jest;
 And, like a sooty Jest, he stumbled in.

Round him the gods, the young and scornful gods,
 Clustered and laughed to mark the ravaged face,
 The brutal brows, the deep and dog-like eyes,
 The blunt black nails, and back with burdens bowed.
 And, when they laughed, he snarled with uncouth lips
 And made them laugh again.

"Whence comest thou?"

He could not speak!
 How should he speak whose heart within him heaved
 And burned like Etna? Through his mouth there came
 A sound of ice-bergs in a frozen sea
 Of tears, a sullen region of black ice
 Rending and breaking, very far away.
 They laughed!
 He stared at them, bewildered, and they laughed
 Again, *"Whence comest thou?"*

He could not speak!
 But through his mouth a moan of midnight woods,
 Where wild beasts lay in wait to slaughter and gorge,
 A moan of forest-caverns where the wolf
 Brought forth her litter, a moan of the wild earth

In travail with strange shapes of mire and clay,
 Creatures of clay, clay images of the gods,
 That hungered like the gods, the most high gods,
 But found no food, and perished like the beasts.
 And the gods laughed,—

Art thou, then, such a god? And, like a leaf
 Unfolding in dark woods, in his deep brain
 A sudden memory woke; and like an ape
 He nodded, and all heaven with laughter rocked,
 While Artemis cried out with scornful lips,—
Perchance He is the Maker of you all!

Then, piteously outstretching calloused hands,
 He sank upon his knees, his huge gnarled knees,
 And echoed, falteringly, with slow harsh tongue,—
Perchance, perchance, the Maker of you all.

They wept with laughter! And Aphrodite, she,
 With keener mockery than white Artemis
 Who smiled aloof, drew nigh him unabashed
 In all her blinding beauty. Carelessly,
 As o'er the brute brows of a stalled ox
 Across that sooty muzzle and brawny breast,
 Contemptuously, she swept her golden hair
 In one deep wave, a many-millioned scourge
 Intolerable and beautiful as fire;
 Then turned and left him, reeling, gasping, dumb,
 While heaven re-echoed and re-echoed, *See,*
Perchance, perchance, the Maker of us all!

Enceladus, earth-born Enceladus,
 Rose to his feet, and with one terrible cry
 "*I hunger,*" rushed upon the scornful gods
 And strove to seize and hold them with his hands,
 And still the laughter deepened as they rolled
 Their clouds around them, baffling him. But once,
 Once with a shout, in his gigantic arms
 He crushed a slippery splendour on his breast
 And felt on his harsh skin the cool smooth peaks
 Of Aphrodite's bosom. One black hand
 Slid down the naked snow of her long side
 And bruised it where he held her. Then, like snow
 Vanishing in a furnace, out of his arms
 The splendour suddenly melted, and a roll
 Of thunder split the dream, and headlong down

He fell, from heaven to earth; while, overhead
 The young and scornful gods—he heard them laugh!—
 Toppled the crags down after him. He lay
 Supine. They plucked up Etna by the roots
 And buried him beneath it. His broad breast
 Heaved, like that other giant in his heart,
 And through the crater burst his fiery breath,
 But could not burst his bonds. And so he lay
 Breathing in agony thrice a thousand years.

'Then came a Voice, he knew not whence, "Arise,
 Enceladus!" And from his heart a crag
 Fell, and one arm was free, and one thought free,
 And suddenly he awoke, and stood upright,
 Shaking the mountains from him like a dream;
 And the tremendous light and awful truth
 Smote, like the dawn, upon his blinded eyes,
 That out of his first wonder at the world,
 Out of his own heart's deep humility,
 And simple worship, he had fashioned gods
 Of cloud, and heaven out of a hollow shell.
 And groping now no more in the empty space
 Outward, but inward in his own deep heart,
 He suddenly felt the secret gates of heaven
 Open, and from the infinite heavens of hope
 Inward, a voice, from the innermost courts of Love,
 Rang—*Thou shalt have none other gods but Me.*

Enceladus, the foul Enceladus,
 When the clear light out of that inward heaven
 Whose gates are only inward in the soul,
 Showed him that one true Kingdom, said,
 "I will stretch
 My hands out once again. And, as the God
 That made me is the Heart within my heart,
 So shall my heart be to this dust and earth
 A god and a creator. I will strive
 With mountains, fires and seas, wrestle and strive,
 Fashion and make, and that which I have made
 In anguish I shall love as God loves me."

*In the Black Country, from a little window,
 Waking at dawn, I saw those giant Shafts
 —O great dark word out of our elder speech,
 Long since the poor man's kingly heritage—*

*The Shapings, the dim Sceptres of Creation,
The Shafts like columns of wan-hope arise
To waste, on the bleak sky, their slow sad wreaths
Of smoke, their infinitely sad slow prayers.
Then, as the dawn crimsoned, the sordid clouds,
The puddling furnaces, the mounds of slag,
The cinders, and the sand-beds and the rows
Of wretched roofs, assumed a majesty
Beyond all majesties of earth or air;
Beauty beyond all beauty, as of a child
In rags, upraised thro' the still gold of heaven,
With wasted arms and hungering eyes, to bring
The armoured seraphim down upon their knees
And teach eternal God humility;
The solemn beauty of the unfulfilled
Moving towards fulfilment on a height
Beyond all heights; the dreadful beauty of hope;
The naked wrestler struggling from the rock
Under the sculptor's chisel; the rough mass
Of clay more glorious for the poor blind face
And bosom that half emerge into the light,
More glorious and august, even in defeat,
Than that too cold dominion God foreswore
To bear this passionate universal load,
This Calvary of Creation, with mankind.*

ALFRED NOYES.

THE GREATEST ILLUSION.

Who shall decide which it is? It is not Mr. Norman Angell's pretty fairy-tale respecting finance and war, or even his own conceivable illusions about it. Wars themselves have an ugly knack of shattering theories, for they are real. The greatest illusion surely is that nothing can ever happen, or that only formulas exist. Tried by that standard our Constitution must perish, for formulas have chicaned it out of sight; and formulas propagate fallacies that cajole greed or indifference by their easy virtue. It is the "Government" that embodies and parades this greatest of illusions. It rests, if we reflect, on an inability to believe, and it works through catch-words lamentably suited for the mock-faith of passion, ignorance, folly or prejudice. The worst is that unrealities can actually suspend life when mechanisms paralyse the human will. And the pink of unreality is our present "Government," which has made Parliament so unrepresentative that it is fast becoming a laughing-stock. But woe to the laughers who connive at the high-priesthood of such an arch-illusion. They affect to fancy the cult popular, yet "Joy-Day" (at our own expense) fell flat. They still cry "Liberalism" on taxed house-tops, though few Liberals are left, and not one of them is free; liberty in fact and Liberalism are now opposites. They parade—to cite the Premier's last word—"an open mind" which only means no admittance except on business. Declining to lead—still more to govern—they hasten to coerce even while they pretend to emancipate. To an onlooker wishing to disentangle essentials nothing would seem real save monkey-tricks of mischief or long vistas of votes. There is one voice for the crowd, another (with a wink) for the elect; the one voice disclaims the other. And they have at least two tones, the shout of shallow violence and the drawl of deep platitude, so that bluster is being dully polished by boredom. Moreover, there is sometimes a nauseous blend of the Pharisee and the publican. What ideas underlie their paraded ideals, what justice; what are their reforms but second-hand revenges? They think little out, they look nowhere forward but to the ballot-box at the polls, and to the lack of it in the trade unions. No wonder that this "Government" is called lucid; you can see right into the mud under its two inches of water. It is very abstract, too—or at least it is very fond of abstracting. It has small individual force or true human

sympathy, and it is not beloved for it is a self-centred group loosely led and welded. It is a haphazard firm, growing as it goes, though, alas! not going as it grows. It serves mainly as the mob's speculative brokers, "carrying over" riskless resolutions from fortnight to fortnight, and charging iniquitous contangos in the process. Outside pressure, the policy of the weather-glass is its principle "Democracy," is the label that needs must cover a multitude of its sins, but so "democratic" has it become—or in other words autocratic and automatic—that it is concentrated on machinery. Men are machines. The polls are lifts, and a once free assembly has been degraded into a four-hundred-a-year-in-the-"slot." Indeed, "Mangling done here" is now the motto of the "Mother of Parliaments." Not that the public is privileged to see half the linen. For the "Government's" transformations are behind scenes and shun the open—"open doors" always excepted. Thus it happens that general consent is lacking. On general consent, however, our Constitution rests, with it it has grown. Without it what becomes of goodwill; and without goodwill in great matters, what becomes of reality? Yet now nothing is discussed, all is decreed, and decreed, as it were, in whispers. The whisper soon swells into orders, and so the trade-union tyranny, first subvented by Radical Ministers, gets annexed and absorbed. Yes, the twenty-one gentlemen in black coats who now compose an enlarged inner circle have seized on the solemn dignities of the past, and under the sham of that shelter invade the very liberties which they stood to safeguard. And while they have dared to do this behind the back of a sleeping nation they disclaim responsibility to all but the soulless engine which they grind and handle. The Cabinet can enforce change without check, explain catastrophe, invert precedent, twist, wriggle in and out of everything. Is not this a modern substitute for that joy of our boyhood, the "Cabinet Trick"? Like those dear old Davenport Brothers, our "Government" may be tied up ever so fast in the face of all men (and women). Everyone says that escape is impossible. But hey presto pass! Safe in their closed snuggery and sleight of hand, they still manage to escape. It is all simplicity itself if the audience be simple also. But one day these performers will fail to undo the knot, and then, amid hisses, that audience to whom they are really accountable, those who pay as well as those who do not, will be ungrateful enough to award them their due. It is a snapshot audience, however, and meanwhile it wrangles over places or rushes off to fresh excitements, or stays to see how these rather dismal jugglers will disentangle themselves afresh. Few think the juggling serious; "only politics," they exclaim. Like the Greek suitor of the

Egyptian princess in Herodotus, "οὐ φροντὶς Ἰπποκλείδῃ." Audiences are careless so long as they can afford the show.

Meanwhile also it may be well to consider how far and on what road motor speed, helped by motor apathy, has brought us. The initial delusion, and one which Ministers hug, is to put forward their recent revolutions as merely progress, to accept the pretext of "normal development." The "Government" tells us this only with their voice of "platitude": their platform-voice—their Marseillaise *new style*—is, of course, more concerned with the "development" of land. The truth is that "normal development" is humbug, and we are asked to condone a system which exalts orgied legislation above law; batters freedom in the name of rights and property under the style of privilege; transforms an Englishman's house into Paul Pry's castle; quarters quantity on quality and Bumbledom on the "People"; usurps prerogative, turning the Crown into a cipher and the "State" into a pettifogging attorney; multiplies the loaves and fishes; burrows and doubles at every turn; and in fine perverts loyalty into a mute compliance with cabal. Yet all forsooth is perfectly "normal," and those who prophesy otherwise must eat the bread of affliction while the front bench laughs over the fun. Such a pose would be equally bad whichever political party stooped to cause or practise it. Has decadence sunk so low as to stop even the faintest protest of national indignation? "Normal development" indeed! The patient tosses on his fever-bed, while Dr. Lloyd George (no diploma) records the highest temperature, declaring it to be a sure sign of health, and Dr. Asquith (Oxford degree) gravely goes out to affix his bulletin of "normal development." Protesting the sternest sense of duty, they sit safe in office until the patient recovers. It will not be their fault if he does. They have blankly refused to consult his wishes. His illness is their profession.

It can scarcely be denied that the current Coalition has set, and sets more and more, narrow and partisan interests above those of the nation at large. All its acts hurriedly adopted, sloppily tessellated, peremptorily imposed, betray to a spirit which seeks to put the interests of cliques (and sciolist cliques) high above the interest or the accord of national feeling. Thus a few directors can tyrannise over the shareholders in this company of "Little Britain, Limited." Socialists and the trade-union demagogues are privileged inquisitors over victims—surprised, even into torture. And the strange upshot is that a "Government," posing as liberator, and so hailed outwardly by such as compass enslavement through "liberation," is itself twitted as despot by those unofficial pachas who wake up to find themselves out-tyrannised. What is the result? While the "Government"

vaguely protests that it stands on "progress" (a rather slippery standing-place as Disraeli once observed), while its cant aspirations profess sanctimony, it succeeds not in making the mob a people, as true patriots would wish to do, but in deforming the people into a mob. And this process involves what may be styled a sacrilege on democracy. "Democracy" surely implies that the People has free choice, that a Constitution precluding absolutism is respected, that law and not lawlessness should prevail. But the "Government" shrink at every turn from consulting the People. Indeed they have shorn the Upper House of its referring power, leaving that faculty to a royal prerogative, of which they usurp the monopoly. They have torn the Constitution to tatters, and the People stands shivering in its rags. For them the slightest check on blind partisanship is "undemocratic," yet this "democracy" consists, among other things, in bidding the "People" swallow their patent drugs. Nor are those doses well compounded. How can they be when arrogant haste and ignorant carelessness are actually vaunted. "Democracy" is fast coming to mean mediocrity rampant in all its branches, ill-advised and ill-advising; while after the House of Commons has voted itself salaries, corruption must be added to mediocrity. The "golden mean"! Even Ministers display no enthusiasm for their measures. They know them to be a farrago made anyhow and anywhere so long as groups of adherents can be sopped. This is the "open mind," and this, then, is policy. It is not the meaning or purport of measures that matters for the "Government," it is the ceaseless "machinery," and what cliques demand of it. A suggestion coming from one quarter is repulsed which is welcomed from another. Vital issues, the long destiny of peoples are staked on a cast of the dice—nor do the gamblers themselves know, till the exigencies of the last moment tell them, how or why they are about to throw at all. Imagine a state of mind that lets them insist on *their* Bill being passed, because *some* Bill (they say) must go through. And a state of mind that, by aggravation, not only requires one side alone of a question to be heard, but, even so, only tolerates the mooted of the merest particle of a part. Where is the sense in saying that because a principle may be right, its applications are immaterial. Or in pretending that "bureaucracy" is remote from schemes, each of which entails a Jack-in-the-Box of arbitrary Jacks-in-Office. Or, in coolly allowing an hour to be frittered away in discussing a clause, the sudden substitute for which lurks in the Premier's pocket. Or in defending a secret but semi-official Star Chamber by impertinent and irrelevant *tu quoques*. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson of a private offender, "his impudence is only equalled

by his ignorance." Everywhere glaring irregularities are beginning to obtain, and the old solemnities contrast with the new infringements of them as Versailles once did with the Jacobins. In the "Life," a first volume of which Mr. Lloyd George has allowed to be issued, it is recorded that as an omniscient youth he declared ancient Rome to have perished (and at the wrong time, too) through "pedantry." Such a "pedantry," it may be guessed, all old checks and usages (including Cabinet responsibility), now appear to the advanced guard. But Rome did *not* perish of pedantry. She perished—or began to perish—of socialism, a lesson which the Chancellor's maturer vision may well ponder. And there is a pedantry, too, of ignorance as well as of learning—a pedantry easier both to acquire and to parade. Vanity plays a large part in latter-day legislation. Whatever may underlie the Chancellor's indecent haste over a hashed Insurance Act, has it nothing to do with a comparatively recent announcement that he will "orate" next autumn in America and Canada—a "star" saviour-of-society on the "stump"?

The results are as infectious as they are deplorable. Dignity has vanished, and if democracy be mediocrity triumphant, it is seldom a mediocrity for the mass. There is a general suspicion of public life, nor is the suspicion confined to opponents. The great ideal of "playing *the game*" is suffering shipwreck; a game, and a sorry one, is being played. The very title "Act of Parliament" no longer fits the facts, and a "kick of Parliament" (or half a Parliament) would seem nearer the mark. Never have factions usurped so much or so callously, or have been less withstood; non-resistance usually accompanies degradation. Never, again, since the days of the second Stuart, has patriotism been so blasphemed, though without his grace and gaiety. Indeed, public spirit has been the prey of private and public generosity, too, has been twisted into an excuse for private injustice. The standard of well-doing is almost coming to mean how far penalisation may be politic, or what class should be singled out for injury. It would seem as if grievances could only be redressed by causing them. Nor is there a firm front even in oppression; it shifts from week to week and from month to month, never from conviction but always from the weight of organisation brought to bear on it. It is the bullying spirit that by turns cajoles and caresses. The Ministerial vengeance floats straw-like on divergent currents. But to one thing it is constant. Its instruments must be countless, well-paid, and irresponsible. Next to the docking of wages there is nothing that the hard worker so resents in our loose Insurance Bill as the appointment of these intruders. Again, by the deferred Bill for segregating

the "feeble-minded," fresh encroachments are boded, nor are its definitions of feeble-mindedness too reassuring. Most of us think *somebody* feeble-minded, and who knows how soon proscription or even persecution of political heretics may follow! Scant privacy will soon remain, and with privacy property will vanish also. Its "duties" will be transferred to the rigid "State," and this though there is little with which the State meddles to advantage. The London Water Board has hardly proved a success, and the ruling chaos of the telephone is even more primitive and expensive than "the simple life."

This is another trade-mark of Cabinet-Democracy—it is inefficient. Its Bills, confused, contradictory, a mosaic of ill-assorted insertions—are not only bad but stupid. Even when (as in the old case of Old Age Pensions) they do the right thing, they do it in the wrong way, and when they do the wrong thing (as in the two Trade Disputes Acts) they do it in the worst way. There is no end to their benevolent blunders. "What noble sentiments!"—while the Lady Teazle behind the screen continually turns out to be Mr. Redmond. Collectively they are not clever but contriving, or rather they are unwisely, contradictorily clever. They seem always to be stumbling on to an *impasse* from which they must free themselves—at our expense. There is, indeed, something amateurish about all their arts. Their legislation is a bad charade. The whole atmosphere is fraught with demoralisation; and "under which king" is a query perpetually brought home by fine old forms as perpetually falsified. Is it a living and personal king to typify national love and union? Is it King Demos occupied from night to morning in scolding the lackeys who are, in truth, his masters? Or is it not rather that vagrant King Cabinet, somewhere registered as an unlimited company? Its prospectuses we see, but we are not so certain about its articles of association. There is a saying of Lord Halifax, the great "Trimmer," which shows how much he disliked fanaticism. He speaks of partisan conflagrations, but, he continues, "the true lasting fire, like that of the Vestals, which never went out, is an eagerness to get something for themselves."

Directly the "Cabinet Conscience" ceases to make cowards of the Commons what rare and refreshing changes ensue. It is a transformation scene, and an evening devoted to the White Slave Traffic proves what real progress can be made in a short period by ungagged Friends in Council. Doubtless the party spirit is necessary for England; it avoids revolutions. But for a real party spirit appealing to national attention, there must be real parties. These, too, have dissolved. Liberals and Tories are now but a name and a shade. Only Moderates and Immoderates,

Nationalists and Anti-Nationalists, survive. But under the present monstrous re-grouping by Coalition, the Immoderates and Anti-Nationalists constrain a very large section of Moderates—Moderates at least when at a safe distance from the janissaries of the "Great Powers." These dependent Moderates are faced by the Independents who are thus at once outnumbered and outmanœuvred. And the two bodies resemble each other much more than the former of them resembles its queer allies of the Coalition. So far as I know, little divides their inner minds save the vexed (and vague) problem of "Tariff Reform," and even here many would uphold those reciprocal treaties which would give Great Britain a lever for commercial negotiation. In any case, however, viewed dispassionately, the whole range of Tariff is a mere fiscal expedient, which if it failed could be reversed. The Government's perpetual solvents, however, eat into the very heart of land and empire, just as their "federalisms" make, not for elastic union, but for costly and unending division. Why, then, cannot some bridge be found on which both kinds of Moderates may meet and prevent the ruin of England at the beck of a few faddists, a few commandeers of "Labour," a few professional theorists, a few Fenians, and a few financiers? It is the combination that is so ominous. On the one hand we have the New Rich, on the other hand those who, in all their varieties, might perhaps well be called *Les Nouveaux Pauvres*. A little sympathy, a little knowledge should bring the two Moderate sets together. It is only "the true heart of oak ignorance" that severs them. If national ruin is to be averted (even granting good intentions), the "Liberals" must break off from this greatest illusion which has now become an incubus.

Yes, the real danger both for the audience (who pay dearly), and the performers (who act poorly), lies in a flickering down of patriotism. Where faith and love are absent, hope, too, droops her wings, while indifference—that poorest form of cynicism—takes the lead. It is now the fashion to decry that true service which is perfect freedom, or at least to account it superfluous. It is not, if Britain is to remain a nation; nor will all the sophistries of the false prophets (any more than epithets) undo the nature of things. Robbed of her independence and interdependence, quartered as a spiritless pauper on the "State," the parasite of politicians, England will be powerless. A great nation must not have everything done for it by pseudo-philanthropists quartered on self-indulgence. For socialism is in truth the Delilah that would ruin Samson—a paragon of cosmopolitan virtues. Hitherto the strong man has mocked at her "The Philistines are upon thee," and has baffled her wheedlings with laughter. But at length she

has tracked the secret of his strength. Let him not wait for his revenge till they have put out his eyes.

"And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once, for he hath shewed me all his heart. Then the lords of the Philistines came up unto her and brought money in their hand.

"And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him.

"And she said, the Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him."

Now Delilah was a Philistine—and a patriot.

WALTER SICHEL.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BONE-SETTING.

ELEVEN years ago my cousin and my predecessor, the man under whom I studied my art, John Atkinson, wrote these words : "Here, as everywhere, I find myself face to face with that old charge of self-advertisement. It does not matter to me ; it has never mattered, and I would not notice it at all except that it is used by my enemies to prevent me from getting a fair hearing. Let me take this bull by the horns. If I treat the question brusquely, fair-minded men, in the profession and out of it, will acquit me. I am in no need of advertisement. My hands are full. I make an income, and I enjoy the confidence of my patients. I am not advertising myself, but I must proclaim my methods or leave them in oblivion."

My position and my difficulty are precisely set forth in these words. I cannot open my mouth in self-defence, or write one line in exposition of my work, but I am forthwith charged in the medical Press with indulging in methods of advertisement repugnant to the Faculty ! I admit frankly that if I were merely worldly-wise I should say nothing, concentrate my attention exclusively upon my work, reap the rewards of my labour, and leave the future of my art to take care of itself. Constituted as I am, that course is an impossible one. Year after year brings before me a vast mass of human suffering endured unnecessarily, suffering which can certainly be alleviated and removed, if only the means experience has shown to be effective are employed. I am convinced, by evidence I cannot resist, that treatment by manipulation, in certain well-defined cases of physical injury, or incapacity, or defect, is absolutely superior to the orthodox methods employed by the Faculty. Surely I should be culpable if I did not, in season and out of season, urge its use upon those who practise the healing art, and if I did not, by every lawful means in my power, do my utmost to secure its adoption by men of science. Mr. Atkinson was not willing to allow the methods as he practised them, and as Hutton before him practised them, to be lost. The one and only guarantee that they shall not fall into oblivion is to secure their utilisation by the Faculty, or, as Dr. Bryce pleaded in his recent memorable article in *The British Medical Journal*, by "the admission of this new form of scientific bone-setting among the recognised methods of treatment practised by the medical profession." To achieve what Dr. Bryce asks for is, and has always been, my aim. But such

a consummation can only be brought about by the Faculty, through their acknowledged and responsible authority, abandoning the policy they have hitherto steadfastly pursued of ignoring and condemning the methods and the men who practise them. I confess that, as yet, I have not made much headway against the professional prejudice which opposes and thwarts my efforts to secure full recognition for the art of mechano-therapy.

It is true there is, on the part of progressive surgeons, a greater willingness to acquire some real and practical knowledge of the system. Several professional men have lately written me with the avowed object of learning the methods from the actual practice of them. But I cannot afford the time and strength demanded for demonstrations for the benefit of individuals. What I desire is to bring the methods before the Faculty as a whole, secure them a place in the curricula of medical schools, and, either establish osteopathy as a separate branch of surgical science—as dentistry is established—or obtain for the entire body of students a thorough and practical training in the work.

From what I have already written it will be seen that I contend, unreservedly, that the methods of the manipulative art as Hutton, Atkinson, and Wharton Hood practised it, are quite unknown to the general practitioner, and even to specialists in surgery. The truth of this contention is the main point I desire to establish. Without any fear, I declare that the work is judged and condemned by a body of men who have no real and effective knowledge even of its rudimentary principles. They know *some* things which they *believe* to be manipulative methods, and they are angry that unlicensed men should dare to practise anything beyond this limited knowledge they possess. They affirm that "what bone-setters practise is fraught with danger to their patients, that any success is accidental, that the results are on the whole disastrous [see the Blue-book report on "The practice of medicine and surgery by unqualified persons," 1910], and that only a natural shrinking of the victims of pretentious quacks from displaying their credulity and folly prevents this danger from being demonstrated to the public." This indictment may be true of uneducated men practising as bone-setters, whose vulgar advertisements are from time to time seen in the newspapers, but to apply such criticism to gifted and skilled operators like Hutton and Atkinson is to make a statement which is as destitute of justice as it is barren of truth. For twenty years I have practised bone-setting. Some thirty thousand cases at least have been dealt with by me. They have not been drawn from the ignorant or credulous sections of the community. Lawyers, literary men, clergymen, members of the Services, politicians, leaders of society

and learning, devotees of every kind of sport, even doctors themselves have sought my aid. I can honestly say I have never had a disaster, and, with a very few exceptions, I have been able to relieve or remove the vast majority of their disabilities. It is most significant that not one of these patients has ever declared that the methods I used were the same as those employed by any private practitioner, or in any hospital to which they may have resorted at an earlier stage of their trouble. From the mass of evidence in my possession I maintain that I am in line with the facts when I emphatically state that, either the Faculty do not know the methods, or knowing them, do not employ them.

If I declare that surgeons do not know them, it is because I feel justified in doing so by their own admissions, as well as from my individual experience.

Let me draw the careful attention of the readers of the FORT-NIGHTLY REVIEW to an article which appeared in *The Times* of February 24th, 1911. It was from a medical correspondent who undertook to discuss "Bone-setting, its history and dangers." Ignoring the writer's "history," which has no vital bearing on the question under discussion, it must suffice if I emphasise Dr. Wharton Hood's connection with Hutton, the famous bone-setter, who practised in London in the middle of the last century. Dr. Wharton Hood had just finished his medical course when, through his father, he was brought into touch with Hutton, who offered to instruct the young medical man in his methods. Before Hood accepted Hutton's proposal he consulted the leading surgeon of the day, Sir William Ferguson, who declared that "if Hutton could teach him anything he ought to go and learn it." Dr. Wharton Hood accordingly associated himself with Hutton for nearly two years, and gained a very fair mastery of such methods of manipulation as he employed in daily practice. Now the important point is the acknowledged fact that Hutton could, and did, teach his pupil some things. Yet it is to be remembered that Wharton Hood had just left the hospital wards, that he had acquired the very latest surgical methods, and so far as medical science had gone was quite an up-to-date practitioner. It is explicitly acknowledged that Hutton had something to teach, and Hood something to learn, *not taught in the schools*. Upon that teaching Dr. Wharton Hood founded his own special practice and built up a reputation which, through the works he published on manipulative methods, promises to be lasting. The medical correspondent of *The Times*, replying to recent critics who asserted that the bone-setter was a worker in a domain hitherto neglected by the Faculty, claims that "the methods of dealing with the cases concerned had been published in a book which

was accessible to every surgeon, which had been favourably reviewed in the leading medical journals, and which soon became well and widely known in the profession. If, at any time, there had been a so-called 'hinterland of surgery,' it was a hinterland no longer. It had been fully explored, and everything connected with it had been disclosed to all who would be at pains to learn."

But how can this claim be reconciled with the writer's fatal description of the reception accorded to the "new doctrines" by the Faculty as a whole? He declares that they were not readily accepted by the medical profession. Wharton Hood was denounced as a bone-setter, and it was "insinuated that there was something irregular and improper in his practice." But that is not the worst. The medical correspondent deals with a letter in *The Times* over the signature "F.R.C.S.," in which the writer had "illustrated the value of the medical schools attached to the great hospitals, by showing that it is mainly through their agency that improvements in practice are not confined to those who originate them, but speedily make their way to the rank and file of the profession, and are so rendered available for the service of the public." He comments upon this in the following terms: "The truth of this proposition is undeniable, and its converse is undeniable also. If Dr. Wharton Hood had held an appointment in a London hospital, and had done his work before students, it would long ago have been universally known and imitated by surgeons. But the actual teachers were not sufficiently prompt to acknowledge and welcome the work of a man who was not a member of their own body, and the students had no opportunity of seeing its value. Traditions of rest, which ought to have become obsolete, have been suffered to hold their own, and the consequence is that the unqualified bone-setter of to-day has still abundant opportunities for the exercise of his craft. It is true that better methods of dealing with some recent injuries, and especially with fractures, have of late years gained much ground in the hospitals both of this country and of France, but the profession generally has not fully assimilated the principles laid down by Dr. Wharton Hood, and the complete recognition of the soundness of these principles by the late Sir James Paget has not been so widely imitated as it should have been."

What does this mean? Simply that the knowledge of the bone-setter's art, as practised by Hutton, gained by Dr. Wharton Hood from the despised bone-setter, and brought before the profession by him, was not received by the Faculty forty years ago, was not taught in the schools, and consequently, was unknown to that generation of practitioners. Nay, *the methods are still unknown to the Faculty*, and it is because of this

ignorance that the unlicensed bone-setter finds his opportunity, and, I may add, his justification!

But I can carry the proof further. From Dr. Alexander Bryce's article on "Mechano-therapy in disease, with special reference to osteopathy," I have quoted already. But for my present purpose the article is of value because of the confession by the writer of his ignorance, though a fully qualified and distinguished surgeon, of manipulative methods. And this ignorance he shares with the whole Faculty. He declares it to be "very remarkable that the medical profession should so long have neglected such a wide field of therapeutics, especially when in its various branches it has long been exploited by so many irregular practitioners. . . . The prevention and cure of disease has been to a very large extent left to the layman, and the practitioner who dabbled in it has been too often looked at askance by his medical brethren. If we are not to fall behind in the race for honours in this branch of therapeutics, it is high time we began to interest ourselves more deeply in it. . . . My attention was several years ago forcibly directed to this system in particular by the remarkable improvement in several of my own reputedly incurable cases, and I at once took steps to inform myself as to the good and bad points of such a potent method of treatment." Dr. Bryce, having learnt what he could from bone-setters on this side of the Atlantic, visited the States, and there discovered how greatly osteopathy had laid hold of both practitioners and patients. "I came to the conclusion," he says, "that there must be some virtue in a method which had such vitality as to spread all over a continent in a very few years, and at its present rate of progress bade fair to travel all over the world. I was hardly surprised at this, as my own experience and practice had at least disclosed the fact that it was of striking benefit in selected cases."

Like Dr. Wharton Hood, Dr. Bryce came home to apply in his own practice the new knowledge acquired in such heterodox fashion, and convinced of its worth and soundness, its potency in selected cases, to demand for "the new form of scientific bone-setting" a recognised place in the healing art.

But if the methods were known to surgeons in the United Kingdom, why was Dr. Bryce obliged to study them from bone-setters in England and from osteopaths in America? We have medical schools on this side of the Atlantic equal to any on the other side, and the level of general medical knowledge and capacity is as high here as it is there. Why could he not take a post-graduate course in manipulative methods in some London hospital, and acquire the knowledge he discovered to be of such potency in the cure of "selected cases"? The answer is obvious.

The methods of bone-setting or osteopathy are unknown to surgeons, and not practised at any hospitals to which he could resort. As for Dr. Wharton Hood's books, upon which *The Times* medical correspondent relies for the proof of his assertion that "here there is no hinterland of surgery," Dr. Bryce declares "they have almost been forgotten and his precepts neglected." How does Dr. Bryce's failure to obtain a knowledge of manipulative methods on this side of the Atlantic coincide with *The Times* correspondent's claim that "the methods of dealing with the cases concerned . . . soon became well and widely known to the profession"? How was it that the knowledge he wanted he only finally obtained from the despised bone-setter of England or osteopath of the United States? Because neither surgeon nor hospital nor medical school at home knew anything of *modern* manipulative methods!

If I wanted further proof it has been put into my hands by two surgeons who have just issued a little book on *Bone-setting and the Treatment of Painful Joints*. Its avowed objects are (1) "to assist the profession in the class of case that is apt to drift into the care of 'unqualified persons'"; (2) "to dispel the popular notion that the medical profession knows nothing of bone-setting, while at the same time drawing attention to the general principles which should be observed in dealing with joints whose utility has been impaired by adhesions."

One of the authors of this book is supposed to know more about the methods of the bone-setter than any other living surgeon. It is important, therefore, that I point out that even *The Times* medical correspondent in the article with which I have already dealt, showed that Dr. Wharton Hood, as far back as 1871, "arranged the cases with which he had so frequently been called upon to deal under nine categories, including fractures, sprains, dislocations, ruptures of muscular fibres, inflamed joints, displaced cartilages and tendons, ganglionic swellings, and partial dislocations of the wrist, ankle, and foot, and in relation to most of them he clearly laid down the principles by which the occurrence of stiffening, rigidity, or adhesions might be prevented." Apart altogether from the undeniable development which has taken place in osteopathy during the last forty years, the authors of this book, who undertake "to correct the neglect of the so-called art of bone-setting" by the profession, do not even seem to be aware of the scope of the bone-setter's art as exhibited to them by Dr. Wharton Hood more than a generation ago. Their treatment of the subject is almost entirely confined to the one topic of adhesions! Indeed, the writers confess as much. "For the purposes of this book (p. 9), it may be assumed that refer-

ence is made to fibrous adhesions caused mainly by trauma, though certain cases may be included where ankylosis has been caused by rheumatic, or the so-called rheumatoid, arthritis." The only instructions they give deal with the breaking down of adhesions. As I have always contended, they evidently imagine that this is the beginning and the end of the bone-setter's art. Of his more important work, the book reveals not even elementary knowledge. Will Dr. Bryce recognise this brochure as a sufficient setting forth of "the new form of scientific bone-setting" for the recognition of which he pleaded? How would the teaching of this book have enabled him to deal with the four cases he describes in detail in his article? He has a significant sentence in which he sums up these cases and their treatment by him. "Cases of this kind fall frequently into the hands of bone-setters, and, after all, *the treatment described is more or less that of scientific or regulative bone-setting.*" But this treatise would not enlighten any medical man who, faced with similar cases, desired to treat them as Dr. Bryce treated them. Of the correction of deformities, or even the reduction of displaced knee cartilages, &c., there is not a word from the first to the last page. Indeed, as I read the book, in which is given, I suppose, the very cream of the knowledge possessed by the Faculty on the treatment of such troubles as are here noticed, the less surprised am I at the repeated failures of the best-known operating surgeons to relieve sufferers of what to me are the simplest and commonest ailments. Even cases of what the authors term "minor" disabilities they fail to relieve and cure, more perhaps from the restrained fashion in which they apply the remedies prescribed in this book than from any inefficiency or inadequacy in the methods themselves. The writer of *The Times* article laid his finger upon this weakness when he wrote, "It frequently happens, moreover, that the attempts of surgeons to break down adhesions are only half-hearted, such as to excite irritation instead of affording freedom." But when they come face to face with, say, a serious case of displaced cartilage or of deformity, their methods, which they believe are the methods of the osteopath, are from the very outset doomed to failure. Their last remedy is the knife, and when patients shrink from such drastic treatment and consult the bone-setter and are cured, they depreciate the results or they affirm (p. 9), "Though treatment by bone-setting is usually rapid and effective, it must be remembered that a cure could in many cases be achieved by electricity, prolonged massage, or other means." Where is the proof of this successful alternative treatment? What are "the other means"? If "electricity, prolonged massage, and other means" can do what I have almost invariably

done during the last twenty years by "the new form of scientific bone-setting," why have the surgeons who have had the first chance of curing these cases failed to cure? Why have they allowed patients to linger on disabled, in pain, and prevented from following their avocations or taking any part in physical recreations, for months and even years?

Take a single case. Professor Walter Whitehead, in his article in the *English Review* quoted it, and it is so striking that I must be permitted to refer to it here. Lady Exeter told the story in the columns of *The Times*, in a letter which she wrote in reply to one sent by Mr. Heather Bigg, who declared, as the authors of *Bone-setting and the Treatment of Painful Joints* declared (see p. 8), that the manipulative methods of the bone-setters are employed by the Faculty. Her ladyship's letter is worthy of reproduction.

"To the Editor of *The Times*."

"Sir,—Having seen Mr. Heather Bigg's letter saying that the manipulative methods of Mr. Hutton and Mr. H. A. Barker are practised by surgeons, I should like to state that, although I visited several doctors and surgeons at different times during seventeen or eighteen years, such treatment was never tried or even spoken of. Allow me to give a short history of my case.

"In 1893 or '95, whilst running down a steep hill, I displaced the cartilage of my left knee, and was laid up for a fortnight at that time. After this the joint was a continual source of trouble to me. It would slip out whilst dancing, playing tennis, or even wiping my boots. I saw several surgeons about it, but they were unable to help me beyond ordering me elastic knee-caps, &c., and, finally, a large "cage," which I wore two years without benefit. My knee was then so weak that it went out on the smallest provocation.

"Over a year ago I consulted Mr. Barker, who at once diagnosed what was wrong with my knee, and when gas had been given, the cartilage was put in its place, and I left his house without any discomfort. After a few days' further treatment I was completely cured. I can now play tennis, dance, &c., without any support whatever, and in perfect comfort.

"Yours truly,

"M. EXETER.

"Burghley House,
"Stamford.

"February 14th, 1911."

Now I submit I am perfectly justified in regarding this as a test case by which to judge the worth of the assertions made on pp. 8 and 9 of this, the latest and most authoritative work on "bone-setting" as understood and practised by surgeons of eminence and deserved repute in many branches of their art. They say, "Since Dr. Wharton Hood, in 1871, described from personal observation the methods employed by Hutton, a leading bone-

setter of the day, many surgeons have adopted, with satisfactory results, similar or modified principles." Further, "Again, though treatment by bone-setting is usually rapid and effective, it must be remembered that a cure could, in many cases, be achieved by electricity, prolonged massage, or other means."

Hutton's methods are used by me, and when used "rapidly and effectively," cured Lady Exeter, and I affirm that no other known methods of treatment could have cured her knee. If surgeons use Hutton's methods, *even modified*, why did they not succeed in curing this patient? Or, as alternative methods, why did they not employ "electricity, prolonged massage, or (any) other means"? They had ample opportunity. Lady Exeter was in the hands of the Faculty, and it is well known the most eminent surgeons were consulted, for eighteen years. She was a docile patient. She followed their instructions. She placed herself in their hands with the utmost confidence. They could have used any means their knowledge suggested. And they could not cure her. What is the inference? Is it not that the surgeons, one and all, did not employ, because they did not know, those methods of manipulation which, when employed, put a trouble of eighteen years' standing to an end in a few days?

The case of Lord William Cecil, also referred to by Professor Whitehead, is a parallel one, and typical of those which daily pass through my hands. And, if further illustration is required, it is to be found in the following letter, which reached me the other day from the wife of one of England's most learned diocesan Bishops :—

"In my own case, Sir X—— X—— had told me that I must have the cartilage of my knee cut out, and I had actually made an appointment to see him again with this in view when I was advised by my friend Mrs. —— to see you. You attended to me; the cartilage has never come out since, and this is more than three years ago."

It may be objected that this is only a lay testimonial magnifying the services rendered by the bone-setter. Here, however, is an account from a famous Surgeon-General, who witnessed the operation on his nephew, and a letter from another surgeon who, although trained in one of the most up-to-date of our London hospitals, was unable either to help himself, or to get any of his professional brethren to help him during the five years he was afflicted :—

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the expert manner in which Mr. Barker reduced a displaced cartilage in my nephew's knee by manipulation. The operation was performed in a few minutes, in January, 1911, and there has been no recurrence. My nephew writes his knee is 'as well as ever.'"

The other surgeon writes :—

VOL. XCIII. N.S.

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"My knee is splendid. This last week I have played golf twice and danced once, and have not felt it at all. In fact, it feels so perfectly well that to me it seems unnecessary to do anything further to it. I have a patient with a similar condition, and I should like you to see him."

Yet eminent consultants had decided that the only hope for all these patients lay in a cutting operation!

I have instanced the cases of Lady Exeter, Lord William Cecil, the Bishop's wife, and those of the surgeons', because it will readily be understood that if a peeress and the son of a peer, a surgeon himself, the relation of a distinguished surgeon, and the wife of one of the highest dignitaries of the Church of England failed to get relief from the *élite* of the profession, with all the advantages of wealth and position, how poor is the chance of the average individual. I am quite convinced that in almost every case where the removal of the knee cartilage has been decided upon, the operation is entirely unnecessary, needlessly expensive, and not devoid of considerable danger. I make the assertion after twenty years' experience with this particular irregularity.

Unquestionably then all the evidence goes to prove that the Faculty do not know modern osteopathic methods. The authors of the book just published may show that the average surgeon is capable of breaking down adhesions. But, even on this point, the teaching conveyed rather suggests the poverty of the knowledge possessed by the rank and file when a book of this description is needed for the instruction of licensed practitioners in a branch of their art in which they are assumed to be proficient.

I would not dogmatically affirm that they "know *nothing* of bone-setting," but their knowledge, I am convinced, is of the very rudiments of the art—the A B C of a system which has, perhaps, more rapidly developed during the last few years than any other branch of surgery. Even supposing the Faculty *had* "assimilated the principles laid down by Dr. Wharton Hood, recognised the soundness of those principles," and adopted the methods of Hutton, modified or otherwise, but proceeded no further, they could not be said to be intimate with *modern* osteopathic methods. Yet all the while surgeons persist in talking of Hutton as though his practice of manipulation was the final word on the art, deferring to him, speaking of him, who was in his day the man by the Faculty best hated, with almost reverence, quite unconscious of the fact that, compared with the modern osteopath who has followed the road Hutton indicated, Hutton himself is but a curious experimenter who is convinced of the soundness of the principles upon which his art is based, but has not succeeded in applying them or in finding out how they may best be applied. The bone-setter is in no immediate danger of being rendered unnecessary if this is the state of the knowledge of the most

eminent surgeons. To be healed sufferers will still have "to drift into the care of the irregular practitioner!"

The Faculty do *not* know, and expose their ignorance in this amazing fashion. And, what is most amazing, prejudice alone prevents surgeons from learning all modern bone-setting has to teach them. Here and there a practitioner, like Dr. Bryce, discards professional prejudice and goes straight to the quarters in which he can acquire instruction, to his immediate advantage and to that of his patients. "My success," Dr. Bryce confesses, "in the following cases is entirely due to the study I have made of the subject, and I am sure I would have failed to be of service to any of the patients without a knowledge of osteopathic methods."

Upon the same terms the whole Faculty can obtain instruction. Upon the same terms the whole Faculty can widen the bounds of their beneficent services to humanity.

There is no mystery about the art. Some skill, at least in its practice, can be acquired by any surgeon who will be, as *The Times* correspondent says, "at pains to learn." But I am certain that the knowledge cannot be imparted through the medium of books. Even though the recently published work left nothing to be desired in knowledge, no man who merely studied it would be able to master the methods. Yet these gentlemen fondly hope that this book will "prove useful to the profession," and ultimately eliminate the "unqualified persons." Their book will no more do this than books on elementary pianoforte instruction will do away with the necessity for the teachers of the art of advanced pianoforte playing. Curative manipulation is a most difficult art, and though I have given all my time and energy to its study, I feel I am only touching the fringe of its potential possibilities. Very much might be done by the instruction of medical students, but I should prefer to see bone-setting legalised by Royal Charter—as dentistry is—with a four or five years' course of study for every student before receiving his diploma. The general practitioner, with a thousand and one other things to attend to, could scarcely hope to obtain sufficient practice to ensure success in work which requires such long, patient, and constant application.

But progress is being made at last. Quite recently several eminent surgeons attended a meeting of the Pupils' Physical Society at Guy's Hospital and addressed medical students on bone-setting. If any doubt remained as to the state of the knowledge of the Faculty, the speeches on that occasion by men who are qualified to testify would surely resolve it. Mr. Arbuthnot-Lane defined the bone-setter as "*one who has profited by the inexperience of the profession and by the tendency which exists amongst*

its members of adhering blindly to creeds whose only claim to consideration is their antiquity." Mr. Steward insisted upon "the necessity of admitting that the bone-setter obtained, time and again, successful results in cases where a medical man had completely failed. The treatment of such cases was a discredit to the profession. The fact of the bone-setter's great success was obvious proof that his treatment was far more often a success than a failure. The failure of the medical profession was due to a lack of the study of the conditions present and of the methods used by the bone-setter."

In noticing the above debate, the *British Medical Journal* published a leader declaring that it had "always held that bone-setting was a subject worthy of the attention of surgeons," and that "medical men have not taken the trouble to study the matter seriously." The article terminates with a quotation from Ovid : *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*. Exactly! Yet whenever I have tried to emphasise the truth of these inevitable admissions, I have been met with insult and abuse. Commenting upon this attitude, an eminent Professor of physiology, whose daughter I have just treated, writes :—"I have not the slightest doubt that pressure of public opinion will compel the Council to change its policy towards you. Meantime, we medical men who have learnt by experience the value of your methods, should frankly tell the profession what we think of the treatment which is so undeservedly being meted out to you."

It has become almost a stock phrase with medical journals and of doctors who know absolutely nothing of scientific bone-setting, that people hear a great deal about its successes, whilst its disasters are not reported. The statement is obviously as misleading as it is ridiculous when one remembers the long-continued and open hostility of the profession towards the question. It is certainly the disasters and not the successes which would be reported if there were any to report at all. The real truth of the matter is surely contained in the following extract from a letter published in *The Times* last December from a surgeon who attended my house for the purpose of witnessing my work. He writes : "I saw several kinds of joint injuries, deformities, and displacements, treated entirely by manipulation *such as is not practised at any hospital in the Metropolis*. In nearly every case the patient had a tale to tell of months or years of suffering, and of treatment which had proved futile both in institutions and at the hands of private surgeons. Yet, with almost automatic regularity, Mr. Barker was able to afford relief and positive cure. . . . *In not a single instance did any untoward event occur.*" This gentleman had seen me operate upon thousands of cases when he wrote the above, and yet he could not report *one* disaster! In the face of

such facts, what is the use of prejudiced men who have never even seen me or watched my work, and whose opinion is therefore worthless, talking of the risk of the methods, when those who *have* seen my operations, and have known me for years, and are, therefore, capable of judging, testify to their absolute freedom from danger.

The solution of the problem, as the whole of this paper has tried to prove, lies in a letter I recently received from a demonstrator of anatomy at one of our best-equipped universities and an M.A. and B.Sc. of the same institution. This distinguished scholar, after making a request to see my work, writes in regard to manipulative surgery: "I feel there is a great gap in our medical teaching." Precisely. And it is because of this "gap in medical teaching" that so much human suffering has hitherto gone unassuaged. It is because of this undeniable want of knowledge that I have constantly striven to bring home the truth of the matter to the minds of medical men through many years of obloquy, bitterness, misjudgment, and the most unreasoning opposition.

To the Press generally—but more especially to *The Times*, the *Daily Mail*, and *Truth*—I am deeply and gratefully indebted for most unselfish and generous support in a very difficult and uphill fight against the entrenched prejudice of the profession. The two leading articles in *The Times* last November elicited rejoinders from the President and the ex-President of the College of Surgeons, and other distinguished practitioners. To all of these I was allowed to reply. Even Sir Rickman Godlee admitted in his letter that surgery had learnt much from bone-setting, and was not ashamed to own it—an admission which not so very long ago would have been scouted by all but the most broad-minded members of the profession.

In its second leader *The Times* says:—"Mr. Barker has cured a great many people whom recognised and even eminent surgeons had been trying to cure for years without any success. Dr. Axham assisted him in cases where anæsthetics were necessary. Both are benefactors to the public, and both ought to be honoured accordingly. Both have been pursued by professional jealousy and prejudice, which have tried to ruin the career of both. It is time to put an end to this. It is more than time to acknowledge that if Mr. Barker did not pass through the schools, he knows, about the cases he deals with, more than the schools can teach. . . . Further, it is time that Dr. Axham were reinstated in the position from which he ought never to have been driven, seeing that the only ground for taking his name off the Medical Register was that he assisted a master of manipulative surgery to relieve human suffering, for which no relief could be found elsewhere."

Yet my colleague's name is still unrestored to the Register, and for unflinchingly performing his duty in the face of the most trying circumstances, he remains branded as having been found guilty of "infamous conduct"!

I have repeatedly asked for a fair hearing and an impartial investigation of the methods. I am perfectly willing to operate before a body of surgeons acknowledged to be representative of the highest surgical skill, upon a number of cases of the kind I profess to deal with, selected by themselves. I only stipulate that each case shall have absolutely refused to respond to other treatment; that a full report be given to the recognised medical Press as to the condition of the patients before I operate, during, and at the end of, my treatment, and six months after its termination. Should I succeed in demonstrating the worth of the methods I employ I would ask to be allowed to treat, gratuitously, the poor patients at a Metropolitan hospital on one day a week before students and surgeons, to give them an opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of physio-therapeutics.

What prevents this offer being accepted? Nothing but the fact that I am an unorthodox practitioner. Sir William Ferguson was surely more scientific and fairer-minded when he bade Wharton Hood go to Hutton and "learn anything the bone-setter could teach him." I am no sufferer by the refusal to accept my offer. The inability of the Faculty to treat the cases which call for and respond to osteopathic methods, creates my opportunity and insures for me an increasing practice. It is for the General Medical Council to determine whether the surgeons of a coming day are to be as fully equipped as the scientific spirit, freed from all the restrictions imposed by prejudice, can make them in one of the most important and beneficent branches of the healing art.

One of the most distinguished of contemporary surgeons, and a past President of the British Medical Association, who so generously defended my position in a recently published paper, wrote: "In every branch of science and art there are those who love truth beyond all the dogmas of the schools, those who pursue truth at all costs and risks, who are insatiable in their desire for and search after truth. It is because their restless minds have faithfully followed the bent of their genius that the boundaries of human knowledge have ceaselessly been extended. So it has been in this matter of manipulative surgery." It is in this spirit I appeal to the Faculty once more for that fair play which has hitherto been denied me, and if I prefer to ask for it with self-control and good temper, it is not that I the less resent the bitter prejudice and partisanship which have for years refused to look into my claims.

H. A. BARKER.

OBSCURANTISM IN MODERN SCIENCE.¹

UNDER the ægis of an Institution called the North London Christian Evidence League, there was recently published a collection of letters from experts in various branches of science which were answers to inquiries made by the League as to the attitude of these eminent persons towards orthodox beliefs.* The eagerness with which the editor construes the vague replies of some of the questioned into endorsement of current dogmas says more for his shrewdness than for his candour, while the state of mind which believes that the validity of any creed can be settled by a referendum betrays a lack of humour and of sense of proportion. What value can there be in assent to a body of alleged facts to which no tests are applicable; to statements which can never be submitted to the ordinary canons of evidence; statements contained in ancient documents which are products of an age when the unusual was explained (if things were explained at all, which is doubtful) as a supernatural event? Moreover, when assent to these reported occurrences is obtained, what bearing has that on the conduct of life? What relation is there between the dogma of the Trinity and moral codes? As Mr. Sturt says in his *Idea of a Free Church*, "Historical evidence could never do more than predispose a man to try how a suggested religion works in practice. It is by practice that religions are validated or discredited. Christianity is not a system of evidence; it is primarily a way of looking at life" (p. 85).

The tenacity with which the Church clung to dogmas now discredited, as, for example, the vicarious theory of the Atonement, and physical torture in an eternal hell, reasserts itself as the dogmas that remain entrenched in the citadel of the supernatural are challenged. In the degree that men of high intelligence affirm their adherence to those dogmas, comfort comes to those who sit in uneasy chairs in Zion. Authority determines the opinions of most of us; in the domain of Science, legitimately so, because we have the consensus of the well-informed and the means of testing for ourselves the evidence on which their dicta are based; but in the domain of Theology, illegitimately, because the authorities are not in accord, and because no means of testing the data on which their dicta are based are producible. But the multitude do not discriminate, they assume that the man who

(1) Read before the "Heretics" Society, Cambridge.

(2) *Religious Beliefs of Scientists*. By A. H. Tabrum. (Hunter and Longhurst, London.)

can speak with unchallenged authority on the subject of which he is a master, is entitled to speak with like authority on everything else. Some satirist has said "that mere denial of the existence of God does not qualify a man to be heard on matters of higher importance," and it may be said conversely that mere assertion of belief in a Creative Power and Ultimate Purpose in the Universe cannot carry more weight because the assertor has made important discoveries in physical science.

There can be little doubt that the more confident tone adopted by recent defenders of the remnants of "the faith once delivered to the saints" has its explanation in a reaction which has set in against the too dogmatic spirit which, a couple of generations ago, pervaded certain scientific deliverances in the enthusiasm begotten by discoveries whose effect on men's attitude towards phenomena was one of revolution. "Old things passed away, all things became new." But to make discoveries of the causes of the origin of species, and of the fundamental identity of the matter of the universe, the bases of assumptions that only minor problems awaited solutions, is to forget what manner of spirit we are of. As M. Duclaux has finely said, "It is because science is sure of nothing that it is always advancing." We may add that in the degree that theology is sure of anything, stagnation is its doom.

The reaction to which reference has just been made has led minds in whom the wish to believe is greater than the desire to know, to seize the more eagerly upon certain deliverances of men eminent in science, the apparent effect of which is to buttress the shaken structure of orthodox beliefs. As illustrating this, in his day, the well-nigh forgotten Sir Richard Owen secured the benison of entirely-forgotten bishops because of his contention against Huxley that a certain lobe in the human brain, known as the hippocampus minor, is lacking in the brain of anthropoid apes. Owen was proved to be in the wrong, but the great weight of his authority as a comparative anatomist retarded, and in some measure still retards, acceptance of the fact that the differences between man and ape are differences of degree and not of kind.

Again, as recently as 1903, a lively controversy arose in *The Times* out of a statement by the late Lord Kelvin that "modern biologists were coming to a firm acceptance of a vital principle." and that "a fortuitous concourse of atoms may result in the formation of a crystal, but when we come to living matter scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative Power."¹ *The Times*, in a leader on this letter, called this "a

Letter to *The Times*, May 4th, 1903.

weighty contribution to the formation of just opinion on the subject," whereupon, with a logic wholly lacking in that deliverance, Sir Thiselton-Dyer contended that while in the domain of physics he would be a bold man who dare cross swords with Lord Kelvin, "for dogmatic utterance on biological questions there is no reason to suppose that he is better equipped than any person of average intelligence."¹ Then a waft of fresh air was imported by Sir Ray Lankester in his declaration that "the whole order of nature, including living and non-living matter, is a network of mechanism the main features of which have been made more or less obvious to the wondering intelligence of mankind by the labour and ingenuity of scientific investigators. But no sane man has ever pretended that we can know, or ever can hope to know, or conceive of the possibility of knowing, whence this mechanism has come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what there may or may not be beyond and beside it which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not explained by 'science,' and never can be."² And, it may be added, the theology which explains them has yet to be discovered.

Much to the same effect had been said before by Huxley and Tyndall, and men of lesser calibre, and much to the same effect has been said since; but in some influential quarters this confession of nescience is qualified by assumptions of knowledge as to a meaning and purpose at the core of things. As prominent examples of this we may take Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, whose re-affirmance of such assumptions constitute the main purpose of their most recent books; Sir Oliver's *Reason and Belief* (Methuen & Co.) and Dr. Wallace's *World of Life* (Chapman and Hall).

Dr. Wallace, whose mental agility, in his ninetieth year, is an answer to every counsel of despair that would slacken energy, gives us what, practically, is his last will and testament, because, he tells us, it is his "summary and completion of a half-century of thought and labour on the Darwinian theory of evolution."³ The body of facts therein has led him to the conclusion that there is "first, a Creative Power which so constituted matter as to render these marvels possible; next, a directive Mind, which is demanded at every step of what we term growth; and lastly, an ultimate Purpose in the very existence of the whole vast life-world in all its long course of evolution throughout the eons of geological time. This Purpose, which alone throws light on many of the mysteries of its mode of evolution, I hold to be the

(1) *Times*, May 7th, 1903.(2) *Times*, May 19th, 1903.(3) *Preface*, p. v.

development of Man, the one crowning product of the whole cosmic process of life-development . . . the only being who can appreciate the hidden forces and motions everywhere at work, and can deduce from them a supreme and overruling Mind as their necessary cause." Further on, Dr. Wallace asserts that "the special purpose of this world of ours is the development of mankind for an enduring spiritual existence . . . for which the whole object of our earth life is a preparation." (Preface, p. vii.)

With this quotation should be linked the argument with which Dr. Wallace's treatise on *Darwinism* (published in 1889) concludes, namely, "that there were at least three stages in the development of the organic world, when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action. The first stage is the change from the inorganic to organic; the next stage the introduction of sensation or consciousness, constituting the fundamental distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdom. The third stage is the existence in Man of a number of his most characteristic and noblest faculties, those which raise him furthest above the brutes and open up possibilities of almost indefinite advancement" (pp. 474-5).

In his *Riddles of the Sphinx*, Dr. Schiller remarks that "A matter of fact is something which must be faced, even though it may be unpleasant to do so, whereas a matter of opinion may be manipulated so as to suit the exigencies of every occasion" (p. 364). And the difficulty in dealing with the thesis laid down by Dr. Wallace is that there are in it no facts to be faced, only a series of assumptions in support of which not a shred of evidence that can be sifted is offered. It would seem sufficient to say, in refutation of these assumptions, that their acceptance would be destructive of the entire theory of the processes of evolution which an ever-growing body of facts prove that if they operate anywhere, they operate everywhere. Heedless of this, Dr. Wallace advances in explanation of those processes, a theory that the "organising mind need not be infinite in its attributes,"¹ or "not necessarily what we may ignorantly mean by 'omnipotent' or 'benevolent' in our misinterpretation of what we see around us."² He spurns the apparently gratuitous creation by theologians of a hierarchy of angels and archangels with no defined duties but that of attendants and messengers of the Deity,³ and, no doubt,

(1) p. 392.

(2) p. 399.

(3) "Preaching at St. Paul's, Haringay, the Bishop of London argued that God and the angels were always near us" (*Daily Chronicle*, November 6th, 1911). There was published in December, 1911, *A Study of Angels*, by the Rev. J. H. Swinstead (Hodder and Stoughton), to which Lord Halsbury contributes an Introduction. Probably both prelate and jurist will be cited as authorities on the subject.

willingly hands over explanation of the belief in these winged animals to the comparative mythologists. But this is only to replace them by the hypothesis that there is "an almost infinite series of grades of beings having higher and higher powers in regard to the origination, the development, and the control of the Universe," "some of them creating by their will-power the primal universe of ether," and others "so acting upon it as to develop from it, in suitable masses and at suitable distances,"¹ the various elements of matter from which nebulae and suns are formed! Hypotheses have their value, as the history of advance in science testifies, but they must be of the workable order, and where can place or warrant be found for this resuscitation of animistic beliefs? The functions of this heavenly host, as defined by Dr. Wallace, appear to be only physical, the Deity reserving to Himself the moral government of the universe, a government which Dr. Wallace contends is wholly beneficent. He argues that there is no cruelty in Nature; "the whole system of life-development is that of providing food for the higher," and the pain which is a fundamental condition of that system is not maleficent, but protective. In the lowest organisms, where the rudiments of sensation are present, it is practically absent, and the revolt of the humane at the spectacle of animals suffering arises from "our whole tendency to transfer our sensations of pain to them."² The action of a directive purpose meets us everywhere; it is evident, for example, in the myriad swarms of mosquitoes, because these supply food for birds, and thus indirectly minister to the existence of song and plumage whereby the ear and eye of man are gratified! Dr. Wallace does not explain what beneficent purpose lies in the multiplication of blood-parasites that slay their thousands by the appalling "sleeping-sickness" whose venomous causes man is striving to extinguish; or in the Californian poison-vine which, when brushed against, produces eczema over the whole body; or in the macuna bean of Zambesia, whose trodden-on spines revenge the assault by exuding a powder so skin-maddening that the tortured natives will jump into a crocodile-haunted river to relieve the agony. His teleology is a reversion to the smug lessons of our boyhood when "the soul of good in things evil" was expounded in the namby-pamby literature of such books as *Workers without Wage*, of the contents of which this is a sample:—

Q. : Is there any use in the gadfly and his like?

A. : Yes; they have a use in making wild cattle move from spot to spot, and in preventing the flocks and herds from growing too indolent.

(1) P. 383.

(2) P. 377.

The purposeful involves the ethical, and the ethical is a purely human product. Neither good nor evil can be imputed to Nature; hers is the sphere of unbroken sequence which man can oppose only to fail in the attempt. And the optimism of Dr. Wallace has dignified retort in the lines in which Thomas Hardy addresses a Deity whom he pictures as reviewing His government of things at a year's end.

"And what's the good of it, I said,
What purpose made you call
From formless void this Earth I tread,
When nine and ninety could be said
Why nought should be at all?

Yea, Sire, why shaped you us, 'who in
This tabernacle groan?'
If ever a joy be found therein,
Such joy no man had wished to win,
If he had never known!"¹

"Bigness is not greatness," as Emerson says, but one would presumably expect the "Creative Power" to exhibit some sense of proportion. And we may well assume absence of that saving grace if Dr. Wallace can make good his *rechauffé* of the anthropocentric theory which evolution has traversed, and, as some of us think, demolished. A survey of cosmic development can but suggest the reflection that the purpose which Dr. Wallace sees in the universe might have been achieved by shorter cuts. The justification for the existence of a myriad heavenly bodies and, to make quick descent from these, for the miscellaneous organisms preceding man, the most remote star and the "dragons of the prime" being alike agents of his spiritual evolution, seems far to seek. And if we judge from the history of only these last-named, we see in the majority of them a series of unsuccessful experiments; perchance the 'prentice hands' of the angelic auxiliaries resulting in the production of a mass of superfluous unfit to secure the existence of the fit. Pointing to them, Nature can only confess, with Beau Brummel's valet when showing to a friend of his master's a heap of discarded ties, "These are our failures."

As for an "enduring spiritual existence," to once more quote Dr. Schiller, "The end and origin of the soul are alike shrouded in perplexities which religious dogma makes serious attempt to dispel. . . . Whence does the soul come? Does it exist before the body, is it derived from the souls or the bodies of its parents, or created *ad hoc* by the Deity? Is Pre-existence, Traducianism, or Creationism the orthodox doctrine? The first theory, although

(1) *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1907.

we shall see that it is the only one on which any rational eschatology can be, or has been, based, is difficult, and has not figured largely in religious thought; but the other two are alike impossible and offensive. Indeed, it would be difficult to decide which supposition was more offensive, whether that the manufacture of immortal spirits should be a privilege directly delegated to the chance passions of a male and female, or that they should have the power at their pleasure to call forth the creative energy of God."¹

Can Dr. Wallace tell us at what precise stage in man's development the Creative Power intervened either directly, or through his "hosts of angels"? Was the "enduring spiritual existence" conferred on *Pithecanthropus erectus*, or postponed till he had become more pronouncedly *Homo sapiens*; and does Eolithic or Palæolithic man come under that head? As to the "almost indefinite advancement" which this spiritual endowment was to secure, does the history of mankind, from the dateless Ancient Stone Age to this twentieth century of the Christian era, show that that has been even approximately reached? It is all very well to point to the altitudes to which a few units among the millions of humankind have attained, but what of the depths in which the myriads have remained? Is not any tendency to smug satisfaction checked by even the most superficial acquaintance with the story of mankind, with its record of the millions whose existence has been, and the millions whose existence to-day remains, less enviable than that of the brutes? of the millions whose eyes were opened only to close on the darkness of death? of the low intellectual, moral, and spiritual plane on which all but an infinitesimal number stand, and the extinguishment of many of these in the fullness of their power and usefulness? And so the survey might be extended till we reach the degrading sequel of an "enduring spiritual existence" which makes proof of its survival by raps and knocks, and by the whole bag of tricks of the mediums for whose integrity as claimants of communication with the unseen Dr. Wallace goes bail. For it is in his belief in the validity of the phenomena of spiritualism that the explanation of his theories is found. Take this as culled from many proofs. When summoned as witness in an action brought by one Archdeacon Colley against Mr. Maskelyne, Dr. Wallace deposed that he saw a white patch appear on the left side of a man's coat and grow into the distinct figure of a woman in flowing drapery, and that he was absolutely certain that this was a spiritual manifestation.² Further, Dr. Wallace, face to face with the exposure of the medium Eusapia Palladino,

(1) *Riddles of the Sphinx*, p. 372.

(2) *Daily Mail*, April 27th, 1907.

averred that that detection "in no way got rid of the genuine phenomena previously witnessed."¹ Of this woman's performances Mr. Frank Podmore says that the whole of them can be explained by the time-honoured device of substitution of foot or hand.² And the end and aim of the *World of Life* is made obvious in the advice which Dr. Wallace gives therein to his readers to study, "as dealing with the ethics and philosophy of spiritualism," the late Stainton Moses' *Spirit Teaching* and V. C. Desertes' *Psychic Philosophy*.

Space forbids further criticism of the *World of Life*, with its limited Deity working with assistance in a limited Universe—for in his *Man's Place in the Universe* Dr. Wallace contends that the sidereal system is finite—and what remains available must be given to Sir Oliver Lodge's *Reason and Belief*.

In his *Substance of Faith Allied with Science: a Catechism for Parents and Teachers* (now in its tenth edition), Sir Oliver gives as his credo, "belief in one Infinite and Eternal Being; a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist." Further, that "the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived, taught, and suffered in Palestine 1900 years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the World." He also believes that "man is privileged to understand and assist the Divine purpose on this Earth; that prayer is a means of communication between man and God, and that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way towards Goodness and Truth, so that by unselfish service we may gradually enter into the Life Eternal, the Communion of Saints, and the Peace of God."

In this we have a slightly eviscerated Apostles' Creed, to which a supplement is given in *Reason and Belief*. The basis of that book, Sir Oliver submits, is "one of fact." Among the facts is the now unchallengeable one, that of man's ancestry "on his bodily side through the animals, whereby a terrestrial existence was rendered possible for beings at a comparatively advanced stage of spiritual evolution. Plato and Shakespeare and Newton lay then in the womb of the future." Probably Sir Oliver had in his mind Tyndall's famous sentence in which, with a true "scientific use of the imagination," he said that "all our philosophy, poetry, science and art—Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, and Raphael—are potential in the fires of the sun."

Now for the assumption. "There must have come a time when at a definite stage in the long history the triumphant hymn, 'It

(1) Letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, January 24th, 1896.

(2) *The Newer Spiritualism*, p. 144.

is finished ; man is made,' was sung." Whether the vocalists were of the angelic type with which the Gospels and, with a difference, Dr. Wallace, make us familiar, we are not told, neither are we helped, in seeking to arrive at the process of the making of man by Sir Oliver's hints at "pre-existence," or at our being "chips of a great mass of mind," individuality being attained in the incarnation of these "spiritual fragments in their several bodies, and thereby the permanence of personality secured, . . . for no thoughtful person can really and consistently believe that the spirit will not survive the body" (pp. 10-11). In connection with this vague ontology, there follows a chapter on the "Advent of Christ," in whose supernatural birth Sir Oliver apparently believes. It is often not easy to catch his meaning, the words are elusive, but he says that to him, as "a student of science," the "historical testimony in favour of that momentous Christian doctrine—the Incarnation—is entirely credible." There is a watering-down of the significance of this in his remark, "We are all incarnations, all sons of God in a sense, but," &c., &c. Anyway, the Incarnation was necessary, because man, who had hitherto been in a state of innocency, like the animals, having arrived at a stage when he realised that he was free and could "discriminate between good and evil," utilised that power and fell, whereby sin entered into the world. Help has been rendered by men to their fellows ; help, too, "by other beings and in other ways"—"I believe this to be literally true" (p. 40), adds Sir Oliver, thus joining hands with Dr. Wallace in his theory of subsidiary "powers of the air." Nineteen hundred years ago "the Great Spirit took pity on the human race and sent the Lord from heaven to reveal to us the love, the pity, the long-suffering" of the God whom man had misunderstood. *In Memoriam*, Wordsworth, and the *Gospel according to John*, are the chief "authorities" cited for this action on the part of the Deity. But for the statement that "while Christ was incarnate he had in some real sense partially forgotten previous existence," Sir Oliver is solely responsible, and what he means is a mystery which he alone can be asked to solve.¹ We are reminded of the undergraduate's conclusion in an answer about some events in the life of Christ which Grant Duff gives in his inimitable *Notes from a Diary*. "These facts are not recorded in the Gospels, and there

(1) A parallel obscurity is supplied in Mr. Chapman's *Introduction to the Pentateuch* (Cambridge University Press, 1911) when commenting on the question whether Jesus, in quoting from those writings, accepted the current belief in their Mosaic authorship. Mr. Chapman suggests that in this and other matters bearing "on Christ's knowledge as Man," "in some manner the Divine Omniscience was held in abeyance, and not translated into the sphere of human action" (p. 304).

is no allusion to them in the Fathers, but they are full detailed by Dr. Farrar."

There is only brief space, and certainly small necessity, for reference to the chapters which are designed "to furnish hints and suggestions for the effective treating of the Old Testament in the light of the doctrine of Evolution."

To Sir Oliver Lodge the miscellaneous writings grouped under that title—writings of unknown or disputed authorship and of unsettled date, writings some of which are compilations and redactions of older documents and incorporations of legendary materials from alien sources—are to be treated as vehicles of "a progressive revelation, embodying the story of the chosen race from whom Messiah was to be born": Sir Oliver incidentally remarks that "we, too, are a chosen people," thus bandying terms about until they are emptied of all the old connotation. There is no reason to suspect that Sir Oliver Lodge shares the delusion of certain eccentrics that the British are descendants of the Ten Lost Tribes; perhaps his remark is but the echo of verses which, like other youths brought up in orthodox beliefs, he may have learned in the Sunday school.

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth has smiled,
And made me, in this Christian land,
A happy English child.

"I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God is never known,
Nor taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone."

And so on.

Dealing with the mythology in Genesis, he says that the talk about Jehovah walking in the garden of Eden "is a poetical mode of expression for a reality, for surely from a beautiful garden the Deity is not absent," and some pretty verses from T. E. Brown are cited in illustration. Sir Oliver does not tell us what "reality" underlaid the sequel when the perambulating Deity asked why Adam hid himself, but the whole chapter is more suggestive for what it omits than for what it admits.

It is impossible even to summarise the facts confuting the theories which in this paper are, necessarily, presented only in briefest outline. But the *onus probandi* lies on those who advance them. Assumptions abound, but no shred of proof is offered, both authors exemplifying the shrewd axiom of Montaigne that "nothing is so firmly believed as that which is least known."

While admitting that the mystery of origins remains, and that many stages in the process are obscure, there is no justification for the conclusion that what is unsolved is explicable only by assuming a *deus ex machina* acting sporadically and arbitrarily.

The cumulative evidence, ever increasing in volume, as to the fundamental relationship between the inorganic and the organic, thereby witnessing to the unity of the cosmos, is sufficing refutation. The real question at issue raised in both volumes is man's place in the universe, and the assumption that he is its crowning, final product. Those who assign him a special place therein have to reckon with the evidence supplied by comparative anatomy and comparative psychology. The one has demonstrated fundamental identity between the apparatus of animals and man; it has proved "that the structural differences which separate Man from the Gorilla and the Chimpanzee are not so great as those which separate the Gorilla from the lower apes";¹ and that when the blood of these last-named is mixed with human blood the serum of the one destroys the blood-cells of the other, whereas no such effect arises when the blood of man is mixed with that of the anthropoid apes.² The other has demonstrated identity of behaviour between the higher animals and man, and shown that "the development of mind in its early stages and in certain directions is revealed most adequately in the animal. Its mind exhibits substantially the same phenomena which the human mind exhibits in its early stages in the child."³

So widely-read a man as Sir Oliver Lodge cannot be ignorant of the success which has attended the application of the comparative method to mythology, theology, and ethics. But not a hint of this is breathed in *Reason and Belief*. The reader will close that book without an inkling how far legendary elements enter into the historical portions of the Bible, and how scrutiny of the Christian documents has yielded evidence of the import of barbaric conceptions. The author of the article "Nativity" in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* says of the myth of the Virgin birth that "here we unquestionably enter the circle of pagan ideas, ideas foreign to Judaism," while to such shifts are modern divines of the liberal type of Dr. Sanday put, that that scholar, seeking to account for the silence of Mark about the Incarnation, says that "possibly Luke had a special source of information connected with the court of the Herods, perhaps through Joanna, wife of Chuza, the King's steward."⁴ Knowledge of so "momentous" an event has for its source a piece of back-stairs gossip! And travelling backwards to the so-called previsions of a Messiah, on which Sir Oliver lays stress, how will he meet the acute question put by Dr. Reuss in his comment on the oft-quoted and mistranslated

(1) Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 103.

(2) *Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 129.

(3) Baldwin, *Story of the Mind*, p. 35.

(4) *Guardian*, February 4th, 1903.

verse in Isaiah (vii., 14) about the child to be born of a "virgin," "What consolation would Ahaz have had if the Prophet had said to him, 'Do not fear these two kings, because in 750 years the Messiah will be born'?"¹

All that research and inquiry, carried on in that scientific spirit which commends itself to one who is a "student of science," have achieved in the foregoing and many other cases, has no reference in these inchoate and inconclusive pages. At the end of one of the chapters a brief list of books on Hebrew history is given, but these are of pseudo-liberal type, and the more advanced writings of Canon Cheyne, Driver, and their school are named only to be dismissed as too technical for the public for whom Sir Oliver successfully caters. The *Encyclopædia Biblica* is ignored.

It is the same with Ethics. That these are a product of social evolution, and therefore relative in their standards; that sin is, in its essence, an anti-social act; that morals rest not on divine codes, but on human relations, of all this there is never a hint in Sir Oliver's cryptic explanation of the doctrine of the Fall. Job's question, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel with words?" rises to the lips as we close this unsatisfactory book, and hence the warrant for application of the term "obscurantist" to both writers. For in the degree that they affirm the truth of the unproved, and assume that on certain questions the canon is closed, they put a bar upon inquiry, and encourage the ignorant and the timid, the "light half-believers of our casual creeds," in lazy acquiescence.

There is so much to admire in the character, so much to imitate in the example of Dr. Wallace, that animadversion on the retrograde influence of his writings, in the degree that they are speculative, is a thankless task. It is among the romances of Science, like the independent discovery of the planet Neptune by Adams and Leverrier, that when exploring in far-away Ternate, Dr. Wallace should have hit on the identical solution of the problem of the origin of species at which Darwin, working in Cambridge, arrived. And it is to the abiding honour of Dr. Wallace that Darwin's name and fame were permitted to eclipse his own, the one willingly yielding to the other the glory of carrying on a work which culminated in the publication of the *Origin of Species*. For, as Professor Baldwin says in his *Darwin and the Humanities*, "the Darwinian theory might with entire appropriateness have been called Wallaceism." And the Professor fitly dedicates that book to "Alfred Russel Wallace, because, like that of his co-worker, his interest extends to all the humanities." It may be said with truth that his interest is the wider of the two. For throughout his long and strenuous career Dr. Wallace has fought

(1) *Les Prophètes*, I., p. 233 (1876).

unwearyingly for the betterment of the conditions of "the poor also and him that hath no helper." Social and economic questions have largely occupied his pen and time, and if in his latest book his optimism shows itself in the conviction that this is the best of all possible worlds, there are passages in it born of a burning indignation at man's misdeeds towards his fellow-man which arrest approach to the noble ideals in whose ultimate fulfilment Dr. Wallace has a faith that we fain would share. Nor has he ever concealed his rejection of current creeds as having no correspondence to realities, and hence has been under neither obligation nor inclination to attempt to square the Christian scheme with the doctrine of evolution. Therefore, the deeper is the regret that, in the strange obsession of a mind so richly endowed, there should be fostered the one heresy with which science can make no terms—the denial of the unity and unbroken continuity of the totality of phenomena, both psychical and physical. Such deviations from the normal have value as supplying data for the science of mental pathology.

It must be reluctantly admitted that when Sir Oliver Lodge leaves the domain of physics, wherein he is a deservedly supreme authority, for that of theology, he passes to a lower plane. He is by far the greater obscurantist of the two, because he bewilders most where he should be most enlightening. His shambling, hesitating gait makes him no sure-footed guide for the plain wayfarer to follow. He wrests their old, straightforward connotation from such terms as revelation, inspiration, incarnation, so that, meaning anything, they may mean everything. In an *Address to the Society for Psychical Research (Proceedings, Part xxvi., pp. 14–15)*, Sir Oliver said that in dealing with psychical phenomena a hazy state of mind is better than a mind "keenly awake" and "on the spot," and one has the feeling that this sort of self-hypnotising process has affected much that he has to say about questions which need the exercise of all our wits to grapple with.

But whether it be his *Reason and Belief*, or Dr. Wallace's *World of Life*, their radical defect is the assumption that certitude about the significance of the universe has been reached. Quoting Plotinus, Sir Oliver calls him "the inspired," and in his suggestive little essay on the *Inner Beauty*, Maeterlinck says, "of all the intellects known to me that of Plotinus draws the nearest to the divine." Their united tribute calls to mind a sentence from that philosopher which Sir Oliver and Dr. Wallace, and all of us, may take to heart: "If a man were to inquire of Nature the reason of her creative authority, she would say, Ask me not, but understand in silence."

EDWARD CLODD.

INDIA'S IMPERIALISTIC INCLINATIONS AND IDEALS.

I.

THE Fates never were more capricious than when they manipulated human affairs so that the report of a bomb thrown at the Viceroy of India deadened the echoes of the rumour recently circulated by a news agency to the effect that a movement was afoot in the Dependency to build several super-Dreadnoughts and armoured cruisers to police the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and it was quite natural that those who watch and wait for political omens on which to base their auguries for the future should feel apprehensive about Hindostan's state of mind. But horrible as this outrage undoubtedly was, those who judicially review current events in their sequence, instead of being unduly swayed by stray happenings, will refuse to look upon it as marking the beginning of another era of unrest in the Peninsula, just as they did not allow the unauthorised announcement about the Indian contribution to the Navy to rouse extravagant expectations in their hearts. Indeed, were it not for the fact that writers of mercurial temperament exist in this country—as, alas! they are to be found everywhere—who are ever ready to pen columns of alarum or rhapsody in elaboration of cable messages, and who, on both these occasions, have given publicity to highly-coloured accounts, all that would be necessary would be to express horror at the tragedy enacted at Delhi on December 23rd last and wait for the result of the inquiry as to whether it was the act of a terrorist and the consummation of a deep-laid conspiracy, or the revenge of an aggrieved person, or merely the work of a maniac, just as it would not be needful to do more than point out the fact that the statement about the probability of the Indian Princes making a gift to the Imperial Navy at best could not be taken as anything more than an indication of Hindostan's good-will toward the Empire. This construction could be put upon the report only because it came on the heels of the loyal demonstrations which the Oriental subjects of their Majesties gave at the time of the Royal visit to their Eastern Possession; and because ever since then the political temper of India uniformly has been sweet. A few years ago the Peninsula was in such an ugly mood that no correspondent, however imaginative he may have been, would have dared to give currency to such a story, for at that time the announcement would have borne the stamp of improbability on its

face. As it was, the news carried considerable conviction with it, solely because the present Indian conditions are not inimical to the carrying out of such a project as the one suggested. But apart from these considerations, the announcement about the Indian contingent to the Navy until now has failed to establish its *locus standi*, and, therefore, many of the newspaper comments concerning it made in this country necessarily were published on the principle of "counting the chickens before they are hatched." Similarly, it would be idle to argue from the attempt made on the life of the Governor-General that the forces of Anarchism have slipped from the leash, and that sedition is likely once more to run riot in the Dependency. On the contrary, it emphatically must be stated that the native susceptibilities have been ineffably shocked by this dastardly deed, and that all whose counsels count in the country unhesitatingly and forcefully have expressed themselves as unequivocally opposed to the perpetration of such acts of violence. Indeed, if any omens can be descried, these protestations that have come singly from the leaders and collectively from various groups denote that Indian society is alive to the necessity of throttling lawlessness, and that the Administration can expect material aid from the natives in putting down the agencies of disruption. This fact—namely, that all enlightened Indians consider the growth of destructive influences such as terrorism to be a menace to national progress, and, therefore, they are eager to stamp them out—is not as well recognised in this country as it ought to be. But those Britons who consider contemporary events in their proper perspective instead of pouncing upon one or two unrelated occurrences and magnifying their importance, cannot but realise that the unfortunate acts of the boycott and bomb days of the last lustrum actually have improved Indo-British relations, and that if the past is any criterion to judge by, the attempt on Lord Hardinge's life (irrespective of its terroristic origin or otherwise) will not retard, but rather will give an impetus to this *rapprochement*, that it will not inspire India to desire to cut the cords that tie it to Britain and other parts of the Empire, but will impel it to strengthen and tighten them. However, since the question of native bearing toward the sovereign power has been given an uppermost place in the minds of Britons by the outrage perpetrated against the Viceroy, and by the rumour circulated about an Indian contribution to the Navy, and since the offer of fleets to augment the British armada made by the Colonies has suggested the query as to what India proposes to subscribe towards Imperial defence, the occasion fittingly may be utilised to analyse Hindostan's attitude towards the Empire.

II.

The most practical manner in which to arrive at a definite conclusion in regard to the real Indian sentiment towards the Empire will be rapidly to sketch the history of political activity in modern India (necessarily confined to the educated men, who, alone, are intelligent enough to take an interest in public affairs); since it is impossible to judge the sincerity of the native feeling for Great Britain without carefully determining whether or not their ambition for self-government is compatible with the retention of the Peninsula in the Empire.

Strictly speaking, political agitation in India began about a generation ago, when the Indian National Congress was founded, largely through the instrumentality of an Englishman, Allan Octavian Hume, C.B., who recently passed away. Immediately after its formation it set out to call the attention of the British rulers to the grievances of the brown people whom they ruled, and to press upon the notice of the Administration the desirability of satisfying the legitimate aspirations of the literate classes. The *modus operandi* adopted was to pass resolutions at conferences held in various Indian metropolises, and submit them to the authorities. In its initial stages this body suffered a schism, the educated Mahomedans, led by the late Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, refusing to lend it their support; and though since this defection many Islamite delegates have attended its meetings, and an eminent Musalman has presided over one of its sessions, yet the assembly to this day has remained non-Moslem—a fact, be it noted, grudgingly admitted by the Congressmen themselves. While at some of the sittings held previous to the close of the nineteenth century some rhetoricians indulged in strong criticisms of Administrative acts, on the whole the discussion of Governmental policies was carried on in a responsible manner, and the demands formulated, though oft-times quite insistent, respectfully were worded.

Following the partition of Bengal, however, a change came over a section of the men composing this "unofficial parliament." Some of the Bengali delegates whose susceptibilities had been hurt by this measure, sought to ventilate their grievance by restraining the Congress from extending a welcome to the present King and Queen (then the Prince and Princess of Wales) during their Indian tour of 1905, and even went so far as to seek to commit the organisation to an India-wide boycott of British goods. The expression of such sentiments marked a new departure in the history of the body. Had the influence of saner and more moderate-minded men (like the Hon. Gopal Krishna Gokhale, C.I.E., who presided at this session) not prevailed, the

radicals certainly would have succeeded in this object. As it was, they did induce the assemblage to set the seal of its approval on the boycott of British goods in Bengal as a protest against the bisection of that Province. The next meeting was convened the following December, under the presidency of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, on which occasion the Extremists displayed much greater impatience than they had exhibited the year before. One of the leaders not only went to the length of advocating the boycott of British manufactures, but also exhorted his countrymen to have nothing whatever to do with the alien rulers, officially or socially. At this meeting the sagacity displayed by the president (the first native of Hindostan to sit at Westminster as a representative of a British—and not Indian—constituency) alone saved the day, and the convention refused to countenance the line of action so impassionedlly advocated by the ardent spirits. But the storm was averted only for a year. When the National Congress met at Surat in 1907, the turbulent section, headed by Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak, effectively blocked the way for peaceful discussion, obliging the president-elect (Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh, C.I.E.) to call in the police to disperse the gathering.

As a sequel to this, the Congress was split in twain. Only those Indians attended the next convention who were willing to recognise India's relation with Great Britain as God-ordained, and to promise not to seek to undermine it by overt or covert means, but to direct their efforts to secure autonomy within the Empire strictly along constitutional lines, while those who avowed their longing for a free and untrammelled administration avoided it. From then on political agitation was divided, one section being pledged to work for the continuance of British association, the other aiming at altogether liberating India from the foreign yoke and setting up a government absolutely independent of English co-operation or control. Of course, it manifestly would be unjust to convey the impression that they urged that the country at once should be wrenched out of the hands of the dominant Power—they merely desired India to be free in course of time. It would be equally wrong to imply that all those who avowed their desire to see their country emancipated from British domination gave themselves up to propagating secret societies, making bombs, and laying in stores of revolvers and ammunition, or inciting others to do so. However, terrorist tragedies began to take place soon after the rise of the Extremist party, and these were regarded as acts perpetrated by unbalanced youths led astray by the incendiary preachings of the radical leaders of this section. All authorities agree that unquestionably the ideal of free Hindostan gave birth to the Indian Nihilist, who believed that the quickest way to get rid of the foreigners was to

terrorise them by pitching bombs and firing shots at members of the Administration.

The sudden development of anarchy forced the Government of India to adopt stringent measures to stamp it out. Those suspected of complicity in fomenting trouble between the rulers and the ruled were hunted down by the police, prosecuted in the courts, and, on conviction, severely punished. Those who were considered by the authorities to be pulling the strings from behind the scenes of disorder, directing the actions of the puppets who actually committed the crimes, in about a dozen cases, were deprived of their liberty without being formally charged or tried—a summary action which has been much criticised by some and lauded by others. Special legislation for the regulation of the press and platform was enacted and immediately put into force. While the Indian Administration thus was seeking to crush the spirit of revolt, Mr. John (now Lord) Morley persuaded Parliament to concede certain legislative rights and privileges to Indians calculated partially to satisfy the ambitions of the moderate native politicians.

The combined effect of these conciliatory and repressive measures tended to cool the inflamed Indian passions. At the close of the first decade of the present century the political pendulum almost had righted itself. Acrimonious agitation and anarchistic outbursts practically had disappeared. The influence of those who subscribed to the ideals of the Indian National Congress—*e.g.*, those who professed the conviction that Hindostan indissolubly was bound up with Great Britain, and that Indians should be satisfied with self-government within the Empire, granted little by little and at some future time and not all at once, or immediately—once again dominated Hindu public opinion.

A step may be retraced here in order to survey the activity of the Indian Mahomedans. On seceding from the Congress they decided to eschew all agitation and devote themselves to the diffusion of knowledge amongst their co-religionists. They faithfully followed this policy until Lord Morley's proposals to give concessions to Indians were formulated. At that time the leaders of the community formed an organisation under the title of the "All-Indian Moslem League," in order, as they declared, "to protect the political and other rights of Indian Musalmans, and to place their needs and aspirations before the Government in temperate language." The promoters of the organisation worked with such intelligence and with such purpose that within a few months of its inception the majority of educated Indian Mahomedans, with one voice, were demanding that in the grant of political concessions to India the minority interests of the Islamites

should be safeguarded. The authorities yielded to this agitation and conceded special electoral privileges to Indian disciples of Mahomet—much to the chagrin of the Hindus. Ever since then the league has been energetic in ventilating the grievances and voicing the wishes of the Followers of the Prophet.

Though the members of this body are swayed by a strong pan-Islamic sentiment which often causes them insistently to request their Western rulers to protect Turkey and Persia from European despoilers, yet their devotion to the Crown is unquestioned, and, like the Hindu Congressmen, they believe that India indissolubly is united with Great Britain. As a matter of fact, the first object of the "All-India Moslem League," as set forth in its official publication, is : "To promote among Indian Musalmans feelings of loyalty toward the British Government, and to remove any misconception that may arise as to the intentions of the Government with regard to any of its measures."

A word also may be said about the political activity of the Sikhs, another minority whose importance deservedly is measured by its martial services to Great Britain, and not merely by its numerical strength. Until the Morleyan reforms were proposed, the leaders of this community, like those guiding the destinies of the Indian Mahomedans, sedulously avoided agitation, concerning themselves with social reform and intellectual advancement. But the grant of special privileges to the Moslems awakened in the Khalsa the desire to be favoured in a similar manner—a wish which has not yet been gratified, or even seriously considered, much to the annoyance of the promoters of the movement. Despite their failure in this respect, however, the Sikhs have not become embittered, and their aspirations always have found respectful expression. It seems superfluous to add that the Sikh attitude towards British rule to-day continues to be that of friendship, as it has been ever since the days of the Mutiny.

Thus, at the beginning of the present lustrum, the Hindus, Mahomedans, and Sikhs, one and all, showed a decided disinclination to sever the ties binding India to Great Britain. From the very beginning of agitation in modern India, the desire of practically all those capable of thinking upon such subjects had been to maintain this association unimpaired; and though the radicals, during the course of the last decade, did recede from this position and set up a demand for "free India," most of them revised their policy and reverted to their original views, favouring the preservation of the Peninsula's connection with its present Occidental over-lord. Thus, when the present lustrum opened, India had resumed its normal political state.

It must not be concluded from this that at that time all friction

between Indian and British interests had been done away with. On the contrary, much ground still existed for agitation. For instance, the natives noticed that the higher ranks of all Indian services almost altogether were filled with Englishmen; Indians had no control over the revenue or tariffs, and the manufacture of cotton cloth was penalised by an excise duty fastened upon the Peninsula from the outside. However, a new spirit animated the Indian politicians. During the period of trouble that had just passed they had come to realise that any clashing of interests that might exist between the Indians and the Britons was of a temporary nature. They saw that an increasingly large number of Indians were succeeding in securing responsible and lucrative posts; and, certain of the soundness of their claim that the services of a country should belong to the sons of the soil, and believing in the British sense of justice and fair play, they fully expected that a time would come in the future when the important posts no longer would be monopolised by outsiders, and when the higher as well as the lower ranks in the Administration substantially would be filled by natives. At any rate, all (but the petty-minded) began to realise that their motherland—which had been able, in the past, to care for millions of Hindu and Mahomedan invaders, was vast enough to provide careers for a few thousand Britons—and they felt that India (still unable independently to manage its own affairs) was not justified in grumbling at the “drain” on its resources which the foreigners caused, when, in return for the money thus expended, it enjoyed the advantage of an efficient Administration. Similarly, native manufacturers had begun to recognise that Great Britain—the mother of power industries—and India—a mere tyro in the realm of modern industrialism—really possessed separate spheres of action which did not at all encroach upon each other—that for decades Hindostan, unable to manufacture the heavy machinery required by it, would have to depend upon the outside world for it, and that, at the worst, Great Britain, in its commercial relations with the Peninsula, merely may have to readjust itself and become a purveyor of machinery instead of a supplier of finished goods. Such realisations naturally gave rise to the feeling that an effort should be made to minimise any friction that might exist between Indian and British interests, and to promote the community of interests between the two countries. This spirit of harmony still further was fostered by the fact that practically all Indians were united in the belief that self-government within the Empire would satisfy their political ambitions, and, all statements made by British politicians and others regarding the lack of Indian capacity for autonomy to the contrary, that

nothing but lack of Indian development could withhold it from the people. Having abandoned the impatient attitude that some had assumed in the middle of the last decade, they felt free to confess that autonomy, in the very nature of things, could be secured only by instalments, and they were willing patiently to wait for the ripeness of time to bring them additional rights and privileges. Thus, at the beginning of the decade now running its course, the forces making for cordiality in the relations between Britain and Hindostan were in the ascendant.

The Royal visit of 1911 brought a new consciousness to India. The presence of the Emperor and Empress on its soil visualised the subtle link which connects the Peninsula with Great Britain. For the first time the bond which, up till then, had been merely abstract and theoretical, became concrete and actual. Though the average educated Indian had professed loyalty to the British Crown, and even had vowed not to do anything calculated to subvert the existing order of things, yet, up till the time of the Imperial tour, this had remained a sort of formula of passionless philosophy—a dogma of a negative character. The compliment conveyed by the Royal presence in India, coupled with the effect of the sympathetic pronouncements of King George, coming at the moment when Hindostan was in an ideally receptive mood, infused a new spirit into this relationship—converted it into a positive, living force.

As a direct result of this, India to-day is inspired with the desire not merely to preserve the *status quo* into which it has been drifted by the tide of Fate, but longs to weld the bonds that link it to the British Empire—to become a willing partner in the Federation. Emphasis must be laid upon this transformation from negative to positive feeling, because it constitutes a fundamental change whose potentiality it would be impossible to exaggerate. Since the Imperial visit, the entire Press and platform of the Peninsula constantly have been furnishing unmistakable evidence that India desires its union with Great Britain to be considered one of will rather than one of compulsion.

It is only to be expected that such sentiments should be cherished by Indians when it is considered that during the many decades that British and natives have lived side by side in the Dependency, practically negligible strife has marred their intercourse. Propinquity naturally has led to a mutual understanding and liking. Moreover, a large number of Indians have gone through the modern scholastic institutions built by the English, where their minds have been stamped with the British educational die. The native boys and girls (for thousands of females have passed through these schools), notwithstanding their

inherent conservatism, have become impressed with Western ideals. Thus, intellectual sympathy—unquestionably the strongest of ties—has been established between the educated Indians and the ruling nation, and year by year the cultured autochthones and Britons more and more are being drawn together.

In this connection it is only fair to admit that even now some Indians continue to remain unreconciled to the Administration, and that there is every likelihood of their remaining disaffected. However, their number is not large; or, at any rate, the obstreperous group is only a small fraction of the educated Indian community, while the strength of those belonging to this section who would resort to terrorist methods to achieve their end is still less. The majority of enlightened Indians (even though some of them may have held extreme views during the recent period of stress) wish to strengthen India's connection with the British Empire. Outrages perpetrated against officials cannot alter this fact—all that they can do is to substantiate the statement that despite all repressive and conciliatory methods, some Indians persist in remaining outside the zone of cordiality between the rulers and the ruled, and continue to endeavour to undermine British-Indian relations. But there is nothing to be wondered at if, in such a large population as that of the Oriental Dependency, composed of such diverse racial elements, professing such differing religions, a limited number of natives should remain unreconciled to the dominant power. Indeed, in this respect, Hindostan cannot be said to be unique, or worse off than other lands: for radicals exist everywhere, especially in all "modern" civilised communities. But notwithstanding the existence of fanatics, and the tragedies enacted by them, the general native sentiment increasingly is in favour of cementing the Imperial bonds.

III.

Bearing in mind this sentiment which is being displayed towards Great Britain by the educated Indians, a survey may be made of Hindostan's present position in the Empire.

India, as every schoolboy knows, is not a British Colony, but is a Dependency. That term very aptly describes the dependent place that Hindostan occupies in the Empire. It is in the group without being of it—a veritable *pariah* amongst the over-seas dominions.

To justify this statement it may be noted that India is debarred from the counsels of the Empire. Its immigrants are excluded from the Colonies, or are admitted merely on sufferance and forced

to bear many indignities. On par with Ireland in not having an autonomous government, India has no representation in the House of Commons—a privilege enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle. To be sure, the King's brown subjects may settle in the British Isles, and, without going through any specific form of naturalisation, possess not only the right to vote, but also be eligible to become representatives of (British and not Indian) constituencies in the House of Commons: two Indians, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji (Liberal) and Sir Mancherjee M. Bhownagree (Conservative) having sat at Westminster. The effect of this, however, considerably is marred by the fact that whereas Whitehall does not compel the Colonies to pay for the upkeep of the Colonial Offices, it does force Hindostan to pay the bills for the India Office, and further, by the fact that the Imperial authorities virtually are powerless to make the Colonies accord to Indians the treatment to which they are entitled as British subjects.

Quite apart from these considerations, it must be remembered that, though many decades have gone by since the Peninsula's government passed into the hands of the British Sovereign, there is much in the association between India and Britain which would imply that the natives of the Oriental Dependency yet are considered far from worthy of being trusted with ideal implicitness. Ample support for this statement is to be found in many existing circumstances, the more important of which may be stated :—

(1) No man of the soil can aspire to a commission in the army, all regiments in India being officered by Britons. In view of the fact that there are splendid militant races in Hindostan amongst whom the fighting tradition still is very much alive, and who, not long ago, sent to the front generals whose bravery and ability unstintingly were recognised and praised by the English commanders pitted against them in conflict, only one inference—that which has been indicated—can be drawn. The fact that many Indians have been installed in high civil offices lends greater force to this argument.

(2) Non-Christian Indians, with the exception of one small sect, are not permitted to enroll themselves as volunteers. Strange to say, this restriction operates not only against the Hindus and Mahomedans, but also applies to the Sikhs, who, on more than one occasion, have poured out their life-blood for Britain. Any unprejudiced person would think that it would be to the British interest to keep the martial spark alive in the breasts of those male members of the Khalsa—and there is a large number of them—who do not enter military service, by permitting them to become volunteers. The Indians' desire to serve as volunteers unquestionably shows that they clamour not only for

privileges, but also that they are anxious to discharge their share of responsibility for national defence. This in itself is a development deserving to be appreciated, and not crushed.

(3) Ever since the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, Indians have been disarmed, and the Arms Act to this day is enforced with such rigour that the exemptions grudgingly permitted by it are doled out with such a niggardly hand by the Executive that human and animal life in many localities is jeopardised by dangerous beasts, which in any other country in the world promptly would be killed.

Besides, to all Indians who have been at all associated with members of the ruling race, it appears that, when pondering over India's relations with the Empire, most Britons are unable to banish from their brains the thought that the natives of the Dependency are not Anglo-Saxons—not even whites—and, firmly believing, as they do, that "blood is thicker than water," they instinctively look upon the connection as one forced upon the land of Ind by the Englishman's sword and maintained by British bayonets. Indeed, to listen to some is to believe that the rulers constantly are standing, sword in hand, over the cowering natives, and that the educated Indian is the natural enemy of *Par Britannica*.

Such a mental mood will not permit the Briton to recognise that while India doubtless has benefited from its connection with its Western overlord, inasmuch as the Occidental administrators have made life and property secure, have rendered the incidence of taxation equitable, have made provision for the dispensation of justice irrespective of the social position or religious belief of the litigants, have established schools and colleges for the education of the rising generation, have provided facilities for communication, have built irrigation canals, have promoted agriculture, industries, and commerce, and have sought to bring India up to the level of other civilised nations, Hindostan, on the other hand, has been of some use to Great Britain. For instance, the Oriental Dependency for two centuries has provided thousands of Britons with civil and military careers—paying them handsome salaries and pensions. It has furnished splendid trade opportunities to a still larger number of British merchants and manufacturers, who unquestionably have enjoyed all the benefits which accrue to members of a race which makes and administers all the tariffs of a subject people. For decades it has maintained a large standing army which, on more than one occasion, has rendered valuable services to the Empire in fighting non-Indian wars. To-day India holds in efficient service over 78,000 white and almost 200,000 Indian soldiers, not taking into account the Imperial troops main-

tained by the Indian Princes, in itself a tower of strength to the Empire. Even though it be admitted that this strength is necessary for Indian security—a contention extremely hard to prove, especially since the change of the British attitude towards Russia—yet it cannot be gainsaid that the maintenance of this large fighting force adds to the safety of the whole Empire. Be it noted that while the Indian taxpayer thus for years has been contributing toward Imperial defence, the Colonies only recently have begun to realise the onus of responsibility resting upon them.

However, the only deduction that the average Occidental draws from the presence of the British soldiers in India is that they are needed to keep the Peninsula in leading strings. Whatever may be the truth about Great Britain having taken possession of India by force and retaining it by the sword, it must be pointed out that that weapon is kept in its sheath in Hindostan; and despite the evidence that has been adduced to show that an ideal state of mutual trust does not exist between the foreign rulers and the natives whom they rule, yet the chief officials delegated by Britain to administer its Oriental Dependency are most careful not to display the least sign of distrust toward their charges. Of recent years Indians have been admitted as members of the Executive Council of the Viceroy and those of several Provincial heads—a fact which, besides conceding the native ability to hold such offices, reflects the opinion of the Government in regard to the trustworthiness of the natives.

But in spite of it all, the attitude of the stay-at-home Briton towards India practically has remained unaltered, with the consequence that to-day Hindostan continues to be looked upon as an interloper in the Empire—a member of a different species, as it were, not only because it is the only large unit which is non-autonomous, but also because its intelligent natives are accorded no place in Imperial deliberations.

IV.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to realise that such a position is not one which any patriotic Indian would wish to see his country fill. Indeed, the very causes which have promoted the Imperialistic spirit in the educated people of the Peninsula have gone a great way towards directing their attention to the unsatisfactory place their land occupies in the Empire, and have implanted in their hearts a self-respect and self-esteem which make it impossible for them to reconcile themselves to their inferior status. Therefore it is incumbent upon all who are interested in promoting Imperial interests critically to examine the anomalies

which, according to the native notion, exist in India's relations with Great Britain, and seek to have them removed.

Since these anomalies already have been outlined, to state them once again would be needlessly redundant. However, it must be added, though that all of them reflecting lack of faith in Indian loyalty are irritating, the one that is most exasperating to Hindostan is the ill-treatment meted out to Indian immigrants in the British Colonies. This grievance is shared alike by Hindus, Mahomedans, and Sikhs, and the passions roused by it not only burn in the breast of the educated classes, but also smoulder in the hearts of the illiterate masses. Indeed, at present the feeling of indignation is so keen that all other Indian questions have become subordinated to this one. The writer, having spent considerable time in the Dominions investigating this subject, fully is sensible of the economic and racial issues involved in it, and is well aware of the stubborn attitude assumed by the Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, &c., in this matter; nor is he forgetting the obstacles which the Colonial Office has to face in its attempt to secure more humane treatment for the Indian immigrants. But withal, the problem remains, embittering India against the Colonies and causing it to chafe at the fact that Great Britain is unable to persuade the overseas Dominions to treat Indians with the consideration which they deserve as British subjects.

In the interests of Imperial concord, it is imperative that the Home authorities should find a compromise satisfactory to the Colonials and Indians. The lines to be pursued in this matter cannot be discussed here for lack of space, though it may be remarked *en passant* that India would not object nearly so much to the restriction of immigration to the Colonies with a view to regulating the influx as it does to the treatment of its immigrants as helots. It may be added that the economic objection to the presence of the Indian immigrants may be overcome by fixing a minimum wage, below which no one may work. As for the racial issues, only a change of attitude can solve the problem.

As a matter of fact, not only does the attitude of the Colonials towards Indians need to be changed, but that of the stay-at-home Briton also requires to be altered. This transformation can be effected only when it is realised that the union existing between Hindostan and Great Britain at first merely was a by-product of commercialism, and until as recently as 1858 it remained an indirect connection; that even after the assumption of the Government by the Sovereign, no organised effort was made to raise the status of the country, since the Indian influence in shaping the destinies of the Administration had remained a

negligible quantity ; that, as a matter of fact, the natives continued to be sunk in a political stupor until very recent times. Therefore, instead of being guided into its present position in the Empire, India really drifted into it, with the result that many anomalies have crept into the Dependency's intercourse with its over-lord. Now, however, it must be realised that the desire has sprung up in the heart of Indians to readjust their country's position so that instead of being a silent and sullen unit, remaining in the Imperial group not because it wishes to do so, but because it cannot help itself, it may continue a willing member of the Federation. Such a recognition involves a virtual revolution in the British outlook on India. It means that Britons must quit viewing Indians through spectacles tinged by "blood-is-thicker-than-water" and colour prejudices, and must acknowledge that propinquity and intellectual sympathy have brought about a community of interest guaranteeing that the educated people of the Peninsula can be trusted to be true to Great Britain in the same sense that Canada and Australia, or at least in the sense that the Boers of South Africa, can be relied upon to be faithful to the Empire. Assuming that such a change of heart is possible, the defects which characterise India's position in the Empire can be adjusted by mutual concessions, since most of them, as has been shown, are due to lack of that ideal trust and good-will which should distinguish the relations existing between the various units of a federation.

So far as India is concerned, it is showing every indication that it desires to rivet the bonds that unite it with the Empire. Now it remains for Great Britain and the Colonies to decide whether, on account of colour prejudices, Hindostan is to be considered an outcast, or whether its cultured classes are to be treated on the basis of intellectual affinity. The British may wish to shelve these questions, but the time has come when Hindostan demands an authoritative answer to them—and upon that reply depends whether India's desires to be a voluntary member of the British Federation are to be encouraged or whether its aspirations are to be nipped in the bud. In case of the latter eventuality, the Peninsula's association with the Empire will cease the moment the sword of Great Britain is unable to keep its people cowed down. But if prejudices do not carry the day, the anomalies which at present mark India's relationship with the Empire, in course of time will be removed, and the country will prove a source of strength to the Federation, of which its inhabitants at present form the great bulk, and of which it will continue to be a bulwark in time of stress.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

ISABELLA II.'S FIRST INTRIGUES.

INTRIGUE had surrounded Isabella in the cradle, in the nursery, and in the schoolroom. The whole process of her education had been disorganised by intrigue. She had breathed the atmosphere of intrigue without, one must imagine, understanding what it was all about—without, at first, understanding anything except that bogey men were after her, and had once very nearly succeeded in kidnapping her and carrying her off. At last, however, she was really growing up, though not yet fully grown up; and it was inevitable that, if any further intrigues were to occur, she must herself play a conscious, if not a spontaneous, part in them. Our story is of the intrigue by which Isabella, at the age of thirteen, got rid of a Prime Minister, who possessed the confidence of the country and had recently been her own tutor. It is a dramatic story, and we must set the scene and distribute the parts for it.

The time was shortly after the Revolution in which Narvaez and other friends of Cristina had driven Espartero out of Spain. Though Espartero had gone into exile, Cristina had not yet returned from it, for there were people who insisted that she had stolen public money and must repay it before she could come back. The question had, therefore, arisen: Who should be Isabella's guardian? and the Cortes had solved the problem by declaring Isabella a major at the age of thirteen years and two months. So that our curtain rises on a child—one might almost say a naughty girl—badly brought up, inclined to be sullen, far from straightforward, and not particularly intelligent—promoted to take nominal charge of a situation which she could not even begin to control; in theory doing what she chose, but in fact doing what she was told, and by no means clear in her own mind, who had, and who had not, the right to tell her what to do.

Moreover, there were two claimants—or sets of claimants—to the privilege of telling her what to do. The victory of Espartero had been won by a coalition of his enemies: some of them Radicals, and others Reactionaries. The coalition, having gained its end, split into its component parts; and its two sections proceeded to manœuvre for position, with a view to the inevitable fray. As the result of the first provisional division of the spoils, the Radicals controlled the Cabinet, while the Reactionaries controlled the Court. The Reactionaries were, of course, Cristina's

men, pledged to use their influence to secure Cristina's recall; and to that end they had succeeded in reconstituting Cristina's Camarilla in Isabella's Palace.

It was known from the first that there would be war to the knife between the Camarilla and the Cabinet; a war, that is to say, between duly constituted authority and backstairs influence. The members of the Cabinet were objectionable to the Camarilla, not only on account of their political opinions, but also because they regarded them as vulgar upstarts. They proposed, first, to discredit them by making them ridiculous, and then to overthrow them. We shall see, as we follow its proceedings, of what amazing machinations Spanish Camarillas were still capable at a time almost within the memory of living men; but we must first introduce the protagonists in the encounter.

Isabella herself, of course, though this was nominally her own intrigue, counts only as a figure, and not as a force. She did not lead, but was pushed along in front. It was not she who made use of the Camarilla, but the Camarilla which made use of her. If she seemed to enter into the spirit of its intrigues, she can only be supposed to have done so in the temper of a naughty child to whom it seems great fun to make mischief, and to disconcert the plans of pompous and solemn persons—especially when egged on to do so by a sniggering company of her sympathetic elders: a trait in her character which, as we shall see, was quickly and cleverly exploited; the trouble coming to a head a very few days after Olozaga, ceasing to be her tutor, became her Prime Minister, in succession to Don Lopez.

Narvaez, though he had made the Revolution, remained at the moment somewhat in the background, albeit working there with great vigour and effect. We have remarked him already as the dandy of blood and iron; and we must take note of him now as the power behind the Camarilla. He was to be dictator of Spain presently, but not quite yet. Perhaps he did not yet realise the possibilities open to his ambition; certainly there was as yet no visible indication that he was playing for his own hand. For the moment he was Cristina's man, working for Cristina's interests, and paving the way for her recall; and it was through the reconstituted Camarilla that it suited him to work—the Court *personnel* being now composed of men and women whom he could trust to do dirtier work than it suited him to be personally responsible for. In particular, he could trust the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, who, after the ejection of the Countess Mina, had been placed in personal attendance on the Queen: a lady of the bluest blood, of considerable culture and great ability, but of little, if any, scruple in her choice of means for gaining an advantage over an adversary.

In alliance with her—in alliance also, therefore, with Narvaez—worked Gonzalez Bravo.

This Gonzalez Bravo was a lean *parvenu*, with a look like that of a hungry wolf. He was hungry, in fact, for office and its emoluments, and ready to stoop to any baseness in order to obtain what he wanted. Before he became notorious as a politician, he had been notorious as a *mauvais sujet*. He had been a member, according to Hughes' *Revelations of Spain*, of "a very extraordinary and peculiar local society, called the *Partido del Trueno*, or Thunder Club, a society of riotous young bloods, who delighted in nocturnal attacks upon the audiences returning from the theatres, the guests from tertulias, and other street passengers of Madrid—a worn phase of the mischievous disposition, persevered in with such mysterious pertinacity at home, to appropriate bell-pulls and street-knockers." He was also a comic journalist and a turn-coat who excused his changes of opinion with bare-faced cynicism. "*No es ridiculo estar para siempre el mismo*—Isn't it absurd to be always the same?"—was his blunt rejoinder when taxed with ratting in order to obtain preferment. He had begun his political career as a Radical, and had delighted the other Radicals by his scathing remarks on Cristina's passion for Private Muñoz, of the Guards. Now he had left the Radicals and joined the Reactionaries, who welcomed him as a man who could be depended upon, not only to do dirty work, but to do it with the air of a disinterested public servant discharging a public duty with loyal and patriotic alacrity. The particular dirty work provided for him was to help the Camarilla to get rid of Olozaga.

Olozaga had been Espartero's Ambassador in Paris, and though he had joined the coalition against Espartero, he belonged to the Radical wing of it. It was as the representative of that wing that he had been summoned to Madrid to succeed the seedy Arguelles as Isabella's tutor; and whatever his faults may have been, he, at all events, was not seedy. By profession a lawyer, he has been described as the Brougham of Spain; but the description was intended as a tribute to his talents, not as a depreciation of his tact, manners, and personal appearance. Perhaps some remnant of what we in England should call the "Old Bailey manner" still clung to him; but not very much of it—or not to the exclusion of other manners. He was a handsome man of imposing presence, more than six feet in height; a man who had learnt the manners of Courts in the school of diplomacy. But he was not one of the ancient aristocracy; and therefore—among other reasons—the ancient aristocrats would have none of him.

They owed him a grudge for siding with Espartero against Cristina, and they naturally regarded his presence at the head of

the Government as an obstacle to Cristina's return. So they made a dead set at him, seeking to make him impossible by making him ridiculous; representing that he was unfit to be Prime Minister of Spain because he trampled on the time-honoured etiquette of the Spanish Court; trying, in short, to drive him back into private life with snubs and calumnies, and not shrinking from any lie which might discredit him. It will be instructive to follow the course of their campaign in some detail.

One of the stories spread was that, as tutor, he had allowed Isabella to read indecorous books—one indecorous book in particular, entitled *Teresa the Philosopher* :—

"Narvaez and Gonzalez Bravo" (writes Antonio Bermejo in his *Estafeta del Palacio Real*), "saw the book lying on the chimney-piece in the palace, and indignantly pitched it into the fire. That is how people tried to shake the foundation of the throne; in that way was sown the seed of corruption which resulted in so much weakness and failure."

No doubt it was a lie—these people took to lying as waterfowl take to water. It may be that the title of a perfectly proper book suggested to Narvaez and Gonzalez Bravo recollections of some improper book which they had themselves gloated over in the days when they were younger, and prompted the unwarrantable inference; but it is more likely that the calumny was the bare-faced fabrication of the Marquesa de Santa Cruz. The lie was only one among many: a battle—or perhaps only a skirmish, or an affair of outposts—in a deliberate campaign of lies and insolence. Lopez, who was Olozaga's predecessor in office, would seem to have seen the attack coming, and to have fled before it. Olozaga had more self-assurance, and believed that he was strong enough to stand up to it successfully. He needed all his self-assurance; but in the first encounter he was victorious. It is an amazing story, but quite well attested.

Olozaga had no sooner formed his Cabinet than he received from the Queen's own mouth an invitation for himself and his colleagues to dine at the royal table. When he and the other Ministers presented themselves at the Palace they were met at the entrance by the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, who told them with condescending insolence that they had made a mistake—that they were not expected—that there was no dinner for them! She confidently expected them to blush as red as peonies and apologise for having intruded—to go away in confusion—to allow themselves, poor *bourgeois* persons, without *savoir-vivre*, to be made the laughing-stocks of Madrid. The others, left to themselves, might have been weak enough to walk into the trap; but Olozaga had not been an Ambassador for nothing. He was cuttishly polite, but he was also unflinchingly firm :—

"You misjudge us, Marquesa," he replied. "My colleagues and I have not come to eat at the Queen's or any other table. We assure your Excellency that eating is not our objective. All that we desire is to enjoy the honour resulting from Her Majesty's invitation by seating ourselves at her royal table. Her Majesty will dine, and we shall have the privilege of looking on."

To which there was no answer. The Marquesa was beaten—*jouée*—caught out fairly in her first lie. Since the Ministers insisted, they had to be announced; and the appearance of what Olozaga afterwards described as "a most abundant repast" set the seal upon their momentary triumph. The Camarilla's first attempt to snub them out of existence had broken down.

But the resources of the Camarilla were not exhausted. If Olozaga had too much self-possession to be put down by social slights, there remained the alternative of charging him with the vague but awful offence of treating royalty with disrespect: an offence for which a mere maid-of-honour had once been conducted by soldiers from the Palace to the frontier, in the dead of winter, without even a cloak to cover her thin Court dress. So they threw the wide drag-net of calumny and tried to entangle him therein. The story told above of the improper book was one of their calumnies; but there were many others.

Because Olozaga had, in the ordinary course of courtesy, filled the Queen's wine-glass, when sitting next to her at a banquet, they charged him with having tried to make her drunk. Because he had offered her his arm to conduct her to, or from, the table, they said that he had dared to treat his sovereign as an equal; and that though the whole of the ceremony had been pre-arranged and carried out in rigid accordance with the protocol. He was strong enough, distinguished and self-possessed enough, to live down and laugh at accusations of that kind; but a more formidable charge was to follow. The Prime Minister woke one morning to find himself accused—not by the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, not by the Camarilla, but by Isabella herself—of having used actual, physical violence towards the girl-Queen in order to compel her to do his unconstitutional bidding.

That is another amazing story—still more astounding than those already told; but the actual facts at the bottom of the charge—if, indeed, it ever had any foundation—are wrapt in a mystery which no historian will ever quite certainly succeed in penetrating. We can only pit Isabella's word against Olozaga's; and while it is demonstrable that Isabella did not speak the truth, Olozaga spoke as a man whose tongue was tied; because a subject, albeit a Prime Minister, could only appeal to circumstantial evidence, and must, at all costs, refrain from giving his sovereign the lie direct.

The best way to attack the story, therefore, will be to tell it, in the first instance, as Madrid heard it at the time.

Olozaga had reasons for desiring to dissolve the Cortes. It contained too many political opponents for his comfort; and he knew how to work the elections, as many a Spanish Prime Minister has done since, in such a way as to purge it of hostile elements. Whether he meant to dissolve immediately, or merely to acquire the power of dissolving at any convenient moment, is uncertain, but does not greatly matter. At any rate, he caused a decree for the dissolution to be drafted, and brought it to Isabella to be signed; and he was closeted with her for the purpose of making his representations, as he had every right to be, and as was customary.

The interview, so far as anyone knew, pursued a normal course. It was Isabella's pleasant habit on such occasions to present her Cabinet Ministers with bags of sweets; and when Olozaga issued from the royal presence he was carrying such a bag. He displayed it proudly to those who met him in the passage—a token, he said, of the Queen's kindly feelings towards his daughter. He had hardly had time to take the sweets home—his daughter had certainly not had time to eat them—before the blow fell.

It fell in the shape of a brusque dismissal from office, and an equally brusque demand, conveyed through an Under-Secretary, that the decree which he had obtained should be returned at once. To the dismissal there could, of course, be no reply but respectful submission; but in the demand for the restitution of the document Olozaga scented trickery. Certainly he would return it, he replied, but not immediately—he must retain it for another day, in order to show it to certain deputies: a wise precaution, as he was quickly to discover.

For already a strange and startling rumour was being bruited abroad in Madrid. The Queen, it was being whispered, had not signed the decree voluntarily, but only under the stress of compulsion—not moral, but physical compulsion. Olozaga, presuming upon the fact that he had so lately been Isabella's preceptor, had dared to commit "a horrible and unheard-of assault" upon his sovereign, treating her Majesty as a naughty child who must either obey orders or be beaten. The story, it was added, was not only true, but could, and would, be proved. There existed signed and sworn depositions to its truth. Gonzalez Bravo, who had been appointed to succeed Olozaga as Premier, was in possession of the evidence, and would produce it, to Olozaga's face, in the Cortes, and challenge him to confute it or be hounded out of public life—disgraced in the eyes of all chivalrous Spaniards for ever more.

So the scene shifted to the floor of the House of Parliament ; and the great seventeen days' debate—the most exciting debate in the whole history of Spanish Parliaments—began.

The Cortes was not to meet until one in the afternoon ; but the applicants for places in the strangers' galleries began to assemble at dawn, besieging the doors in a *queue*, impatient and interminable, as the doors of theatres and opera houses are besieged at times of gala performances and popular rejoicings. The soldiers on guard could keep no sort of order, but were swept aside by the flowing human torrent. Men's coats were torn off their backs in the struggle. One man who tripped and fell was trampled to death on the steps—hundreds of others stumbling over his prostrate body. Political excitement was the breath of life to Madrilenos ; and here was excitement indeed : a duel to the death—in public—between Olozaga, the Radical strong man, and Gonzalez Bravo, once a comic journalist, and now the unscrupulous champion of an unscrupulous Camarilla.

There was no man present—and no woman—who was not pledged to a side ; and strangers were not, as in our Houses of Parliament, condemned to silence, but were free to display their passions with as little restraint as in a playhouse. The reading of the "minutes of the previous meeting" was drowned by the murmur of multitudinous voices ; and when Olozaga entered, erect, serene, and smiling, the storm became a hurricane. There were cheers and counter-cheers, insults and howls. Women waved their handkerchiefs in encouragement, or shook them in anger and scorn. The ringing of the President's bell produced no more impression than if he had whistled in the face of an Atlantic gale. The session had to be adjourned for an hour in order that the fierce fire of passion might subside for lack of nutriment.

At two o'clock the President returned to his chair ; and this time there was relative calm. The strangers, remembering that they had come to see a drama, permitted the performance to proceed. A proposal, supported by some technical plea, that Olozaga "be not heard" was speedily rejected. The debate without Olozaga would have been *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark—he was the necessary protagonist, and there could be no sport unless he spoke. Everyone knew vaguely what was coming ; but even Olozaga himself did not know exactly. The mine which was about to be sprung had been prepared more carefully than he knew. Gonzalez Bravo had still a surprise in store for him.

There was silence at last. All eyes were fixed on the comic journalist's lean and hungry face when he rose from the black

bench reserved for Ministers, holding the scarlet portfolio of office in his hands. He withdrew a document from the portfolio and explained. He was about to produce, he said, the sworn declaration of her Most Catholic Majesty, signed in the presence of—but space forbids the enumeration of all the witnesses. They included the Presidents of the Senate and the Congress of Deputies, the Vice-Presidents of the same bodies, the President of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, the Doyen of the Deputation of the Grandees of Spain, the Grand Chamberlain, the Chief Commandant of the Halberdiers, Captain-General Narvaez, Lieutenant-General Serrano—he whom Isabella had already learnt to call “the good-looking general”—Don Domingo Dulce who had defended Isabella from the kidnappers, the Patriarch of the Indies, and, of course, the inevitable Marquesa de Santa Cruz. Her Majesty had summoned these notables, and others, to the Palace, in order to give them full particulars of Olozaga’s outrage on her person. With the permission of the Cortes he proposed to read her Majesty’s deposition :—

“On the night of the 28th of last month, Olozaga presented himself and asked me to sign the decree for the dissolution of the Cortes. I answered that I did not wish to sign it, because, among other reasons, I owed the declaration of my majority to these Cortes. Olozaga insisted, and I again refused. Then I rose and walked towards the door, which is to the left of the table used for the transaction of business. Olozaga got in front of me, and bolted the door. I turned to go to the other door which faced me; and Olozaga again got in front of me, and bolted that door also. Having done that, he clutched hold of my dress, and forced me into my seat, took my hand in his, and compelled me to sign. After that, he left me, and I retired to my apartment.”

The speaker paused, but he had not finished. Presently he added :—

“The foregoing declaration having been read over by me, Her Majesty deigned to make the following addition to it: ‘Before Olozaga took his departure, he asked me if I would give him my word not to tell any one what had happened; and I told him that I should promise nothing of the kind.’ Afterwards I placed the declaration in Her Majesty’s royal hands; and her Majesty, attesting that that was her true and free will, affirmed and signed it in the presence of the above-mentioned witnesses, after I had asked all those present if they had taken note of its contents, and they had all replied that they had done so. Whereupon Her Majesty commanded that all should withdraw, and that her declaration should be deposited in the archives of my department, where it now lies.”

That was Gonzalez Bravo’s bombshell; and we now see why Olozaga had acted prudently in declining to return the decree for the dissolution of the Cortes without first submitting it to the inspection of his fellow-deputies. Had he handed it back at

once, the Camarilla could have smudged the signature—or forged a duplicate decree with a tremulous and smudged signature—and produced it as a conclusive confirmation of their charge. It is said that they had actually prepared such a forgery, but dared not produce it because they knew that the original had been seen by too many witnesses. Yet, even so, Olozaga's case was an awkward one. "Never, gentlemen," he said, as he rose to reply, "was a man in so difficult a position as mine."

He could not say, as a remote and dispassionate historian feels that he truly might have said, "This child Isabella is a precocious and shameless little liar upon whom the value of the virtue of truthfulness ought as soon as possible to be impressed with some sharp instrument of correction." Chivalry forbade him to do so because of her sex; loyalty because she was his sovereign. He knew that, if he spoke in that sense, he would be discredited and shouted down; and the Camarilla knew it too, and was therefore confident that it had him helpless in a corner. Yet he could not throw up the sponge—and he did not. He had to consider his own honour as well as the Queen's; and therefore he had to prove the accusation which he could not formulate, assail the Camarilla while treating the Queen with respect, and laugh the royal deposition out of court by adroitly marshalling the circumstantial evidence of its inherent improbability. He needed all his cleverness and all his courage; but neither failed him.

It is possible, of course, that the Queen's fiction was, as the novelists say, "founded upon fact." It is possible, that is to say, that the Camarilla, having poisoned the Queen's mind against him, he had found her in an uncompliant mood, and had demanded compliance as one having authority. Just as Lord Melbourne used, we are told, to say, "Your Majesty," to Queen Victoria as gently and caressingly as he would have said "my dear," so Olozaga may have said "Your Majesty" to Queen Isabella in the stern tones of a pedagogue calling Jones Minimus to order for misbehaviour in class. It is easy for tutors to adopt that tone, and difficult for them to drop it. "Come, come, your Majesty," one can picture him saying sharply. "This sort of thing won't do. Spain is a constitutional monarchy, and constitutional monarchs must act on the advice, not of Camarillas, but of Prime Ministers." He may perhaps have rapped the table while thus insisting; he may even have laid a persuasive hand on the Queen's shoulder. So much is, at least, credible, though there is no proof of it; but the story to which Isabella swore is not credible, though one can see how it came to be concocted.

Olozaga was, we must remember, from the point of view of the Camarilla—and, in particular, from the point of view of the

Marquesa de Santa Cruz—a common man and an upstart : a person to be tolerated only so long as he behaved with the subservience of a flunkey. He had not behaved with subservience—he had insisted. Isabella, one supposes, told the Marquesa what had happened, exaggerating a little, as children are apt to do. The Marquesa was indignant ; and her indignation moved Isabella to exaggerate still more. The Marquesa then asked leading questions, suggested the answers she wanted, and got them :—

“What! The man pressed you to sign after you had said that you didn’t want to? And you gave way to him? You hadn’t the spirit to dismiss him? You say that you were afraid of him? But if you were afraid of him, he must have frightened you? What did he do to frighten you? Tell me the truth, and don’t shield him. He was violent, no doubt—he caught hold of you, I suppose—pushed you down into your chair, and held your hand? Like this, wasn’t it? And then, like this? A pretty way to treat her Most Catholic Majesty the Queen of Spain! We must tell General Narvaez about it—we must give Señor Olozaga a lesson.”

Somewhat in that style we must picture the Marquesa talking ; and Isabella, on her part, may be pictured pleased to see herself in the light of an injured heroine, eager to play the part as effectively as possible—her vanity tickled at the idea of seeing her severe preceptor humbled in the dust. So, the audience being duly assembled, she went through the whole scene like an actress at a dress rehearsal :—

“Look, gentlemen! I’ll show you exactly how it happened. This is where he caught me by the arm—like this. Then he dragged me to the door, and locked it; then he dragged me to the other door, and locked that too; then he pushed me down into the chair, and gripped hold of my hand, and compelled me to trace the letters of my name.”

She acted well—the Marquesa having made her rehearse the part in the course of the afternoon’s drive. Whether she convinced her audience is uncertain—they were grave and courtly Spaniards, whose deference for etiquette would have forbidden them to display scepticism even if they felt it. Whether they were sceptical or not, they saw, at any rate, that here was a weapon with which to smite Olozaga—and not Olozaga only, but all the Radicals. So they elaborated their charge and sprang their mine ; and now excited guardsmen in the strangers’ gallery of the House of Parliament were shouting for Olozaga’s death ; while he, on his part, without once contradicting his sovereign—without uttering one disloyal or disrespectful word—proceeded to demonstrate the material impossibility of the circumstantial story.

There was only one apartment in the Palace—the huge Hall of the Ambassadors—in which such a scuffle as Isabella had

described could have taken place without being overheard; and Isabella had not received Olozaga there, but in the Gabinete del Despacho. That was a small room, rather less than eighteen feet square; and official persons were stationed, in their official capacities, just outside the door. At one door stood the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, with the Duke of Baylen; at the other stood the Marquesa de Valverde and Don Salvador Calvet, Secretary of the Senate; while Captain-General Narvaez himself was also near at hand. If Isabella had needed protection from violence, she would only have had to call for it—and she did not call. If there had been any sound of a struggle, the Marquesa would have run in to see what was the matter—and she did not run in. If Olozaga had been heard locking himself in with the Queen, the most odious suspicions would have been excited, and the Marquesa—that blue-blooded dragon of virtue—would have thundered at the door.

She did not thunder at it. There was no indication of any kind that anything unusual was happening. Olozaga retired in good order, unmolested, unquestioned—smilingly displaying the bag of sweets which his Queen had given him. His enemies afterwards suggested that he had picked up the bag from the table—had stolen it, in fact—in order to give colour to his falsehood concerning Isabella's cordiality; but that suggestion was obviously an afterthought. Olozaga swept it scornfully aside, and built up his irrefragable case, moved to tears—which his enemies compared to the tears of the crocodile—while he did so. Throwing the blame, not on the Queen, but on the Camarilla, he told the whole story of that Camarilla's campaign of pin-pricks—the story, in particular, of the invitation to dine at the Palace; but, at last, challenged, arraigned, threatened with prosecution, driven into a corner, he fought like a stag at bay, and did not shrink from saying that, while he could not, as a subject, charge his sovereign with lying, he refused to be crushed by the dictum that whatever the Queen was said to have said must be believed:—

“Is it judgment you want, or is it sacrifice? Is it truth or base intrigue? Whatever gentlemen opposite desire, whatever opinions they hold, if they tell us, in the times in which we live, that the word of the Queen is to be believed without question, I reply unhesitatingly that it is not. Either there is a charge against me, or there is not. If there is, that word is a piece of evidence like any other, and to that testimony I oppose my own.”

That was the climax, uttered at the end of seventeen days of rhetoric and recrimination; and by that time opinion had swung round. If the whole matter was still clouded with a doubt—if there were still impartial persons who clung to the view that

there could not be smoke without fire—Madrid, in the main, knowing what it knew of the wicked ways of Camarillas, doubted the Queen's sworn word. The contemplated proceedings against Olozaga were dropped; and the conclusion to which the Cortes came was weak and impotent. It merely voted a sympathetic message to the Queen, assuring her of its sympathy, distress, and loyalty.

It was a signal defeat for the sovereign, and a signal triumph for the subject—and yet not so very signal, or, at all events, not final. If the Camarilla was discredited, it was still powerful; for behind it was Narvaez, and behind Narvaez was the army. Hundreds of letters of congratulation poured upon Olozaga; scores of electoral districts invited him to be their member; and yet it was clear to him that his life was no longer safe in Madrid, or, indeed, anywhere in Spain. He might be sure that, if he were brought before a jury, he would be acquitted; but Gonzalez Bravo and the Camarilla knew that too. If they brought him before any tribunal it would be a packed court martial; and it was even more likely that they would choose the alternative of poisoning him in prison while he was awaiting trial. Meanwhile, an attempt to assassinate him only failed because the assassins mistook the number of his house, and burst—thirty strong, and armed to the teeth—into the apartment of some unoffending stranger.

So that Olozaga, having gained a moral victory, had nevertheless to flee—the Ambassadors of the Powers whom he consulted could give him no other advice. He could not even withdraw in open and dignified dudgeon, but had to disguise himself as a commercial traveller, riding on a mule in the midst of copious saddle-bags, and escorted by a devoted band of smugglers—men who were always against the Government, whatever the Government might be: the ablest—and perhaps also the strongest and most honest—of the Spanish statesmen being thus driven over the Portuguese border because a girl of thirteen, owing him a grudge, rejoicing in her newly-acquired power, and in the spectacle of a stern tutor put to confusion, had told a shameless lie and stuck to it. *Son cosas de Espana*—these are things peculiar to Spain, the land, of all others, in which storms rage furiously in tiny tea-cups.

But Isabella had triumphed; and so had the Camarilla; and so had the lean and hungry Gonzalez Bravo, who hastened to make hay while the sun shone, and provide for his lean and hungry family. His lean and hungry father, who had lately been cashiered from a clerkship in the Treasury for not keeping his accounts properly, was now made Under-Secretary of that same

Treasury. A lean and hungry brother-in-law, hitherto attached in some capacity to one of the theatres, was made Groom of the Palace; while various other lean and hungry relatives and connections received posts in the diplomatic service. That was the first result of Isabella's first intrigue; and the second result was the issue of an invitation to her mother to return to Spain: a return accomplished in triumph in spite of the memory of her misappropriation of the Crown jewels and the plate and linen:—

"She returns," (writes Washington Irving), "by the very way by which she left the kingdom in 1840, when the whole world seemed to be roused against her, and she was followed by clamour and execrations. What is the case at present? The cities that were then almost in arms against her now receive her with *fêtes* and rejoicings. Arches of triumph are erected in the streets; *Te Deums* are chanted in the cathedrals; processions issue forth to escort her; the streets ring with shouts and acclamations; homage and adulation meet her at every step; the meanest village has its ceremonial of respect, and a speech of loyalty from its *alcalde*."

Nor was that all. The Spaniards, it will be remembered, were annoyed with Cristina, not only because she had stolen the plate and linen, but also because she lived conjugally with a private in the Guards. Gonzalez Bravo, before he had ranged himself on her side, had ridiculed her taste in love in his comic paper—an organ not altogether unlike our own *Sporting Times*; and Cristina, though she had used him, had not forgiven him. Mischievous persons kept her rancour up to the mark by forwarding her marked copies of the paper; and it may well have been difficult for her to judge whether she had scored a victory or endured a humiliation by accepting such a favour at such hands. She knew, however, what she meant to do, and she did it; settling her account with the comic journalist in feminine, not to say in feline, style. As a journalist he had insulted her; but now almost his first act as Prime Minister was to counter-sign the royal decree creating her lover Duke of Rianzares and a Grandee of the First Class, as well as a further royal decree legitimising the marriage which she had secretly contracted with him eleven years before:—

"Having regard to the considerations submitted to me by my august mother, Dona Maria Cristina de Bourbon, I have authorised her to contract a marriage with Don Fernando Munoz, Duke of Rianzares; and I further declare that in contracting this alliance with a person of inferior station, she has in no way forfeited my favour and affection, and shall suffer no prejudice in her style and title, or in any of her honours, prerogatives, and distinctions; and the issue of this marriage shall be subject to the 12th article of the 9th law, title 11, book 10, of the *Nueva Recopilacion*, and be entitled to inherit the property of their parents in the manner provided for by the law. I, the Queen."

That act accomplished, Cristina had done with Gonzalez Bravo. He had been made use of, and now he might go—cast away like a sucked orange or an old glove. An appointment as Minister to Lisbon let him down gently; and Narvaez succeeded to his post, which he presently yielded to the Marquis de Milleflores. If Cristina had failed as a Queen and as a Regent, at least she had succeeded as a woman; and, on the whole, opinion was sympathetic, and people liked her. "Her smile," says Washington Irving, "is one of the most winning I have ever witnessed; and the more I see of her the less I wonder at that fascination which, in her younger and more beautiful days, was so omnipotent, and which, even now, has such control over all who are much about her person."

Her control over them was so complete that it involved, for the time being at all events, the triumph of the entire smart set. All the old ceremonious etiquette was revived: Grandees, instead of footmen, waiting at the royal table; Grandees, instead of domestic servants, closing the door of the bed-chamber when the Queen retired. And to grandeur was added gaiety. "The Court," wrote Washington Irving, "is more gay and magnificent than I have ever known it to be."

Isabella was not yet fourteen; but she was in the delightful position of a schoolgirl allowed to "come out" before she is grown up. There were no more lessons for her—why should a Queen be bothered with lessons? It was her chance to enjoy herself—what was the use of being a Queen if one did not enjoy oneself? To the end of her days Isabella always answered those questions in the sense in which a schoolgirl would answer them; though one may doubt whether she ever again enjoyed anything quite so much as she enjoyed the emancipation consequent upon the success of her first intrigue. Her enjoyment lasted until the day when the Duke of Rianzares entered her boudoir, bullied her in his roughest barrack-room manner—which was far more formidable than Olozaga's Old Bailey manner—and led her out, red-eyed, to be betrothed to the cousin whom she disliked and despised because the shrill falsetto tones of his voice had gained him the nickname of "Fanny," and given the whole world, including his bride, the impression that he was something less than a man.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

WASHINGTON AND THE WHITE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, which in a few days will be celebrating Mr. Woodrow Wilson's inauguration as President, differs from other cities in many things, but most of all in this, that it was a capital long before it was a city. It was the law-making and administrative centre of the United States before it had houses or population, and when it was nothing but swamp and woodland. In short, it was to be the capital that it was called into existence. Something of the same kind has happened before, and may happen again. A Peter the Great suddenly forsakes Moscow and decrees that a new capital is to arise on the banks of the Neva. A Philip II., turning his back on Lisbon, on Seville, on Salamanca and Toledo, builds the Escorial at Madrid. But there is an even closer parallel to the circumstances of Washington's birth presented to us by the recent history of Australia and South Africa. Most nations are spared the anxiety of a deliberate search for a capital. The unconsidered play of events has solved the problem for them. The normal thing is for the evolution of a capital either to precede or unconsciously to keep pace with the evolution of nationality, and the general run of mankind accepts the resultant as unreflectingly in the one case as in the other. When, however, a number of separate States, each more or less equal in population, wealth, and importance, and revolving around no common and dominant centre, agree to form a single political whole, they usually find the question of a capital one of the most crucial and contentious that they are called upon to solve. Germany escaped the problem because of the overwhelming strength of Prussia and the admitted supremacy of Berlin. When Italy became united the pre-eminent claims of Rome to be the official headquarters of the new kingdom were beyond challenge or dispute. But with Australia and South Africa, as with the United States, the case has been very different, and it must have given Americans an unwonted sense of hoariness to observe with what curious carefulness their own experiences have been duplicated in the Antipodes and South Africa. The forces and emotions that have stirred the latest-born democracies are the same forces and emotions that one hundred and twenty years ago moved Americans to fix the seat of the Federal Government on a stretch of marshy scrub, far away from the real life of the nation. Then, as now, every State was willing that the capital should be erected within its own, but not within its neighbour's,

boundaries. Then, as now, every city and village was prepared to be the capital itself, but would not countenance for a moment the claims of any rival. Other influences were at work, too. The founders of the American Commonwealth distrusted the people almost as fervently as they distrusted George III., and they were ready to do anything rather than expose the national legislature to the risk of being overawed by "the mob." Others, again, were obsessed with the idea that the purity of politics could only be kept at a high level by planting the capital in some remote, sylvan, thoroughly aboriginal spot. Maryland and Virginia joined in offering to the nation a slice of their territories near the mouth of the Potomac. Congress was empowered by the Constitution to accept the offer, and to have exclusive control of the area thus ceded. It was named the District of Columbia, and was earmarked as the seat of the Federal Government.

That was in 1790. Ten years were allowed in which to transform this waste of woods and bog into the national capital. Plans were drawn up by a French engineer, Major L'Enfant. They were so comprehensive that even now they still await fulfilment; they were so perfect in every detail that they have never been departed from without loss to the beauty of the city. But progress was slow, and when the Government "moved in" in 1800 there were only the President's mansion, two wings (one of them incomplete) of the national legislature, a tavern, and half a dozen wooden shanties, to receive them. The streets were indicated by felled trees; the nearest lodgings were three miles away; and the members of Congress, flung down on this chaos of desolation, began to pine for the fleshpots of Philadelphia. Then, and for many years afterwards, Washington was no more than a wilderness city set in a bog-hole; and the contrast between L'Enfant's magnificent conception and the bare, unkempt reality was an inexhaustible spring of humour. Tom Moore visited the city in 1814, and this is his description of it:—

An embryo capital where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Where second-sighted seers the plain adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but woods and Jefferson they see
Where streets should run and sages ought to be.

Dickens, going there thirty years later, found its leading features to consist of spacious avenues that began in nothing and led nowhere; streets, miles long, that only needed houses and inhabitants, and public buildings that only needed a public, to be complete. Even after the Civil War, even so late as the early 'seventies, Washington was three-parts mud, with wooden side-

walks, pigs rooting within half a block of the White House, and negroes squatting everywhere. Then came America's Haussmann in the person of "Boss" Shepherd, the President of the Board of Works. He asphalted the entire city, tore down the rookeries, graded the streets and avenues, induced Congress to spend lavishly on new public buildings, and, while carefully lining his own pockets all the time, did more than any other man to rescue L'Enfant's plans from destruction and to convert Washington from a city of magnificent intentions into a city of magnificent realities. The impulse he imparted, so far from petering out, has gathered force with the years. The whole country is proud of the capital it so long neglected, and is almost feverishly anxious to make it the model city of the continent. And that in time is what it will be. It is administered on a system that cuts cheerfully athwart all the principles of American democracy. The citizens of Washington have no votes whatever. Congress is the sole governing power, and Congress delegates its authority to a Commission of three men appointed by the President. This autocratic triumvirate raises half the expenses of its administration from the ratepayers and half from Congress. I do not know whether it is because of, or in spite of; the fact that the people have no votes that Washington is by all odds the best-governed city on the American Continent. There is much, however, that still remains to be done—more, indeed, than a casual visitor would suspect. He finds a city with streets and avenues of an incomparable breadth and sweep and shadiness; parks and grassy squares and far-spreading vistas; houses, many of them of the most exquisite architecture and each with its unfenced lawn in front; statues that make it incredible to think the people who erected them spoke English; a diffused air of spaciousness and large design. It is symmetrical, of course, but on so vast a scale that one loses the sense of formality and chess-board artificiality. It is a city such as Euclid might have planned in a mood of poetry, or when he had reached his Second Book and had learned to know a curve by sight. But there is something behind all this which, if you look for it, you will not find so pleasant. There is the legacy of seventy years' neglect not yet wholly cleared away by the last thirty years of constructive effort; slums and alleys where 100,000 negroes—Washington is the largest negro city in the world and the South of the soft and mellow tongue begins in the national capital—fester in congenial filth and disease; schools without playgrounds or recreation halls; a doubtful water-supply and still more doubtful sewage system; inadequate libraries and a high death-rate. But every year it grows a little more finished, a little more beautiful. A commission is at work

altering and developing its outward aspects on harmonious and far-reaching lines. The great park of sixty acres that surrounds the Houses of Congress is being fringed with sixteen stately public buildings which, when completed, will form a picture unrivalled anywhere. I give Washington another generation in which to become the model capital and the model municipality of the world.

It will be seen from all this how completely Washington departs from the normal type of capitals. It did not grow; it was made. It must always to some extent lie, as it were, in a backwater, away from the central stream of national life, and beyond the possibilities of such leadership as one associates with Paris and London. The place Washington occupies among her sister cities on the American Continent is one of distinction, but not one of authority. Except, indeed, officially, one hardly thinks of Washington as the capital of the United States, so egregiously is it dwarfed in size, wealth, and commercial and political importance by other cities. It radiates next to nothing. It has no trade and no manufactures, and no influence over the arts and letters of the American people. Neither in politics nor in finance, nor in social or intellectual prestige, can it ever become to America what Rome is to Italy or Berlin to Germany. The day is infinitely distant, and in all probability will never come at all, when every American artist, author, dramatist, and musician will turn instinctively towards Washington. So far as one can see, its fate is to remain for ever what it is now, the chief administrative and legislative foundry of the country—that and little more. And it is an interesting speculation whether a nation gains more or loses more by having a capital of this kind; whether the oppressive ascendancy of a Paris or a London is a real or only a seeming advantage; whether a country is better or worse off for escaping the toll which such huge agglomerations exact upon the social health, the intellectual alertness, and the political virility of their hinterlands.

From one standpoint, however, Washington may fairly be called a capital in something more than a technical sense. It is at once the most and the least American city in America. It is the most American because there, if anywhere, one feels oneself assisting at the great composite panorama of American life. The city is a national reservoir fed by unnumbered tributaries. It is the clearing-house for the humanity of the entire continent. Underneath the Rotunda of the Houses of Congress you will assuredly, sooner or later, meet every American you have ever known. You will meet many, too, whom you neither know nor want to know, but whose identity with the American tourist,

familiar to European eyes and ears, is established at a glance. Washington, alone among the cities of the United States, approaches the European display of "show-places" and offers the same easy target to the tripper; and this, while not necessarily enhancing its attractions, adds immensely to the comprehensiveness of its summing-up and makes it beyond all rivals a distillation of the entire country. A capital in which you can always find someone who can tell you at first hand what is going on, what is being said and felt, in any part of the country over which it presides, is a capital with a respectable title to be considered representative; and it is this title which Washington, at any rate during the months when Congress is sitting, may legitimately prefer. But the proviso is significant. It is only when Congress is in session that Washington achieves its representative effect. Take away the legislators and their families and camp-followers, and the sight-seers, and it becomes a mere wilderness of hotels, Government offices, and boarding-houses. What, in other words, gives Washington its air of being a condensation of America is the vastness and variety of its floating population. But you cannot compose anything deserving to be called a society out of a floating population, hotels, and boarding house; and the real Washington, the part that counts, is like some small and exquisite piece of embroidery overweighted by a fringe that is neither small nor exquisite. The social structure of the American capital is that of a mansion whose vestibule is spacious and easy of access, but whose inner sanctums are closely guarded; and it is when he reaches these penetralia that the European visitor becomes conscious of something singularly un-American in the atmosphere and company.

Of what, then, in this city of hardly more than 300,000, is "society" composed? The negroes who form a third of the population, the shopkeepers and retail traders, the formidable army of excursionists—all these one naturally expects to leave out of the reckoning. But it gives one's English notions something of a shock to find that for social purposes the national legislators go for little more than the darkies, the trippers, and the vast array of clerks in the Government offices. When you have ticked off the names of a score of Senators and perhaps a dozen Representatives, the contribution made by Congress to the real life of Washington is fully stated. Social existence on any settled basis only begins where hotels and boarding-houses end; and in Washington they are far from ending yet, the vast majority of members of Congress having no homes of their own in the national capital. Grimmer, because more ingenuous and more wholly unlooked-for, social tragedies you will hardly find anywhere than among the

wives of Congressmen, to whose imaginations Washington had pictured itself as a larger Smithville, offering an ampler and more brilliant stage for their own and their husbands' talents. They have to learn the unexpectedly bitter lesson that while the ramparts are theirs to stroll around, the citadel itself is as securely barricaded against them as though it were the Austrian Court. The innermost stronghold is peopled by the ambassadors, their families and attachés, by the Cabinet heads of the State Departments, by the Presidential "set," by the Army and Navy officers, by the Judges of the Supreme Court, by a group of distinguished men of science in the Government service, by such Senators as care enough, or are made by their wives to care enough, about society to own or rent a house from November to May, by a few score of the old residential families, and by a colony of the *nouveaux riches*. These last are by way of being a new phenomenon. Fifteen years ago, at any rate, when I first knew Washington, it showed few signs of becoming a rich man's city. Nowadays fashion, or at least wealth, seems to be setting in its direction. Mansions that are almost palaces are rapidly rising, and the men who build and own them care nothing for politics, and are simply intent on getting a good social return for their outlay. That is a very interesting development, and one, I imagine, that is likely to grow more and more popular. A few years hence it may be as much the thing to have a house in Washington and to spend the winter season there as it used to be to have a cottage at Newport; and I foresee the time when Washington will compete with, and perhaps overshadow, New York as the radiating centre for the fashions and follies of the "smart set." The equipment of America will then be complete, and the political plutocracy will at last have found its social counterpart.

After all, I blame no one who wishes to live in Washington. If I were an American, with all the cities of the continent to choose from, it is there that I would pitch my tent from November to May. There is a flavour and a distinction about Washington society that no other American city quite commands. It surpasses the society of New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Chicago in that quality which separates French literature from the literature of all other lands; the quality, above all things, of agreeableness. It is an American community doing un-American things, leading an un-American life. It impresses one as a caesural pause in the galloping existence of the country, a restful hiatus in the interminable rush. There is serenity, almost benignity, in its ordering of the routine of life, except that it has exalted the childish nuisance of "leaving cards" into a merciless religion. It has its own standard of values. The ideals

of Chicago are the assumed foundations or the unconsidered trifles of Washington. It neither talks business nor thinks it; the word conveys no more than a remote and abstract meaning to its mind. Commerce and all its banalities are refreshingly, delightfully absent. Nor is society on parade; you meet it only by invitation; it has neither the wish nor the chance to display itself in public. Social life in Washington, like the best social life anywhere, is an affair of private entertainments. And Washington which lives for society and takes all things lightly and studies conversation as an art with a zest beyond that of Boston, knows supremely well how to entertain. Its houses are built to that end, and the best of them, following the Georgian style, are models of that rich simplicity to which, after a wild debauch in all possible architectural fantasies, American taste is now happily on the return. At times it entertains almost too well. The last time I was there a very charming Englishwoman complained to me that, on accepting a "very informal" invitation to lunch at three or four days' notice, she found all the blinds in the dining-room drawn, the table lit by candles, her hostess and all her fellow-guests in costumes that would have been quite becoming to bridesmaids or in the Royal enclosure at Ascot, and a feast prepared that embraced every unseasonable delicacy in a series of eight courses. That struck her as carrying informality to a point where it became almost an abuse of language. But I would not say that, when compared with New York, over-elaboration is the special fault of Washington hospitality, though I believe that in the capital, as elsewhere throughout America, the distinction between the formal and the informal tends to dwindle; and there have, I confess, been occasions when the plate, the china, the flowers—the flowers, perhaps, especially—the cooking, and the wines, struck me as almost too prodigal of rarity. But, taken as a whole, the hospitality of Washington, like its entire mode of life, escapes the dollar-mark, and, so far as my experience of America goes, is remarkable for its ease, its unconsciousness, and its finish. It has that stamp of certainty and mastery that long cultivation brings; there is less of the impression of effort about it than one notices in New York; and the sociability that springs up in a comparatively small community where distances are easy, intercourse frequent, and an identity of social interests well established, and where the *personnel* is constantly changing, gives to its festivities a cordial and distinctive pleasurable-ness. Some critics have complained of its aloofness, its dearth of ideas, its intellectual anæmia, its seeming indifference to the problems that are raging around it. But for myself I confess to having rather a tender feeling for a

society that deliberately isolates itself for the cultivation of the minor amenities. And Washington has another claim upon the gratitude of America. Mr. Henry James, in *The American Scene*, has unerringly noted that, as social factors, men count for far more in the national capital, and are very much more in evidence, than in any other American city. They really hold their own there almost as though they were in Europe. No doubt the presence and reflex influence of the Diplomatic Corps have had a good deal to do with the resurrection of masculinity. At any rate, in this city, which by the side of any other American city has an almost regal colour and atmosphere, the balance of the sexes is restored, and man, mere man, is allowed his chance. I think that is partly why a European finds it so congenial.

But Washington, socially as well as physically, is still somewhat embryonic. Half an hour's drive from its faultless pavements will land you axle-deep in mud, and to leave the innermost social circle is to wander in a domain where there is still a good deal of clearing to be done, and where the land has been scarcely surveyed, much less staked out. One is regaled, for instance, with stories of the fight for precedence that could hardly be matched anywhere for naïveté and bitterness. I sometimes doubt whether any capital, even Vienna or Madrid, troubles itself so much about these problems as Washington. After all, that is only what one would expect. There is always a certain difficulty about adjusting the principles of Republicanism to the facts not only of social life, but of human nature; and this difficulty allows individual boldness and insistence to arrange to its own satisfaction matters that in Europe have long ago been settled by prescription, usage, and tradition. Whether you are the wife of a Congressman from Kalamazoo, or a Senator of thirty years' standing, or a Justice of the Supreme Court, you are equally aware that in the absence of definite rules, scrambling and pushing is the game that pays. Therefore you scramble and you push, and you do it all the harder because in a Republic those pleasing marks of distinction that separate a man from his fellow-citizens are altogether more precious and desirable than in a monarchy. This lends to the struggle for precedence in Washington, especially on the lower levels, an acerbity and contentiousness that are directly proportioned to the lack of rules to regulate it. Being a city of leisure, Washington must have something to amuse itself with. Being also the headquarters of officialdom, the seat of government, and the centre of diplomacy, it is natural that it should amuse itself with the problems of a Republican Court. And as there is nothing in the nature of a Court Chamberlain and very few traditions, and as

the Constitution has complicated the situation by placing the Legislature, the Judiciary, and the Executive on pretty much the same plane of authority and so made each unwilling to yield to the other, the opportunities for being amused are considerable.

It is not, however, all chaos. Certain rules have been evolved and certain customs established which serve to guide each successive occupant of the White House. Thus, the number of State dinners and receptions that the President has to give is now definitely fixed. Thus, too, it is now pretty well understood that an invitation to lunch or dinner at the White House is the equivalent of a command. Thus, also, it is now accepted that the President should on all occasions go in first, that nobody should sit down until he has taken his place, that he should always be served first, that he cannot accept hospitality under a foreign flag, and that if he has consented to dine at the house of one of his Cabinet Ministers a list of the proposed guests should be submitted to him. There is a Washington hostess in one of Mr. Henry James's tales who exclaims, "The season's nearly over. Let's be vulgar and have some fun—let's ask the President." But that lady's floruit must have been in the early 'seventies, and her remark would not correctly represent the attitude of Washington society to-day towards the White House, which, if it is not the social centre of the capital, is undoubtedly a greater factor in its life than it used to be. Moreover, nowadays, I believe, a President accepts no private invitations at all outside the ranks of his official entourage. But beyond these narrow limits of reclamation there is a whole wilderness still to be subdued. Should Senators, for instance, be given the *pas* over Cabinet Ministers? Does the Admiral of the Navy rank above the Secretary of the Navy? What is the relative position of the Speaker and the Secretary of State? The Vice-President being a sort of heir-apparent, ought Ambassadors to follow or precede him? What is the exact place of the Justices of the Supreme Court in the scale of precedence? If two Senators were elected on the same day, which of them should make the first advance? And what about the status of the unmarried daughters of Cabinet Ministers?

These and a hundred similar conundrums are debated in Washington with insatiable fervour. The mere fact that they can be propounded shows that the American capital is still somewhat in the chrysalis stage of social development. But the intensity of emotion devoted to their discussion shows also that Washington, when it finally evolves a protocol, will set an inordinate value upon it. Indeed, wherever a point of etiquette is definitely established it is adhered to with an almost comical tenacity.

Etiquette, for instance, prescribes calls as the first of social duties, and calling is indulged in by the Washingtonians on a scale that puts Londoners and Parisians hopelessly in the shade. That, too, is a sign of a society that has not yet found itself, that is attempting the impossible, and that has still to learn to limit and regulate its activities. But time and experience are teaching it order and self-restraint. One sees the fruits of the lesson clearest of all, perhaps, in the White House itself. In the middle 'nineties, when I first knew it, the Executive Mansion was an architectural atrocity outside and a museum of horrors within. The east wing had been levelled to the ground, and the west wing consisted of greenhouses and forcing sheds of a more than professional ugliness. The sight of them made one suspect that the President was eking out his none too liberal salary by doing a little business in bulbs and seeds. Nor was the interior any more attractive. The entrance-hall looked like a bar-room in a second-rate restaurant. Receptions on anything but the smallest scale turned into bear-fights. Hats and cloaks were checked in the same room with the receiving line and the President and his wife stood in the midst of their guests, the majority of whom saw only the backs of their host and hostess. There were next to no reception-rooms or lobbies or proper exits and entrances. The furniture, appointments, and decorations suggested a decaying boarding-house. Young married couples used to come and inspect them so as to know what to avoid. State dinners, owing to a deficiency of pantries and service-rooms, were an agony of tepid courses, punctuated by still more tepid pauses. The President not only lived in the White House, but transacted all official business there. What should have been a series of bedrooms had to be turned over to secretaries and clerks, and the President and his family were squeezed into a space that allowed of no accommodation for guests. At every moment of the day politicians, office-seekers, stray tourists and callers overran the building, and privacy was as impossible as dignity. But all this has been changed now. President Roosevelt spurred Congress to action, and the work of reconstructing the White House was placed in charge of the best firm of architects in the country. They made an admirable job of it. New wings were thrown out in absolute harmony with the central edifice; the official quarters are to-day entirely separate from the residential; all the rooms have been transformed in a style that shows real taste and simplicity; two thousand five hundred guests can be accommodated at a State reception without overcrowding; and both inside and out the White House is now all that a Georgian mansion and an official residence should be. The change is symbolical of the new passion

that Washington has developed for the forms and observances of Court life. The tumult of the White House has been reduced to dignity ; the old type of Presidential reception is fast giving way before the principle of selection ; Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft rarely went outside the White House unattended by a military *aide* in the uniform of his rank ; and Mr. Woodrow Wilson has recently announced that he will abolish the Inauguration Ball, that famous rout of promiscuous vulgarity, and that he intends to take a firm stand against the eternal handshaking and impromptu visitations that leave a President with little enough time for the dispatch of public business and none whatever for quiet reflection. It all means that in its social life and its official routine Washington is destined to reproduce more and more the outward forms and customs and ways of doing things that distinguish the monarchical and aristocratic societies of the old world.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE appearance of "The Poems of Rabindranath Tagore" is, to my mind, very important. I am by no means sure that I can convince the reader of this importance. For proof I must refer him to the text. He must read it quietly. He would do well to read it aloud, for this apparently simple English translation has been made by a great musician, by a great artist who is familiar with a music subtler than our own.

It is a little over a month since I went to Mr. Yeats' rooms and found him much excited over the advent of a great poet, someone "greater than any of us."

It is hard to tell where to begin.

Bengal is a nation of fifty million people. Superficially it would seem to be beset with phonographs and railways. Beneath this there would seem to subsist a culture not wholly unlike that of twelfth-century Provence.

Mr. Tagore is their great poet and their great musician as well. He has made them their national song, their Marseillaise, if an Oriental nation can be said to have an equivalent to such an anthem. I have heard his "Golden Bengal," with its music, and it is wholly Eastern, yet it has a curious power, a power to move the crowd. It is "minor" and subjective, yet it has all the properties of action.

I name this only in passing, to show that he has sung of all the three things which Dante thought "fitting to be sung of, in the noblest possible manner," to wit, love, war and holiness.

The next resemblance to mediæval conditions is that "Mr. Tagore" teaches his songs and music to his jongleurs, who sing them throughout Bengal. He can boast with the best of the troubadours, "I made it, the words and the notes." Also, he sings them himself, I know, for I have heard him.

The "forms" of this poetry as they stand in the original Bengali are somewhere between the forms of Provençal canzoni and the roundels and "odes" of the Pleiade. The rhyme arrangements are different, and they have rhymes in four syllables, something, that is, beyond the "leonine."

Their metres are more comparable to the latest development of *vers libre* than to anything else Western.

The language itself is a daughter of Sanscrit. It sounds more like good Greek than any language I know of.

It is an inflected language, and therefore easy to rhyme in.

You may couple words together as you do in Greek or German. Mr. Tagore tells me that there is scarcely a poem where you do not make some such word combination.

I write this to show that it is an ideal language for poets; it is fluid, and the order is flexible, and all this makes for precision. Thus, you may invert in an inflected language, for this will not cause any confusion as to your meaning.

It makes for precision, since you can have a specific word for everything. For example, one of Mr. Tagore's friends was singing to me and translating informally, and he came to a word which a careless lexicographer might have translated simply "scarf," but no! It seems they wear a certain kind of scarf in a certain manner, and there is a special name for the little tip that hangs back over the shoulder and catches in the wind. This is the word that was used.

The hundred poems in the present volume are all songs to sing. The tunes and the words are knit together, are made together, and Oriental music would seem to fit this purpose better than our own.

Firstly, because it is unencumbered with a harmony.

Secondly, from the nature of the *ragini*, which are something in the nature of the Greek *modes*.

And in these *ragini* there is a magic of association. For certain of these scales are used only for song in the evening, or for song in the rainy season, or at sunrise, so that a Bengali hearing any opening bar knows at once the place and atmosphere of the poem.

For myself I should be apt to find a curious aptness in the correspondence of the *raga* with its own service. At least it lends a curious ritualistic strength to the art. And no separate poem or song can seem a scrap or a disconnected performance, but must seem a part of the whole order of song and of life. It takes a man more quickly from the sense of himself, and brings him into the emotion of "the flowing," of harmonic nature, of orderly calm and sequence.

"I do not know whether there is anything more in it. To us it means a great deal, perhaps it is only association." I quote here the author himself. The evening before he had asked me: "What is it you find in these poems (translated)? I did not know that they would interest a European."

And stripped of all the formal beauty of the original, of the tune, and of the rhythm, and of the subtle blendings of their rhyme, it is small wonder that Mr. Tagore should be curious as to the effect of what remains in the prose of an alien speech.

I must, from his point of view, have wasted a certain amount

of time in my answers, for I began to discuss his art and his manner of presentation, rather than his spirit and context.

The precision of his language remains.

The movement of his prose may escape you if you read it only from print, but read it aloud, a little tentatively, and the delicacy of its rhythm is at once apparent.

I think this good fortune is unconscious. I do not think it is an accident. It is the sort of prose rhythm a man would use after years of word arranging. He would shun kakophony almost unwittingly.

The next easiest things to note are the occasional brilliant phrases, now like some pure Hellenic, in "Morning with the golden basket in her right hand," now like the last sophistication of De Gourmont or Baudelaire.

But beneath and about it all is this spirit of curious quiet. We have found our new Greece, suddenly. As the sense of balance came back upon Europe in the days before the Renaissance, so it seems to me does this sense of a saner stillness come now to us in the midst of our clangour of mechanisms.

The "*mens sana in corpore sano*," the ethic of the Odyssey, came then upon the tortured habits of mediæval thought, and with no greater power for refreshment.

I am not saying this hastily, nor in an emotional flurry, nor from a love of brandishing statement. I have had a month to think it over.

Hearing his first Greek professor, hearing for the first time the curious music of Theocritus, coming for the first time upon that classic composure which Dante had a little suggested in his description of limbo, Boccaccio must have felt, I think, little differently from what we have felt here, we few who have been privileged to receive the work of Mr. Tagore before the public had heard it.

"This is my delight, to wait and watch at the wayside, where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer."

"No more noisy, loud words from me. . . . Henceforth I deal in whispers. . . . Full many an hour have I spent in the strife of the good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him, and I know not why is this sudden call to what useless inconsequence!"

"In this play house of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him that is formless."

"And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well."

If quotation is an unsatisfactory method still these five passages from as many poems might show a little the tone, and might certainly indicate the underlying unity of this whole series of spiritual lyrics.

It is not now the time to speak of Mr. Tagore's other work which still awaits translation. To find fitting comparison for the content of volume before us I am compelled to one sole book of my acquaintance, the *Paradiso* of Dante.

"Ecco qui crescerà li nostri amori."

Dante hears "more than a thousand spirits" singing it as he comes into the fourth heaven. Yet the voice of the Brama Sumaj is different, the mysticism is calm rather than fervid. Such phrases as—

"Poi che furono giocondi della faccia di Dio"

would seem likely to break the stillness of this Oriental thought.

Perhaps the vision of the celestial bees "in-flowering themselves in the rose," is nearest the key of Tagore.

There is in him the stillness of nature. The poems do not seem to have been produced by storm or by ignition, but seem to show the normal habit of his mind. He is at one with nature, and finds no contradictions. And this is in sharp contrast with the Western mode, where man must be shown attempting to master nature if we are to have "great drama." It is in contrast to the Hellenic representation of man the sport of the gods, and both in the grip of destiny.

Oddly enough, I wrote some six months ago this passage, anent the introduction of humanism at the time of the Renaissance :—

"Man is concerned with man and forgets the whole and the flowing. And we have in sequence, first the age of drama, and then the age of prose."

And this sort of humanism, having pretty well run its course, it seems to me we have the balance and corrective presented to us in this writing from Bengal.

I cannot prove it. Every true criticism of an important work of art must be a personal confession rather than a demonstration.

"In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

"To-day the morning has closed its eyes, heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind, and a thick veil has been drawn over the ever-wakeful blue sky.

"The woodlands have hushed their songs and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream."

This is one lyric of the hundred as you may have it in English; remember also what is gone, the form, delicate as a rondel, the music tenuous, restive. Remember the feet of the scansion, the

first note struck with an accent and three or four trailing after it, in a measure more than trochaic.

As fast as I select one poem for quotation, I am convinced, in reading the next one, that I have chosen wrongly, and that this next one would have more helped to convince you.

Perhaps simple confession is the best criticism after all. I do not want to confuse Mr. Tagore's personality with his work, and yet the relation between the two is so close that perhaps I may not offend by two statements, which I shall not attempt to explain.

When I leave Mr. Tagore I feel exactly as if I were a barbarian clothed in skins, and carrying a stone war-club, the kind, that is, where the stone is bound into a crotched stick with thongs.

Perhaps you will get some hint of the curious quality of happiness which pervades his poems from the following incident.

Mr. Tagore was seated on a sofa, and just beginning to read to me in Bengali, when our hostess's little girl of three ran into the room, laughing and making a most infernal clatter. Immediately the poet burst into laughter exactly like the child's.

It was startling and it was for a moment uncanny. I don't attempt to explain it.

Was he in some sudden and intimate connection with the child's gaiety, or was it merely some Oriental form of super-courtesy to prevent our hosts from guessing that he noticed an interruption? Was it a simple acknowledgment that the child's mirth was quite as important in the general scheme of things as was our discussion of international æsthetics?

"Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full." (Poem 27.)

If we take these poems as an expression of Bhuddistic thought, it is quite certain that they will change the prevailing conception of Bhuddism among us. For we usually consider it a sort of ultimate negation, while these poems are full of light, they are full of positive statement. They are far closer in temperament to what we are usually led to call Taoism.

Mr. Tagore has said that our greatest mistake in regard to Oriental religious thought is that we regard it as static, while it is, in reality, constantly changing and developing.

Briefly, I find in these poems a sort of ultimate common sense, a reminder of one thing and of forty things of which we are over likely to lose sight in the confusion of our Western life, in the racket of our cities, in the jabber of manufactured literature, in the vortex of advertisement.

There is the same sort of common sense in the first part of the New Testament, the same happiness in some of the psalms,

but these are so apt to be spoiled for us by association; there are so many fools engaged in mispreaching them, that it is pleasant to find their poetic quality in some work which does not bring into the spectrum of our thought John Calvin, the Bishop of London, and the loathly images of cant.

If these poems have a flaw—I do not admit that they have—but if they have a quality that will put them at a disadvantage with the “general reader,” it is that they are too pious.

Yet I have nothing but pity for the reader who is unable to see that their piety is the poetic piety of Dante, and that it is very beautiful.

“It is he who weaves the web of this *maya* in evanescent hues of gold and silver, blue and green, and lets peep out through its folds his feet, at whose touch I forget myself. (From Poem 86.)

“On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.” (From Poem 88.)

“Now is the time to sit quiet face to face with thee and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.” (From Poem 37.)

Or, again, as he contemplates his departure from this life, in the sequence of the poems 39 to 41, we find the same serenity: “Wish me good luck, my friends. . . . We were neighbours for long, but I received more than I could give.”

I do not think I have ever undertaken so difficult a problem of criticism, for one can praise most poetry in a series of antitheses. In the work of Mr. Tagore the source of the charm is in the subtle underflow. It is nothing else than his “sense of life.” The sort of profound apperception of it which leads Rodin to proclaim that “Energy is Beauty.” It is the sort of apperception of it that we find in Swinburne’s ballad beginning:—

“I found in dreams a place of wind and flowers,”

where he says in allegory:—

“Now assuredly I see my lady is perfect, and transfigureth all sin and sorrow and death, making them fair as her own eyelids be.”

We have forgotten Swinburne’s early work over much. The whole force and drive of his message is concentrated in two early poems, “The Triumph of Time” and in his “Ballad of Life,” which I have quoted. And I think many people have done his memory wrong in remembering his lesser work in place of his greater, in forgetting such strophes as that one where he says:—

“Clear are these things; the grass and the sand.”

This seems a digression, but I am hard put to it to find comparisons for this new work before me. And, besides, it is not a

bad place for saying that there is more in Swinburne's work than luxury and decoration. Nothing could be more utterly different than the general atmosphere of Swinburne and the general atmosphere of Tagore, who can say with perfect truth :—

"My song has put off all her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration."

But upon this point, also, he is sound; he understands that a very strict form rigorously applied makes it possible for one to use the very plainest language. This is the greatest value of such complicated form, which is, on the other hand, a very dangerous trap for such authors as use it to hide their own vacuity.

Perhaps the reader is by now sufficiently interested in our author to endure a short and purely technical discussion, if not he may well skip the next few paragraphs.

If you have not heard any of the Bengali singers in London, you must imagine the following measure sung in "high-piping Pehlevi," or, rather, not in Pehlevi, for the Bengali is, as we have said, related to Sanscrit about as Italian is to Latin. And Mr. Tagore was rather distressed when I mentioned Omyr's calm in connection with his own, although he brightened at the name of Whitman and seemed interested in my quotation from Dante. He would have, I think, little use for "Art for Art's sake."

His second song, then, is rhymed as follows :

a , a , (b+b) , a , a ,

for the first strophe and in the second.

c , c , (d+d) , a , a.

The signs (b+b) and (d+d) indicate that the third and eighth lines have an inner rhyme. The rhymes are (a) *kanè kanè*, which is more than leonine and rhymes with *ganè ganè*, &c.

(b) is *echè*, (c) more than leonine, *iuria*, and (d) is *ète*.

This form is, as you see, bound in cunningly as a roundel, and the rhyme-chords are beautifully modulated.

This is the song beginning, "No more noisy, loud words for me. Henceforth I deal in whispers; the speech of my heart will be carried on in murmurings of a song." *Kanè kanè* is literally not "murmurings of a song," it is a colloquial use meaning "from ear to ear." It is Bengali for "whisper," but it is much more pictorial.

The third song is even more interesting in its construction,

VOL. XCIII. N.S.

P P

and is comparable to the first "*pes*" of the strophe in some very elaborate Tuscan canzoni. It is rhymed and measured as follows. We have no equivalent in Greek or English for these feet of five syllables, and the reader had better consider them purely as musical bars.

1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1	
	rhyme in <i>cho</i>
1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2	
	rhyme in <i>tabo</i>
1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1	
	rhyme in <i>cho</i>
1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2	
	rhyme in <i>tabo</i>

This is followed by three lines of

1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2
rhyming in <i>tee rê</i>
(sic <i>tee rê</i> and <i>phirè</i>)

The third division is the same shape as the first, and rhymes

shé , kani , she , bani,

The fourth division is three lines like those in the second division, and rhymes,

bhari , bari , dari.

This metre is, as I have said, not quantitative as the Greek or Sanscrit measures, but the length of the syllables is considered, and the musical time of the bars is even. The measures are more interesting than any now being used in Europe except those of certain of the most advanced French writers, as, for instance, the arrangements of sound in Remy de Gourmont's "*Fleurs de Jadis*" or his "*Litanies de la Rose*."

In fact, this older language has already found that sort of metric which we awhile back predicted or hoped for in English, where all the sorts of recurrence shall be weighed and balanced and co-ordinated. I do not mean to say that the ultimate English metre will be in the least like the Bengali, but it will be equally fluid and equally able to rely on various properties. We will not rhyme in four syllables; we may scarcely rhyme at all; but there will be new melodies and new modulations.

It is interesting for the few who are mad enough to seek fundamental laws in word music to find here a correspondence with Western result, for Sappho could discover nothing better than three lines of eleven syllables relieved by one of five, and Dante, after careful analysis, could recommend nothing more highly than certain lines of eleven syllables relieved by some of

seven. Here in the Bengali the use of eleven or twelve is optional in the song last analysed.

For purely selfish reasons I want this book *Gitanjali* to be well received. Mr. Tagore's work does not consist wholly of such songs as these. There are plays and love lyrics still hidden in the original. The task on which he has already set forth is the translation of his children's songs, and I am anxious to see them.

When criticism fails one can do no more than go, personally, security for the value of the work one is announcing.

"Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in houses not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger."

Says Mr. Tagore (poem 6), and he might have said it most truly of his own writings, and, indeed, of all great art, for it is only by the arts that strange peoples can come together in any friendly intimacy. By such expression they learn a mutual respect, and there is more marrow in such expression than in much propaganda for economic peace.

Rabindranath Tagore has done well for his nation in these poems. He has well served her Foreign Office.

He has given us a beauty that is distinctly Oriental, and yet it is almost severe, it is free from that lusciousness, that overprofusion which, in so much South-Oriental work, repels us. His work is, above all things, quiet. It is sunny, *Apricus*, "fed with sun," "delighting in sunlight."

One has in reading it a sense of even air, where many Orientals only make us aware of abundant vegetation. I will quote only one more poem, and bid you then go to the book.

"'I have come to the river,' she said, 'to float my lamp on the stream when the daylight wanes in the west.' I stood alone among tall grasses and watched the timid flame of her lamp uselessly drifting in the tide."

EZRA POUND.

"IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE."

WE were sitting round our dinner-table in our mountain castle of Sinaia, and the conversation had turned upon the multi-millionaires of America.

Somebody said : "What would you do if you were a multi-millionaire?"

The Princess was the first to answer, being the youngest. She said : "I should have as many flowers and as many horses as I want."

An artist-painter, Lecomte du Nouy, said, "I should make an arena in white marble, in which there would be games and sights for thousands and thousands, to make the people enjoy themselves."

The Prince said : "I should give the last penny to sweep my country of all its diseases, and make it healthy."

An *aide-de-camp* said : "I should build ever so many model villages for the peasants."

I was the last to answer, as the King said never a word, and I said : "I should build a cathedral with a school beside it for every kind of art."

I don't know if the others, after so many years, would still give the same answer. I should. I should say to-day, as I said then : "A cathedral, with chapels for every religion in it, and an arts school beside it."

You can build ever so many houses, and misery will enter there; care will follow the inhabitants, anger and strife, and illness and death can't be kept away. There is only one peaceful house on earth, that is God's house. You leave your pain at the door and lift your soul up and free it from what makes it heavy. The house of God is the people's real house, because there the poorest can be alone, which he so seldom is in his cottage, and the richest is nobody—nobody to envy, as he is nothing more than the poorest.

The Romans have shown us where an arena leads after a certain time, and that amusing the people is not the best way of helping them.

Flowers are lovely, but in the cruel winter time, if you haven't conservatories large enough, no thousands of people can enjoy them; whilst a cathedral, if it is large enough, like Saint Peter's in Rome, is warm in winter and cool in summer, and its air remains pure. There you can carry all your trouble and lay it

down before the only One who understands, and go away quieter. Your drunken husband cannot reach you there; your sick child does not moan there; money seems so small, it doesn't seem to count; and if you are hungry, a beautiful organ will drive away even hunger for a few minutes. It is the only place in which everybody tries to be good, and lifts up his soul above the meanness of life.

The arts school beside it would show all those who learn there to what heights they may reach, and what grandeur awaits them. They would become much better musicians, hearing the organ roll out the greatest master's greatest thoughts every day; the paintings would draw their mind away from the dung-hills it is rather the fashion to paint nowadays. The high vault would bring them nearer to the heights they ought to wander in always. If I were a millionaire I should build a cathedral!

A big library would belong to the necessities of that arts school, for nobody can be a great artist without reading and learning a great deal: all that makes men better, and less selfish, would be united round my cathedral.

I can't give food to one single town to satisfy it during one year: there would be still some unfed, and unclad, and out of work, which is the worst misery. But food for the soul I could give to many, to thousands and hundreds of thousands in all ages to come. Can you leave Westminster Abbey and not feel better, not feel yourself amongst the grandest of your nation? Can you leave a very grand concert hall without feeling as if you would embrace the whole world, and kneel to the composers, whose thoughts you have been allowed to understand?

I spent one evening of my life alone in Westminster Abbey, beside the organ, and even before it, playing a few chords only, in the gathering dusk, when the statues began to look as if they were alive and moving, and I have felt better ever since. If I were a millionaire I should build a cathedral!

I was in Saint Peter's for Easter, and I saw that all those thousands of inattentive people who crowded it could not take away one atom of its grandeur and solemnity. If I were a millionaire I should build a cathedral!

There my renowned ancestor was archbishop in the sixteenth century, and was Luther's friend and wanted to introduce the Reformation! If he had succeeded he would have averted the splitting of the churches and the Thirty Years' War. The grand cathedral of my home, the cathedral of Cologne, has been the solace of my stormy life, and from early childhood upward it has comforted me as no other good on this earth. When I come to the Rhine I always go to the cathedral of Cologne, and enter the

treasury only to have a look at the crosier of my great ancestor, Archbishop and Elector Hermann, with the Peacock of our house of Weir upon it. And Saint Isaak, in Petersburg, has its own solemn grandeur, though heavier and more massive, less artistic, perhaps, but when the wonderful Russian choirs begin to penetrate its vaults, one is lifted quite beyond earth and its miseries.

I have never seen an Indian temple, but I am sure it must appeal to everything profound and great in human nature.

My cathedral would be of white marble, like that of Milan, inside and out; not so ornamented, much quieter than Milan, but with columns that would give the feeling of a beechwood. A beechwood must have been the origin of the Gothic style.

The Saint Mark's Cathedral is perhaps the one that enters your soul most of all, when the sun gently touches the far-off columns till they seem lilac in all that gold; but I should always prefer an enormous height, and white marble with a first-rate organ, of course, and choirs like the Russian ones, educated in the arts school beside the church.

If I were a queen in a fairy tale I should do all that. But the queens in life have never a penny to bless themselves with, as so many poor people have to be helped that there is never anything left for the poor queen; she has to be content with looking at other people's beautiful creations.

Make a home for the homeless, a place that belongs to everybody alike, where there are no rights and no precedences, no hustling, as there is room for all; no unkind words spoken, as speaking is forbidden; no strife, as it remains outside; the place in which king and beggar take off their hats and pray, a place where your bitterest enemy is an enemy no longer; a place where you would be alone in a crowd, and surrounded by thousands if you were quite alone.

If I were a millionaire I should build a cathedral!

"CARMEN SYLVA" (H.M. QUEEN OF ROUMANIA).

HORSE-BREEDING FOR FARMERS.

It affords me pleasure to give my opinion on a subject of such vital importance to the farming interest as horse-breeding: the measure of attention devoted to this branch of industry has declined of late years, and the improvement of motor vehicles during the last five years or thereabout has produced its effect upon horse-breeding. And fewer horses are bred now than was the case ten years ago.

It cannot be denied that for many years horse-breeding was conducted by the majority of farmers in very haphazard fashion. There prevailed a general idea that any mare would do for breeding purposes, and might be relied on to throw a saleable foal if she were put to a tolerably good horse; this was one grave mistake. Again, there was seldom any endeavour to find a suitable mate for the mare, whether she was herself good, bad, or indifferent; she was sent to the nearest available stallion, regardless of his fitness to correct, in their progeny, her own defects; mating was done so carelessly that a nondescript foal was the inevitable result. Such nondescripts formed no insignificant proportion of the horses which were included in the annual agricultural returns; we had quantity, but quality was sadly wanting.

We breed rather fewer horses than we did ten years ago, but I am strongly inclined to think that those we do breed are of better average stamp than was formerly the case, and here there is sound reason for congratulation. In old days there was, perhaps, some excuse for haphazard breeding; when the horse was the only means of travel, when men were obliged to ride or drive on journeys, there was a constant and steady demand for cheap horseflesh; men of moderate means were obliged to ride or drive, and so long as the horse would get over the ground and stand hard work, they did not look too closely at his breeding or his make and shape.

Steady demand induced supply; almost any animal would bring his price—nothing very remunerative, but enough to pay for breeding and rearing him—and, as a natural consequence, farmers bred horses freely, without regard to quality; and this tradition of breeding maintained its hold until quite recent times—until long after it had passed out of date.

For a good many years past a few of those who are interested in horse-breeding, myself among the number, have devoted them-

selves to preaching the doctrine that if a farmer breeds a horse at all, he must breed the best of its kind, if he expects to make it pay.

If the breeder has a roomy cart mare, let him send her to the best heavy stallion within reach, Shire, Clydesdale, or Suffolk; let him weigh carefully her good points and her bad, and choose a sire who is strong in the points wherein his mare is weak; if she is lighter below the knee than could be wished, see to it that the sire with whom she is to be mated has good bone. The stallion must be strong in the points which in the mare are weak.

Similarly with a light mare. The time has long gone by when a saddle-horse, as such, found a certain market if it could get over the ground and stand hard work. The demand for hacks nowadays is more limited than the demand for any other class of horse. Small driving horses—call them hacks or ponies—are in great demand. In the towns in the Eastern counties, which I frequently visit, farmers and men in all callings travel to market and elsewhere drawn by animals averaging in size from 12 hands to 14.2 hands high. Many of those named above are Welsh, polo-bred, or pure hackney-bred.

Time was when we possessed a breed of hunters, and admirable horses they were; but that was in the days when men rode stallions to hounds, and used these to perpetuate their kind, thus maintaining a breed of hunters. Nowadays, the man who wishes to breed a horse that will make a hunter puts a roomy weight-carrying mare which has proved herself capable of following hounds across country to a thoroughbred, or nearly thoroughbred, stallion; the offspring of such mating may be "made" into a hunter, but it is not a hunter by virtue of its parentage as a cart-horse is a cart-horse, or a hackney, or other carriage horse of true breed, is a carriage horse; though it possess all the qualities and points necessary in a hunter, it has still to be "made."

It is above all things essential that the breeder should keep steadily before him the stamp of horse he wishes to get; and this leads me to remark upon the difficulties of successful breeding. Many men who are much among horses develop an eye for conformation; but very few men possess the accuracy of eye and the judgment which are necessary to attain to eminence as a breeder; and the man who is endowed with these qualities must devote many years of practical study to the subject, and follow it with indomitable perseverance. It is not enough that he shall be, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, a good judge of horse-flesh; this is not enough to make a successful breeder; the gift—for I confidently believe it is a gift—of deciding whether any given stallion and mare will "nick well" together, and produce

a well-shaped foal, is comparatively rare. This gift was possessed at its highest by the famous Robert Bakewell, whose skill in mating, whether horses, cattle or sheep, played so large a part in the operations which made Dishley a household word in the time of George III. This peculiar faculty may be cultivated, and, I conceive, the man who possesses a good eye for a horse is most likely to succeed in cultivating it.

"Breed the best!" How often have I written those three words! and were I to write pages I could say no more. There is good reason to think that farmers are taking the lesson to heart, and renouncing the old haphazard methods.

Farming is a business, and one which demands knowledge, foresight, vigilance, and all the qualities which make for success in business of whatever kind. Farmers are now realising that it does not pay to send any mare to any horse, and get a misfit which costs as much to rear as a good one. That misfits are much scarcer than they used to be is shown by the difficulty which the buyers of Army remounts experience in collecting the couple of thousand animals they require each year. Compelled as they are by mistaken economy on the part of successive Governments, to buy only horses which nobody else wants, the misfit was the animal on which the remount buyer was obliged to depend.

Twenty years ago such horses were to be had in plenty; now it has been found necessary to buy cheap American or Canadian horses. We may regret this from a military point of view; we may regret the short-sighted policy which refuses to pay a price that would make it worth while to breed horses for the British Army in Britain; but—and this is the point I wish to make—we can fairly congratulate ourselves upon the fact that farmers have largely ceased to breed in the casual fashion that produced £40 horses which nobody would buy but the Remount officer. Farmers have learned that breeding on those lines did not pay; many, no doubt, have ceased to breed altogether; but those who continue for the most part pursue the business on judicious lines, and raise horses to work on the land of muscular strength and size of superior stamp.

For this improvement credit is largely due to Breed and Agricultural Societies, whose aim it is to raise quality to its highest point, and encourage and assist farmers to work on right lines. Take the case of the Shire Horse Society as an example; originally started in 1878, as "The English Cart Horse Society," it has been working steadily for the improvement of that heavy breed.

Those who, like myself, are old enough to remember what the

average cart-horse was in the 'seventies, and can compare the condition of things then with that prevailing now, will not hesitate to award to the Society credit for the change.

I do not deny that there were useful heavy horses forty years ago; on the contrary, such horses were to be seen in plenty, the demand for fine dray horses serving to encourage supply, from the days of our grandfathers; but the *average* merit of the cart-horses to be seen on road and in field has vastly improved, and I attribute this to the work done by those who pursued horse-breeding not for personal profit, but with a single eye to the betterment of the breed.

The farmer who seeks to breed a good cart-horse now, may take his choice among stallions of the best stamp, without the necessity of sending the mare any great distance.

I have sometimes been asked, "What breed of horse would you advise me to go in for?" The question is not an easy one to answer without knowledge of the questioner's circumstances and surroundings. Speaking generally, I would advise a man who contemplates breeding a few foals to consider first his market; and, given suitable land and pasturage, the least risky venture is probably the cart-horse.

The cart-horse begins to do light work at two years old, and will find a purchaser at a remunerative price when he reaches three years. This suggestion, of course, applies to farmers who occupy land where heavy horses are required; it would be absurd to urge the man whose farm lies in the Welsh hills to try to breed heavy horses; equally, it would be useless to try and rear heavy horses on the scanty pastures of the moorlands, where only the hardy and easily satisfied pony can find a living.

I do not think the time has yet come when the motor must be regarded as likely to displace the cart-horse. At the Royal Agricultural Society's last Show, seven firms of manufacturers entered eleven motors of various kinds for farm work; but when the trials organised by the Society were held near Baldock in August, seven motors were sent by five firms. The engines were subjected to various trials, such as drawing a three-furrow plough, drawing one or two binding reapers, and were carefully tested for ease of handling and turning.

The owners were also required to make the engines display their draught powers on the highway, but these latter trials need not concern us. The general impression left on the mind by perusal of an account of the ploughing trials is that in fields with wide headlands the motor may be of use; where headlands were narrow much hand labour was required to turn the plough and get it into position again. The principal difficulty with the

engines in the reaping trials was that they travelled too fast and choked the binders ; but this is an objection which may be overcome by devising a binder suitable for faster work.

It appears to me that the cost of motors for field work will be the principal objection to their general use. The gold medal was awarded to Messrs. McLaren for a five-ton agricultural tractor, priced at £530. An engine of this description competes, not against the horse, but against the steam engine, which has been in use any time these last forty years or more. I grant that progress has been, and is being, made ; for example, Messrs. McLaren's engine was successfully run over a ploughed field to show its independence of hard, firm roads ; but, reviewing these trials as a whole, I see nothing in them that leads me to think the day of the cart-horse is yet on the wane.

When agricultural motors are made so reliable and easy to work that any farm hand can use them, so cheap to buy and to run that the horse is costly by comparison, then, and not sooner, will I counsel farmers to cease horse-breeding.

In conclusion, looking at the past history of the horse, let me recall the words of Earl Cathcart written in 1883, and they are these : "The horse is one of God's precious gifts to the nation ; a noble animal, certain, in great measure, to beget in his own similitude admirable creatures to be thankfully used in our service, for our comfort and pleasure in peace, for our credit and advantage in commerce, and for our individual efficiency, and, it may be, for the national safeguard in war."

WALTER GILBEY.

FREDERI MISTRAL.

"I bring joyful news to you: a great poet has been born unto us. If the West brings forth no more poets, the South produces them still. There is might in the sun!

"He is a Homeric poet, cut out of one piece of marble like Deucalion's people; a Greek poet in Avignon. . . .

"We greet thee amongst the writers of those countries! Thou belongest to another climate and speakest another language, but thy climate, thy language, and thy heavens thou hast brought with thee. We do not ask whence thou comest and who thou art. *Tu Marcellus eris!*

"O poet from Maiano! Thou art aloe from Provence. In one day thou grewest into a giant; at five-and-twenty thou blossomest; thy poetic soul filled with fragrance Avignon, Arles, Marseilles, Toulon, Hyères, and the whole of France; but the fragrance of thy work will not be wafted away in a thousand years."

With such enthusiasm Lamartine greeted the epic poem *Mirèio* written by Mistral. The poet of sentiment and the keen critic understood that there had appeared an author whose name would pass to posterity, that his merits would be written with golden letters in the book of the rising literature of Provence, that he would rightly deserve the title given to him by his countrymen: the Homer of Provence.

Half-way between the old towns of the Popes, Avignon, and the former capital of Provence, Arles, there is a village Maiano. In the greyish distance to the north one can see the snowy peaks of the Provençal Parnassus, Mont-Ventoux, while to the south there are squeezed in the valley of the Rhone and the stony walls of Crany the blue Alpines. There are plenty of Roman souvenirs there and the student of archæology and history finds at every step reminiscences of ancient times: columns and buildings which tell him that he is walking on classic ground. It is the country where after a long period of struggles and calamities the angel of song spread out his wings first; here are those mountains from which spouted the spring of that refreshing stream, the waters of which were to flow throughout the whole of Europe. In that land which, besides the beauty of the glorious past, possesses also the charm of southern climate, was the cradle of Mistral. He was born in 1830 at Maiano, where in the sixteenth century his ancestors had purchased a small estate and devoted themselves entirely to the care of its fields and vineyards.

The years of Mistral's childhood were very idyllic, and he

dreamed charmingly naïve dreams under the hot sky and on the banks of a brook overgrown with flowers.

"My father," says he, "married again when he was fifty-five years of age. He met my mother in the following way: On St. John's day Francés Mistral was on his fields surveying a handful of reapers. Many young girls followed them and picked the wheat-ears left by the rakes. Francés, my father, noticed a beautiful girl, who remained behind the others as if she were ashamed to glean. My father came to her and asked:

" 'Whose daughter are you and what is your name?'

" 'I am Etienne Poulinet's daughter, my name is Adelaïde, sir.'

" 'What, the Mayor of Maïano's daughter gleaning!'

" 'We are a large family, sir; two girls and six boys. Our father, as you know, is well-to-do, but when we ask him for money to buy our frocks and other fineries with he answers: "If you wish to dress smartly, my dear children, earn the money." That's why I glean.'

"Six months after this meeting, that reminds one of the biblical scene between Ruth and Boaz, Francés asked Poulinet for Adelaïde's hand and from that union I was born."

Mistral's father was a remarkable man: big-hearted and full of the serenity of mind that never left him; when his neighbours complained of wind, of snow, or of rain, he would answer simply: "The One who is above us knows better than we of what we need." The youthful poet had always before his eyes that noble, although modest figure of his father, for whom he built such a magnificent monument in "The Death of a Reaper" and in his great masterpiece *Mirèio*, where one can easily recognise Francés Mistral's noble portrait.

The good example set by Mistral's father was helped by his mother, who not only gave to her beloved son a religious education, but also, prompted by an unusual intuition, would draw his attention to the beauty of nature and, by narrating to him legends and traditions, by singing old, partly forgotten chivalrous songs, would nourish his imagination. If, therefore, in Mistral's work the figure of his father appears as if cast in bronze and reminds one of characters of old times, over the head of his mother there shines a halo of poetry full of southern charm.

That double influence of the parents over the future master of the word, united with the free life of the country, had such an influence on his heart and character that his mother's exclamation: "O Lord, that child is not at all like the others!" was right, for when the poet was but eight years of age he already gave poetic clothing to legends that he had heard from his mother. Accustomed to a free wandering in fields and meadows, the boy did not fancy school; he would escape it under various pretexts so often that his father wishing to stop the loss of time sent him to a college in Avignon. There he spent many bitter moments, full of longing, till at last closer acquaintance with Homer and Virgil

opened new worlds to the youth eager for knowledge. In the two classical writers he found many things that reminded him of his own country, penetrated so deeply their meaning, understood them so well, that he grafted classicism on the Provençal wild tree and caused his poetry to bloom. At the tender age of fourteen he translated Virgil into his native tongue, although he was not yet certain what direction he should follow. However, the tradition, the education, the love of his country, partly, also, the influence of surroundings, pushed him towards the Provençal language on the one hand ; on the other, closer acquaintance with Victor Hugo, and especially with Lamartine, whom he admired much, showed him a rainbow of future fame, in case he should leave alone the language that was not understood by the people at large. That vacillation was superseded by a determination in favour of Provence by Mistral's acquaintance with Roumanille, and he wrote afterwards : "Devoured by the desire of perfecting our mother tongue, we studied together Provençal books and we determined to resuscitate the language according to its tradition and its national character ; we accomplished our purpose helped by the good advice of our brothers, the masters of Félibrige." Those moments were full of struggle, but in the meanwhile they left plenty of pleasant reminiscences. After thirty years Mistral remembered with pleasure the time when first he listened to the reading of Roumanille's poetry, for it was he who showed to him the whole simple beauty of the Provençal language. At that moment they swore to each other friendship, and this was done under such a lucky star that for thirty years it was not broken. That close union of the two souls was not prevented even by separation. Mistral was obliged to pursue the higher education ; he passed the examination and got a degree, but did not like the law and returned to the country—this time for good. His life spent in his province furnished the French critics with a weapon against Mistral : they said that he had no education whatever, that his whole originality was his unheard-of ignorance, and it was necessary that the pen of St. René-Taillandier should force the people to admit that Mistral was a great poet and to appreciate him. While living at Maiano, Mistral worked for seven years over his poem *Mirèio*, edited "The Provençals," and organised with Roumanille the Society of Félibres. Already then his great poetical gift was shown, especially in *Bonjour en t'outi* and in *Cant di Félibre*, in which he developed the programme of his future school. Since then Mistral's serious literary activity began and the volume of "The Calendar" contains many graceful poems, quaint ballades, witty narrations, and interesting articles. Most of his time, however,

was given to *Mirèio*, which poem was going to make for the Provençal literature a place in the history of the world's masterpieces. Louis Legré and Adolphe Dumas induced the young poet to come to Paris, where they introduced him to Lamartine, who recognised Mistral's unusual gift, and when in 1859 *Mirèio* was published, the author of "The Meditations" contributed much to its immediate success. Mistral knew how to be grateful, for his first poem of importance he dedicated to Lamartine.

In the meanwhile *Mirèio* met with an extraordinary success. Mistral went to Paris again. In Provence they were afraid that the poet's increasing fame would lead him astray, therefore Reboul, the people's poet from Nîmes, said in a toast during a banquet given in honour of Mistral, Roumanille and Aubanel: "I drink to *Mirèio*, the most beautiful mirror in which Provence looked at herself." There was in his speech a play of words which is impossible to render into English; the Provençal text reads thus: *Beve à Mirèio lou plus bèn mirau ounte jamai la Prouvènço se fugue miraiado*. "Mistral, you are going to Paris. Remember that in Paris the stairs are made of fragile glass. Do not forget your mother! Do not forget that you have created *Mirèio* in a country house, and this occurrence makes you great." The fact is that Mistral was obliged to undergo a hard struggle with himself. Paris was prostrated at his feet: Lamartine sounded his fame; famous men such as Alfred de Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, Laprade, Villemain, and others were competing for the friendship of that rustic poet; the Academy crowned *Mirèio*; the painters would get inspiration from it for their pictures; while the poets and composers would find in it motives for their operas and songs. It seemed that Mistral would give in to the temptation that lured him to become unfaithful to Provence and to remain in Paris, but it must be stated to his glory that he knew how to resist it. He was drawn away from Paris, as he afterwards stated, by her indifference to religion; consequently, notwithstanding brilliant propositions, he left the capital light-heartedly, and returned to his Maiano. "Those peasants here," he wrote then to Lamartine, "did not realise the meaning of the word 'fame,' for everything that is lying beyond the horizon of their fields and the scope of their notions is for them something nebulous. They felt, however, instinctively that there, far away, had happened something that brought fame to their country. Everybody who went with his wheat or his fruits to Arles, asked solicitously what was said about me in Paris. And should someone get good news, he made happy all his neighbours during the evening; reapers, peasants, girls would say among themselves, 'and who would have expected that that boy Frederi,

whom we all know and to whom we speak as 'thou,' could write such beautiful things and all about us?'"

Mistral's increasing renown influenced much the creative faculties of other Félibres. In 1860, Aubanel published *La Miougrano entre-duberto*—"Opened Pomegranate"—a work full of sweetness and strength, of light and shadow, and of such feeling that hardly any other Provençal poet could compete with him. He was followed by Anselm Mathieu's *La Farandoulo*, a volume of capricious romances, while Mistral and Roumanille published poetry of Reboul, of Adolphe Dumas, and of Paul Gier under the collective title of *Liame de Rasin*—"A Bunch of Grapes." Those and other works opened the eyes of the antagonists of the Provençal language and encouraged the Félibres for further work. Roumanille was very happy indeed. "It was I," wrote he to his friend Duret, "who discovered our star in 1845 in Dupuy's college at Avignon, where for my sins I have been a professor and where to my consolation I had the youthful Frederick as a pupil. Yes, in that child I noticed an unusual talent and from that time I did not lose him from my sight; I encouraged him and he participated in my work. And now tell me, have I not taken as good care of our great poet as a father does of his own child?" In that manner nobody was surprised that, when Félibrism was organised into a body, Mistral was elected *Capoulié* of the society during the floral games held at Apt. The poet was—one could say—born to be at the head of that organisation. His views were broad, he saw the perils that threatened the Provençal school and strained his faculties to set them aside. Thus he gave a new spirit to Félibrism, and his ideal was the unity of all Roman races for the service of the beautiful, the true and the good. His efforts were crowned with success, for not only was he invited to Barcelona to be present at *joch florals*, when he met Damàs Calvet, Victor Balanguier, Louis Zorilla and Hyacinth Verdaguera, but also the Spanish Félibres visited Saint-Remy, where they were present at the similar floral games conducted by Roumanille in his native town. That intercourse with Catalonia drew the attention of Parisian *litterati*, journalists, a number of whom took part, for the first time in 1869, in floral games at Saint-Remy also; soon after there was started at Montpellier a society called *Société pour l'étude des langues romanes*; in the meanwhile it was proved that *lengo d'oc* is used by the inhabitants of thirty French departments. In 1874 Italy joined the literary union, and she was followed by Roumania in 1878, when her poet Vasil Alessandri received a prize during the floral games at Montpellier for his song *Latina Ginte*.

In face of such a success the Félibres have not neglected the

religious side of their union; in 1895 they gathered in a large number at the foot of Mont-Victoire, where they erected a gigantic cross, in token of gratitude that Provence was spared from the Prussian invasion; a little later they built a chapel in Forcalquié in honour of the Blessed Virgin, whom they took for their patroness. While doing so much to arouse the national life and to make the people noble, the Félibres have not forgotten that they are troubadours, and that therefore their life should in a measure reverberate the life of their literary ancestors. Henceforth a chord of happiness resounds in Mistral's and his comrades' activity. He became acquainted with Alphonse Daudet, and with him, as well as with other famous authors, he spent many joyful moments, which he wittily described in "The Calendar." During excursions with his friends Mistral became familiar with his country, its people and their customs, by taking part in their festivals; in that manner he drew all hearts to him and to the Félibres. That kind of life was sometimes a little noisy; sometimes an elderly matron would become angry with these merry-making youths, but at such moments the poet would come to her and say solemnly: "Be quiet, mother! To us poets everything is permitted!" And should the woman still show signs of bad temper, he would disarm her by whispering into her ear: "Do you not know that we write psalms?"

In the meanwhile Mistral pursued his literary work, and it seemed that his energetic efforts for the development of Félibrism contributed much to the increasing of his creative faculty. Encouraged by the great success of *Mireio*, he published in 1867 a new poem called *Calendau, pouémo prouvençau*; it was greeted by Emile Deschamps in the following manner:—

"On disait que Mireille, en ce vaste univers
N'avait pas de rival au grand tournoi des vers;
Calendal paraît et Mireille,
N'est plus la splendeur sans pareille."

Seven years later there appeared a volume of lyrical poems, *Lis Isclo d'Or*—"Golden Islands"—in the preface to which the poet says that the title was suggested to him by a group of solitary and rocky islands situated on the coast of Hyères, and then he asks—and he is right—whether one could not call the golden islands of existence those few charming moments during which love, inspiration, and pain cause the poets to create?

In 1876 Mistral married Marie Rivière, who was then elected the queen of the floral games in Montpellier; in 1879 the Academy of Toulouse made him a member, which was a great honour, for, according to Louis XIV.'s decree, only writers in the French language can be elected by that institution. The next year a

wreath was put on Mistral's bust on the occasion of the first performance of Gounod's opera *Mireille*. Such an appreciation was agreeable to the poet and encouraged him to work further, but nothing could cause him greater pleasure than the development of the Society of *Félibres* beyond the limits of Provence. In 1876 writers and artists who were born in the south of France but resided in Paris, started a society called *Société de la Cigale*, and three years later it was developed into *Société des Félibres de Paris*. Every year in May the members of this society gather in the Luxembourg Gardens, round Clemence Isaure's statue, and henceforth they proceed to Sceaux to the tomb of the poet Florian; it is at Sceaux that take place every year the floral games and love courts which attract thousands of those Parisians who are eager for refined sensations. In 1884 the Parisian *Félibres* determined to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the union of Provence with France, consequently Mistral was again obliged to go to Paris, where he was received by President Grévy and the Count de Paris with all honours; the French Academy took advantage of the opportunity and crowned his *Nerto*, while Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet, Sully-Prudhomme, Gounod, Cabanel, and many others presented him with an album containing their autographs. Naturally the news of the fresh triumphs of the admired poet in Paris reached Maiano, and the reception he received on his return home surpassed all others. The whole village was decorated, arches were erected, the bells of the churches announced to Provence the joyful news, white-robed girls threw flowers under his feet, and one could read in transparent letters the titles of Mistral's books: *Mirèio*, *Calendau*, *Nerto*. That sympathy was not limited to Paris and Provence; when next year Mistral visited Switzerland, his journey was a triumph; all foreigners of distinction that were spending the summer on the shores of Lake Lemman, endeavoured to show him their respect, while he remained modest and free as if he were not conscious of his importance.

Wishing to give the whole of his time to his great work, *Trésor d'ou Félibrige*, he resigned the dignity of *Capoulié*. He worked eight hours a day during twenty years on that gigantic dictionary of the Provençal language; it was published by instalments between 1878 and 1888. In two big volumes there are gathered all the words of the Provençal, their derivation and synonyms, as well as corresponding words of other Roman languages. The great literary value of the dictionary consists of frequently interpolated proverbs, legends, fables, historical facts, which elucidate wonderfully the primitive significance of a given word. As formerly Roumanille, so now Mistral went to the people

as the source of his studies of the language. "I met him once in Maguelone," wrote Gaston Paris, "while he was inquiring from the fishermen about various expressions used by them; he would touch a tool or a part of a boat and would say: 'We call this so and so, and what do you call it?' The fishermen would share with him joyfully their knowledge and he would make notes." Mistral's dictionary was received with great interest. The *Institut de France* awarded to the work Reynaud's prize of 10,000 francs, while the Universities of Halle and of Bonn conferred upon the author the degree of honorary doctor.

During the last years of his life even Mistral, who seemed to be born under a lucky star, was not free from disappointments. It is true that his poetical inspiration ran out, as testify the tragedy *La Rèino Jano*—"Queen Joan"—and the poem *Lou Pouèmo dòu Rose*—"The Poem of the Rhone"—but he suffered on account of certain tendencies which spread amongst the *Félibres*. Mistral's great idea was to unite all Roman races on the field of art and study, while many *Félibres* introduced into that organisation political quarrels and socialistic dissensions, by which they hampered quiet activity beneficial to the country. Then the quarrels passed on to the religious ground. Roumanille, Mistral, Aubanel, Lambert never hurt, or were capable of hurting, anybody's religious feeling, for they had faith, but there were some members who were lacking of religion and introduced disturbance into the ranks of the believing *Félibres*. Those were sad facts, for social and religious quarrels did not contribute to the growth of the Provençal organisation. Mistral was obliged to make strenuous efforts to repair damage but did not always succeed, and the poet, although admired and respected, felt lonely. In 1883 he lost his beloved mother; three years later he was obliged to give up to the grave his friend Aubanel; in 1891 he took leave for ever of Roumanille, and he was yet in mourning for him when Anselm Mathieu and Alphonse Daudet died. Those were hard moments to live through, and the only consolation Mistral had was the thought that he had built for his friends monuments more durable than those of bronze, and that his work produced good results for it aroused the national spirit and conducted it into the land of the beautiful.

Mistral is famous, and will be immortal above all on account of his three epic poems: *Mirèio*, *Calendau*, and *Nerto*. The theme of *Mirèio* is not new, for a similar story Goethe gave us in "Herman and Dorothea," Longfellow in "Evangeline," Fr.

Weber in "Goliath," and Longus in "Daphne and Chloe," but none of those writers put so much enthusiastic love, that penetrates every detail of the work, as did Mistral. The story of pure but unhappy love is not the contents of the poem; it is only the thread that one can see throughout the whole work and round which there are grouped pictures, episodes, and the whole action. *Mirèio* is the whole Provence, her expressive and harmonious language; her sky, landscapes, customs, traditions; her warm hearts and mobile souls, in the same way as "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are the whole of Greece; as the "Divine Comedy" is the whole of Italy in the thirteenth century; as Camoëns' "Lusiad" is the whole of Portugal of John III. and the great Albuquerque; as "Pan Tadeusz" is the whole of Poland. *Mirèio* deserves entirely the success with which it met, for it is a great national work in which the Provençal meets on every page his most agreeable reminiscences, the most beautiful descriptions of his country, the whole of his life and of his activity.

Calendau is, one could say, a *pendant* to *Mirèio*; they complete each other. As in *Mirèio*, the same in *Calendau*, Mistral wished to write a laudatory hymn in honour of his beloved Provence; in *Mirèio* he sings of the life of agriculturists, of vast fields, of green meadows, of scented vineyards; while in *Calendau* he glorifies the life of the artisan and the fisherman; the characteristic of *Mirèio* is delicacy, charm, and loveliness; that of *Calendau* strength, courage, and flight. Therefore in *Mirèio* dominate the heart and charm of sentiment, in *Calendau* the mind and depth of thought, and that is why *Mirèio* will remain for ever favourite reading for everyone, while *Calendau*—although the verse here is more vigorous and the language purer—will be read only by a handful of proud and freedom-loving men, by which reading their hearts will be lifted up and their minds strengthened.

Nerto was written twenty years after *Calendau*. A great many changes were accomplished during that time; Mistral was also changed: from a youth full of enthusiasm and aspirations he grew up a mature man, consequently his last poem has no more the feeling that characterises *Mirèio* and *Calendau*, but instead it possesses better form and the action is developed more logically; its execution is very able and the characters are very original: *Nerto* herself is so ideally beautiful that other characters created by Mistral grow pale when compared to her; it would be impossible to characterise better the purity of mind of the maiden than those words spoken by her: "Nobody yet told me what flowers may mean," and when her lover speaks to her with passionate words, she replies to him that the *Breviàri d'amor*

teaches that true love must be pure like the blue of the sky and full of humility.

Such is Mistral's life and work. As a man he is good-hearted, manly, full of love for everything beautiful and noble. As a literary man he will remain a might that will last for ever, for the value of his work is everlasting; his thoughts are clear and the words express them faithfully, painting in the meanwhile such beautiful pictures that they are able to arouse enthusiasm and rapture. The same noble mind that was manifested in his life is marked on every page of his poetry. And although his works are not absolutely perfect, although love of the country made him commit mistakes, which as an artist and poet he should have avoided, those faults, however, almost disappear in presence of the fascinating beauty of his performance; therefore his memory as the greatest Provençal poet will live not only in his own country, but everywhere where pure hearts still love the beautiful and poetry. *Mirèio*, *Calendau*, *Nerto*, and *Lis Isclo d'Or* will assure to his name immortality.

SOISSONS.

IS AUSTRIA REALLY THE DISTURBER?

THE view taken by Fabricius in the issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for February that Austria-Hungary's selfish aims are the chief obstacle towards a final settlement of the Near Eastern question will, no doubt, cause surprise in more quarters than one. His arguments, of course, are familiar enough to anyone acquainted with the tone of the French and Russian Press during the present crisis—not to speak of the daily outpourings of Servian journalism; but in England many an authoritative voice has been heard bearing witness to the extreme forbearance and moderation shown up till now by the statesmen of the Dual Monarchy. In fact, the surprise felt at the attitude adopted by the Vienna Foreign Office—stigmatised and resented by some in Austria as one of almost passive resignation—will have been hardly less great than that caused by the uninterrupted series of victories by the allied forces.

Seldom in the course of history has a great Power been subjected to such a course of daily and hourly provocation and offence as has been adopted by the Belgrade rulers with regard to the neighbouring Monarchy; never has the process of "twisting the lion's tail" been practised more assiduously and more deliberately. The language of the Servian Press when referring to Austria-Hungary is such as to cause stupefaction in the mind of the average journalist accustomed to the vocabulary used in Western Europe towards a political adversary, but the following quotations from speeches of responsible Servian statesmen and politicians will prove that, if their language is somewhat less violent, the views they hold are no less aggressive. Their object is not conciliation, but the destruction of Austria-Hungary as a Great Power. In a pamphlet recently published in Vienna, Herr Leopold Mandel has been to the trouble of collecting some of these utterances, of which I shall only reproduce a few short and select samples.

M. Mijatovic (late Servian Minister in London) tells us that the Servian National programme to which all three parties in the country are co-operating consists in the liberation and annexation of all territory inhabited by Servians, but actually belonging either to Austria-Hungary or to Turkey. More outspoken yet is M. Stojan Protic, late Minister of Interior, who, in a speech delivered in Parliament on January 2nd, 1909, declared that peace and relations of friendly neighbourhood could only

exist between Serbia and Austria-Hungary when the latter had given up all pretensions of being a Great Power, and resigned herself to the part of the Switzerland of the East.

The accusation of suppressing rising nationalities brought forward by Fabricius against Austria-Hungary might to some appear ill-timed in this present moment, when the Dual Monarchy is throwing the whole weight of her influence into the scales in order to save the Albanian race from absorption and oppression. More often just now do we hear the Vienna rulers being held up to opprobrium for being willing to set the whole of Europe ablaze sooner than hand over the Skypetars wholesale to the tender mercies of their secular enemies.

Fabricius's statement that "Austria-Hungary is not inhabited by one great nation, but a large number of small nations which belong to several races," will scarcely appear in the light of a revelation to any reader of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, or, indeed, to anyone who has attended an elementary school. When, however, we are told that "oppression rules Austria-Hungary," I would beg leave to remark that the Austrian constitution is one of the most democratic ones in the whole of Europe, reposing upon universal manhood suffrage.

Members of the Austrian aristocracy and gentry will await with curiosity to be told by Fabricius what are the mediæval rights which they are supposed to exercise, and which they have apparently through their own carelessness left in abeyance for some sixty odd years. As a matter of fact, privileges which are enjoyed by the aristocracy in Germany are unknown in Austria, where the leading principle of the constitution that all citizens are equal is carried out to the very letter. It is a well-known fact that, ever since their creation, in the Prussian Army certain regiments are exclusively officered by members of the nobility; there is nothing of the sort in Austria-Hungary, where the fact of wearing "des Kaisers Rock" levels all social differences and distinctions.

To return to the policy of the Dual Monarchy in the Balkans, it is, of course, known to everybody that it was Count Andrassy's influence at the Berlin Congress which largely contributed towards Serbia's obtaining the territorial aggrandisement to which she was aspiring, and for which her leading statesman, Jovan Ristic, had urgently solicited the influence and assistance of the neighbouring monarchy. Again, in 1885, after the battle of Slivnitza, it was a message sent from Vienna into Prince Alexander's camp which saved Serbia's capital from being occupied by the victorious Bulgarians and the country itself from practical annihilation.

So far from wishing the Balkan States to be weak and unable to support themselves, the policy of Austria-Hungary has for the last thirty years been the very reverse—as can be proved by countless official utterances ever since the day when Count Kalnoky was Minister of Foreign Affairs in Vienna. The reason for this is not far to seek: it is obviously more in the interest of the Dual Monarchy to have at her frontiers buffer States able to stand by themselves and to pursue a policy of their own, than mere satellites straining their ears to catch the word of command coming from St. Petersburg or Moscow.

So much is this the case that the new situation created by the recent victories of the allies may tend to remove many of the causes of the long-standing antagonism between Vienna and Petersburg. This, anyhow, is the view taken by the official circles in both capitals. The views of the Vienna Foreign Office are set forth in an article of the *Fremdenblatt* of February 13th, in which it is said: "The Balkan peoples are free and stand on their own feet. With this the former sources of disagreement have finally vanished. The Balkan policy followed by Austria-Hungary for centuries has already, in the course of historical development and progress, been brought nearer its realisation, and the efficient co-operation of Austria-Hungary must be held directly responsible if the principle that the Balkans should be ruled by independent Balkan peoples nears its realisation along the whole line and for all the people of the Balkan peninsula. . . . With the new situation there disappear gradually the points of friction between Austria-Hungary and Russia." This view was subsequently endorsed at St. Petersburg by the semi-official *Rossija*.

In supporting his views concerning the action of Austria-Hungary, Fabricius quotes largely from the *Oesterreichische Rundschau* and the *Armeezeitung*. Baron L. Chlumecky, editor of the former periodical, is a writer of more than ordinary ability, but represents only the most advanced wing of the party which favours a spirited and forward foreign policy. His patriotism, which is intense, belongs to the militant order, and his object is to rouse and stimulate public opinion. Until recently his attention was chiefly directed towards Italy, where his name is in bad odour. Latterly, Baron Chlumecky has been assiduous in pointing out the incessant provocations coming from Servia and the intolerable situation created by the attitude of that restless and turbulent little State upon the borders of the Monarchy.

He represents, as mentioned before, a small fraction of ardent Imperialists, but Baron Chlumecky is far too clear-sighted himself

to claim to be looked upon as the mouthpiece of the majority of responsible politicians either with regard to Italy or to the Balkan States. The *Armeezeitung* is written by officers for officers, and it would, indeed, be strange did we find in its columns the views held by the modern school of the pacificists. It upholds with considerable vigour and occasional trenchancy the old *Armeegeist* of the army which has lived in it and has been its pride and its strength ever since the days of the early Habsburgs. In the midst of the antagonism and conflict of races and nationalities the army remains the very incarnation of sense of duty: of loyalty towards the venerable Sovereign, of unswerving obedience to his orders, indifferent and impervious to the clamour of political and national strife. The *Armeezeitung* must, therefore, be looked upon a purely military, not a political, organ; indeed, on more than one occasion the Government has felt obliged to publish a disclaimer of the very advanced and militant views expressed by it, which were the cause of umbrage to foreign Governments.

Nevertheless, not even the most fiery adherents of a forward policy have ever suggested that Servia should "hand over without protest her conquests," and even if the Austro-Hungarian scheme for the delimitation of Albania is accepted in its entirety, the area and population of Servia will be all but doubled. Needless to say, the well-worn old tale of Austro-Hungary's designs on Salonica reappears in Fabricius's article—it could hardly be otherwise. Surely, were there any truth in this legend Austro-Hungarian statesmen would have to be credited with an almost inconceivable degree of short-sightedness if, whilst wishing to push down to the shores of the *Ægean*, they at the same time gave up the right of garrisoning the Sanjak, which is their only line of access towards Salonica. I am the first to admit that the renunciation of the rights of garrison "au delà de Mitrovitza" conferred on Austria-Hungary by the Berlin Congress was a grave and irreparable error of judgment on the part of Count Aerenthal. It was an error, moreover, which has done much to place the Monarchy in a position of extreme delicacy and difficulty during the present crisis, but at least in common fairness it might have been expected that this ill-timed, unsolicited, and unappreciated act of generosity would have done away for good and all with the old myth of intended territorial expansion.

The forthcoming "liquidation of Austria-Hungary" was the favourite theme of political writers some twelve or fifteen years ago, notwithstanding the saying of a well-known statesman that "si l'Autriche n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer." Latterly we have not heard so much about it, nor are we likely to do so in

the future. A Power which only four years ago was able, assisted by a faithful ally, to carry out its will in the face of the whole of Europe—Governments and public opinion alike joining with hardly an exception in the hostile chorus—is surely not on the verge of dissolution. Superficial judges will point to the national strife and the antagonism of races within the Monarchy as a source of weakness, but the history of centuries of Austrian history proves that in the face of any common danger these differences subside and disappear for the time being.

At the time when the conflict of races was far more acute than it is at present—that is to say, before the reconciliation with Hungary—the subject of Austria's military power being crippled by its varieties of nationalities was discussed in the presence of Prince Bismarck. The latter merely shrugged his shoulders and said : "Wenn der Kaiser von Oesterreich reiten lassen will, dann wird geritten." What was true then is even more true now.

HENRY LÜTZOW.

(Late Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Rome.)

THE JOY OF YOUTH:

A COMEDY.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PAINTER DEPARTS.

"I WISH the picture to be shown at next year's exhibition of the Royal Academy," said Lady Dangerfield. "It is abominably like me; and it will come as a great surprise to some of my dearest friends, who think I have been dead for years."

Bertram agreed.

"It shall go there. It's all right in its way. You're a grand sitter, Aunt Constance; and so is 'Little Billee.'"

He referred to the macaw.

Friends applauded, and Sir Raleigh declared that he should have thought it impossible for the same man to paint the portrait and the landscape of the North Wood. The latter had been given to him, and a few days before Dangerfield departed, he heard the master of Vanestowe upon the subject.

"To be frank, at first I did not like the picture," he confessed. "The trees all seemed to be a hopeless jumble of colours. It was as though you had rubbed your palette over the canvas. But now it's in the billiard-room, in the light you chose for it, and we all agree that it grows upon us. It certainly makes other things look tame."

"Nature is not rendered by copying her. And you must remember that a painter of any class has eyes exactly a million times subtler and keener and better educated than a man who doesn't paint. No sane man ought to want pictures on his walls that only show him what he can see for himself, any more than he wants books in his library that only contain what he knows already."

So argued Bertram.

"All the same," declared Loveday, when they had left her lover, "Raleigh really likes—you know the artists—men who see just what he sees and no more."

"They are painters, not artists," corrected Dangerfield, "and if you once break away from them to the new school, you'll never go back. It makes me savage to hear laymen criticising. 'We don't see that, and we don't see this; as if it mattered a farthing damn to anybody on earth what they saw or what they didn't. They can't see. A stockbroker or an art critic drives across the Campagna in his motor-car, after too much lunch, and then has the unspeakable insolence to tell me that he didn't see what I saw

there. Let such a man go to Dick, Tom, or Harry, who does see exactly what he does—no more, no less. Let him buy his pictures from them—the men who turn out their rubbish by the gross and flood the provinces with it.”

“Take care!” warned Loveday. “Remember the drawing-room at Vanestowe!”

She had driven Bertram in her own pony-carriage to places that she cared about, and had enjoyed serious conversations with him. But she could not convince him that his performance at the dinner-party was egregious.

“If I surprised them, I’m sure they surprised me still more,” he told her. “They revive the dead Victorian past and all the pre-historic ideas that were thrust upon me——”

“When you were young?”

“Yes. But they’ve been burned away in the crucibles of Art long ago. I came down from Oxford with a whole cartload of trashy opinions. My mind was full of obsolete monsters that couldn’t exist outside the atmosphere of the university. The humanists killed them off like flies. But here they are—all alive and kicking; and the mischief is that these human vegetables are so kind and courteous. My heart goes out to them. I should like to come to them as a prophet—and heal them.”

“So good of you; but I’m afraid——”

“Yes, I know. They think I’m a bounder. But I’m not; I’m merely Greek. You see, some people stagnate and some petrify. The first sort have squashy minds, and turn into great fungi—mere rotting sponges; and the other sort are impervious to every idea—just lumps of fossilised opinions that nothing can split or shatter. They’re both horrid, and they’re both dead, and they’re both everywhere apparently.”

“I’m sure they were quite alive when they talked about you behind your back,” she said. “Nina called you ‘an outsider.’”

“I am—from her point of view. By the way, Sir Ralegh likes her awfully. Did you know that? She’s one of the fossil-minded sort, and her brother’s the other kind—the squashy. It’s just this, Miss Merton—I’m speaking now of these country house people. The criterion of existence is consciousness, if you are going to claim for yourself that you are a human being at all. Isn’t it?”

“Of course.”

“Well, honestly, these fellow creatures of yours don’t know they’re born. That’s the solemn truth about them. Therefore, being unconscious, they don’t exist as men and women at all. They are of the company of cattle and turnips. It follows that what they think about me doesn’t matter in the least. But what I think about them is most important—if they can be made to understand it. Let me once open their eyes to the fact that they are alive in a world that stretches far beyond Chudleigh; let me sting them into consciousness, and they will rise from their night and cease to be as the beasts and roots that perish.”

"Then you'll have created them and they'll be born again," she said.

"Like God, I shall have made them with a word. The turnip has become a reasonable human creature!"

"And the first thing it ought to do would be to kneel down and thank you, I suppose. But, instead, you merely made them angry."

"'Merely'! Why, that's a miracle in itself. You try to make a turnip angry, and see how difficult it is."

"Lady Vane thinks that you are a very dangerous acquaintance for me, and will be glad when you are gone."

"Not as glad as I shall be to go. It's archaic and demoralising here. And you mean to be in it all your life! Yet you don't look like it, or think like it, or talk like it."

"Yes, I do, when I'm out of your sight."

"Then you're as big a humbug as any of them," he assured Loveday. "My aunt is the only honest woman among them, and they all hate her."

"I don't. I think the world of her."

He considered.

"Doesn't that show you're a free spirit really, though you pretend you are not?"

She often caught him regarding her with great intentness, but never with much satisfaction. He adopted rather a hortatory tone, and yet sometimes, when she was weary of him, flashed out with a gleam and touched her very being by ineffable little glimpses of a tenderness and subtlety that she knew not belonged to man. He interested her a great deal, and she wasted time in vain efforts to reconcile the apparent contradictions of his nature. To-day he would praise a classical education above all things and pour scorn on the Philistine attitude of the lower classes that despised academic culture; to-morrow he would raze Oxford to the ground and declare that it was dead and that no good thing could evermore come out of it. She challenged him, and he explained that he dealt in ideas and entertained no opinions.

"The moment I begin to repeat anything, distrust me," he said. "That shows I am growing obsessed by it, and am no longer impartial. I have these obsessions, but they pass. Sir Raleigh warned me against prejudice when I was hating the lower middle-class. He was quite right. Class prejudice means that sympathy is dead, and the artist who kills one strand of his sympathy is curtailing his power."

They talked of her art, and she showed him a great many water-colour drawings. The most satisfactory adorned the smoking-room at Vanestowe; but these he little liked.

"The things you have left unfinished are the best," he said; "because they have no such flagrant faults as the completed drawings. But they are all bad, and argue natural ineptitude for this medium and no feeling whatever for selection. You don't get at the

meaning of these local sanctities you have tried to paint. I should chuck it and employ time more usefully. You observe a lot of rubbish that does not matter, and stick in a lot of the things observed without the least consideration whether you need them or not. The difference between observation and imagination I told you before. It's the difference between a woodman's catalogue and a burgeoning tree. I'll write to you when I'm gone—about points you've raised. Shall I?"

"What's the good?" she asked. "Why should you waste your time writing to somebody who isn't an artist?"

"You can be an artist without being a painter," he answered. "I believe you are an artist of some sort. You have enthusiasm. You only want to learn the meaning of work. But come to Firenze—I implore you for your soul's sake—and perhaps there you will find why you were sent into this ripping world, and the real things you are going to do to make it still lovelier and happier."

When he had gone, Loveday found the days greyer by several shades. Even the autumn colours were less brilliant; and life threatened to become monotonous. She fell back on her lover; but he, too, had taken a shade of new colour. She saw him the clearer for this interlude; and she told herself that she liked him the better.

CHAPTER IX.

BERTRAM TO LOVEDAY.

"FIRENZE.

"DEAR MISS MERTON,—

"I am home again after my wonderful adventures. It is cold, but not so cold as England's sympathy for art. I've been washing my soul in beautiful things and taking a tonic for my colour sense—numbed by English light.

"Now for two big subjects: Item. You asked me if I was a Socialist, and were a good deal surprised to find that I was not. Item. You said, 'What do you mean by that *exactly*?' when I told you that art was my god.

"First I'll tell you why I don't believe in Socialism and the ideal of the herd. Because when the Almighty said, 'Let there be light,' He implied the contradiction: 'Let there be shadow.'

"Matter implies shadow, and never a sun was born from some immensity of fire without begetting its own family of shadow-casting children. First, the great suns endure making; then they begin to create on their own account and bear their babies out of their own fiery bodies. They make homes for life, and they know that, as soon as a planet is ready, Alma Venus will surely find it and bless it and endow it. By the way, Bergson has a good idea, which Ruskin had before him: that the materials of life's choice on this earth are not of necessity the materials she uses elsewhere. She selects and takes out of matter what pleases her best and best fits her moods and needs. You and I are marble creatures

—as much marble as Michael Angelo's 'Dawn,' which I worshipped this morning. Our scaffoldings and skeletons are made of lime—very well in its way, and we must be thankful that it isn't worse; but how much better it must be on some of the swagger worlds! Perhaps in the children of Sirius, or Aldebaran, or Aquilla conscious existence is linked to matter that flashes like a flame hither and thither, and conquers time and space in a fashion that we marble men and women can only dream about. One of my very greatest ideas is a radium-built people, who live for æons and have garnered about them an inconceivable science and culture and wisdom. It is the fashion to sneer at that good word 'materialist,' but I know not why; for once concede that the manifestations of matter are innumerable, and we may find it embrace the matrix of the spirit also, as I think it must. Would not a radium-built people be spirits to us? Would not our most ascetic heroes and martyrs be mere well-meaning bath-buns compared to such a people?

"But this is a digression. I was going to say that you can't have light without shade, and virtue without vice, and courage without cowardice, and death without life. Yet these old maids of both sexes, called Socialists, want life to be a plain, and would level all mountains because so many people have weak hearts, or corns on their toes, and are not equal to climbing mountains. If you tell them that you cannot have eagles without mountains, and that the plain ideal only produces partridges and rooks, these insufferable cravens will answer that the world wants partridges but can get on perfectly without eagles. They would as soon see a partridge on their flags as an eagle—indeed, sooner. A sheep rampant should be their sign.

"Socialism demands light without shade, or rather eternal twilight; and yet, if you will believe it, there are famous artists—eagles—who call themselves Socialists! An artist crying for equality! Is it conceivable? Happily equality is an impossibility and contrary to Nature. We can better Nature at the start; we can fight to lessen her outrageous handicaps; we can toil for the unborn, which she does not, in any rational sense; we can see all men start fair, but we cannot help all to win; for that would be to have light without shadow, and life without death. We know that people miserably born will be likely miserably to die, and we can consider the hypothetic failure, and even save him the necessity of coming into the world; but once arrived, we cannot promise him victory, or stand between him and defeat. And I hope we never shall, for anything more mean and paltry than a world reduced to that dead norm, with passion, danger, difficulty, and terror banished from it, and a man's highest power to be at the mercy of the busy, parochial-minded trash that serves on committees and councils and parliaments, and dare to call itself the State—ugh!

"Of course, it will happen some day. We shall try this monstrous thing and make a rabbit-warren of Europe; and then men will discover again that goodness is impossible without badness, and content without discontent; and they will incidentally find that it

is better to have poverty and wealth than neither, and beauty and ugliness than neither, and life and death than mere duration. And they will find that it is better to live in the grand manner if you are a grand man, than exist with the community of the sheep, or harbour with the coneys in mean holes and burrows. We shall try Socialism, and then an Eagle will screech again suddenly, and the herd will run as usual to shoot it; but they won't shoot, for the screech will come like the voice of a new evangel to that slave race. It will turn on its smug, blood-sucking army of officials and sacrifice them to the Eagle.

"And I tell you, Miss Merton, that Art is going to be the grand enemy of Socialism, and will come into her own, perhaps a century hence, when Rationalism has made good its humanist claims. People seem to think that art and rationalism are terms mutually exclusive, and yet was it not from the Golden Age of pure reason that Art's mightiest manifestations are chronicled? I grant that the inspiration was victorious war; but let evolution do her perfect work, and then shall come a time when inspiration springs from victorious peace. The new paths will cross the old some day, and, given that terrific goad to creative instinct, a hurricane of mighty art will sweep over the earth. Yes, we shall have a victory won by pure reason—a victory that will announce to civilisation its quarrels must no more be settled by the death of innocent men. Then, against war's laurels, shall blossom and fruit the olive of peace, in whose sweet shade a new and stupendous re-birth of art will flourish.

"There are unutterable splendours waiting in the mines of the human intellect, as in the marble quarries of Carrara—wondrous, prisoned spirits of poetry biding their time for happiness to drag them forth; and in the triumph of Peace, our somnolent, senile world will again grow young and renew the blood in its veins with the joy of youth. You and I can feel the joy of youth in our very selves, because we are so gloriously young, and it belongs to us to feel it, for there is no blemish on our marble yet; our minds move swiftly and our bodies obediently leap to minister to our will; we work, and are never weary; we eat, and are always hungry. Time seems an eternity when we look ahead and perceive how much belongs to us—to use in enjoyment and making of beautiful things; but the poor old world is like Æson, and cries out for a Medea to renew its youth with enchantment, cure its aches and pains and heal its sickness, so that it shall be sane and whole and sweet again.

"Now you see why Art is my God; and I worship her, though she is not on the throne of the earth at present, or likely to be yet awhile.

"Bruno says a great thing—that Art is outside matter and Nature inside matter.

"What we call Nature seems to me a property of matter, and everything that can happen to matter is natural—or it couldn't happen. Everything, therefore, that has ever happened or will ever happen is the result of a dynamical force, working from inside

matter—the force we call Nature. But how about Art? Here is a terrific force working on Nature from the outside. Does Art do anything to Nature, or is she merely a sort of plucking and choosing and re-sorting and re-stating of Nature's boundless material? Are we merely rag-pickers or bower-birds—we that make things?

"A great many who profess and call themselves artists are no more than that; but the live creator is greater than Nature, because he can make greater things than she can. That's the point. The criterion of Ruler Art is whether it follows or leads Nature. Nature makes a woman; Praxiteles carves the Cnidian Venus. Nature makes horses and men; Pheidias creates the frieze of the Parthenon or the groups of the pediment. Nature plans the human heart in all its relations; Shakespeare writes *Hamlet* and *Lear*. Nature has managed the skylark and the nightingale and the grey bird, the thunder and the wind, the noise of many waters, the song of the rain and the drip of leaves; Beethoven creates the Fifth Symphony and makes a cosmos of music out of a chaos of all natural melody. Ruler Art surely embraces the highest achievements of the human mind; and the mind, being Nature's work, it seems that Nature herself has given us the weapon to be greater than she is—the weapon with which to work from outside in a way that she cannot. Wasn't that sporting of her?

"Art, then, is my God—so far as I can see, the only possible god free from superstition and nonsense, the god that knocks Nature into shape and shows her the infinite glories and possibilities that belong to her.

"And now I will leave you in peace till you come to Firenze. Then you will find that you have not yet begun to live, but merely existed, as a lovely and radiant creature whose powers of feeling and enjoying are yet unknown, and whose power to make kindred spirits feel and enjoy are also hidden.

"I hope you will let me take trouble for you here, because such trouble would give delight to the painter,

"BERTRAM DANGERFIELD."

CHAPTER X.

THE MIND OF THE BARONET.

MISS SPEDDING and Sir Raleigh rode together to hounds. The pack was ahead with huntsman and 'whipper-in,' and they jogged behind. It was a bright, fresh morning, and at Haldon edge every breath of the wind brought a shower of leaves from the fringe of the woods. The man and woman were happy with anticipation. They rejoiced in their talk of sport, and laughed together as they trotted forward. He wore a scarlet coat, and his horn was tucked into the breast of it.

"Do you remember that tricky run early last season?" he asked. "The one under Hey Tor Rocks."

"Rather! How he went round and round! My heart sank when he turned the second time, for I knew he was going to the quarries."

"I never much mind losing a very good fox. It's the survival of the fittest, as the scientists say. The Dartmoor foxes can't be beaten in England for pace."

"There'll be a big meet, I hope, on such a perfect morning."

"I hope so."

"Is Loveday coming?"

"No. She's got a painting fit, and is very busy about a picture of the pond."

"She's almost given up riding."

Sir Raleigh's face clouded.

"It's not a pleasure to her, and one hasn't the heart to press it, Nina."

"Of course not. But what a pity! She does look so perfectly lovely on horseback."

"It isn't nerve or anything like that. A very fine nerve. It's just distaste. She gets no pleasure from it."

"But you do?"

"Yes—I love to see her out, of course. But one cannot bother her. I wish that—however. Of course, art is a very fine thing in its way. Only there's a danger of letting it rather dominate one apparently."

"I expect Mr. Dangerfield fired her. They are so one-sided, these 'artey' people. They seem to think that nothing else matters."

"That's just what they do think. They ruin their perspective of life and get everything distorted. Dangerfield made no pretence about it. He said that if the world was ever to be saved from itself, Art would save it. He's an atheist; but as a man of the world and one who has thought—who has had to think—I am not shocked by the opinions and prejudices of other people. We discussed these matters quite temperately. He allows himself rather more forcible language than we do—the artistic exaggeration, I suppose. No doubt it is picturesque in a way. But when it comes to dispassionate argument, the more restrained the language the better."

"Of course. He was always in extremes."

"Still, one must remember his age and the blood in his veins. He will throw over all this nonsense presently. A Dangerfield an atheist! It's absurd on the face of it."

"Lady Dangerfield is rather queer in her ideas, isn't she?"

"She's not a Dangerfield."

"What about Florence? Loveday seems bent upon it."

"She is; and, of course, if she wishes to go to Italy, she must do so. One can't dictate to a grown woman, and nowadays the sex—well, there's a freedom and liberty that seems perfectly right and reasonable enough to me; though to my mother, the liberty claimed by the modern girl is very distasteful."

"I know she feels like that. I'm afraid we shock her, Raleigh."

"You never do. I can honestly say that you conform to all her standards very faithfully. You hunt, it is true; but then you are what she calls a 'sweet woman—a womanly woman.' You visit the poor—you take them things, and talk to them and cheer them. You go to church; you are sound in your political opinions, and hate women's movements, and don't want the vote, and wouldn't go to a woman doctor for the world."

"Very old-fashioned, in fact."

"I suppose you are, Nina. Now my Loveday, as you know, without meaning it an atom, does tread very hard on the mother's toes."

"She's so inquiring and wonderful—Loveday. She's so interested in simply everything. I think it is so original of her to be so keen about the world outside. To me, my own world seems so full that I never seem to want to know anything about the world outside—except, of course, politics."

"I know. Really, that's a very sound standpoint, in my opinion. To do the thing nearest one's hand, and to do it well. What a different world if we all were content with that! But Loveday's mind is undoubtedly large. I shouldn't call it by any means a stable mind, and it's defiant of law and order, as young minds often will be."

"She must come to see everything with your eyes presently."

"I hope so. That seems the natural and happy plan, doesn't it? One wouldn't wish one's wife to be a mere echo of oneself, of course. I respect originality—yes, it is very right to have one's own point of view and thresh out the problems that arise. But it seems to me that there can only be one possible answer to so many of these problems if you happen to be a gentleman, and think and feel as a gentleman, and recognise the grave responsibilities of conscience under which a gentleman must labour."

"Yes, indeed, that is so. Loveday goes quite deeply into things. Of course, not really *deeply*—I know that. But she seems to—to me."

"'Not really deeply,' Nina? How should she? What can she possibly know of the great causes and differences that convulse the world to-day? This nonsense about art being a serious factor in the amelioration of the human lot—for instance. A moment's examination reduces the thing to a joke, of course. Are you going to make hungry people happier by hanging pictures on their walls? Are you going to elevate the brutal ignorance of unskilled labour with statues and music? Loveday is rather a dreamer, and there is the danger that the inclination to dream may grow upon her. But 'Life is real: life is earnest,' as somebody says. However, she'll go to Italy in the spring, and I hope that it will enlarge her mind, and so on."

"If she has a real good dose of pictures and things, she may begin to understand the significance of it all, and put art in its proper place," suggested Nina.

VOL. XCIII. N.S. 88

"That might very likely happen. For you know how sensible she is."

"Yes, indeed she is—and so brilliant. And then she would come back better pleased with England and our solid ways."

"She might—at any rate, I should hope and expect it. There's a backbone about our manners and customs. They are founded on fine traditions. We are an old and a wise nation. We may be feared; we may not be universally loved; but the world respects us. The world respects achievement. Now in Italy, though I have never been there, things must be utterly different. She cannot fail to see a good deal that will make her long to be home again, don't you think so?"

"I'm sure she will, Raleigh—any real English girl, like Loveday, must."

"There's a funny, unconscious sympathy with other nations in Loveday—a sort of defiant praising what she does not know at the expense of what she does know."

"Pure 'cussedness'!"

"I think I am a tolerant man, Nina."

"You are indeed. You can make allowances for everything and everybody. I often wonder."

"I was trained to it from childhood. My father was greater than I. He had a breadth and a power of sympathy and a gift to see another person's point of view that was truly astounding. The result was that every man, woman, and child, high and low alike, loved him."

"You are doing just the same."

"Jolly of you to say so. I wish I was. But, without prejudice, it would surely be childish and illogical in the highest degree to suppose that a country like Italy *could* be better in any way than ours. Or half as good. Its constitution, and manners, and customs, and rules, and so on—all still chaotic. So we, who are fortunate enough to live under an ideal constitution, must reserve our judgment. Indeed, we had better look at home, for our constitution is in deadly peril, since a fatuous proletariat has trusted England's fate to demagogues."

"She's always so splendidly enthusiastic—Loveday, I mean."

"I know, and enthusiasm is a very fine thing; but cool judgment is better. I hope, if she does go to Italy in a proper spirit, that she'll see the truth about it, and won't put the superficial beauties of nature before the realities that underlie the Italian race and character. Mountains and lakes are to the country just what pictures and statues are to its old palaces and villas. D'you follow me?"

"Yes, I quite see."

"All ornaments and superficialities. The greatness of a nation does not depend upon accidents of that sort. I should be inclined to look rather to its products for its character. That may seem far-fetched to you, Nina?"

"Not at all. You have thought these things out, Raleigh. You are never far-fetched."

"Yes, there's something in it. And a nation whose products are wine and silk. Don't you think, in a sort of way, it's summed up in that?"

"I do—I quite see. They are light things. The world could get on perfectly well without wine and silk."

"Exactly. Besides—Italian wines—there you are in a nutshell. Italian wines! What are they? They simply don't exist when one thinks of the serious vintages of the world."

"Of course they don't."

"I don't say, mind you, that everything Latin is in decadence—I don't go so far as that. But I do believe there is a screw loose in Italy. I don't find a balanced judgment, a power of arguing from cause to effect. They are an unstable people—emotional, no doubt—and sentimental. Look at their last war—hysterical greed!"

"You are so clever. You go into things so."

"No, I can't claim that. My danger is to be insular. I fight against it. But one gathers the trend of European ambition pretty correctly if one reads *The Times*, as I do, year after year. So I warn Loveday to keep an open mind, and not to rush to extremes or welcome novelty too quickly—just because it is novel. That's rather fundamental in a way. You may say she's summed up in that. She always welcomes novelty; while I always distrust it. I think my way's the wiser, however."

"I'm sure it's the wiser. I expect she will come home again very thankfully."

"I should hope so. In fact, my mother, to my surprise, rather advocates the visit. She thinks it will get this 'poison,' as she calls it, out of Loveday's blood. 'Let her have her fill of art, and then we'll hope that she'll come back sick of it and thankful to get into the pure air of her English home again.' That's what my mother says—just, in fact, what you say. One sees her argument."

"How long will Loveday be away?"

"I suppose six weeks. The Neill-Savages, in the course of their orbits, are to be at Florence next spring. And she will travel with them and stop with them. That will work well, I think. The ladies know the world, and can exercise some control and supervision."

"D'you think so—over Loveday?"

"Why not?"

"There are sure to be acquaintances of yours in Italy at that time too?"

"Sure to be. Indeed, there are friends of my father who live at Florence. She will take out a good many introductions."

"Mr. Dangerfield would know everybody."

"I should doubt it. The artists and advanced thinkers—as they call themselves—he may know; but not, as you say, 'everybody.' He is a case of a man who has let his native instincts rather suffer

under the rank growths of Italy. There is a laxness and indifference to bed-rock principles. In one thing, however, I respect him. He is not afraid of work, and though we may feel that art is far from being the greatest thing that a strong man should employ his full strength and power upon, yet, since he has chosen it, I do admire his power of work. No doubt it has taken many years of immense labour to gain his facility with the brush."

"He has made rather a convert of you, I see," she said.

"In a way, yes. There's individuality and strength about him. He lacks tact and taste and reserve and reverence. One must admit that he forgot himself sometimes. But there's something there. There's Dangerfield in him. I'm a student of character, and felt a personality—a nature that may do harm in the world, or may do good, but will certainly do one or the other."

"He wasn't colourless."

"Far from it—distinctly interesting."

"What did Loveday think of him?"

"I should say that she was rather dazzled."

"Naturally. She loves art, and here was a real live artist, and so good-looking."

"I suppose he is good-looking, and he's certainly alive. The sort of man to influence a young woman without any logical faculty."

Nina considered.

"She won't see much of him in Florence?"

"Oh, no. She'll find several of my mother's old friends there, and will have certain social duties—invitations to accept, and so on. The idea is a few weeks at Florence, and then the Swiss or Italian Lakes on the way home."

"Lucky girl!"

"Yet I'm sure you don't envy her?"

"I do and I don't. One ought to go abroad: it enlarges the mind and corrects the perspective, and all that sort of thing. And yet I cannot say truly that I'm very wildly anxious to go. There's another side. I've known clever women get very unsettled and out of conceit with England after being away."

"Out of conceit with England, Nina!"

"It sounds ridiculous; but it does happen."

"That would surely argue rather an unbalanced mind?"

"No doubt it would. As for me, I love my home and my simple pleasures and my friends. I think I should be very much lost in Italy and thankful to scamper home again—though they do hunt foxes on the Campagna at Rome."

"It seems rather absurd to think of Italians hunting foxes, doesn't it? In fact, anybody but English men and women."

"It does somehow—I don't know why. And yet they say that Italian horsemen are the best in the world."

"Who say so? One of those stupid sayings without a particle of truth in it, be sure. No, no, they may paint pictures and sing songs better than we can, but ride to hounds! We mustn't be asked

to believe that. If there is one sport, and that the king of sports, where we can claim precedence before the world, it is fox-hunting."

"Of course it is."

"I'd far rather that a woman was insular and wrapped up in her country and home, than cosmopolitan and given over to general interests and general indifference. It weakens intensity and conviction to roam about too much—for a woman, I mean. Patriotism and enthusiasm have made England what it is, and if the spread of education and increased facilities of travel are going to weaken our patriotism and enthusiasm for our country and its fame, then I see real danger in them."

"I know some people who say that if the Germans are strong enough to beat us, the sooner they do so the better. They think we've 'bitten off more than we can chew'—it was their expression—and openly declare that they will not be a bit sorry to see us reminded that we're not everybody."

He frowned, and even flushed.

"It makes me smart to hear of such treachery to our traditions and ideals. I'm sorry you know such people, Nina."

"So am I, and I don't encourage them, I assure you. They are Little Englanders, and when I told them that they were, they denied it, and answered that if I had travelled round the world three times and studied the ways of it as thoroughly as they had, I should realise that even England has no special dispensation to differ in its history from the history of all other conquering nations that have risen and fallen. In fact, they thought that England was on the 'down-grade'—another of their expressions, not mine."

"A vulgar phrase and only found in the mouths of vulgar people," he assured her. "'Down-grade'! How richly coarse and offensive when one is dealing with the sacred history of one's own nation!"

"They don't see anything sacred about it."

"So much the worse for them. There is a sort of mind that welcomes these new expressions. They are everywhere. Our legislators do not hesitate to use them. In fact, as a body, the speakers in the House of Commons to-day merely reflect the vulgar diction of the halfpenny Press. We hear and read nothing large and rounded and dignified as in the days of the—the older men—your Brights and Gladstones and Pitts. Bourgeois brawling, passages of personalities, loss of temper, violence, flagrant offence, rough and tumble speech, and the colloquialisms of the common people—that is a debate. They cry out 'Rats!' across the floor of the House, and other things one thought only grooms and stable-boys say. The old, stately rhetoric and studious courtesy to an opponent, the rounded period, the oratory, the scholarly quotation, the brilliance and passion of conviction—all are gone. Indeed, there is no conviction. Instead, we have a cynical crowd, all playing a game, and all knowing that they are playing a game. The flagrant bargains, the buying and selling of titles; 'the gulf fixed between ideal legislation and practical politics,' as a Cabinet Minister once wrote to me—

it is all very sad and significant to a serious-minded man like myself."

She gazed upon him with admiration and regard.

"I suppose nothing would make you stand for Parliament?"

"Nothing but my country," he answered. "If I honestly thought that I could serve my country and advance its welfare by seeking a seat, I should do so, as a duty—a painful duty too. But I can't see that any good purpose would be served by it. I should feel like a fish out of water, to begin with. And, honestly, I believe I am doing more good here among my own people, helping them to see right and guarding them as far as I can from the impositions of government, than I should be doing in Parliament. They know I have no axe to grind, and stand simply for what I think honourable and just. But I shall soon be a voice shouting in the wilderness. Our time is past, and the nation will take from us landholders the soil that our forefathers won from their sovereigns as the reward of heroism and sacrifice and fidelity. Three fine words, but this generation thinks that it knows three finer ones—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality. Liberty—an impossibility because contrary to nature; fraternity—an impossibility, for how can different orders of men with opposite interests fraternise? Equality—an impossibility, because every sense of what is fine and distinguished and masterful in the higher man cries out against it. The proletariat is driving gentlemen out of Parliament altogether, as it is driving them off the parish councils and other bodies. It offers wages—a prostitution. No, gentlemen are not wanted: they stand in the way."

"There you and Mr. Dangerfield agree, then, for he hated Socialism," she said.

"So much the better. With all his errors of opinion and faulty ideas, no doubt largely gleaned in foreign countries, the man is a Dangerfield, as I said before. The blood in his veins must stand between him and anarchy, though unfortunately it hasn't prevented him from developing into a bounder. It shows how environment may conquer heredity. Myself I always consider environment the more important in some ways."

"You are so clever—you take such large, temperate views," she said, and he was gratified.

"Not clever—not clever—merely logical. It is the fashion to sneer at a university education nowadays; but if it were more general, England would soon be better equipped to speak to her enemies in the gate. For then many more men would think as I do."

"Here we are!" cried Nina.

His face fell as he looked ahead.

"A poor field, I'm afraid," he said.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY DANGERFIELD TO LOVEDAY.

"DEAR LOVEDAY,—

"TORQUAY.

"Here I am in the old villa after ten years' absence! Torquay is not what it was, I regret to find. There is a great falling-off indeed, and 'we' are no longer the centre of creation. The authorities care nothing whatever for us rich old bluebottles now. The villa people may go hang, for they seek quite a different sort of clients, and our good has become a matter of sublime indifference. To entertain the cheap tripper from the far North has become Torquay's first joy and pride. There is a tram-line, upon which one of my horses fell two days ago. It was 'Tommy,' a creature of highly sensitive temperament. His spirit failed him after the horrid adventure, and he could not immediately rise again. I sent into a shop, which was happily at hand, and purchased a pair of thick blankets, for the day was exceedingly cold. We covered 'Tommy' and ministered to him, and, in the course of half an hour, the poor fellow was able to make an effort and get on his feet. One had the negative pleasure of suspending the traffic until he could do so. This is an example of the new clashing with the old. We have piers, pavilions, and so forth—all for a sort of people who did not know that Torquay existed ten years ago. But they have found it, and been welcomed by their kind here; and the poor goose that lays the golden eggs is having her throat cut very quickly. Perhaps the townspeople will regret us when we are all in our marble tombs; perhaps they won't. No doubt the same thing is happening everywhere else. The end is in sight for us—we lilies of the field who have neither toiled nor spun.

"When you reach my age, you feel that the best of all possible worlds belonged to your youth, and have little desire left for novelty. It is such a vulgar era—this electric one. People don't merely do vulgar things, and build vulgar houses, and enjoy vulgar pleasures, and even pray vulgar prayers and hold vulgar religious services, and so forth; but they think vulgar thoughts. My nephew is right there: the minds of the rising generation are ugly inside.

"Take our sex. I have been meeting Suffragettes here at luncheon. Their attitude is really most puzzling. Woman is so great and small in a breath. She will save a man's life to-day; and to-morrow she'll remind him of the debt—like some maid servant who has lent you sixpence, and is frightened to death that you'll forget the loan.

"The man-hating phrase has been thrust under my nose a good deal here—here, of all places! A confirmed man-hater drank tea with me yesterday. Her attitude was not the result of experience, but merely principle. It is a germ in the air that gets hold of women and produces an inverted instinct.

"I alluded to the way that certain brave men behaved when a great ship sank—you remember—and I asked the woman what she thought of it. 'Why, there was nothing to think of,' she answered. 'I didn't bother about it. We all know that men obey their own laws; and one is that the port light of a ship is red; and another is that the starboard light is green; and a third is that, in case of wreck, the women and children go into the boats first.' An inverted instinct, you see—a bias that gets the better of everything that makes a woman worth while—to a man. But the truth is that they don't want to be worth while to a man; because men have ceased to be worth while to them.

"It is wrong. A woman who can't feel one little emotion over self-sacrifice, if it's male self-sacrifice, or heroism, if it's male heroism, is really suffering from poison; and she is better isolated, before she infects any more of her sisters. One doesn't ask us to be logical, or just, or reasonable, or temperate, or self-contained, or any of the things that would make us unnatural and spoil us, but one really does ask us to go on being women.

"I explain their antagonism and secret loathing of the male in this way: Women have suddenly had the run of learning, and, being a thousand times more industrious than men, have rushed at it, like sheep into a clover field; and they have stuffed themselves too full. They are ruined as the black people were—by emancipation. These things should be done gradually. Men starved women for centuries; then they over-fed them; and now the thinking women are all suffering from too much food on an empty brain. They can't digest it. It's making them hate themselves for being women at all—like baby-girls, who cry bitterly because they are not baby-boys. Women want to ignore just the things that nature simply won't let them ignore, and they detest men for mentioning these things. They say it's unmanly and hateful of men to remind women that they are women. They want to put the woman in them into the background and trample on it; they flout that in themselves which the natural man has been accustomed to regard as their greatest possessions. They are so busy hating that they have got no time to remember there is such a thing as love. It is, in fact, a sort of suicide that they are committing. They make sex a crime, these epicene things; it is ridiculous to call them 'feminists,' for they honestly believe—owing to their muddled sex instincts—that all differences between men and women are artificial and accidental, not natural and everlasting.

"If you called a modern woman 'a ministering angel' now, she'd spit at you, or break your windows. Because they desire to substitute for their real power just those tedious things that belong to man's mind and life—just those things from which he seeks to escape at any cost when he comes to women. It's the women who can break hearts that will always have power over the men best worth winning, not the woman who merely breaks windows. And

the woman who can break hearts will always get more than she deserves, while the woman who can break windows never will.

"When I was young, we were rather like what your betrothed says of foxes: we didn't mind being hunted. And you remember the warning, 'When you go to women, don't forget your whip.' No doubt Nietzsche did forget it, and so suffered a sharp scratch or two, and grew nasty and narrow-minded and spiteful about us all in consequence. Still, a man oughtn't to dream of taking his eye off us till he's outside the bars again. I admit that frankly.

"I had a great friend once when I was young—a sportsman; and when something happened, I forget what, he said (after he'd grown calm again and reconciled) that it was better to be mauled now and then than never have any big-game shooting. By which, in his vigorous and open-air fashion, he meant to imply that women are the biggest game of all.

"But they won't be much longer. The big-game women are dying out. The woman who is a *rendezvous* for discontented husbands and the predatory male is dying out. I used to know women who could bring a man across a drawing-room like a hunting spaniel—without looking at him. I could myself.

"Hastings Forbes came to see me a few days ago. He is still sorry for his tribulations. But he is, none the less, going to forgive her, as I knew he would. He remarked that of late, before his tragedy, it had seemed to him that his wife was becoming a sort of limited company—in which he hadn't enough shares.

"'The allotment always lies with us,' I said; 'but, of course, a married woman ought to send out nothing but letters of regret.' Still, they don't. It's wonderful what a lot of capital they can manage to employ sometimes, though stupid women do over-capitalise too.

"Don't think I'm holding up Una as a model to you. She's only a survival of the sporting type. It is not a nice type; still, it appealed far more to men than the latest sort of woman, and it had infinitely more power over them. Una, as a matter of fact, is hedging, and, from what her husband let drop, I should say the dentist will soon be done for. 'One can't absolutely quench a passion of so many years' standing,' said Hastings! So wily of him. But he implied the passion was for Una, not comfort and a French cook and all that Una stands for. That's one of the beauties of being rich and lacking a conscience. It enables you simply to snap your fingers at Nemesis, and have your cake and eat it too. An act of temporary aberration, I expect it will be considered. He reminded me that he was a Christian, and that therefore his prerogative was to forgive! Una has written to him, and quoted Browning about being in England in the springtime!

"Of course, Wicks will be fearfully out of practice when he comes back to work. But that will cure itself. Forbes talked of flogging him publicly when he returns. But I told him not to be selfish. 'You have exhibited such amazing self-control,' I said, 'that it

would be a pity if you spoiled all by worrying the dentist. Be sure that he will have plenty to worry him without you.'

"Strange that such an early bird as Una should have cared to pick up this particular worm.

"Go and see my dear old friend, Judge Warner Warwick, in Florence—a precious old Indian, full-of fun and great on Machiavelli. He will tell you much that is interesting.

"I shall be here until April, unless the Revolution comes and I and my kind are swept away by the local celebrities—to make more room for the Goths and Vandals from the North.

"Your affectionate friend,

"CONSTANCE DANGERFIELD."

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE CROCUSES.

"ROOKLANDS,
"3 March.

"DEAR MR. DANGERFIELD,—

"Since I wrote to thank you for the present you sent me at Christmas—the beautiful copy in oils of Melozzo da Forlì's angel, with the red sleeves and spike of Madonna lily—I have been very busy reading up Florence, or Firenze. And I want more books, still more books, so that I may not come out a dunce.

"I need to hear more about art, too, and just what sort of receptive spirit I must cultivate before I come.

"It is glorious to think that I really shall be there in a few weeks, and breathe Italy! I am sure it must be the right thing for me, because I'm loving the thought of it so much, and it is making me so nice to everybody. Don't you think that that is one of the rather beautiful things about human nature—that when a man, or woman, is really very happy and hopeful and looking forward to good things, they always seem to become angelic and anxious to make other people happy and hopeful too—as though they wanted their own full cup of blessings to brim over for other thirsty lips? But I suppose you would say that anybody can be angelic when they are having an angelic time. Perhaps I really am having my fun with Italy now, and anticipation will be the best part of it.

"The crocus picture came up, and, I'm sorry to say, it also came out. You are so Italian, or Greek, or something; and Lady Vane isn't, and my Raleigh isn't either. So when the dear crocuses glimmered out of the green in their gold and purple and snow-white, and proclaimed to the world those startling words that 'Loveday is a Darling,' the assertion was hailed with shrieks of protest and proclaimed an abominable outrage, and the poor little wretches—about two thousand of them, Fry says—were dragged out neck and crop, so that this dreadful announcement should disappear. You don't understand English people a bit. 'It wasn't the words that frightened the birds, but the horrible'—fact that you, in cold blood and with deliberate and deadly purpose, could dare to call another

man's sweetheart 'a darling' in this manner, and even publish it to the world, where it would flash out year after year to shock succeeding generations of the countryside. Only Fry supported it. He hated having to dig them up, and said, what was true, that they made a beautiful picture, and would be a very pleasant and permanent joy of colour on that bank. He also added bluntly that it wasn't as if you'd put a lie there; but you'd said what was perfectly true, and he'd like to see the man, woman, or child that could contradict it! So I came out of it in rather a blaze of glory. But you didn't, I mourn to say. It's a question of 'good form' and 'common decency,' and so on. If anybody else had put it there, it would have been the same. 'Emotional, and silly, and un-English, and exceedingly impertinent, coming from a stranger'—so Lady Vane says. 'A bit thick'—that's what Patrick Spedding called it. And my dear Raleigh is hurt (down deep out of sight somewhere) that you could have even *thought* about me by my Christian name, let alone deliberately trace the sacred word with a stick on the Vanestowe grass and plant it out in crocuses! And—an amazing thing—when I argue that it wasn't a capital offence, and that you are young and not old enough really to know better, Raleigh twirls his moustache and almost sighs, and seems to think that I'm very nearly as bad as you! He believes that if I had any proper feeling, I ought to cut you for evermore after such a performance; and yet, for the life of me, I can't see why a piece of frivol like that is any worse than dozens of things men say to me. I suppose you can say things you can't write, and write things you can't print in crocuses at large on such a self-respecting garth as Vanestowe. I only tell you about it because you'll not care a button; and more do I. I think it was jolly of you—a sin, of course, but quite a venial sin. I'm only really sorry for the poor crocuses. I suggested to Raleigh that he should re-arrange them, and let Fry plant them out again in these grim but true words: 'Bertram is a Bounder'; yet no, he seems to fear he will never smile again. He has forgiven you, being a good, dear thing, who never can harbour an unkind thought against anything but hawks and weasels; but Lady Vane has not; and, what's more, she hasn't forgiven me. Which is rather hard—don't you think? I assured her that I had not the most shadowy idea of what you were doing, and thought you were merely planning the Vane coat-of-arms, or some such great and glorious design; but she doesn't believe me. I don't think she ever does believe me. But these personalities cannot possibly interest you. I'm longing to see some of your pictures. I shan't try to paint in Italy, whatever the temptation. I shall go in for learning Italian instead; and you'll have to find some clever person to teach me.

"By the way, I want two more copies of the Forli angel for friends, who are going to be married. It's such an original gift; so please ask the little artist you mentioned, who copies it so beautifully, to paint me two more. And I also want a copy of that darling

cherub, with scarlet and silver wings and a little curly head bending over his lute—Rossi Fierentino—wasn't it? I made up a sonnet about him—just from that picture postcard you sent me! Oh, yes, you stare, but I can make sonnets, given the right inspiration. Of course, nobody who is anybody could possibly go to Firenze without making sonnets. But have no fear—I shan't ask you to read them.

"Fry wants to be remembered to you. He liked you, so be proud. It is always a great compliment for a young thing to be liked by an old thing; and yet the young things always seem to take it for granted. He liked you, because you love work and are not frightened by difficulties. The time is soon coming for the rhododendron seedling to bloom. There will be a solemn hush in the woods when the great day arrives, and all the old father and mother rhodos will bend down with anxiety and hope to see what has been born. I shan't be there, but in Italy. But Fry is going to send me just three flowers from the first truss to blow, if it is worthy. I wonder what Nature has arranged?

"Lady Dangerfield has gone to Torquay. She is very well, and has ordered four new birds. Two died in the winter—little grey and rose-coloured things. She misses them, but seems glad that both died and not only one. They always sat together side by side, and she thinks that one gave the other the fatal cold. She also believes that it was influenza followed by pneumonia that killed them.

"This letter seems to grow more and more thrilling, so I will break off, that you may not get over-excited.

"Write to me about Firenze and art and Bergson. Especially Bergson. For why? Because somewhere, somehow, my Raleigh has heard about him, and been told that he combines the very latest philosophy and highest ethics with the truths of Revelation. Of course, this is just what Raleigh has been wanting for years. Will he find Bergson 'grateful and comforting,' d'you think? As far as I can remember the dim past, you did not. Tell me some things that I can bring out to dazzle Raleigh about Bergson.

"Good-bye. I hope you are painting well, and are satisfied (or fairly satisfied) with the beautiful things that you are making.

"Sincerely yours,

"LOVEDAY MERTON."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE."

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

January 10, 1913.

Gentlemen,

My attention has been invited to some statements as to the origin of the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana Harbour, which directly concern myself, in the December 28, 1912, No. 3578, issue of *The Living Age*, page 776, forming part of an article by Percy F. Martin on the subject of the Monroe Doctrine, reprinted from THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The portion of the article which concerns myself personally is so absolutely wrong, and so absolutely unfair to both myself and to the United States, that I feel obliged to call upon you as responsible for its promulgation throughout the world to promulgate in equally effective manner my absolute denial of the erroneous statements ascribed to me.

Perhaps I can explain my position best by stating in parallel columns, first, the lines to which I take exception, and second, a correct statement of the situation described. The erroneous statement and its correction are as follows:—

The erroneous statement.

"In the month of July last year (1911), however, the ship was laid bare, and General Bixby, an official of the United States, who was in charge of the work of raising the vessel, declared that the explosion took place in the interior of the ship, and not from any outside agency whatever, adding that 'a terrible mistake has been occasioned.' Terrible, indeed, but a mistake which has never been admitted officially nor in any way atoned for.

"There is much existing evidence to substantiate General Bixby's theory."

The actual facts.

In the month of July last year (1911) the ship was laid bare, and General Bixby, Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, who was in charge of the work of raising the vessel, declared that the vessel at that time had only been laid bare far enough to show the terrible wreckage resulting from the explosion of the ship's magazines, that the unwatering of the wreck up to that date failed to show any evidence whatever as to what started the explosion of the magazines, and that the terrible wreckage due to the magazine explosion was so much greater than anyone had imagined before the unwatering, that it was exceedingly doubtful whether any part of the vessel found by further unwatering would be able to give any definite evidence of the original cause of the explosion. General Bixby endeavoured at that time to explain to all interested parties that his work was merely to unwater the vessel and expose its remaining fragments to view as fully as possible and with as little damage or derangement as possible until it should have been inspected by other authorities; in other words, that his duty was merely to establish physical facts, without reference to any theory whatever regarding the cause of the explosion.

While there have been many theories in the past regarding the cause of the destruction of the *Maine* known to me personally, I never attempted to adopt any one of them as my own, or to substitute any other therefor. As the work of unwatering progressed there was finally brought to light during the latter part of 1911 one plate of the ship's bottom whose condition, including location and surroundings, was such as could not be explained satisfactorily except by the assumption of an exterior explosion of a charge of some low-grade explosive prior to the explosion of the magazines and from which the magazine explosion resulted; and a verdict to that effect was rendered to the President of the United States by a mixed Board of Navy and Army officers, after viewing the fully exposed vessel's bottom. I never made the statement, "a terrible mistake has been occasioned," and I never heard it ascribed to me until I saw it in *The Living Age*.

Very respectfully,

W. H. Bixby,

Chief of Engineers, U.S. Army.

January 28, 1913.

General W. H. Bixby,

Office of the Chief of Engineers, U.S. Army, War Department, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

Your letter dated the 10th inst., addressed to me care of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, has been forwarded to me here, and I have read your remarks concerning that part of my article upon the Monroe Doctrine (which appeared in that publication of November last, and which was reproduced in the December number of *The Living Age*, No. 3573), to which you take exception.

The version which you give me regarding the report made by you to the United States Government is certainly at variance with that published in the London papers on the 7th of July, 1911. I will refer you for further details of this report to the London *Daily Mail* of that date, wherein you will see that, according to a Reuter telegram from Washington, it is stated:—

"General Bixby, who is in charge of the work of raising her (the U.S. battleship *Maine*) declares that an explosion of her three magazines sank the *Maine*, and that the effects of the explosion could not have been produced from without. There are numerous indications in the hull which prove that the explosion took place in the interior of the ship. What caused the explosion, he concludes, will never be known. Thus he pronounces decisively against any possibility of a Spanish mine having been employed. It follows that the United States made war on Spain without just cause. The war originated in a terrible mistake which arose from a pure accident."

You mention in the second paragraph of your letter that these statements (which I reproduced in my article in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW) are "absolutely wrong, and absolutely unfair to myself and to the United States."

While unreservedly accepting from so distinguished an authority the denial of their accuracy, it seems at least remarkable that it is only now, nearly two years after the original statements were made, that you should, upon their reproduction, take exception to them.

For your information I may say that the references used by me in my article were paraphrased from a telegram which appeared in a great many of the British daily newspapers of the 7th of July, 1911, and I have the cutting from one of these journals (the *Daily Mail*) from which, as stated, the quotation employed by me is drawn.

You will perceive that, in giving publicity, in my article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, to the statements which you now object to, I have, to use your own expression, "promulgated" no new theory, nor have I attributed to you the employment of a single word which had not already been published in journals of world-wide circulation; the telegram having appeared in the British Press, it is hardly to be supposed that its purport remained unknown in the United States.

I can add nothing to what I have already said with regard to the soundness of the authority upon which I based my statements; but I am sending a copy of this correspondence to the Editor of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, who will exercise his discretion in referring to the matter in some future issue of that publication. As a mere contributor, you will, of course, appreciate that I possess no power to insert any explanatory statement upon my own authority.

Believe me to be, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

PERCY F. MARTIN.

*** * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return an manuscripts ; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.*

It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.

The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. DLVI. NEW SERIES, APRIL 1, 1913.

IS OUR CIVILISATION DYING?

THE present military crisis in Europe involves certain considerations of more permanent interest even than the perilous international rivalry with which it is immediately concerned. It brings us into contact not only with the question of European hegemony, but with the whole future of civilisation and the Western races. France is about to impose upon herself a burden which none of the greater nations has yet assumed. She is preparing to drill and arm almost her entire male population of the fighting age; she will require that every one of her young citizens, with a very few exceptions, shall devote the three best years of his life to the sole and undivided occupation of learning the business of a soldier. Only in the Balkan States, and perhaps only in Bulgaria among them, has a similar sacrifice been exacted from the manhood of the country. Elsewhere universal military service is theoretically enforced; but in practice it has been far from universal. Neither Germany, Russia, Austria, nor Italy applies the principle with the same thoroughness. They do not attempt to train all or nearly all their young men in the ranks of the active army; a large proportion escape altogether, many others discharge their legal obligation by passing at once into the reserves or territorial forces. In Germany only one young man out of four has been actually submitted to the full two years' discipline of the embodied regiments. Even under the new system much less than half the contingent will be called up, and that will suffice to give Germany in peace time a standing army 900,000 strong. France, in order to obtain 750,000, is obliged to press into the ranks every young man not physically unfit to bear arms. The only exemption of importance is that allowed to the sons of large families, of families where there are five or six children. This exemption is significant. It illustrates the real difficulty which besets French statesmen, the root cause of the danger which France is bracing herself to meet with a patriotic

VOL. XCIII. N.S.

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clan worthy of her gallant and chivalrous past. For the peril from beyond the frontier would be less menacing if there were not another peril more insidious at home. It is not the full German regiments but the empty French cradles which will compel 94 per cent. of the young men of France to turn themselves into soldiers.

A hundred and fifteen years ago an English clergyman startled the world with one of the most famous books ever written. Malthus's *Essay on Population* was a solemn warning that civilisation was in danger of dying because too many children were born. The population, he suggested, would increase so fast under the improved conditions of modern order and progress that mankind would eventually be annihilated in a squalid and savage struggle for sheer existence. Just now scarcely a month goes by without some influential person, preacher, scientist, medical expert, or statesman, giving us an admonition which is the reverse of that of Malthus. Mankind, and particularly civilised mankind, they tell us, is in the greatest danger, not because there are too many children but because there are too few. The birth-rate is falling in the more highly civilised countries, and within those countries themselves the fall is heaviest among the most educated and comfortable classes. The International Congress on Eugenics, held last year in London, was brought together mainly to consider what this process means and how it can be averted.

As to the decline of the birth-rate there can be no question. It has been put forward as a "law" that the rate of increase falls with the advance of civilisation. It may not be a law, but it seems to be the fact. The complex, highly organised, materially prosperous, and intellectually developed communities increase more slowly than those which are simpler and more primitive. The further we get away from barbarism and want, the lower is the birth-rate. France, with a longer record of stable, highly finished culture than any other European country, has a birth-rate the lowest of all—a birth-rate so low that there are now barely enough persons born to compensate for those who die. But France is only some rungs further down the ladder than the other great civilised nations, for they, too, are descending, though by slower steps. There is a tendency to retardation of the birth-rate in all the progressive and prosperous countries. It is extremely well marked in the Australasian States, where the general standard of material well-being is probably higher than anywhere else in the world. Amid the virile, comfortable, four-meals-a-day population of New South Wales, Victoria, and New Zealand, the rate has diminished by nearly half during the past thirty years. In the United States the increase of population

(exclusive of immigration), which was over 35 per cent. per decade in the middle of the last century, has now dropped to a little more than 20 per cent. In the United Kingdom the process is almost equally striking. In the ten years, 1861-1871, the increase by birth was 37·56 per cent. In the following decade it had risen to 37·89 per cent. In 1881-1891 it had fallen to 31·57 per cent., and the last report of the census of England and Wales shows that it had dropped further and descended to 28·56 per cent. The death-rate during the same half-century had fallen from an average of nearly 24 to 16·13, and it is owing to this diminution that the excess of births over deaths shows only a comparatively slight fall. But, as the Registrar-General points out in issuing the figures, "though the rate has been maintained during the last decennium as a result of the remarkable decline in mortality through the period, it must be pointed out that there is no present likelihood of prolonged continuance of this experience, since there is as yet no indication of any check in the decline of the birth-rate, while it is obvious that the death-rate cannot continue to decline indefinitely." In point of fact, over a large part of the United Kingdom the birth-rate is very little higher than that of France, although, owing to superior sanitation and hygienic laws, the death-rate remains at a much lower level. This is still more the case in the Australian Colonies, where, in spite of the low birth-rate, the annual excess of births over deaths is proportionately larger than that of almost any other country because of the low death-rate, which in New South Wales is less than half that of France or Germany, and less than a third that of Russia.

Two interesting questions arise in connection with these facts and figures. The first, which is of extreme moment to France just now, is that of the relative decline in the population of the great nations. If most of them give indications of the same tendency at work they are not all affected to the same extent. In Russia, though the birth-rate is falling, it still remains much higher than that of any of the Western countries, and the subjects of the Tzar continue to increase by millions every year. In Germany, with a moderately high death-rate, there is still a high birth-rate, and the annual increase remains very large. During the last few years the process has been checked, and the stagnant condition of the population in the great cities and chief industrial districts has caused considerable anxiety to German statesmen, so that the Prussian Government has appointed a commission to inquire into the whole subject, and to consider whether any remedies can be applied to check the decline. Nevertheless, in "the competition of the cradle," Germany still does very well in comparison with its western neighbour. At the time of the

Franco-German War, the population of France was very nearly equal to that of Germany, that of the former being a little over, that of the latter a little under, forty millions. During the intervening forty-two years, France has added nothing to her numbers, while Germany has put on some eight and twenty millions, so that she is now much more than half as large again as her old rival. Austria, too, Germany's ally and adjunct, has also made great advances; with the general result that France, which at the time of the Napoleonic wars and for a whole century before that, was the most populous country in Europe, except Russia, now only stands fifth on the list, having been surpassed not merely by the Muscovite millions, but by Germany, Austria, and the United Kingdom, and being now not far ahead of Italy.

It may be said, of course, that mere size and numbers are not everything. One may be quite willing to believe that forty millions of Frenchmen are of as much value to the world as four hundred millions of Chinese or a hundred and sixty million Russians, mostly pauperised peasants. For many purposes perhaps they are. Unfortunately, there is one sphere of human activity in which numbers do count. In the conflicts of nations, whether they are fought out on the military, on the diplomatic, or even the industrial battlefield, man-power is an element of prime importance. As warlike appliances tend to be standardised, and as military science and discipline are no monopoly of any one country, there is a presumption that a State which can assemble a larger number of armed and drilled men than its rival is *ipso facto* more likely to obtain success in a contest. The individual Frenchman is, no doubt, as good a man as the individual German, he may even be better; but there is no particular reason to suppose that two French soldiers, armed with the best modern weapons and trained under the best modern canons of the military art, would be equal to four Germans or Austrians similarly equipped and instructed, or even to four Russians or Chinamen. And it does nothing to abate the anxiety of French statesmen to know that fifty years or a hundred years hence their rivals and neighbours will also become stagnant. All the nations may tend to slow down, but the process goes on more rapidly with some than with others. If the whole manhood of Germany were arrayed against that of France, the armies of the Republic would be completely outnumbered, and for a good many years to come, at any rate, the disproportion is likely to grow. Naturally, this makes the French nervous. Last year M. Millerand, the French War Minister, openly admitted in the Chamber of Deputies the weakness of France in this respect, and suggested that it might be necessary to remedy it by an extensive enlistment of negro

soldiers in the African territories of the Republic. Half a million black Sepoys could be recruited for the armies of France by this means; but it is not exactly a sign of strength for a civilised nation to depend for its existence on mercenary troops levied from a semi-barbarous population. The Germans themselves are alive to the danger, and their opposition to the French acquisition of Morocco was largely based on this consideration. They were not anxious to provide France with another great recruiting-ground from which she could draw warlike reinforcements for her own stationary territorial armies.

But there is another point of equal importance. Most of the people who write about eugenics and kindred topics are less alarmed by the relative decline of certain countries than by the alleged shifting of the balance within these countries themselves. They contend that in England and elsewhere—perhaps to a greater extent in England than anywhere else—the better elements of the population are almost stationary, while the less responsible and degenerate classes are increasing fast. This is the foundation of a good deal of talk about “race suicide,” which is very common in England and America at present. It is urged that the registration figures, taken as a whole, do not really give a true impression of the magnitude of the evil, for they fail to distinguish with sufficient accuracy between the birth-rates of the different classes. It is known, however, that the rate is falling much faster among the educated and propertied minority than among the masses of unskilled labourers. In some of the agricultural counties of England, and in the slum areas of eastern London and the great manufacturing cities, large families and early marriages still remain the rule; whereas in the favoured residential areas, and among the professional and well-to-do classes, the conditions are the reverse. So we have people pointing out that, year by year, the degenerates and the irresponsibles are gaining ground at the expense of those who are mentally, physically, and biologically “fit.”

✓ This induces them to draw pessimistic conclusions as to the future. We are in the presence, they tell us, of the survival of the unfittest. The law of natural selection, which weeded out the weakly, the unsound, and the feeble-minded, is in abeyance, and modern protective legislation, assisted by modern philanthropy, not only allows the unfit persons to increase and multiply, but also interferes with the stern decree of Nature that would doom a large proportion to speedy extinction. We are presented with appalling tables of statistics to show that, while the most capable and vigorous families barely maintain themselves, these feeble-minded and degenerate persons go on throwing out strains which

ramify far and wide among the general population. There is an exhilarating catalogue compiled by American sociologists which professes to demonstrate that the union of a young New Jersey soldier at the time of the Revolution War with a feeble-minded girl resulted in 384 descendants, nearly all of whom have been feeble-minded, degenerate, criminals, insane, or confirmed drunkards. We are invited to believe that if this process is allowed to continue, the comparatively small number of the "biologically fit" persons will, in due course, be completely swamped by the other sort, and our civilisation will be in great danger of destruction from the internal disorders so produced. Professor Schiller, of Oxford, put the case plainly at the Eugenics Conference in these words:—"Evidence is accumulating and is already convincing the far-sighted that the present ordering of all civilised societies and particularly of our own is promoting the improvement of the human race to its degeneration, and that at a very rapid rate."

Arguing from such premises, some Eugenists are asking for drastic measures to check the process they deplore. But, as Mr. Balfour pointed out in his inaugural address at the Congress, they have not yet succeeded in convincing the great body of observers that their theories are quite so impregnable as they seem to imagine. It is by no means certain that the child of the unskilled labourer is much inferior at birth to the offspring of a university professor or a bank-director. We do not know that the innate physical and intellectual qualities of the newly-born infant bear any relation to the social standing of his parents. The baby of the gutter and the baby of the palace might grow up very much in the same way if they were supervised and educated in the same fashion from infancy upwards. Indeed, one of the American speakers at the Congress maintained that nine children out of ten in any stratum of society must be considered "well-born," and this hypothesis is probably as justifiable as the other. In India eugenics have been remorselessly practised for thousands of years; but it would be very difficult to prove that the mental and physical qualities of any individual member of a caste correspond at all closely to his hereditary, social, and economic status. Brahmans and other high-bred Hindus generally assume that the low-caste people are degraded specimens of humanity; and considering the lives of drudgery and poverty to which they are condemned, it would not be surprising if they were. But Englishmen in India who use their eyes know very well that the sweepers and other members of the outcast tribes, in spite of the misery and hardship of their environment, are often the equals of their social "betters" in physical development,

as well as in intelligence and character, and not seldom their superiors.

The same consideration has been suggested by Mr. Balfour in some very interesting observations which he has devoted to the subject.¹ He throws some doubt upon the gloomy predictions of those who are inclined to dwell too insistently on the tendency towards race deterioration.

"Some of their speculations," he says, "although I do not pretend to have an answer to the arguments they advance, leave me somewhat doubtful because I cannot see that experience supports them. For example, we are told, and I am afraid we are told truly, that the birth-rate is rapidly diminishing in the best class of the artisan population and in the middle-class, and, indeed, in all classes except the least fortunate class, and they deduce from that the uncomfortable conclusion that the population of the future will be entirely drawn from those whom they plausibly describe as the least efficient members of the community. I have no answer to that, but I have a question to put about it. If we really can divide the community in the way they divide it, I am unable to understand how we failed to have a segregation of efficiency in the past between those who are better off and those who are worse off. In other words, it seems to me there must be a cause in operation, on their theory, which would divide the efficient from the inefficient—I mean some have had gifts which made them prosperous, and they have married the daughters of those who had gifts which made them also prosperous, and, according to the theory of those to whom I have referred, they ought to have more efficient children. That has been going on for centuries. You see in history the abler men making a success of life and rising in the social scale, and you see those who follow sink in the social scale. This interchange has been going on, and we should, on this theory, expect to see those who are better equipped with everything which makes for efficiency at one end of the scale, and the least efficiently equipped at the other end, divided not merely by the accident of fortune, not merely by one man having better opportunities for education than another, but divided by an actual difference of physiological efficiency. But I do not see any trace of that in fact. I do not see that that is going on."

The truth is, the biologists are not as yet in agreement as to the very foundations of the evolution doctrine when applied to hereditary qualities. Eugenics is still attempting to deal with this disagreement, which must be reconciled or disposed of before their study can be said to rest upon a real scientific basis. So far we are in the purely tentative stage, and we are feeling our way in a mist of uncertainty towards an explanation of the physiological and biological factors which cause the decline of nations.

If science can still only shed a flickering and uncertain light upon this subject, history might perhaps lead us to some more definite conclusions. Whatever may be going to happen in the

(1) See *Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker*, page 211, *seq.*, and the Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture delivered at Newnham College, January, 1908.

future, it ought to be possible by systematic research and careful analysis to gain some clear indication as to what has happened in the past. But it cannot be said that the attempts made in this direction have been so far particularly fruitful. Why is it that civilisations which have risen to a certain level of security and progress are suddenly arrested or else suffer under the effects of gradual weakness and decay, until at length they sink back into complete stagnation or are overwhelmed by barbarism? Why are some epochs decadent, and why do some civilisations become decrepit or moribund? Do races, like individuals, grow old and exhibit the phenomena of senescence, and why should they do so?

These are questions to which so far no complete answers have been given, and those which have come under one's notice are very far indeed from furnishing a satisfactory explanation of the facts. Most of those who have turned their attention to them seem content with broad generalisations based upon a somewhat superficial examination of such evidence as may be available. I turn, for example, to the latest work on the subject issued by Dr. A. J. Hubbard with a distinctly inviting title.¹ I opened the book with all the more eagerness, since I had already read an admirable work by the same author on ancient dewponds and cattle-ways; but I am bound to say that my expectations were not entirely fulfilled. Dr. Hubbard is an accomplished student of history and antiquities, and what he writes cannot fail to be interesting. But he handles the large subject of racial and national decline with far less caution than he bestows on the vestiges of the neolithic age. A good deal of his essay is concerned with large assumptions as to these developments in the future which may be expected as the result of social and political tendencies assumed to be prevailing at present. This scientific and sociological clairvoyance is a kind of parlour game for literary persons which is more amusing than profitable, whether it is performed with the brilliant lucidity of Mr. H. G. Wells or adumbrated by that marvellous dialect which Mr. Benjamin Kidd regards as the language of philosophy. As to the past, Dr. Hubbard tells us that the great civilisations have in turn decayed because the force that previously made for growth was over-matched by that which made for dissolution. This does not help us very much; but the writer goes on to insist: "that the phenomena which attend this change are invariable, although they appear under the most dissimilar circumstances and in ages widely removed from one another."

(1) *The Fate of Empires: being an Inquiry into the Stability of Civilisation.* By A. J. Hubbard, M.D. (Longmans, Green and Co., 1913.)

What, then, are these constants which give us the key to the history of humanity? Dr. Hubbard finds them in two circumstances: first, the arrest of the reproductive instinct among the higher stocks; and secondly, the increase of State-Socialism. In the earlier stages of development, pure instinct prevails and works in with the evolutionary process by adding to the numbers of the race and promoting its physical improvement through ruthless competition and the destruction of the unfit. Then, as civilisation grows, reason asserts its sway, and the growth of population and the prevalence of competition are alike checked by voluntary action and deliberate design. Reason suggested that it was better for the individual to live comfortably than to be engaged in endless struggle for the preservation or even the elevation of the race. Socialism and the decline of the birth-rate are attempts to escape the stress of competition, since under the strictly individualistic system there is competition for wealth and comfort, and with a rapidly rising birth-rate there is competition, at any rate, among the great mass of the people for bare existence and a modicum of comfort. Thus, in an old and cultured community, where instinct is kept down and pure selfish reasoning asserts its sway, the tendency is to promote the socialistic or communal organisation of industry, by which it is hoped that life can be enjoyed without being turned into a prolonged conflict. The conflict, of course, is most severely felt by parents with large families, so that it becomes fashionable, or seems desirable, to have a small family, or perhaps none at all. We are asked to notice that in a state of society where religious sanctions are losing their force, where the primitive instincts have declined, and where material prosperity is the universal ideal, a growing reluctance manifests itself towards the ties of parentage and even marriage. This tendency will be most noticeable among the educated and prosperous classes, so that the increase will be chiefly among the poorest and least capable elements of the population; and the more intellectual and energetic stocks, from which the leaders in politics, history, artistic achievement, and industrial enterprise have been drawn, gradually diminish and die out. The nation, deprived of those constituents which have been instrumental in securing its progress, loses its capacity and power, and either falls into disorganisation, or is overcome by external foes who retain more robustness and vitality.

This is all very interesting, and more or less plausible, though not particularly new. Very much the same thing has been said by various writers, among others by Dr. Flinders Petrie, in a gloomy little essay which he published a few years ago.¹ But

(1) *Janus in Modern Life*. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. London, 1907.

one would like to know how far the historic evidence, if closely examined and tabulated by scholars who know as much about history as Dr. Hubbard does of architecture, or Dr. Petrie of Egyptology, would support these large and pessimistic inferences. Both writers rest their assumption very largely on the case of the Roman Empire, that fertile subject for many sermons. They tell us, as so many other moralists have been telling us for the last two hundred years or so, that the most splendid and highly organised empire the world has ever known fell through its own internal weakness, this weakness being due to the growth of luxury, the decline of public and private morality, the ruin of agriculture, the demoralisation of the proletariat by public doles, and the canker of slavery. All these things were the efficient cause of Dr. Hubbard's two constant factors in the decay of nations, namely, Socialism and depopulation. Everybody in the Roman world wanted to be comfortable, nobody was interested in the future of the race; consequently the wealthy classes became corrupt and dissolute, marriage was almost unfashionable, and one eminent living scholar has even given his authority to the statement that "the large majority of men never married at all!" The whole tendency of sentiment and thought was what Dr. Hubbard calls "geocentric," looking to the pleasant fruits of this bounteous earth, instead of being "cosmocentric," that is to say, concerned with infinity and the remote future.

As to Socialism, it is pointed out that the system of control and regulation went on growing in strength with the growth of the Empire. In the third century all trades were organised into corporations or unions recognised by the Government, instead of being only private societies as they had been before. All employees and craftsmen were bound to enter these combinations, and competition between traders was virtually eliminated. The State, by the abolition of free labour, granted a monopoly to the union, but it exacted considerable sacrifices and burdens in return. It required that a certain amount of work should be done either gratis or below cost price for the benefit of the poor. By A.D. 270 Aurelian had made unionism compulsory for life, so as to prevent the able men from withdrawing to better themselves by individual work. In the fourth century every member and all his sons and all his property belonged inalienably to the trade union, and the efforts of some men to emancipate themselves from the bondage were counteracted by enacting that any person who married the daughter of a unionist must enter his father-in-law's business. "So the Empire was an immense gaol where all worked, not according to taste, but by force." Yet we are told that the Roman understood the science of living better than we under-

stand it; that he knew better than ourselves how to make the most of all the pleasures under the sun, from the noblest art to the vilest indulgences. This is Dr. Hubbard's summary of the matter. "History, showing us a population among whom the non-competitive system was maintained by any and every contrivance, reveals a leisured people, and corroborates the testimony of numberless ruins of baths and amphitheatres. Ease, it is true, was purchased by the loss of liberty, and it was found that the hand of the State was laid ever more and more heavily upon every man. But no mundane consideration—not the loss of liberty itself—could bring men back to a life of competition. The footsteps all lead one way; there is no sign of returning to the hard conditions of rivalry. . . . Ease was obtained for every class. Neither before nor since has pure reason been so greatly in the ascendant; never has the kingdom of this world been so splendid."

The moral, of course, is obvious, if rather trite. It was, indeed, being drawn in the Roman world itself by angry rhetoricians, sensational journalists, and bitter epigrammatists—Tacitus, Juvenal, Suetonius, Persius, and others—who insisted that no good would come of free-living and free-thinking. They, too, looked into the future, and said that Rome would collapse; which it did eventually, though not till after several centuries of prosperity, power, and exceeding welfare for a large part of the human race. However, the Roman Empire broke up at last, and Roman civilisation was submerged by barbarism; and the result is commonly ascribed to the steady decline of the antique virtues, with the profound demoralisation and corruption produced by the loss of liberty, the love of material comfort, and the decline of the best national stocks under the influences mentioned. "The splendour that was Rome" was bound to pass, so Dr. Hubbard thinks, because it was based on "geocentric" principles, and its ideals were fastened upon the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof.

Whereas the "cosmocentric" civilisation abides. For a proof Dr. Hubbard refers us to China. Chinese society is the most shining example of cosmocentricity. There is intolerable social degradation, with a racial persistence that can withstand all the shocks of fate and history. "So immense is the power of their unrestricted birth-rate that war, plague, pestilence, and famine cannot prevail against it. Obedience to supra-rational considerations is successful in the preservation of racial life and the permanence of civilisation. It has conferred perpetuity upon the Chinese race and civilisation—a civilisation that has persisted so long and whose origin is so remote that no chronicle runs to the

contrary. It confers upon them to-day a population of from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000." True, the condition of the vast majority of that population is described as appalling, ravaged by hunger, scarcity, the want of all the elementary comforts of life; they are ill-clothed, shockingly housed, the prey of horrible diseases. "The use of milk is unknown, and so the babe that cannot be suckled is doomed"; the mortality of children under twelve months old amounts to 80 per cent. of the number born in some of the provinces, and "perhaps one female in ten is deliberately done away with at birth." The average of adult life is about fifteen years shorter than in Europe, owing to the prevalence of plague, dysentery, malaria, and other maladies, and a general neglect of sanitation and hygiene. "Every piece of injustice and maladministration is rife." The State is impotent; the Chinese are incapable of scientific research, and commonly fail in large industrial undertakings. "China is filled by a population that is brutalised by overcrowding and rendered desperate by the struggle for food." I do not know whether this is a correct description of Chinese conditions; but it is that of Dr. Hubbard, who apparently has some personal acquaintance with the Far East. Gloomy as his picture is, he is full of admiration for the Chinese "conception of cosmocentric duty." For, in spite of its narrowness and "the social death in life" it involves, it at least avoids the fatal error which destroyed Rome, the error of allowing Reason to prevail. "Reason is deadly to the race." Those peoples who are neither reasonable nor geocentric persist through the ages, while the great civilisations rise and fall, and the great Empires fade away and die. So the Chinese, with their famines and plagues and their incurable poverty, do not perish; nor, it may be added, does the rabbit or the codfish.

It is an interesting comparison, this of Rome and China, which Dr. Hubbard has drawn, and we have to thank him for the suggestion, though we may not be quite clear as to his conclusions, or as to the nature of that supra-rational religious motive whereby we are to find both racial and social salvation. The theme of the decay of civilisations, indeed, is too large to be treated in the slight and superficial fashion with which it is so often approached. One deprecates particularly the free-and-easy handling of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and the sermons so often preached at us by hasty commentators on doubtful texts. It may be true that ancient Rome presented a close parallel to modern Europe; but one would like better evidence than the *lex Julia* and verses from irritated satirists and the stories of gossiping biographers spread over a long period of time. To quote Tacitus and Juvenal in illustration of Roman

decay under Marcus Antoninus or Julian is no more justifiable than it would be to adduce Pope's *Essay on Women* as a testimony to the shocking corruption of English society in the reign of Queen Victoria. When people talk of the wickedness and weakness of Imperial Rome, they are probably thinking of the Rome of Caligula and Nero; they forget that this same decadent Empire continued to exist and flourish more than three centuries longer, and nobody for centuries afterwards really believed that it was dead even then. If Great Britain should be crushed by a German invasion we should probably not attribute any substantial responsibility for that calamity to the matrimonial adventures of Henry VIII. or the licentiousness of King Charles the Second.

Did the Roman Empire, in fact, decay through internal corruption or social disorganisation or the rise of rationalism and the failure of the domestic virtues? What were the real facts as to the alleged depopulation, and what the real causes? The subject has been admirably discussed by Seeck in his chapter on "Die Entvölkerung des Reiches" in his *Geschichte des Untergangs der Antiken Welt*; and what he has to say about *die Ausrottung der Besten*—the extirpation of the finer human stocks—should be of particular interest to our eugenic students. But Seeck's examination of the subject still leaves it full of unsolved problems; and when he tells us that half the population of the Roman Empire was destroyed by the plague one may suggest that perhaps physiological causes had as much to do with the decline of Rome as psychological or ethical. Nor is there any quite easy explanation of the long survival of the Græco-Roman polity and culture in the East after the collapse in the West. The decline and fall of Rome calls for a new Gibbon, a Gibbon equipped with all the apparatus of modern science as well as modern scholarship; and when his work was done it would doubtless supply us with some valuable hints upon the probabilities of "racial decay" and the *Ausrottung der Besten* in our present world. Meanwhile one may deprecate insecure parallels and hasty assumptions, as when we are gloomily warned that our fate will be the fate of Rome—not such a bad fate, after all—if we read sex novels, amend the divorce laws, ignore the Thirty-nine Articles, increase the income tax, or encourage the trade unions. It is a pity that most of our real historians are so busy with their "special subjects" that they find small time to deal with the long results and larger tendencies of the historic and political process. These surveys are left too freely to the moralists: whose morals are often better than their history.

SIDNEY LOW.

THE MILITARY CONSPIRACY.

"England can never become a Continental Power and in the attempt must be ruined: let her maintain the Empire of the seas and she may send her Ambassadors to the Courts of Europe and demand what she pleases."—Napoleon, when a prisoner at St. Helena.

"We have had it laid down by the Prime Minister (Mr. Balfour) on behalf of the Government, that the principal duty of the British Army is to fight the battles of this country 'across the sea.' For this country 'across the sea' can only mean those parts of the world where we have frontiers to defend. The problem is to supply an Army to fight on our frontiers in event of war."—Secretary of State for War (Unionist), House of Commons, March 28, 1905.

"I have always said that while we have a fleet in being they would not dare to make an attempt" (at invasion).—Lord Torrington, First Lord of the Admiralty in 1727; whose opinion was shared by Nelson, Collingwood and all the great sailors of the Napoleonic period.

"Sailors, I believe, have been unwavering in their opinion. I am not aware of any considerable naval authority who has ever held that serious overseas invasion is a thing of which we need be greatly afraid."—Mr. A. J. Balfour, May 11, 1905.

"It would, in our opinion, be far more in consonance with the requirements of the nation, by the provision of an adequate Fleet to render invasion an impossibility, than to enter into costly arrangements to meet an enemy on our shores (instead of destroying his 'Armadas' off our shores), for under the conditions in which it would be possible for a great Power successfully to invade England, nothing could avail her, as the command of the sea once being lost, it would not require the landing of a single man upon her shores to bring her to an ignominious capitulation, for by her Navy she must stand or fall."—Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Richards, Admiral Sir R. Vesey Hamilton (afterwards First Sea Lord of the Admiralty), and Admiral Sir William Dowell, in the "Report of the Three Admirals," 1888.

THE generals, dissatisfied with the 1,300,000 Regular and Auxiliary troops within the Empire, are urging us to fling away all the advantages of our insular position, which every development of naval science—torpedo-boat destroyers, submarines, and wireless telegraphy—has tended to exaggerate. They desire us, on the one hand, to become a Continental Power, vieing with the great conscript armies, and to thrust aside the considered opinions of Napoleon and of every British statesman, and, on the other, to act contrary to the convictions of every sailor of experience and knowledge, and to provide against an enemy's invasion of these shores in force by the creation of a vast home defence army.

This is not a question merely of the size of the Regular Army, or of the adoption of compulsory service for home defence. The

conspirators, who are soldiers—*c'est tout*, with an exaggerated idea of the civic and other virtues soldiers acquire from military drill and an ambition to lead vast armies—as they did, in fact, in the war in South Africa—are really monocular beings. They cannot realise that the issues arising from their monomania are of the most convulsive character.

If the revolting generals—with a host of colonels, majors, and captains, on the active and retired lists, are to have their way, after they have frightened the nation by a complete misrepresentation of the essential and fundamental facts, the ultimate and far-reaching results of the military revolution are as inevitable as the rising of the sun in the morning. In short, the success of the military conspiracy, to which attention was called in the February issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, would mean death to the Imperial spirit which is already binding the Dominions to the mother country, would result in a complete change in our traditional foreign policy, would increase the competition in naval armaments, and thereby either our weakness in the first line or our naval expenditure, and would cause a disturbance of the foundations of our national existence.

It may be well to recall in summary the character of the former article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* :—

“First, it was asserted that the new military movement is viewed by many of the most highly placed officers at the War Office with approval, while by others it is almost openly encouraged.

“Secondly, it was recalled that while General Sir John French, the Chief of the General Staff, and other officers are deploring the fact that to-day there are only 260,000 officers and men in the Territorial Army, the War Office held in 1905 that ‘the mobilisation arrangements’ required only 200,000, and 50,000 officers and men were to be dismissed. Consequently, we have to-day in this citizen force—admittedly twice as efficient for war as the Volunteers were, and with the complete organisation of a field army—60,000 men more than the military authorities thought necessary in 1905, and yet the Territorial Army is denounced as ‘a sham’ and ‘a failure.’

“Thirdly, it was shown that the Unionist Secretary for War, on the eve of the demise of the Balfour administration; laid the foundations of ‘progressive economies’ in the Regular Army as ‘the problem was to supply an Army to fight on our frontiers’ and not on the frontiers of other nations. To-day we have an Army confessedly better trained and organised, and yet it is claimed that we have ‘no Army.’”

The present conspiracy is nothing more or less than an attempt on the part of many hundreds of military officers, leading a large body of ill-informed civilians, to impose upon England a large standing army and an aggressive foreign policy. They are not so lacking in diplomacy in dealing with the British public as openly to confess the goal which they have in view. It is intended to proceed by slow steps, confident that as soon as the thin end of the wedge has been inserted public opinion can be manœuvred by means of a succession of panics until the end in view is completely attained. The first step to be taken is, naturally, to convince the nation that the carrying of a rifle means a higher status of manhood and a higher conception of citizenship, and no reference, therefore, will be made to the conscripts of Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Greece, or Russia.¹ Then an effort will be made to prove that the country is in danger of invasion; and thirdly, a campaign will be carried on for the provision of a military force to preserve the balance of power in Europe.

It is calculated that if Parliament can be cajoled into legislating in favour of universal military training (a few weeks will do as a start), for youths—or even boys as a beginning—the British people may gradually be led to believe that these Isles are defended mainly by bayonets, and not by ships. This is the first object. No soldier can honestly believe that the country will be any safer than it is to-day as the result of a number of young men being trained for a few months with rifles, and, as a matter of fact, after a long inquiry, the General Staff told Lord Haldane so before he left the War Office—said, indeed, that there was nothing between voluntary service and two years' compulsory service. These officers rejected Lord Roberts's plan as useless. But every soldier who has studied the problem realises that if the possibility of invasion by a large number of foreign troops can be set up as a target, and if the nation can be led to believe that citizen soldiers with a short training, admittedly inferior to conscript soldiers, stand between it and invasion, then it will be a comparatively easy matter to put on the screw afterwards until at last every young man, who is physically fit, is forced to devote two years, or even three years, to military service.

When this stage has been reached the soldier-publicist will be in a position to point out to the nation the disproportion between the home defence force and the strength of the Regular Army for oversea work. He will convict the nation of having provided a reservoir—the home defence force—which is altogether out of

(1) Nothing was said of the high moral value of the rifle in 1905, or in earlier years, when citizens were discouraged by the War Office from carrying arms and drilling.

proportion to the vessel—the Expeditionary Force—which it will fill in time of war. Upon that will follow a campaign for a very much larger Regular Army than we possess to-day, and the country will be committed not only to a military policy directly opposed to the traditional conception of British defence—which is naval—but it will also be committed to a foreign policy diametrically opposed to the principles held by every British Foreign Minister in modern times.

But it may be said—it is being said to-day up and down the country by thousands of military officers and others—that this country must be prepared to support France in a war against Germany. It is advisable always in discussing such matters to state facts openly and honestly. Those who preach this doctrine must explain how it happens that this necessity exists to-day, whereas it is admitted that it did not exist when the Unionists went out of office after devoting years to an exhaustive study of the defensive needs of the British people, and to the development of a sane, pacificatory foreign policy. Mr. Balfour then asserted, not once but repeatedly, and not as his personal view but as the view of the whole Government, that the principal duty of the British Army was to fight the battles of this country “across the sea,” and the Secretary for War, in full knowledge of the Government policy, asserted that “for this country ‘across the sea’ can only mean those parts of the world where we have frontiers to defend.” The problem, he declared, is to supply an army to fight on our frontiers in the event of war. Now we are told by a large number of armchair military politicians that the problem is to supply an army to fight on the frontiers of France. It is asserted that we are morally bound to take this burden on our shoulders because France is too weak to stand alone, and therefore we must remodel our military policy and provide a vast army which can turn the scales in favour of the Republic. It is urged that France looks to us to take this burden upon our shoulders. It is not usual for Englishmen to have their policy dictated by other people, and, in any case, when the opinions of French papers are quoted in support of Lord Roberts’s campaign, Englishmen would do well to be assured that those opinions were not manufactured in London and transferred across the Channel with a view to retransportation.

The most conclusive exposure of the new doctrine of British military policy lies in the fact that France is in no greater danger to-day than she was when Mr. Balfour went out of office, and that the Ministers who were responsible for the *Entente* never entertained any idea of taking upon themselves any such responsibility. The position of the United Kingdom and the position of

the British Empire in relation to this new doctrine has been admirably stated—not by a Little Englander, but by no less an authority than the military correspondent of *The Times*, Colonel Charles a'Court Repington, and no apology is needed for giving an extended publicity to a statement so admirably phrased :—

“ But we are pre-eminently a maritime Power, and the main asset which we bring to our friends and allies is the assurance of preponderance at sea, an advantage often under-estimated by foreign soldiers, but nevertheless very great. Leaving India and the Dominions aside, we spend much more annually on defence than France and as much as Germany, and thanks to these sacrifices we provide an asset which no other single Power can supply.

“ Placed at the disposal of France, for example, our Navy enables French coast defence to be virtually disregarded, neutralises Italy, especially since she has given hostages to fortune by her conquests in North Africa; allows France to utilise elsewhere her very efficient Army of the Alps; and permits the passage home of French troops from Africa and the French colonies.

“ This means an addition of half a million men to the French Army in the decisive theatre, and no one can regard such an addition as militarily negligible. Without the aid of our Navy the French Navy would in all human probability be crushed by the navies of the Triple Alliance, and all the conditions of the defence of France would be changed.

“ It is not necessary to enter into similar details in the case of Russia, for that Power has recently lost a campaign for want of superiority at sea, and is not likely now to under-estimate this advantage.

“ To ask us, in addition to our great outlay upon our Navy, to create an Army to make good the whole difference, which must continue to increase, between the French and German Armies, is to ask us to fulfil an obligation which properly devolves upon France's military ally, Russia.

“ Russia is a little under a cloud because of her failure in Manchuria, but she is the most formidable land Power in the world. She has as large a population as the States of the Triple Alliance, incorporates annually twice as large a contingent as Germany, and has more men normally under arms in peace than Germany, Austria, and Italy combined.

“ Each of France's friends would surely do best to make certain of supremacy upon its own element. To expect Russia to prevail at sea or England on land is to invert the rôles which naturally fall to a land Power and a sea Power respectively.”¹

These are old principles applied with unerring accuracy to the conditions which now exist on the Continent. We did not enter into the *Entente* with France on any other basis than that of the world's greatest naval Power, a position which every Government has declared it to be the intention of the British nation to maintain. The value of our friendship was set down in the eyes

(1) The enormous military power of Russia—not the supposed military weakness of France—has caused the German Government to adopt new Army measures, costing immediately about £50,000,000, and involving a subsequent annual burden of £10,000,000. Germany, situated like a nut between the crackers, with Russia's colossal army on her eastern frontier, and France's large army on the west, feels her weakness, and hence the new and heroic legislation.

of the French people in naval terms, and it was so understood.

The British Regular Army exists specifically for the defence of British interests. It has no military function in these Isles, which are primarily defended by naval squadrons and flotillas, but it is kept distributed between the United Kingdom and India for strategical and economic reasons.

In the first place, it is admitted that we must maintain a considerable military force in India, in addition to the Native Army. Mr. Balfour was convinced when he was in office that under the present arrangements our position in the Eastern Empire is one of security. It is now urged that we have an uncovered liability in India, and that the position is one of peril. This was not true in 1905, and it is not true to-day. Since the Unionist Government went out of office, Russia has been bound to this country by ties of the closest friendships—perhaps too close—but, at any rate, Russia is no longer a bogey which can legitimately be used by retired military officers in the attempt to frighten the people of England into conscription. To-day India is more than adequately defended. According to the latest figures, the military forces, Regular and Irregular, which are available in the Indian Empire are as follows :—

British Regular Forces	75,884
Indian Regular Forces	162,000
British Volunteers	35,400
Indian Army Reserves	25,000
Imperial Service Troops	21,000
Local Corps	5,000
Military Police	28,500

Total 352,784

No case can be made out for a larger Regular Army on account of India, and no case can be made out for a larger Regular Army for use in Europe unless there existed between the British Government and the French Government a military understanding of which the country knows nothing. Whenever the strength of our Army is under discussion reference is made to the existence, actual or implied, of some such liability, and reference is made to rumoured co-operative action between the military staffs in London and in Paris.

Does this belief rest upon any solid foundation? There is the most complete assurance that it does not. Lord Crewe, speaking on behalf of the Government in the House of Lords in May of last year, made a statement upon this matter which is conclusive. Lord Midleton, an ex-Cabinet Minister, had already spoken, and Lord Crewe dealt specifically with his speech. He said :—

"Lord Midleton used the word 'alliance,' but it can only have been a slip, because he is aware that no such alliance with any great Power on the Continent of Europe exists. *We have no engagements of any kind involving military operations on our part*, and in view of the character of this discussion, and of the rather easy manner in which the possibility of moving bodies of troops on the Continent of Europe has been mentioned, it is desirable that the statement should be categorically made that *we have no entangling military alliances.*"

Since that declaration, the Prime Minister has made a complete statement in the House of Commons on the matter (March 10th, 1913), which must be accepted as final. It has thus been made clear, not only on this side of the Channel, but on the other side, that the foundations of British foreign policy are to-day what they have been in the past. On July 25th last Mr. Asquith declared that "our friendships are in no sense exclusive." "Behind our armaments," Mr. Asquith explained, "is no aggressive purpose, no desire to acquire fresh territory; we have neither the desire nor the temptation to expand in any way our responsibilities."

We never have been a Continental Power, and we have the warning of the greatest soldier that France ever produced that if we attempt to become one we shall be ruined. It is a piece of political madness that we should be urged to change our manner of life and our traditional policy, whether it be to protect France and Russia against the smaller armies of the Triple Alliance, or to save Germany from the military peril which she believes threatens her owing to the growing military power of her Eastern neighbour.

We must take long views of our political relations if we are not to be landed in some morass. As Mr. J. A. Spender has recalled in his admirable book, *The Foundations of British Policy* :—

"Ten years ago . . . British Statesmen prided themselves on their splendid isolation; at times they seemed to take a positive pleasure in the apparent hostility to us of foreign Governments and the foreign Press. 'They hate us because they fear us,' said Mr. Chamberlain; 'they envy that which they do not possess,' echoed Mr. Jesse Collings. During the Boer War it was a moot point whether Germany, France, Austria, or Russia was the more unfriendly.

"Between 1880 and 1890 the opposition of France to our position in Egypt threw us on the whole on the side of Germany. Lord Salisbury, when he came into office in 1886, 'recognised,' says Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice in his *Life of Lord Granville*, 'the necessity of an *entente* with Germany, and for many years to come the position of Great Britain in Egypt had to depend on the goodwill of the Triple Alliance, and of Germany in particular, which in that Alliance held the prerogative vote.'

"Between 1890 and 1900 we had seemed to oscillate violently between the two European groups. Our Statesmen had talked ominously of inevitable

wars with both France and Russia, and of fighting alliances with Germany; and, again, they had flown into a passion with Germany, and spoken of her as the author of all evil. Siam and the Fashoda incident had brought us to the verge of a rupture with France, the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger had mobilised a flying squadron of British ships as a hint to Germany, the Committee of Imperial Defence was absorbed in plans for the defence of India against a Russian invasion. The early months of 1900 were filled with rumours of a combined intervention of all the Powers in the Boer War. Never did our isolation seem so complete as at that moment.

"Then, in the characteristic British way, we slipped, absent-mindedly, into the very heart and centre of the European complication. Historians will no doubt discover great forces at work and long-laid plans coming to an issue in the transactions which followed; and nothing apparently will ever convince the Germans that hostility to them was not our guiding principle. That is, nevertheless, a complete misapprehension. The motive of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne in concluding the French *entente* was no more anti-German than that of their successors in continuing it. . . .

"When they concluded the Anglo-French *entente* in 1903 they were thinking, not of European diplomacy, but of British Colonial and oversea interests. All the world over we were entangled in controversies with France, which, though none of them were of first-class importance, yet in the aggregate made an uncomfortable and even a dangerous situation. We could make no solid progress in Egypt and the Soudan in face of French opposition; we were constantly bickering about Newfoundland fisheries, the open door in Madagascar, and boundaries in West Africa; we regarded each other with sullen suspiciousness in Morocco and Siam. The Boer War had exhausted our fighting energy; the prospect of settling these questions by a business-like compact, and restoring even and neighbourly relations with France came as an enormous relief to peaceably disposed people on both sides of the Channel."

It is salutary to recall these developments. We are not the heirs of the antagonisms of the war of 1870, and can have no object in encouraging Frenchmen to believe that we intend to co-operate with them in wiping out the memory of defeat. Our policy is one of friendship and peace with all and of war with none.

Then there remains the claim that some form of universal military service is necessary in order to protect this country against invasion. Before many months have passed we may hope to learn from Mr. Asquith the conclusions which have been reached by the Committee of Imperial Defence after the full and exhaustive inquiry which has now been instituted. On two previous occasions this matter has been investigated, and on the authority of the highest military and naval experts it has been declared that it is impossible in the face of its extensive defences for this country to be invaded upon a large scale, and that the only possibility is that small raids might be made upon the coast. To deal with small raids only a small defensive force is necessary.

The duties devolving upon the Regular Army and upon the

Territorial Army are of a limited and clearly defined character. The former is maintained for use across the sea on British frontiers; the latter is maintained as a third line of defence against an enemy attempting raids on these Isles. The first line is the sea-going squadrons, which will eventually consist of sixty-five battleships, with battle-cruisers, cruisers, and destroyers in adequate strength—being in the proportion of eight British squadrons to five German squadrons. These squadrons are not tied to our shores, but are now on our potential enemy's frontier; they are always free to take the offensive and to follow the enemy to any part of the world; they are freer to-day than ever before, because there exists a second line of naval defence. The second line consists of the flotillas of destroyers and submarines—about two hundred in number—which are under the orders of the Admiral of Patrols. This patrol of the coasts, an entirely new departure which was unknown during the long period of Anglo-French antagonism, gives the British people an assurance of security against surprise attack which our forefathers never had. The third line of defence consists of 260,000 officers and men of the Territorial Force.

It may be recalled in the light of the existence of these naval and military forces that when Mr. Balfour undertook an investigation of the invasion problem he reduced it to its proper proportions in a singularly lucid statement:—

"The question that we could put to our military advisers was a precise question, and it was this. 'Given that Great Britain was reduced to the position which I have described,¹ what is the smallest number of men with which, as a forlorn hope, if you please, some foreign country would endeavour to invade our shores?'

"Observe, I say, 'What is the smallest number of men?' That may seem a paradoxical way of putting the question, but it is the true way. *We are apt, in comparing the defensive power or the offensive power of Great Britain and her great military neighbours to compare the number of our soldiers with the number of theirs, and to say, 'If they can get across the sea, how could we hope to resist the masters of these innumerable legions?'*

But that is not the problem. The problem is how to get across the sea and land on this side; and inasmuch as that difficulty, which thinkers of all schools must admit—the extreme military school will admit it as well as the extreme Blue Water school—inasmuch as that difficulty of getting men over increases in an automatic ratio with every new transport you require and every augmentation you make to the landing force, it becomes evident that the problem which the foreign general has to consider is not 'How many men would I like to have in England in order to conquer it?' but 'With how few men can I attempt the conquest?' Very well, I have made that clear to the House.

(1) With all the seagoing fleets "far away from these shores, incapable of taking any part in repelling the invasion of these shores," and the whole Regular Army absent from the United Kingdom.

"The answer which was given by Lord Roberts, and accepted by all the other military critics whom it was our duty to consult, was that he did not think it would be possible to make the attempt with less than 70,000 men, those men to be lightly equipped as regards artillery and as regards cavalry, because, of course, horses and guns are the things which most embarrass officers responsible for transport, embarkation and disembarkation.

"Now, I make no pronouncement upon that figure of 70,000 men. I am not in a position to do so; but Lord Roberts was distinctly of opinion that for 70,000 men to attempt to take London—which is, after all, what would have to be done if there was to be any serious impression or crushing effect produced—he was of opinion that that was in the nature of a forlorn hope. The Committee, therefore, will see that we have got one stage further in the argument; and the problem now is, 'Is it possible with the fleet and with the military defences in the state I have described, is it possible to land 70,000 men on these shores?'

"Having got so far let me observe that since the days to which I have alluded earlier—the old days of Nelson and Wellington—*there have been great scientific changes which all, I think, make in favour of defence*, and I particularly notice two of them. One is the use of steam and the other is the use of wireless telegraphy.

"When Napoleon was collecting his legions near Boulogne the British Fleet was, of course, watching him, but it was no doubt possible for the panic-monger of those days, if panic-monger there was, to say, 'If the Fleet can reach the scene of action in time, no doubt they will absolutely prevent any landing on these shores, but suppose a dead calm or dead wind prevented the Fleet from coming up, how do you know Napoleon could not land a sufficient number of men to make resistance impossible?' I will not argue whether that could happen in those days or not, but it certainly cannot happen now.

"Steam makes for concentration and concentration can be effected with infinitely more facility by means of wireless telegraphy. It is not necessary now that our ships should be in port or near a land telegraph station, or should be kept in close touch with the shore; it is sufficient if the cruisers,¹ which I have described as always remaining in home waters, should always keep within the range of wireless telegraphy in order to concentrate at any moment at the point of danger.

"But there are two other changes introduced by the torpedo and the submarine which must qualify the extreme doctrine of the command of the sea which used to be held, and perhaps is sometimes still held, by the so-called Blue Water school. The command of the sea at one time really meant the command of the sea, of the whole of the ocean waves up to the shores, and superiority in battleships gave that command. But it does not give it now in the same full sense, and I do not believe that any British Admiral, even though our Fleets rode unchallenged in every part of the world, would view with serenity the task of convoying and guarding during hours of disembarkation a huge fleet of transports on a coast infested by submarines and torpedo boats.

"And, let it be remembered, no strength in battleships has the slightest effect in diminishing the number of hostile torpedo craft and submarines. A battleship can drive another battleship from the seas: it cannot drive a fast cruiser because a fast cruiser can always evade it. A strong and

(1) These cruisers are now supported by the patrol flotillas of torpedo-boat destroyers and submarines.

fast cruiser can drive a weak and slow cruiser from the sea; but neither the cruisers nor battleships can drive from the sea, or from the coast, I ought to say, either submarines or torpedo destroyers, which have a safe shelter in neighbouring harbours and can infest the coast altogether out of reach of the battleship which is very likely much more afraid of them than they have reason to be of her.

"Those are great changes, and they are changes which nearly touch the particular problem on which I am asking the Committee to concentrate their attention—the problem whether it is possible, under the conditions named, to land 70,000 troops on these islands."

On this hypothesis the Committee examined and cross-examined the highest naval and military experts. It was assumed that the British Isles were in the condition to which they were reduced during the worst period of the war in South Africa, when the Army was abroad and that the sea-going fleets were "far away" from home waters. The Committee, with the fullest information, came to a unanimous opinion:—

"We have not gone into generalities about the command of the sea or the superiority of our Fleet, or this difficulty or that difficulty; we have endeavoured to picture to ourselves a clear issue which is very unfavourable to this country, and we have shown, at least to our satisfaction, that on that hypothesis, unfavourable as it is, serious invasion of these islands is not an eventuality which we need seriously consider."

This was the result of an inquiry into the possibility of France invading this country. What was its import? *The Times* remarked:—

"It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this conclusion. It takes the problem of invasion and its possibility out of the region of opinion, conjecture, and controversy, and makes its negative solution the pivot of our defensive policy.

"Henceforth it is to be the Navy on which we are to rely, as we always have relied, and not in vain, for the protection of these shores against the invader, and, whatever we want an Army for, it is not for the protection of our hearths and homes."

The conclusions of 1904–5 were reviewed with a wider outlook in 1908, with the same general result. Now the Committee of Imperial Defence are engaged in studying whether it is possible for a German force to reach these shores under the present conditions. As *The Times* observed in 1905, "If the enterprise can be shown to be practically impossible for France (as *The Times* admitted it had been shown), *a fortiori*, it must be impossible for any more distant country." The sea to be crossed is not twenty or thirty miles broad, but three or four hundred miles broad, and in the meantime the British machinery to deal with an invader has been immeasurably improved.

So much for the case for conscription, or any other form of

compulsory military service, however modest its initial proportions may be represented to be in order to recommend the change to the British people and insert the thin end of the wedge.

But the conclusive argument against the development of our military machinery lies in the fact that once a great body of soldiers have been trained, the leaders of those soldiers will demand that they shall be provided with a suitable field for action. This means that our foreign policy must be changed. We must abandon all our geographical and strategical advantages as an island Power and the centre of a maritime Empire, and act on the advice of those who would convert England into a Switzerland or a Bulgaria or a Germany. Once we have provided ourselves with a great conscript army, supported as it would eventually be, without doubt, by a larger Expeditionary Force, we shall become a terror to Europe, because an unchallengeable Fleet to bridge the seas and give transport to a large army will become a menace to our neighbours. They will meet our military expansion by naval expansion. They realise that the dominating factor controlling our destiny is sea power; and once that sea power is supported by a great army it will no longer be accepted as the inalienable right of a great maritime Empire.

The conclusive and final objection to any such change in our policy as these soldier-statesmen have in view is, however, that it would prove the death knell to that movement towards Imperial consolidation which has made such surprising progress. We are inviting the Dominions to share with us the burden of defence, and we are inviting them to join us in council—the invitations have already been issued. Is it imagined that the young democracies oversea—Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Newfoundland—are going to take upon their shoulders—are going to share with us—the burdens which France has inherited from 1870, or any similar Continental liability? Does any sane man imagine that if we accept any such liability—if we become immersed in Continental entanglements—our relations with these Dominions can be unaffected?

We have hitherto maintained a supreme Navy and a larger professional oversea Army than any other country possesses, and we have told the oversea statesmen that both these forces are held available for the defence of the Dominions and India in the hour of peril. Is it suggested that it makes no difference to these Imperial relations if we bind ourselves to use the Navy in Europe for the defence of other than British interests, and if we undertake to land the army on the Continent in order, as is suggested, to protect France? Disaster might overtake the Expeditionary Force of 160,000 men—the

flower of the British Army—when engaged against the millions of one of the Alliance's—and then? If we are ready to deny our major responsibility to the Empire, then these Dominions will inevitably break away from us—they assuredly will have no part or lot with a policy of European entanglement. With every month that passes the supreme importance of keeping ourselves with free hands to help and encourage these younger States becomes more apparent. If we, with our eyes open, walk into the armed camps of Europe as an ally, we must be prepared for the oversea Dominions to say good-bye to us.

The truth of the whole matter is that compulsory service for home defence means the negation of the old principle of British defence resting on the sea, and it means also being drawn eventually into the vortex of European military competition. This peril has been illustrated during the past few weeks. We have been told that because Germany and France are increasing their armies, therefore we must also become a military nation. When the militarists who give such advice have drunk dry the North Sea and the English Channel, then, and not until then, will it be necessary to consider such a proposition. The natural action on our part, confronted by the growing armies of the Continent, is to see that our sea frontiers are so unchallengeably defended by our squadrons and flotillas that these foreign soldiers cannot cross the water.

Our pathway is marked out for us by our Imperial responsibilities and our strategical necessities. We must make sure of our command of the maritime lines—be able to hold them against any probable combination—and then not only the British Isles, but the Dominions oversea, can view with amazement and regret, and certainly without admiration, the fierce frenzy of military armaments in neighbouring countries. This madness is not our concern; our eyes are turned, not over the land, but over the sea towards our partners. We have not yet happily been infected with that curious monomania which regards the carrying of a rifle as the only national service to be rendered by a country's manhood. We are spared any temptation in this direction because by voluntary service we have evolved the type of fighting machine—a supreme fleet with a *personnel* of 139,000 officers and men and armies of 1,300,000 Regular and Auxiliary soldiers¹—which answers not only to our own needs but to those of India and the Dominions overseas.

(1) The Regular and Auxiliary forces in the British Isles number over 800,000, those of the Indian Empire 352,000, and the Dominions raise 150,000, a number which is increasing.

The peril from which England has to defend herself is not so much invasion as starvation—the most terrible of all perils, and the defence against both dangers is the same—a supreme and invincible Navy. As Mr. Balfour once remarked :—

“If you drilled every man in this country to the picture of perfection now possessed by the German Army, or by any other great foreign military force, if every young man of twenty was trained to arms, what would it avail you if the sea was not free and open to bring to these shores raw material and the food upon which we depend?

“Your training would be useless, your valour would be thrown away. Your patriotism would waste itself in empty effort. You would be beaten without firing a shot, you would be enslaved without striking a blow, and that result is absolutely assured unless we have the patriotism and the energy to see that the Fleets of this country are not merely adequate to fight a battle, but adequate to preserve the great trade routes which are the very arteries and veins through which our life-blood flows.”

The problem of the defence of the British Isles, the Dominions, and India, is, and must remain, predominantly a maritime problem, whatever midsummer madness may seize the Continental military Powers. If we endeavour to imitate them—if we try to become Continental—we shall assuredly be ruined, as Napoleon warned us. Our neighbours across the sea may marshal their soldiers by the million, but so long as we hold, as we do hold, and must hold, the sea in strength, they cannot reach us. We can watch the rivalry in bayonets without nervousness, assured that those bayonets are more than matched by our naval guns and torpedoes, and that therefore these vast armies are imprisoned by our squadrons and flotillas, and can harm neither us nor the Dominions. Ours is incurably a maritime Empire, with relatively small military necessities, and as we value all we hold sacred, we shall defeat the military conspiracy to rob us of our freedom, which our forefathers have enjoyed for a thousand years, and which every development of naval science renders more secure.

ISLANDER.

THE ARMAMENT RACE AND ITS LATEST DEVELOPMENTS.

THE Balkan War is drawing to an end. What will be the aftermath? There is a smell of powder in the air. If the great changes which have taken place in the Balkan Peninsula and which have seriously altered the balance of power in Europe should not lead, in the immediate future, to a great European war—the danger is not yet passed—they will certainly lead to an unprecedented war of armaments in which the nations strike at each other with their money-bags. A war of armaments threatens to break out. Such a war is as expensive as a real war, but it is far more protracted. Very soon the maintenance of peace may prove even more costly than actual war, and may make the nations wish for a war which will terminate a ruinously expensive peace.

The leading characteristic of the nineteenth century has been the advance in the practical sciences, in commerce and in industry. The leading characteristic of the twentieth century has been an enormous expansion in the armaments of the principal nations, which is illustrated in the following table:—

MILITARY AND NAVAL EXPENDITURE OF PRINCIPAL NATIONS IN MILLIONS OF POUNDS.

	GERMANY		AUSTRIA-HUNGARY		ITALY		FRANCE	
	Army	Navy	Army	Navy	Army	Navy	Army	Navy
1900	32·8	7·9	16·9	1·9	9·9	4·5	26·9	14·9
1901	33·9	9·7	17·9	2·0	10·1	4·5	28·9	13·8
1902	33·5	10·3	17·9	2·1	9·8	4·4	29·2	12·1
1903	33·0	10·6	18·4	2·1	10·3	5·1	28·2	12·2
1904	32·3	10·3	18·9	2·1	11·9	5·3	26·8	11·7
1905	34·9	11·6	21·0	4·8	11·9	5·3	30·2	12·7
1906	37·6	12·2	19·6	2·4	12·2	6·3	34·7	12·3
1907	40·3	14·5	19·4	2·8	11·0	5·9	32·9	12·6
1908	41·4	16·9	24·0	3·5	12·1	6·6	33·4	13·2
1909	43·4	20·5	20·3	2·7	13·6	6·4	34·8	13·9
1910	42·6	21·3	20·4	2·8	19·1	9·1	34·9	15·0
1911	40·4	22·5	22·2	5·2	15·8	7·8	35·9	16·7
1912	47·4	23·1	22·8	5·9	16·9	8·7	36·8	16·9
Total } 1912 }	70·5		28·7		25·6		53·7	

	RUSSIA		GREAT BRITAIN		UNITED STATES		JAPAN	
	Army	Navy	Army	Navy	Army	Navy	Army	Navy
1900	35·8	9·6	91·7*	29·5	31·0	12·8	7·9	6·1
1901	36·1	10·0	92·5*	31·0	24·1	14·3	6·1	4·6
1902	37·1	10·8	69·4*	31·2	25·6	17·5	5·2	3·8
1903	37·9	12·3	36·7*	35·5	24·7	21·7	4·9	3·8
1904	40·2	12·2	29·2	36·8	26·2	24·8	1·3	2·2
1905	40·8	12·6	28·8	33·3	25·3	23·3	1·2	2·5
1906	40·5	11·2	27·8	31·4	24·6	23·7	7·1	6·5
1907	43·8	9·5	27·1	31·1	29·4	24·9	13·2	7·6
1908	45·9	9·4	26·8	32·2	34·3	24·4	14·9	7·5
1909	52·5	9·8	27·2	35·8	39·3	28·9	9·2	7·6
1910	52·3	12·2	27·4	40·4	33·6	25·2	9·0	7·9
1911	52·4	11·9	27·6	42·9	28·0	26·7	10·3	9·0
1912	53·4	17·7	27·9	44·1	32·4	26·7	9·8	9·7
Total } 1912 }	71·1		72·0		51·9		19·5	

* South African War.

The foregoing table shows a steady and rapid growth in the military and naval expenditure of the leading nations. Closer investigation reveals two interesting facts. Firstly, that during the period under consideration naval expenditure has increased much more quickly than military expenditure. Secondly, that warlike expenditure has been increased very unequally by the different nations. Let us analyse the foregoing figures a little further in order to understand their true significance.

MILITARY EXPENDITURE					NAVAL EXPENDITURE		
IN MILLIONS OF POUNDS.							
			In 1900	In 1912			
					In 1900	In 1912	
Germany	32·8	47·4	...	7·9	23·1
Austria-Hungary	16·9	22·8	...	1·9	5·9
Italy	9·9	16·9	...	4·5	8·7
France	26·9	36·8	...	14·9	16·9
Russia	35·8	53·4	...	9·6	17·7
Great Britain (ordinary expenditure)	26·1	28·4	...	29·5	45·0
United States	31·0	32·4	...	12·8	26·7
Japan	7·9	9·8	...	6·1	9·7
Total ...			187·3	247·9	...	87·2	153·7
Increase of Military Expenditure					Of Naval Expenditure		
1900-1912 £80,600,000 = 32½ per cent.					£66,500,000 = 75 per cent.		
Increase of Military and Naval Expenditure 1900-1912							
£126,000,000 = 45½ per cent.							

Between 1900 and 1912 the population of the eight Great Powers enumerated has, on an average, increased by about 15 per cent., but their combined expenditure on armaments has grown by no less than 45½ per cent., or three times as rapidly as has population. However, whilst the military expenditure of the eight Great Powers has grown by £60,600,000, or by 32½ per

cent., naval expenditure has increased by £66,500,000, or by 75 per cent. Between 1900 and 1912, the war of armaments has been pre-eminently a struggle for sea-power.

In every race there is a pace-maker. Consideration of the foregoing figures shows that in the race for naval armaments Germany has been the leader. In 1900 Germany brought out her celebrated Navy Law, which, with its amendments, provided for the expenditure of more than £200,000,000. In the introduction of that law it was officially stated: "Germany requires a fleet of such strength that a war against the mightiest naval Power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that Power." Germany deliberately challenged Great Britain's naval supremacy. Her action was in accordance with the foregoing statement of policy. Between 1900 and 1912 Germany's military expenditure increased by £14,600,000 or by 45½ per cent. During the same time her naval expenditure was trebled, increasing in that short period from £7,900,000 to £23,100,000. The naval expenditure of Great Britain and of Germany is not properly comparable because of the very different conditions prevailing in the two countries. Hence the keenness of the naval rivalry between Great Britain and Germany is revealed more clearly by a comparison of the sums devoted in the two countries to naval construction. Such comparison yields, according to the *Naval Annual*, the following surprising result:

MONEY VOTED FOR NAVAL CONSTRUCTION

			In Great Britain		In Germany	
			£		£	
1900	9,788,146	...	3,401,907	
1901	10,420,256	...	4,921,036	
1902	10,436,520	...	5,039,725	
1903	11,473,030	...	4,388,748	
1904	13,508,176	...	4,275,489	
1905	11,291,002	...	4,720,206	
1906	10,859,500	...	5,167,319	
1907	9,227,000	...	5,910,959	
1908	8,660,202	...	7,795,499	
1909	11,227,194	...	10,177,062	
1910	13,279,830	...	11,392,856	
1911	15,063,877	...	12,250,269	
1912	13,972,527	...	11,787,565	

In the course of twelve short years, Germany's expenditure on naval construction has increased by £8,385,000, or by no less than 247 per cent., whilst that of Great Britain has increased only by £4,184,000, or by 43 per cent. In 1900 Germany expended on naval construction only about one-third as much as was spent by Great Britain. During the last five years she

spent on warship building nearly as much as did this country. Never since the time of Duilius has an enormous navy been built up more quickly. Will Admiral Tirpitz prove another Duilius and destroy the naval supremacy of modern Carthage?

From the table given in the beginning of this article it appears that Germany's example has been followed by her partners in the Triple Alliance. Since 1900 Italy has doubled, and Austria-Hungary has trebled, her naval expenditure. The increase of Austria's naval expenditure has been particularly heavy since 1910, when it has more than doubled. It will be noticed that the naval expenditure of France has been practically stationary, while that of Russia has increased comparatively but little, although her fleet was destroyed by Japan. The naval armaments of the Triple Alliance have not been counterbalanced by a corresponding increase in the naval armaments of France and Russia. One might conclude therefrom that France and Russia are convinced that the vast naval preparations of Germany and of her partners are not directed against themselves, but against Great Britain.

During 1912 the eight Great Powers for which figures are given spent together the colossal sum of £401,000,000 on military and naval armaments. If we add to this sum the military expenditure of the smaller Powers, we find that in that year about £500,000,000 were spent on armaments, a sum which is more than twice as large as that which Great Britain spent in the course of three years on the Boer War, and which is more than eight times as large as that which Germany spent during the Franco-German War of 1870-71. In reality, the maintenance of peace cost the nations of the world during 1912 considerably more than £500,000,000. All great European States, Great Britain alone excepted, compel the entire able-bodied youth belonging to all classes of society to abandon their occupation and to serve in the army and navy. Four million men are constantly kept under arms in Europe. If we estimate the economic loss caused by diminished production and abandoned study only at £1 per soldier per week, or at £50 per soldier per year, we find that the nations lost in 1912 £200,000,000, in addition to the £500,000,000 spent by the tax-payers, that in that single year £700,000,000 were directly and indirectly spent on armaments. Peace is no doubt a blessing, but it is a very expensive blessing.

At the beginning of the century the German Emperor proclaimed: "Germany's future lies upon the water." That pronouncement became Germany's motto and the guiding principle of her statesmen. Guided by that maxim the German Government concentrated all its energy upon its navy, and paid insuffi-

cient attention to the army. Leading Germans, remembering their glorious victories over France in 1870-71, thought Germany to be unassailable on land, especially as the Triple Alliance was in reality a Quintuple Alliance in disguise. Germany reckoned firmly, and not without cause, upon the support of Roumania and Turkey in case of a great European war. Roumania and Turkey had serious grievances against Russia, and might be induced to attack that country in the south. Besides, Turkey would have been able to render Germany very valuable assistance in case of a war with Great Britain by striking at the Suez Canal and Egypt. Last, but not least, France was considered to be greatly weakened by internal dissensions, by Radicalism and Socialism, and by military disorganisation, the heritage of General André and M. Pelletan, whilst Russia was enfeebled by her severe defeats in the Far East. Germany felt secure. Owing to this feeling of security on land, vast funds were devoted by the German Government to the expansion of the navy, whilst the army was comparatively neglected.

According to the German Constitution, every able-bodied German citizen must bear arms. It follows that the German Army should increase at the same rate at which the population increases. Between 1901 and 1910 the population of Germany increased from 56,874,000 to 64,775,000, or by one-seventh. During the same period the strength of the German Army and Navy increased as follows :—

			German Army.			German Navy.	
1901	604,168 men	31,171 men	
1910	622,285 „	62,013 „	
Increase			18,117 „	30,842 „	

Between 1901 and 1910, when the population increased by one-seventh, the German Army should have been increased by one-seventh, or by 86,000 men. In reality it was increased only by 18,000, whilst the *personnel* of the navy was doubled. In order to increase the navy, undue economies were made on the army. The German Army was starved of men. Large numbers of able-bodied recruits were not placed into the army, but were passed into the Ersatz Reserve, the supplementary reserve. The men in the Ersatz Reserve cause no expenditure to the State, for they receive no military training; they are only liable to be called out and to be trained in case of war. During the last ten years nearly 900,000 young men, a vast majority of whom were fit for service in the army, were excused by being placed into the Ersatz Reserve. Universal military service became a mockery in Germany.

A nation can safely pursue a bold transmaritime policy only if its own frontiers are secure; if it occupies an island, as does Great Britain and Japan; or if it is virtually isolated on a continent, and is therefore unassailable, as are the United States. That is not Germany's position, and the events of the last few years have awakened her to a sense of its insecurity. Russia has recovered from her defeats, and her army is now stronger, better equipped, and more ready for war than it has ever been. Reference to the table given in the beginning of this article shows that Russia's military expenditure is now £13,000,000 larger than it was before the Russo-Japanese War. According to reliable accounts that sum has been well and conscientiously spent. France has experienced a great national awakening. The nation is united, and the French Army has been much improved. The Franco-Russian Alliance is stronger than ever. That fact has been proclaimed to the world by the demonstratively cordial autograph letter of congratulation which the Czar sent to M. Poincaré upon his election to the Presidency. Lately Germany has suffered a series of grave diplomatic defeats. The Morocco crisis of 1911 clearly proved to her that Russia and Great Britain were not willing to see France humiliated and crushed. Germany's failure to overawe France opened her eyes to the fact that her military position was no longer quite secure. Bills increasing her army were brought out in 1911 and in 1912. The table printed in the beginning of this article shows that Germany's military expenditure increased from £40,400,000 in 1911 to £47,400,000 in 1912. Herein we see one of the consequences of her Morocco failure.

In 1911, when the Morocco crisis was drawing to an end, Italy attacked Turkey. Encouraged by Italy's example, the Balkan States made war upon Turkey in 1912, and brought about her downfall. Henceforth the Slavonic Balkan States, being no more restrained by a powerful and hostile Turkey, will no longer direct their attention towards the south, but towards the north. They can expand only towards the north, at the cost of Austria-Hungary. They are likely to support Slavonic Russia against Austria-Hungary, especially as Austria-Hungary contains many millions of Slavs who are oppressed and suppressed by the ruling Austro-Germans and Magyars. They wish to be united with their fellow-Slavs in the Balkan States. In the districts of Austria-Hungary nearest to the Servian frontier there dwell 5,500,000 Serbs who desire to be united with Servia. Through Turkey's defeat and the rise of the Balkan States Germany has lost not only the invaluable support of a powerful Turkish Army in case of a war with Russia or with Great Britain, but she has gained

a potential and very dangerous enemy. Germany has lost the support of 700,000 Turkish bayonets, and has gained the hostility of 700,000 Balkan soldiers who, in case of a war between the Triple Alliance and France and Russia, can create a very dangerous diversion by attacking Austria-Hungary in the south, her most vulnerable quarter.

As the balance of power in Europe has been seriously changed to the disadvantage of the Germanic nations, and as Russia and the powerful Slavonic Balkan States border upon Roumania in the east and south, Roumania would expose herself to the greatest dangers should she support Germany and Austria-Hungary against Russia. Apparently Roumania is drifting away from the Central European Powers. In the best-informed circles in Germany and Austria-Hungary it is believed that that country will scarcely support the Triple Alliance in case of war. As Roumania can mobilise an excellent army of 500,000 men, that loss is a very serious one to Germany and Austria-Hungary. The Balkan War has been a great blow to Germany. It has deprived Germany of her preponderance, and the Triple Alliance of its pre-eminence, on the Continent of Europe. Bismarck's work has been undone by his incompetent successors.

Nations, like individuals, have to pay for their mistakes. The mistake which German and Austrian statesmen made in not preventing Italy's attack upon Turkey in 1911, and the attack of the Balkan States in 1912, has altered the balance of military power in Europe so seriously to Germany's disadvantage that Germany is compelled to replace the Turkish and Roumanian armies, the support of which she has lost, by armies of her own. Suddenly Germany has discovered that her future lies, not upon the water, but upon the land, that whilst challenging Great Britain's naval supremacy she has jeopardised not only her military supremacy but even her security. Apparently leading Germans begin to realise that it was a mistake to estrange Great Britain and to drive her into the arms of France and Russia. Not without cause have we been told by the leading German statesmen that Anglo-German relations are now more cordial than they have ever been. Not without cause strives German diplomacy to work hand in hand with this country. Not without cause seems Admiral Tirpitz, who no doubt is acting on instructions, inclined to moderate Germany's naval expansion and to bring the naval competition between Great Britain and Germany to an end. Through the downfall of Turkey, the rise of the Balkan States, the drifting away of Roumania, the threatened disintegration of Austria-Hungary, the recovery of Russia and the regeneration of France, Germany's military position on the

Continent has become so seriously compromised that she can no longer afford to antagonise Great Britain in the diplomatic field and to challenge her naval supremacy. Circumstances have compelled her to devote all her resources and all her energies to the strengthening of her army. She may have to neglect her fleet, for her resources, though very great, are not boundless.

The German Military Law of 1911 provided for the expenditure of £2,400,000. The Military Law of 1912, brought forward in consequence of her Morocco adventure, provided for the spending of £22,025,000. The Military Law of 1913, made necessary by the collapse of Turkey, will apparently provide nearly £100,000,000 to be spent in four or five years. The vastness of this sum will readily be understood when we remember that the Franco-German War cost Germany only about £60,000,000. Germany intends, according to the best information at present available, to add 160,000 men to her standing army. At present the peace strength of the German Army is as follows :—

Rank and file (Budget for 1913, page 680)	668,538
One-Year Volunteers (Stat. Vierteljahrsschrift for 1912, page 242)	13,582
Addition by Army Law of 1912 (see Budget of 1913)	5,000
Total					687,120

The number of soldiers who are to be added to the German Army have not yet been definitely given by the Government. However, from the inspired communications which have appeared in the German Press, we may conclude that the increase will amount to approximately 160,000 men. That enormous addition, which is larger than the whole Expeditionary Army of Great Britain, will bring the peace strength of the German Army to 847,000 combatants. If we add to this number the men in the navy and the naval and military employees, it will be found that Germany's military and naval establishment will henceforth comprise more than a million men in peace time.

The true significance of this great increase may be understood only if we bear in mind the fact that Germany will increase the number of recruits joining the army by about 70,000 per year. If, in case of war, Germany should call out only about fifteen yearly levies, that is, the men from twenty to thirty-five years, the new Military Law will yield in fifteen years 1,050,000 additional soldiers, and will yield 800,000 soldiers if we allow 20 per cent. for wastage.

Germany does not intend to create a large number of new regiments with the 160,000 men who are to swell her army, but will strengthen with them the existing regiments and bring them

nearer to the war footing. Hitherto Germany has relied upon frame armies. Her regiments were kept in peace approximately at half strength, and were, on the outbreak of war, brought up to full strength by the incorporation of a large number of reservists. That system has two serious disadvantages. In the first place a considerable amount of time is lost in calling up, assembling, examining, and clothing the recruits. In the second place the men who have been away from the army during several years are no longer carefully trained and efficient soldiers, but civilians who have forgotten their drill and lost the military habit. They are like athletes who have given up training and have grown soft and heavy. Regiments consisting one half of soldiers in training and one half of reservists are less efficient, less hardy, and less reliable than regiments composed chiefly, or entirely, of soldiers in training. By greatly increasing the strength of the regiments in peace time, Germany will not only give them a stronger stiffening of regulars, but she will be able to strike at her enemy without waiting for the arrival of the reserves. At present the German regiments near the frontier are kept on an increased peace footing, so as to make them more efficient for war. Henceforth they will very likely be placed on a war footing so as to make them immediately available. Formerly Germany was ready to strike only eight or ten days after the commencement of the mobilisation, but when the planned reorganisation is carried out, her frontier army corps should be able to cross the border at a few hours' notice.

According to international law, a declaration of war is unnecessary. Germany could seize the frontier fortresses and other important strategical points of the enemy by a surprise attack in large numbers and strike terror into the frontier districts. She could seize arsenals, destroy bridges and tunnels, overwhelm the troops on the other side of the frontier, and impede the mobilisation and concentration of the enemy's armies. By her new Army Bill Germany is opening a new era in military organisation and in warfare. By maintaining a large war army in peace time she is superseding the system of frame armies which she invented in the time of Napoleon I. In the future nations will fight their wars with large armies composed exclusively of highly trained regulars, which will be backed by immense armies composed principally of reservists. After having invented the nation in arms and having compelled all Europe to initiate frame armies on the German model, Germany is now about to force the Powers of Europe to create large standing armies ready to march to battle at a moment's notice. Such armies are more efficient and can strike more quickly, but they

are far more costly. Germany's ever-mobilised army of the first line, like her ever-ready fleet, will be able to go into action immediately on receipt of orders, and her neighbours will be compelled to follow suit.

From 1900 to the present time Germany has been the pace-maker in naval armaments, as has been shown in the beginning of this article. Largely owing to Germany's action, the naval expenditure of the world has almost been doubled in the space of twelve years. The contemplated huge increase of her army will have a similar effect upon the military expenditure of the world. All Europe will be compelled to keep their peace armies permanently on a war footing. Only national bankruptcy or war on the largest scale can prevent an enormous and rapid increase in the military burdens of Europe. Owing to the great increase of military armaments, the Powers of Europe will be compelled to restrict their naval armaments. Germany is opening a new era in the military history of the world which will principally benefit Great Britain.

Germany has found it necessary to increase her army because the Balkan War has endangered her position. She must reckon with the possibility of having to fight France and Russia simultaneously. Her army is primarily intended to be a weapon of defence, and it is meant to be strong enough to oppose France and Russia combined. Now, although the German Army is primarily meant for defence against two Great Powers, it is clear that it might be used for attack upon a single Great Power. We need not attribute warlike or Machiavellian designs to Germany, still, according to Frederick the Great, the best defence is the attack. France believes it possible that the greatly increased German Army may some day fall upon her. Russia has similar misgivings. Hence France and Russia are making counter-preparations so as to neutralise Germany's great effort.

Russia will find it comparatively easy to increase her army in accordance with that of Germany. She has a population of 170,000,000, whereas Germany has only 67,000,000 inhabitants. Moreover, Russia's population increases per year by 3,000,000, whilst that of Germany increases only from 800,000 to 900,000. Besides, Russia is exceedingly strong for defence. She is protected not only by a large army and her huge reserve of able-bodied men, but also by vast and thinly populated districts which are provided with few and bad roads, by vast morasses and forests, and by a very severe climate. Russia has announced that in consequence of Germany's steps she will raise three additional army corps on her western frontier.

France has more reason to fear a sudden German attack than

has Russia. France can, of course, reckon upon Russia's assistance in case of a German attack. However, owing to vast distances and insufficient roads and railways, Russia can mobilise her enormous army but slowly. Theoretically, the four army corps of the Vilna district can reach the German frontier in twenty days. The five army corps of the Warsaw district can reach it in thirty days, and the four army corps of the St. Petersburg can reach it in thirty-five days. Nominally, Russia can invade Germany with half a million men after five weeks. In reality it will probably take her from six weeks to two months. Owing to the slowness of Russia's mobilisation, Germany's best chance in case of a war with France and Russia combined lies obviously in rapidly attacking and destroying the French armies and then turning with her full force upon Russia. France must consequently be prepared to receive the full shock of a German attack at the shortest notice, and she cannot hope for any relief from Russia during the first few weeks of the campaign. Therefore, she must possess an army which is strong enough to meet a German surprise attack in force.

Numbers are very important in war. Unfortunately for France, the population of Germany is much greater than that of France, and the rapid increase of the German population and lowness of the French birth-rate increases every year Germany's numerical superiority. The following figures tell their own tale :

			Population of Germany			Population of France
1871	40,997,000	36,190,000
1880	45,095,000	37,450,000
1890	49,241,000	38,380,000
1900	56,046,000	38,900,000
1910	64,568,000	39,528,000
1913	67,000,000	39,800,000
Increase (1871-1913)			26,003,000=65 %			3,610,000=10 %

After the Franco-German War the population of Germany was only slightly larger than that of France. At present the populations of France and Germany stand in the proportion of 4 to 7, and very soon there will be two Germans for every Frenchman. Consequently the Germans can raise two soldiers for every single French soldier. The number of soldiers who can be raised depend upon the number of male births. In 1910 there were 1,019,000 male births in Germany and only 395,000 male births in France.

Numbers are very important in war, but numerical superiority is not everything. It is true that the French were very inferior to the Germans in number in their disastrous war with Germany, but there were other, and perhaps more important, factors which

brought about their defeat. At the beginning of August, 1870, when the campaign opened, Germany had 474 battalions, France had 332 battalions. Germany had 382 squadrons, France had 220 squadrons. Germany had 1,584 guns, France had 780 guns. It will be noticed that Germany's superiority in infantry and cavalry was great, whilst her superiority in artillery was absolutely overwhelming. At present the French artillery compares favourably with that of Germany. In the opinion of many experts it is considerably better. The French had really no chance in 1870. At Weissenburg 50,950 Germans defeated 5,300 Frenchmen, and 144 German guns played on 18 French guns. At Wörth 97,650 Germans attacked 48,550 Frenchmen, and 342 German guns easily silenced 167 French guns. At Spichern (Forbach) 34,600 Germans with 108 guns defeated 27,600 Frenchmen with 90 guns. At Gravelotte 187,600 Germans with 732 guns defeated 112,800 Frenchmen with 520 guns. At Sedan 154,850 Germans with 701 guns defeated 90,000 Frenchmen with 408 guns. The French were inferior to the Germans in the number of men and especially of guns. Besides, the French muzzle-loading guns were absolutely outclassed by the excellent Krupp breech-loaders. There was chaos in the French ranks. The Germans were very superior to the French in strategy, tactics, organisation, administration, generalship, staff, officers, rank and file, reserves, commissariat, mechanical outfit, *moral*, in short, in everything. Had the French possessed a good, well-armed, well-officered and well-led army, they might have been victorious, notwithstanding their numerical inferiority. Napoleon and Frederick the Great won most of their battles against very superior numbers.

Armies are becoming unwieldy. With the vast growth of modern armies superiority in numbers has lost much of its former importance. Germany and France can raise several millions of soldiers. Now, although Germany may be able to raise one million or two million more men than France, the case of France is not hopeless, because it is not certain that Germany will be able to make effective use of her larger numbers. Efficiency is becoming more important than numbers. That was shown in the Russo-Japanese War. The Russian troops were defeated, although they possessed a large numerical superiority in men and far more and far better guns than the Japanese, because the Japanese were more efficient and were better led than the Russians. An army may be too large. A very large army is a very slow, ponderous and awkward machine, which cannot live on the country, but must cling to the railway for its supplies and which can be fed, moved and manœuvred only with great

difficulty. It may have the fate of the whale who is attacked by the sword-fish. It may be defeated by a smaller, but more agile, force. Besides, the eastern district of France and southern Belgium are so densely studded with powerful fortresses and forts that there is not sufficient room for deploying armies of the largest size. Lastly, the paucity of roads forbids the effective use of very large armies. When the ground is heavy, troops on the march must stick to the roads. The soil of eastern France is very soft. A German army corps of 36,000 men, marching on a single road, extends over fifteen miles and requires five hours for deploying for battle. It is followed by two ammunition columns and a baggage column which extend over another fifteen miles of road. Through the great increase of the field artillery and of the number of ammunition carts which the modern quick-firing guns and magazine rifles have made necessary, and the recent addition of siege guns, howitzers, mortars, machine guns, wireless telegraphy sections, balloon sections, flying machines, field kitchens, etc., the length of the army corps is constantly growing. As an army corps with all its impedimenta requires thirty miles of road, it is clear that every army corps requires a road for itself and that the effective use of millions of men in battle is impossible, except in countries where the ground is hard, which are all road.

France has no reason to fear the great numerical superiority which Germany can bring to bear by arming all her able-bodied men, but she has every reason to fear that Germany, by making a surprise attack with her ever-ready standing army, will overwhelm her before she has time to assemble her army near the frontier. Therefore the possession of a standing army which is able to meet a surprise attack from Germany is of the utmost importance to France. At present Germany has a standing army of 687,000 combatants, whilst France has on paper one of 583,000 men. Unfortunately, France has not only a smaller population than Germany, and therefore a smaller standing army, but she has at the same time very large Colonial liabilities, while Germany has practically none. In Algiers, Tunis, and her other Colonies, France keeps permanently about 72,000 soldiers, and Morocco will require for a long time a large army of occupation. Consequently the standing army of France is in reality only about 500,000 strong. At present the peace army of Germany is 180,000 men stronger than that of France. That position is dangerous enough. When the new army law has come into force, Germany will have about 340,000 more soldiers permanently under arms than France has at present. France places all her able-bodied men into the army, and as her army

is composed of two yearly levies, she can increase her peace army only by re-introducing the three years' service, which will raise her effective peace strength to 700,000 men. That number should be sufficient for all contingencies. The suggestion that France could raise a large black army in her African possessions and employ it against Germany is fantastic. Such an army could neither be raised nor trained. Besides, it would probably arrive too late, for a large army cannot be transported quickly from North Africa to the Franco-German frontier. France could bring over from North Africa only a moderate number of troops. Therefore she will have to rely on her own soldiers, and she can reinforce their ranks only by reverting to the three years' service.

An army with a three years' service is far more efficient than one with a two years' service. A French infantry regiment numbers 3,000 men at war strength, but only 1,500 on the peace footing. If war breaks out shortly after the time when the new recruits have joined, it will consist of 750 men with one year's service, 750 raw recruits, and 1,500 reservists. The proportion of regulars in training would be dangerously small. With the three years' service the same regiment would at the most unfavourable moment consist of 750 men with two years' service, 750 men with one year's service, 750 recruits, and 750 reserves. Necessity will apparently compel France to reintroduce the three years' service, and its re-introduction will not only increase the French peace strength by 200,000, but will at the same time greatly increase the efficiency of her troops.

In view of the greater efficiency which an army based on the three years' service possesses over an army with the two years' service—its superiority is clearly recognised in Germany, and many of her leading military men demand its re-introduction—Germany might follow France's example and go back to the three years' service. Such a measure would give Germany a peace army of nearly 1,200,000 men, and would increase her military expenditure by nearly £20,000,000 per year over and above the expenses of her present army law, which, distributed over five years, amount to an addition of £20,000,000 per year to her military budget.

The great acceleration of the armament race which Germany has brought about will tax the wealth and the patience of the people to the utmost. It will almost double Europe's military burden by the increase of taxation and the simultaneous introduction of the three years' service for all able-bodied youths. The latest development of Europe's military preparations may impoverish Continental Europe and drive it to despair. It will

certainly increase popular dissatisfaction, strengthen socialism, and may lead either to great internal upheavals, or to a great war. Wars are frequently brought about by economic pressure. The ruinous acceleration which is taking place in the armament race may create among the nations of the Continent the conviction that war is cheaper than peace, and that it is, after all, the smaller evil. Under these circumstances Great Britain must seriously reckon with the possibility of a great European war, and if she wishes to see the balance of power on the Continent maintained, her army and navy must be ready for all emergencies. Very likely we stand close before a great war. In view of the serious aspect of affairs, the present Naval Estimates seem undoubtedly too small.

Not only Germany, France and Russia, but all Europe is increasing its armies very greatly. Austria-Hungary, which increased last year her army by fully 50 per cent., intends to add another 20,000 to 30,000 recruits every year, who in fifteen years would give her from 300,000 to 400,000 more soldiers. Belgium, Switzerland, and many other countries are arming in hot haste in the expectation that a great European war is impending. The issue of such a war would be greatly affected by the attitude of Great Britain. In view of the uncertainty of the future, it seems Great Britain's duty to increase her navy so as to re-establish her ancient predominance on the sea. She will find this all the easier as the Continental Powers will not be able to devote much money to their fleets owing to the vast demands which their armies make upon the taxpayers. Mr. Churchill would have been wise to have demanded not five Dreadnoughts, but eight or ten Dreadnoughts. At a time like this, when the danger of war is greater than it has ever been since the time of the Franco-German War, and when at the same time Great Britain's Continental rivals seem unable to keep up their naval competition with this country, Great Britain ought to have made a great effort, which would have shown to its Continental competitors that it is hopeless for them to continue the race. The immediate laying down of eight or ten Dreadnoughts would probably have ended the Anglo-German rivalry on the sea. Such an expenditure would have been the cheapest way of abolishing the ruinous naval competition between the two countries. It would have proved an excellent investment. Unfortunately, the Government has missed a great opportunity.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

TURKEY'S ASIATIC PROBLEMS.

FOR some occult reason, Europe has always been afraid of the Turks. In her bravest moods, she has found it necessary to screw up her courage very tightly before confronting them, like a superstitious man resolving to enter a haunted house.

How extravagantly the popular imagination was fired by those futile excursions, the Crusades! No doubt communications were more arduous and irregular before the days of the Orient Express. Mr. Cook and Mr. Baedeker had not planted the idea of mobility in our minds. We still made our wills before crossing the Channel. But there was no good reason for the cowardice of the Crusaders. Their huge hordes travelled most of the way through friendly country, all the resources of the civilisation of their age were at their service, the enemy was rather mysterious than formidable. Yet the one small prize, on which so much blood and treasure were lavished, still remains in the grip of Mahound. Mashallah! the Afrits must, indeed, have cast some very potent spells.

See, again, how Christendom cowered when the Paynim started crescentades, overran half Europe and battered at the gates of Vienna. The honour, the civilisation, the chivalry of the West were sacrificed with helpless apathy as they had been when Vandals arrived, as they are when scientific farmers are invaded by locusts. I maintain that magic alone, or at least the imbecility of a whole continent, can explain the tame tolerance of a Turkish Empire in Europe during five hundred years.

Reflect how easy the conquered territory would have been to reclaim. Why, a handful of hardy mountaineers under Milosh Obrenovitch sufficed to wrest Serbia permanently from Ottoman rule. The very Greeks, or rather the chattering Levantines who usurp the name of Greek, secured emancipation with little more help than the songs of an English poet. How much more easily then might united and patriotic Powers have combined to secure Europe for the Europeans.

But they regarded Mr. Gladstone's bag-and-baggage policy as little more than a fanatic's dream. When the Tsar Liberator reached the suburbs of Constantinople, he was quietly packed home by diplomatists, who deliberately laboured to limit the liberation. A great tract of country, extending to Western waters, remained under the heel of a semi-nomadic race, with no notions of administration beyond haphazard rapacity in the matter of

taxation. When any nation seemed to take the part of the rayahs, it was usually for some selfish motive, and the Sultan had no difficulty in staving off each crisis by appeals to the jealousy of rival heirs to his dominions. The spell of Turkey no longer acted through the Osmanli's sword, but through the fears which Christian countries entertained for one another.

And this artificial equilibrium might have continued to this day, nay for centuries longer, had not Turkey voluntarily surrendered her old order. Ask any typical Turk, and he will confess that the Revolution signed the death-warrant of his Empire. We may smile over his belief that defeat and dismemberment are Heaven's direct punishment for disloyalty to the Khalif. Heaven has allowed Servia to thrive under Peter Karageorgevitch's blood-stained sceptre. But the changes in Turkey were organic as well as premature. Rayahs continued to be oppressed, but were accorded the honour of fighting for their oppressors—and surprise was shown when they ran away. A caricature of Parliament was convened, and solemn patriarchs came from uttermost Asia to observe and report confusion and corruption. Young Turk was but Old Turk writ large. Traditional espionage, robbery, tyranny were expanded and perfected in the name of Liberty. A secret committee was supreme, rewarding Press criticisms with murder, casting independent politicians into dungeons, starving the national services to enrich individual patriots. Was it then strange that the last Ottoman garrisons should be swept out of Africa; that ragged, hungry, half-armed soldiers should be beaten back to the uttermost confines of Europe?

We are accustomed to regard the Osmanli as Asiatics. But is there a future for them even in Asia? Are they not doomed to disappear like Trojans or Carthaginians? It is certainly clear that, with their present methods and their present leaders, their day of rule is done. The magic of their occult power fades in the sunlight and the most credulous of statesmen cease to believe or tremble. The feet of clay have no place whereon to rest their soles.

As Mr. Churchill has said, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. The cravings of all Turkey's enemies—old, new, and prospective—are by no means exhausted by the expansion of a few trumpety Balkan States. The Sick Man's malady will not be cured miraculously by a change of continent, and his heirs will not cease to anticipate his demise. Let us remember, to begin with, that the alleged subjects of his great remoter empire are of very different stuff from the patient Christians of Macedonia. Just as the fighting Albanians maintained Abdul Hamid on his throne and then overthrew him in a moment of madness, so will the tail

still wag the dog in Asia. Reflect what ages have passed since there has been any effective Turkish sovereignty in Mesopotamia or Arabia or Yemen.

Why, even all the resources of modern military nations would be taxed to the utmost in order to reduce fierce nomad chieftains to subjection. Algeria and the greater part of Tunisia are orderly enough, but the French, after long occupation, do not venture many miles into the desert for fear of masked Tuaregs. How many years they will devote to their adventure in Morocco must depend on their own revived energy, as well as on the patience of the Germans. How many centuries the Italians will require to approach the hinterland of Tripoli is a problem for the laughter of the Latin gods.

Of course, the pacificatory triumphs of the British in the Sudan show that deserts may still be made to blossom as the rose. But we have so far displayed no expansive aspirations within a few miles' radius of Aden. When I visited that hospitable garrison, I found that hesitations were chronic even about permits for a visit to the Sultan of Lahej, a Sabbath-day's journey inland. He was our friend, almost our ally; he could have been made our humble servant by a small increase in the number of the guns of his salute. The circumscription of his mind may be gauged by the fact that he nearly broke off diplomatic relations when a hotel parrot at Aden screamed the deadly Somali insult, "Abaos!" as he passed with his retinue. He stopped his procession, dismounted, drew his sword, and demanded the blood of the bird. Yet when a tourist desired to shoot in his territory, as often as not he would be restrained because a state of "war" was alleged to be existent in the vicinity.

I mention these trifles to illustrate the sensitive hesitation of Anglo-Indian policy with regard to the fringe of the interior of Arabia. It serves to emphasise the infinite impotence of Arabia's nominal rulers, thousands of miles away, even in the heyday of their imperial pride. And now that Turks are being driven helter-skelter out of Europe, the prospects of even nominal rule in uttermost Asia must be discounted far below par.

The news of disaster travels fast and far, and the Young Turks went out of their way to herald it by summoning deputies to a parliament at the capital. We can picture remote tribesmen rejoicing in membership of an Empire which possessed glorious traditions, consolidated a fanatical creed under one Khalif, and yet never sought to interfere with desert liberties. In the same spirit, your Canadian, or even Australian, may plausibly profess vague fealty to a British monarch, actually offer the loan of a few ships until their return shall be required. But take the case

of the Member for Nejd or Bagdad. Appreciate his old-world chivalry, courage, and romantic commonsense. See him take the journey of his life, riding and sailing for weary weeks and endless miles from primitive simplicity to the foul corruption of the cess-pool on the Golden Horn. Watch the process of disillusion as all his old ideals are shattered one by one, as he wallows in an atmosphere of greed, intrigue, and sordid treachery. Then imagine the pilgrim's tale on his return, his reports of babbling speeches, of proffered bribes, of misappropriated funds, of wooden bullets, of sybaritic pashas, of patient shame. Hear the angry, half-incredulous grunts over the coffee round the camp-fire as all the sorry story is exposed. . . . What need to emphasise the sort of answer which chivalry will return when next invited to bolster a moribund bureaucracy with mediæval treasure and the blood of braves?

A wireless message has gone forth from the last ditches of Chatalja throughout the valleys and mountains and wildernesses of Asiatic Turkey proclaiming the decay of the old phantom overlord, the vanity of all his specious spells, the broken reed. Gone are all the haughty delusions of holy wars, of the solidarity of Islam, of the omnipotent indignation of militant millions. Yet many weeks have not passed since sober statesmen prated with bated breath of awful consequences inseparable from Turkish reverses. The green flag had only to be unfurled and every Moslem in India would rise against the giaours, Snussis would overrun Barbary and drive Europeans into the sea, a great wave of religious zeal would compel all men to acknowledge Allah and Muhammad, the Prophet of Allah. Yet the Turkish usurpation now disappears unmourned by the Moslem world; Islam is quietly seeking new protectors, at least a better figure-head.

After all, there is no reason why a fresh Asiatic, Moslem Empire should not arise out of Ottoman ashes. It must, of course, begin by sweeping away the ashes into a pit, out of sight and out of mind; it must inaugurate a bag-and-baggage policy beyond Gladstonian dreams, and the hour must produce the man for the work of regeneration. That need not be so hard a procreation as we think. What a Mahdi and a Khalifa began in the Sudan might well be carried to completion in Asia, the cradle of religions, the happy hunting-ground of conquerors. But not by the effete race whose type is a fat amorous gentleman in a fez and a frock coat.

The Turk's only excuse was military prowess. He subjugated people and made them minister to his wants. He became a successful parasite, an irresponsible plunderer of others' hives.

But he never acquired the elements of organisation. Even now, in his death-throes, he is still haggling for the abolition of the Capitulations and of European post-offices within his borders. No doubt it must be humiliating for an Empire not to be trusted with the administration of justice to foreigners, or even with the distribution of their letters. Still, the Turks themselves know as well as anyone how incapable they are of performing either of these simple tasks. They have not the most elementary notions of justice. No code, no rules of evidence, no sense of equity would ever weigh with them against the litigant with the longer purse. Whenever they have tried to handle letters, they have stolen such contents as seemed of value, detained correspondence indefinitely to copy and translate it, failed to make provision for catching trains and steamers or for regular deliveries from house to house.

Nowadays the solution of most political problems is to be found in finance. We may talk for ever about national ideals, yearnings for liberty, glorious traditions, and all the rhymers' stock-in-trade; but, alas! all these fine sentiments become the playthings of men who spend their lives in gathering gold. Even the Crusades were probably financed by the Jews. The modern world is a cockpit of financial groups, who play with men's lives and nations' destinies. When Italy started filibustering in Barbary, no intelligent spectator inquired about grievances or rights; the obvious task was to find the financier. Though Bulgaria may have been impelled by love to emancipate distressed Macedonian brethren, a more effective impulse was provided by banking-houses. So now we are to ask, not what the Turks or the Arabs or the Powers mean to do in Asia, but what is the will of the financiers.

It is important to harp on this point, so that readers may realise a financial rather than a diplomatic or national atmosphere. Labour parties desire to internationalise foreign affairs in the interests of peace and industrial development; they may eventually render war impossible by universal strikes. Financiers, being international (or nationless) men, have already done some of this work, obliterated frontiers and sterilised popular aspirations—in the interest of their own pockets. New motives overshadow the old. A kingdom may still covet a port or a colony, or the monopoly of a sea, but will not be allowed to steal as well as covet unless this suits the ledgers of the Lombards.

Remembering how German compensations were shuttlecocked after the Agadir incident, we may anticipate a big long game of bluff over the settlement of Asia. The aims of high contracting parties will be circumscribed by thoughts about

probable repayments of loans, about the effect of custom duties upon certain trades, about the family ties of ministers and company directors. These are the lofty ideals for which patriots are compelled to shed their blood, groaning taxpayers to maintain bloated armaments. This is the grinding plutocracy or agiocracy which calls aloud for a new Muhammad.

The German Emperor has long aspired to play some such Messianic part, and he seemed well qualified, for he combines mediæval enthusiasms with the support of a strong financial group; he is a war-lord with a keen eye for peaceful persuasion; he was subtle and supple enough to love Abdul Hamid and then to bless Abdul Hamid's betrayers. But his prestige has been severely strained. His generosity in the matter of military instructors; Von der Goltz Pasha's declaration that Turkish armies were *feldtüchtig*, even invincible; a long and strenuous obstruction of every demand for Macedonian reforms—all these compliments have been discounted by the cruel logic of events. German training has proved worthless in the face of French artillery and Turkish corruption.

Moreover, Germany was always well paid for her affection. The Bagdad railway concession may not be worth all she anticipated, but at least it is what she chiefly desired. She suffers no practical hurt from the discomfiture of her ally; indeed, she gains a pretext for huge additions to her offensive forces. It is still very early to foresee a check to her hopes of Asiatic penetration. Doubtless it was a wild dream to make Austria and Roumania and Constantinople and Asiatic Turkey an avenue for the invasion of Egypt—but not wilder than the current scares about aeroplane invasions of England.

And German aspirations are by no means new in Asia. Long before attacking Tripoli, Italy had diligently paved the way with subsidised traders, missions, all the preliminary propaganda of tradition. Meanwhile, there has been a precisely similar activity on the part of Germany in all the vulnerable regions of Asiatic Turkey. The Emperor's interest in the holy places, strange perhaps in a Protestant protagonist, was explained by his romantic disposition. But the steady, obstinate activity of his subjects in Syria has been organised during the last ten years in a very businesslike way. Beyruth has become a regular place of call for German steamers; a small but wealthy German colony has established a German Bank of Palestine there, not to mention a German post-office, two German hotels, a German orphanage, a German hospital, and two German pharmacies. The Bank of Palestine and the leading German business houses at Beyruth all have branches at Damascus, and are spreading their tentacles

over the whole region. Scarcely a week passes without witnessing the arrival of German families, who settle down in the neighbourhood without noise or fuss, according to some pre-arranged plan.

It is not very long since the French were our only serious rivals in Syria (if, indeed, the French can ever be regarded as serious commercial rivals). Now we may find, almost any fine day, that the Germans have eclipsed both nations in numbers, activity and prosperity. A convenient disturbance or massacre will afford a pretext for German intervention, and the usual diplomatic demonstrations will be required to restore the *status quo*.

In any case, Syria cannot remain for many generations a province of a moribund Turkey. The vultures are already on the wing, with all the hungry expectation that was devoted to Macedonia. We may expect a dreary repetition of the old, old drama of the Eastern question, varied only by a little scene-shifting further to the East. The *Entente* with France is too unnatural to remain cordial very long; at any rate, fidelity is incompatible with French frivolity; and Syrian questions may soon suffice to reproduce the sort of hysteria which sprang from the swamps of Fashoda.

Once eliminate German aspirations—how pitfully easy a task that is, the poor disillusioned Germans are beginning to learn for themselves—and the old healthy rivalries between good-natured Albion and perfidious Gaul may be satisfactorily resumed. I say satisfactorily, for history has never hesitated about colonial issues between England and France. Pondicherry, the heights of Abraham, the dual control of Egypt, indicate the results of any possible rivalries in Asiatic Turkey.

A trip from Zaila to Djibouti suffices for an illustration. In British Somaliland you find friendly, honest, contented natives, all zealous for British drill, all patriotic exponents of our Empire. A few miles away, under a French governor, the same tribesmen of the same race are insolent, unbridled rascals, ever ready to mock or to murder.

The French are themselves the first to admit the contrast. Only the other day I read in the *Paris Journal* how British rulers in Nigeria check insubordination by threatening to refuse taxes, whereupon Nigerians, assuming that protection will also be withheld, cringe and crave to be allowed to pay; and, as a contrast, how French rulers in Indo-China not only establish a monopoly of alcohol, but actually compel unfortunate Annamites to consume so many litres of French alcohol every year.

And here is the testimony of M. Besnard, a Frenchman who was interviewed by the *Temps*: "It is impossible for the Mussul-

mans of Syria not to make a very unfavourable comparison between the position of their co-religionists in Algeria under French rule and their position under English rule in Egypt. In Egypt the English at once laid down the principle that the burden of taxation was to be equally divided between the Mussulmans and Europeans. Compulsory labour was abolished. In Algeria, after eighty years, the burden of the land tax still falls exclusively on the Mussulman, and various forms of compulsory labour continue to exist. In Egypt the English have given the Mussulmans the means of making known their needs and grievances. Nothing similar is to be found in Algeria. Mussulmans, if they were forced to emigrate, would all prefer to live in Egypt rather than in Algeria, because they know that the vast majority of Mussulmans are perfectly satisfied, while in Algeria the opposite is true." What, then, would be the result of a Moslem plebiscite in Syria, if there were ever a question between French and British suzerainty?

The simplest solution of all Turkey's impending problems in Asia would be to solicit an informal British protectorate. Traditional sentiments would concur, for though professional politicians may come and go, the typical Turkish peasant, nature's chivalrous, grateful, great-hearted gentleman, still regards Britain as his ancient ally; he points to the tombstones at Scutari across the Bosphorus, and recalls the fact that we fought for him against his hereditary foe; he cherishes the name of Disraeli; he refuses to believe that we will abandon him in his hour of need. And we now happen to belong to the right group of financiers—a fact of far greater political importance than sentimental sympathies. Instead of sending military instructors with empty compliments and wooden bullets, we can supply the sinews of war, restore confidence and self-respect in the old continent, develop national resources without hurting the susceptibilities of a difficult and suspicious civilisation. If our Foreign Office were as well officered as our Admiralty; if, instead of a badly oiled wooden prig, we had a clairaudient, omniscient Admirable Crichton at our diplomatic helm, we might now establish a preponderating influence in Asia. A Turkish or Turco-Arabian Empire might sterilise the danger of Sir Edward Grey's abject invitations to Russia to appropriate India.

Turkey is obviously impotent to solve her own Asiatic problems. Even if Abdul Hamid were restored to power with faculties undimmed by torture and exile, his stupendous genius would be taxed to the utmost if he endeavoured to pursue his old policy of playing one vulture against another. But Russian advisers might be equal to some such task. No one seems to have understood

how ominous was the stealthy calm of Russian aloofness during recent holocausts. No doubt Russia egged on Bulgaria, but not in order to create an unmanageable Bulgarian Empire with aspirations of its own. No doubt Russia would like to annex Constantinople, but she would be fully satisfied to share the passage of the Dardanelles with a Bulgarian vassal, or even a Bulgarian ally. No doubt she is looking over her shoulder for an opportunity of making the Black Sea a Slav *mare clausum*, which might become possible if Bulgaria succeeded in robbing Roumania of the Dobrudja. But Russia's main target is Asia.

Her invasion of India is not likely to occur even in the lifetime of her subconscious servant, Sir Edward Grey. But the south coast of the Black Sea does not appear an unreasonable compensation for all her amazing moderation. She has no sincere sympathy with Armenian lamentations, but she is well used to regard herself as a protector of Christians, however heretical, and mercenary Armenians are ever ready to invite atrocities or afford pretexts for intervention.

The Kurds are a fighting race, not unlike the Albanians. They treat the soft, huckstering Armenians in much the same spirit as Albanians treated the cringing Christians of the vilayet of Kosovo. Abdul Hamid was always held personally responsible if a Kurd crucified or impaled an Armenian usurer, or burned his homestead or battered out the brains of his babes. The Young Turks accomplished their applauded revolution; it was almost immediately followed by an exceptionally cruel massacre—Adana being practically wiped out in 1909—yet no philanthropist made the faintest murmur either in St. Petersburg or Exeter Hall.

The fact is, massacres are either inconvenient or useful. When Russia anticipates their usefulness in Kurdistan, care will be taken to supply correspondents with sensations for their missives. This even may happen: the Turks, straggling away from Europe, may quietly oust Armenians from their villages—indeed, I am told that their hegira is already drifting in that direction. Next imagine the relations between the feudal lords of Kurdistan and fugitive settlers from Kirk Kilisse or Adrianople. The irony of fate might provide us with a cinematograph of Russian intervention to save Turkish immigrants from the persecution of the Kurds.

Meanwhile, Russia has to reckon with an inflated Bulgaria, and Bulgaria has to discount the form of the Greek walk-over. Wisely or unwisely, the Turks concentrated their efforts on the defence of their capital and left the western vilayets to the easy occupation of Servians and Greeks. One result has been that modern Greeks are rapidly assuming airs which only belong to

the very different people whose guile defeated the Trojans. Yet the modern Greeks are already displaying Asiatic aspirations.

Their demand for all the islands of the *Ægean* shows their hand more clearly than any of their manifestos or campaigns. Certain islands are geographically theirs, European islands of little or no strategic importance. But what may be called the Asiatic islands can only be required as stepping-stones to Asiatic conquest, as instalments of the half-mythical Greek empire, which Athenian chauvinists clamour to restore. Already the seizure of Rhodes has afforded a warning of inconveniences ahead.

Smyrna had hitherto been the clearing-house of all the island trade. Now the imposition of import duties by the Greeks at the island ports and the absence of bonded warehouses at Smyrna are forcing the islands to use Greece as their direct avenue to the outer commercial world. Of course, no one can blame Greece for snatching such advantages. But the consequences to Smyrna may be very serious—indeed, she will perhaps come to desire annexation by Greece. The same fate will also overtake other flourishing ports overshadowed by islands.

These dangers are well understood at the Porte, where diplomatic craft is by no means yet extinct. Indeed, the obstinate haggling over the retention of Adrianople, when that city was clearly doomed, now becomes more easy to understand. Adrianople should never, never be surrendered; as for the islands, their fate might well be left to the discretion of the Powers. Such was Turkish bluff, the eventual abandonment of an untenable fortress being intended as a supreme plea for the retention of essential islands.

In fact, the Turks have been far quicker than Europe in realising the possibilities of Greek ambition. A Greek has so long been synonymous with a card-sharper, the bluster of tub-thumpers in petticoats has aroused so much ridicule that Venizelos' work of regeneration has not been taken seriously. Yet he has accomplished wonders with his very raw material. Otherwise even huge numerical superiority would not have made possible the promenades to Salonica and Janina.

Why then dismiss the aspirations of modern Greeks as idle dreams? Is it that their rivals are formidable? Is there a reason why their promenades in Europe should not be repeated in Asia? If their navy is not that of Nelson, at least they believe they inherit a fondness for salt water. Still more important nowadays, they are high graduates in commercial arts. One Greek is proverbially a match for three Israelites. Trade may or may not follow the flag, but the flag always stands a chance of appearing in the wake of trade.

The burthen, then, of these pages is that, the more Turkey changes, the more she remains the same. She has an appropriate emblem in a crescent which never grows up into a full moon. Her present respite in Asia is a mere prolongation of her old problems. Producing nothing, assimilating nothing, learning nothing, forgetting nothing, she does not qualify for government. But she may still maintain an unstable equilibrium by effacing herself and reducing government to a minimum. Mock parliaments and melodramatic conspirators and secret societies must be set aside. Decentralisation must be expanded into autonomy until bonds of empire bind no more tightly than the imagination of men's hearts. The loyal imagination of desert races, the fiery impulse of a fighting Prophet's creed, an instinctive distrust of Occidental restlessness—such are the soundest links in a spiritual chain which may yet barricade an Asiatic Empire for another thousand years.

HERBERT VIVIAN.

GEORGE BORROW IN SCOTLAND.¹

BORROW has himself given us—in *Lavengro*—a picturesque record of his early experiences in Scotland. It is passing strange that he published no account of his two visits to the North in maturer years. Why did he not write *Wild Scotland* as a companion volume to *Wild Wales*? He preserved in little leather pocket-books or leather-covered exercise books copious notes of both tours. Two of his note-books came into the possession of the late Dr. Knapp, Borrow's first biographer, and are thus described in his Bibliography:—

“*Note Book of a Tour in Scotland, the Orkneys and Shetland in Oct. and Dec., 1858.* 1 large vol. leather.

“*Note Book of Tours around Belfast and the Scottish Borders from Stranraer to Berwick-upon-Tweed in July and August, 1866.* 1 vol. leather.”

Of these Dr. Knapp made use only to give the routes of Borrow's journeys so far as he was able to interpret them. It may be that he was doubtful as to whether his purchase of the manuscript carried with it the copyright of its contents, as it assuredly did not; it may be that he quailed before the minute and almost undecipherable handwriting. But similar note-books are in my possession, and there are, happily, in these days typists—you pay them by the hour and it means an infinity of time and patience—who will copy the most minute and the most obscure documents. There are some of the note-books of the Scottish tour of 1858 before me, and what is of far more importance—Borrow's letters to his wife while on this tour. Borrow lost his mother in August, 1858, and it was an event that was a great blow to his heart. A week or two later he received a cruel blow to his pride, nothing less than the return of the manuscript of his much-prized translation from the Welsh of *The Sleeping Bard*—and this by his “prince of publishers,” John Murray. “There is no money in it,” said the publisher, and he was doubtless right. The two disasters were of different character, but both unhinged him. He had already written *Wild Wales*, although it was not to be published for another four years. He had caused to be advertised—in 1857—a book on Cornwall, but it was never written in any definitive form and now our author had lost heart, and the Cornish book—*Penguite and Pentyre*—

(1) A fragment from a forthcoming book, *George Borrow and his Circle*—a biography largely composed of original material that was until recently in the possession of the late Mrs. Henrietta MacOubrey, George Borrow's step-daughter.

and the Scots book never saw the light. In these autumn months of 1858 geniality and humour had departed from Borrow, as his diary makes clear. He was ill. His wife urged a tour in Scotland, and he prepared himself for a rough, simple journey, of a kind quite different from the one in Wales. The north of Scotland in the winter was scarcely to be thought of for his wife and step-daughter, Henrietta. He himself tells us that he walked "several hundred miles in the Highlands." His wife and daughter were with him in Wales, as every reader of *Wild Wales* will recall, but the Scots tour was more formidable, and they went to Great Yarmouth instead. The first half of the tour—that of September—is dealt with in letters to his wife, the latter half is reflected in his diary. The letters show Borrow's experiences in the earlier part of his journey, and from his diaries we learn that he was in Oban on October 22nd, Aberdeen on November 5th, Inverness on the 9th, and thence he went to Tain, Dornoch, Wick, John o' Groats, and to the island towns, Stromness, Kirkwall, and Lerwick. He was in Shetland on the 1st of December—together a bleak, cheerless journey, we may believe, even for so hardy a tramp as Borrow.

The tone of the following extract from one of his rough notebooks in my possession may perhaps be explained by the circumstance. Borrow is in the neighbourhood of Loch L—— and visits a desolate churchyard, Coll H——, to see the tomb of John Macdonnell :—

"I was on a highland hill in an old Popish burying-ground. I entered the ruined church, disturbed a rabbit crouching under an old tombstone—it ran into a hole, then came out running about like wild—quite frightened—made room for it to run out by the doorway, telling it I would not hurt it—went out again and examined the tombs. . . . Would have examined much more but the wind and rain blew horribly and I was afraid that my hat, if not my head, would be blown into the road over the hill. Quitted the place of old Highland Popish devotion—descended the hill again with great difficulty—grass slippery and the ground here and there quaggy, resumed the road—village—went to the door of house looking down the valley—to ask its name—knock—people came out, a whole family looking sullen and all savage. The stout, tall young man with the grey savage eyes—civil questions—half-savage answers—village's name Akaloo Ocharobh—the neighbourhood—all Catholic—chiefly Macdonnells; said the English, *my countrymen*, had taken the whole country—'but not without paying for it,' I replied: he said I was soaking wet with a kind of sneer, but never asked me in. I said I cared not for wet. A savage, brutal Papist and a hater of the English—the whole family with bad countenances—a tall woman in the background probably the mother of them all. Bade him good-day, he made no answer and I went away. Learnt that the river's name was Spean."

He passed through Scotland in a disputative vein which could not have made him a popular traveller. He tells a Roman Catholic of the Macdonnell clan to read his Bible and "trust in Christ, not

in the Virgin Mary and graven images." He goes up to another man who accosts him with the remark that "It is a soft day," and says, "You should not say a 'soft' day, but a wet day." Even the Spanish for whom he had so much contempt and scorn when he returned from the Peninsula, are "in many things a wise people"—after his experiences of Scotsmen. There is abundance of Borrow's prejudice, intolerance—and charm in this fragment of a diary;¹ but the extract I have given is of additional interest as showing how Borrow wrote all his books. The note-books that he wrote in Spain and Wales were made up of similar disjointed jottings. Here is a note of more human character interspersed with Borrow's diatribes upon the surliness of the Scots. He is at Invergarry, on the banks of Loch Oich. It is the 5th of October :—

"Dinner of real haggis; meet a conceited schoolmaster. This night or rather in the early morning I saw in the dream of my sleep my dear departed mother—she appeared to be coming out of her little sleeping room at Oulton Hall—overjoyed I gave a cry and fell down at her knee but my agitation was so great that it burst the bonds of sleep and I awoke."

But the letters to Mrs. Borrow are the essential documents here, and not the copious diaries which I hope to publish elsewhere. The first letter to "Carreta" is from Edinburgh, where Borrow arrived on Sunday, September 19th, 1858 :—

"To MRS. GEORGE BORROW, 38 Camperdown Place, Yarmouth, Norfolk.

"EDINBURGH, Sunday (Sept. 19th, 1858).

"DEAR CARRETA,²—I just write a line to inform you that I arrived here yesterday quite safe. We did not start from Yarmouth till past three o'clock on Thursday morning; we reached Newcastle about ten on Friday. As I was walking in the street at Newcastle a sailor-like man came running up to me and begged that I would let him speak to me. He appeared almost wild with joy. I asked him who he was, and he told me he was a Yarmouth north beach man and that he knew me very well. Before I could answer, another sailor-like short, thick fellow came running up who also seemed wild with joy; he was a comrade of the other. I never saw two people so out of themselves with pleasure, they literally danced in the street; in fact, they were two of my old friends. I asked them how they came down there, and they told me that they had been down fishing. They begged a thousand pardons for speaking to me, but told me they could not help it. I set off for Alnwick on Friday afternoon, stayed there all night and saw the castle next morning. It is a fine old

(1) Which will be published in my edition of *Borrow's Collected Works*.

(2) Borrow always called his wife Carreta, and she signs her letters to him thus. Dr. Knapp, who possessed only one short letter by Borrow to his wife, points out that "carreta" means a Spanish dray-cart, and that "carita" (lovely face of a woman) was probably meant. But, careless as was the famous "word-master" over the spelling of words in the tongues that he never really mastered scientifically, he could scarcely have made so obvious a blunder as this, and there must have been some particular experience in the lives of husband and wife that led to the playful designation.

place, but at present is undergoing repairs—a Scottish king was killed before its walls in the old time. At about twelve I started for Edinburgh. The place is wonderfully altered since I was here, and I don't think for the better. There is a Runic stone on the castle brae which I am going to copy. It was not there in my time. If you write direct to me at the Post Office, Inverness. I am thinking of going to Glasgow to-morrow, from which place I shall start for Inverness by one of the packet which go thither by the North West and the Caledonian Canal. I hope that you and Hen are well and comfortable. Pray eat plenty of grapes and partridges. We had upon the whole a pleasant passage from Yarmouth; we lived plainly but well, and I was not at all ill—the captain seemed a kind, honest creature. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Turnour and Mrs. Clarke, and God bless you and Hen. GEORGE BORROW."

In his unpublished diary Borrow records his journey from Glasgow through beautiful but over-described scenery to Inverness, where he stayed at the Caledonian Hotel :—

"To MRS. GEORGE BORROW, 88 Camperdown Place, Yarmouth.

"INVERNESS, Sunday (Sept. 26th).

"DEAR CARRETA,—This is the third letter which I have written to you. Whether you have received the other two, or will receive this, I am doubtful. I have been several times to the post office, but found no letter from you, though I expected to find one awaiting me when I arrived. I wrote last on Friday. I merely want to know once how you are, and if all is well I shall move onward. It is of not much use staying here. After I had written to you on Friday I crossed by the ferry over the Firth and walked to Beaully and from thence to Beaufort or Castle Downie; at Beaully I saw the gate of the pit where old Fraser used to put the people whom he owed money to—it is in the old ruined cathedral, and at Beaufort saw the ruins of the house where he was born. Lord Lovat lives in the house close by. There is now a claimant to the title, a descendant of old Fraser's elder brother who committed a murder in the year 1690 and on that account fled to South Wales. The present family are rather uneasy and so are their friends of whom they have a great number, for though they are flaming Papists they are very free of their money. I have told several of their cousins that the claimant has not a chance as the present family have been so long in possession. They almost blessed me for saying so. There, however, can be very little doubt that the title and estate, more than a million acres, belong to the claimant by strict law. Old Fraser's brother was called Black John of the Tasser. The man whom he killed was a piper who sang an insulting song to him at a wedding. I have heard the words and have translated them; he was dressed very finely, and the piper sang :

You're dressed in Highland robes, O John,
But ropes of straw would become ye better;
You've silver buckles your shoes upon
But leather thongs for them were fitter.

Whereupon John drew his dagger and ran it into the piper's belly; the descendants of the piper are still living at Beaully. I walked that day thirty-four miles between noon and ten o'clock at night. My letter of credit is here. This is a dear place, but not so bad as Edinburgh. *If you have written*, don't write any more till you hear from me again. God bless you and Hen. GEORGE BORROW."

"Swindled out of a shilling by a rascally ferryman" is Borrow's note in his diary of the episode that he relates to his wife of crossing the Firth. He does not tell her, but his diary tells us, that he changed his inn on the day he wrote this letter: the following jottings from the diary cover the period:—

"Sept. 29th.—Quit the "Caledonian" for "Union Sun"—poor accommodation—could scarcely get anything to eat—unpleasant day. Walked by the river—at night saw the comet again from the bridge."

"Sept. 30th.—Breakfast. The stout gentleman from Caithness, Mr. John Miller, gave me his card—show him mine—his delight."

"Oct. 1st.—Left Inverness for Fort Augustus by steamer—passengers—strange man—tall gentleman—half doctor—breakfast—dreadful hurricane of wind and rain—reach Fort Augustus—inn—apartments—Edinburgh ale—stroll over the bridge to Alli—wretched village—wind and rain—return—fall asleep before fire—dinner—herrings, first-rate—black ale, Highland mutton—pudding and cream—stroll round the fort—wet grass—stormy-like—wind and rain—return—kitchen—kind, intelligent woman from Dornoch—no Gaelic—shows me a Gaelic book of spiritual songs by one Robertson—talks to me about Alexander Cumming, a fat blacksmith and great singer of Gaelic songs."

...

But to return to Borrow's letters to his wife:—

"To MRS. GEORGE BORROW, 38 Camperdown Terrace, Gt. Yarmouth.

"INVERNESS, September 29th, 1858.

"MY DEAR CARRETA,—I have got your letter, and glad enough I was to get it. The day after to-morrow I shall depart from here for Fort Augustus at some distance up the lake. After staying a few days there, I am thinking of going to the Isle of Mull, but I will write to you if possible from Fort Augustus. I am rather sorry that I came to Scotland—I was never in such a place in my life for cheating and imposition, and the farther north you go the worse things seem to be, and yet I believe it is possible to live very cheap here, that is if you have a house of your own and a wife to go out and make bargains, for things are abundant enough, but if you move about you are at the mercy of innkeepers and suchlike people. The other day I was swindled out of a shilling by a villain to whom I had given it for change. I ought, perhaps, to have had him up before a magistrate provided I could have found one, but I was in a wild place and he had a clan about him, and if I had had him up I have no doubt I should have been outsworn. I, however, have met one fine, noble old fellow. The other night I lost my way amongst horrible moors and wandered for miles and miles without seeing a soul. At last I saw a light which came from the window of a rude hovel. I tapped at the window and shouted, and at last an old man came out; he asked me what I wanted and I told him I had lost my way. He asked me where I came from and where I wanted to go, and on my telling him he said I had indeed lost my way, for I had got out of it at least four miles, and was going away from the place I wanted to get to. He then said he would show me the way, and went with me for several miles over most horrible places. At last we came to a road where he said he thought he might leave me, and wished me good-night. I gave him a shilling. He was very grateful and said, after considering, that as I had behaved so handsomely to him he would not leave me yet, as

he thought it possible I might yet lose my way. He then went with me three miles farther, and I have no doubt that, but for him, I should have lost my way again, the roads were so tangled. I never saw such an old fellow, or one whose conversation was so odd and entertaining. This happened last Monday night, the night of the day in which I had been swindled of the shilling by the other; I could write a history about those two."

"To MRS. GEORGE BORROW, 39 Camperdown Terrace, Gt. Yarmouth.

INVERNESS, 30th September, 1858.

DEAR CARRETA,—I write another line to tell you that I have got your second letter—it came just in time, as I leave to-morrow. In your next, address to George Borrow, Post Office, Tobermory, Isle of Mull, Scotland. You had, however, better write without delay, as I don't know how long I may be there; and be sure only to write once. I am glad we have got such a desirable tenant for our Maltings, and should be happy to hear that the cottage was also let so well. However, let us be grateful for what has been accomplished. I hope you wrote to Cooke as I desired you, and likewise said something about how I had waited for Murray. Between ourselves, that account of theirs was a shameful one, whatever they may say. I met to-day a very fat gentleman from Caithness, at the very north of Scotland; he said he was descended from the Norse. I talked to him about them and he was so pleased with my conversation that he gave me his card and begged that I would visit him if I went there. As I could do no less, I showed him my card—I had but one—and he no sooner saw the name than he was in a rapture. I am rather glad that you have got the next door,¹ as the locality is highly respectable. Tell Hen that I copied the Runic stone on the Castle Hill, Edinburgh. It was brought from Denmark in the old time. The inscription is imperfect, but I can read enough of it to see that it was erected by a man to his father and mother. I again write the direction for your next: George Borrow, Esq., Post Office, Tobermory, Isle of Mull, Scotland. God bless you and Hen. Ever yours, GEORGE BORROW."

There must have been many letters separating the one dated September 30th and the next in my possession, dated November 7th. Borrow had a keen appreciation of the value of his letters—these are the first important letters of his that have been published—and frequently wrote the injunction to his wife or daughter—"keep this," at the end of a letter. In any case the letters are lost. The month's gap could be filled up from the diaries did space permit. In the next letter Borrow is again at Inverness :—

"To MRS. GEORGE BORROW, 39 Camperdown Terrace, Yarmouth, Norfolk.

INVERNESS, Nov. 7th, 1858.

DEAR CARRETA,—After I wrote to you I walked round Mull and through it, over Benmore. I likewise went to Scolmsill and passed twenty-four hours

(1) Mrs. Borrow and her daughter went into lodgings at Great Yarmouth during his absence in Scotland. They were first at 38, Camperdown Terrace and later at 39, Camperdown Terrace, as I learn from the envelopes of the letters here published.

there. I saw the wonderful ruin and crossed the island. I suffered a great deal from hunger, but what I saw amply repaid me; on my return to Tobermory I was rather unwell, but got better. I was disappointed in a passage to Thurso by sea, so I was obliged to return to this place by train. On Tuesday, D.V., I shall set out on foot, and hope to find your letter awaiting me at the post office at Thurso. On coming hither by train I nearly lost my things. I was told at Huntly that the train stopped ten minutes, and meanwhile the train drove off *purposely*; I telegraphed to Keith in order that my things might be secured, describing where they were, under the seat. The reply was that there was nothing of the kind there. I instantly said that I would bring an action against the company, and walked off to the town, where I stated the facts to a magistrate and gave him my name and address. He advised me to bring my action. I went back and found the people frightened. They telegraphed again—and the reply was that the things were safe. There is nothing like setting oneself up sometimes. I was terribly afraid I should never again find my books and things. I, however, got them, and my old umbrella, too. I was sent on by the mail train, but lost four hours, besides undergoing a great deal of misery and excitement. When I have been to Thurso and Kirkwall I shall return as quick as possible, and shall be glad to get out of the country. As I am here, however, I wish to see all I can, for I never wish to return. Whilst in Mull I lived very cheaply—it is not costing me more than seven shillings a day. The generality of the inns, however, in the lowlands are incredibly dear—half-a-crown for breakfast, consisting of a little tea, a couple of small eggs and bread and butter—*two* shillings for attendance. Tell Hen that I have some moss for her from Benmore—also some seaweed from the farther shore of Scolmsill. God bless you. GEORGE BORROW."

I do not possess any diaries or note-books covering the period of the following letters. The diary I have referred to as mentioned in the bibliography attached to Dr. Knapp's *Life of Borrow* is in the possession of Mrs. Knapp:—

"To MRS. GEORGE BORROW, 39 Camperdown Terrace, Gt. Yarmouth.

"FORT AUGUSTUS, Sunday (about Oct. 20th, 1858).

"DEAR CARRETA,—I write a line lest you should be uneasy. Before leaving the Highlands I thought I would see a little more about me. So last week I set on a four days' task, a walk of a hundred miles. I returned here late last Thursday night. I walked that day forty-five miles; during the first twenty the rain poured in torrents and the wind blew in my face. The last seventeen miles were in the dark. To-morrow I proceed towards Mull. I hope that you got my letters and that I shall find something from you awaiting me at the post office. The first day I passed over Corryarrick, a mountain 8,000 feet high. I was nearly up to my middle in snow. As soon as I had passed it I was on Badenoch. The road and the farther side was horrible and I was obliged to wade several rivulets, one of which was very boisterous and nearly threw me down. I wandered through a wonderful country and picked up a great many strange legends from the people I met, but they were very few, the country being almost a desert, chiefly inhabited by deer. When amidst the lower mountains I frequently heard them blaring in the woods above me. The people at the inn here are by far the nicest I have met; they are kind and honourable to a degree. God bless you and Hen. GEORGE BORROW."

"THURSO, 21st Nov.

"MY DEAR CARRETA,—I reached this place on Friday night and was glad enough to get your kind letter. I shall be so glad to get home to you. Since my last letter to you I have walked nearly 160 miles. I was terribly taken in with respect to distances—however, I managed to make my way. I have been to Johnny Groat's House which is about twenty-two miles from this place. I had tolerably fine weather all the way, but within two or three miles of that place a terrible storm arose; the next day the country was covered with ice and snow. There is at present here a kind of Greenland winter, colder almost than I ever knew the winter in Russia. The streets are so covered with ice that it is dangerous to step out; to-morrow D. and I pass over into Orkney, and we shall take the first steamer to Aberdeen and Inverness, from whence I shall make the best of my way to England. It is well that I have no farther to walk, for walking now is almost impossible—the last twenty miles were terrible, and the weather is worse now than it was then. I was terribly deceived with respect to steamboats. I was told that one passed over to Orkney every day, and I have now been waiting two days and there is not yet one. I have had quite enough of Scotland. When I was at Johnny Groat's I got a shell for dear Hen which I hope I shall be able to bring or send to her. I am glad to hear that you have got out the money on mortgage so satisfactorily. One of the greatest blessings in this world is to be independent. My spirits of late have been rather bad owing principally to my dear Mother's death. I always knew that we should miss her. I dreamt about her at Fort Augustus. Though I have walked so much I have suffered very little from fatigue and have got over the ground with surprising facility, but I have not enjoyed the country so much as Wales. I wish that you would order a hat for me against I come home; the one I am wearing is very shabby having been so frequently drenched with rain and storm-beaten. I cannot say the exact day that I shall be home, but you may be expecting me. The worst is that there is no depending on the steamers, for there is scarcely any traffic in Scotland in winter. My appetite of late has been very poorly, chiefly, I believe, owing to badness of food and want of regular meals. Glad enough, I repeat, shall I be to get home to you and Hen. GEORGE BORROW."

"KIRKWALL, ORKNEY, November 27th, Saturday.

"DEAR CARRETA,—I am, as you see, in Orkney, and I expect every minute the steamer which will take me to Shetland and Aberdeen, from which last place I go by train to Inverness, where my things are, and thence home. I had a stormy passage to Stromness, from whence I took a boat to the Isle of Hoy, where I saw the wonderful Dwarf's House hollowed out of the stone. From Stromness I walked here. I have seen the old Norwegian Cathedral; it is of red sandstone and looks as if cut out of rock. It is stern and grand to a degree. I have also seen the ruins of the old Norwegian Bishop's palace in which King Hason died; also the ruins of the palace of Patrick, Earl of Orkney. I have been treated here with every kindness and civility. As soon as the people knew who I was they could scarcely make enough of me. The Sheriff, Mr. Robertson, a great, Gaelic scholar, said he was proud to see me in his house; and a young gentleman of the name of Petrie, Clerk of Supply, has done nothing but go about with me to show me the wonders of the place. Mr. Robertson wished to give me letters to some gentleman at Edinburgh. I, however, begged leave to be excused, saying that I wished to get home, as, indeed,

I do, for my mind is wearied by seeing so many strange places. On my way to Kirkwall I saw the stones of Stennis—immense blocks of stone standing up like those of Salisbury Plain. All the country is full of Druidical and Pictish remains. It is, however, very barren and scarcely a tree is to be seen, only a few dwarf ones. Orkney consists of a multitude of small islands, the principal of which is Pomona, in which Kirkwall is. The currents between them are terrible. I hope to be home a few days after you receive these lines, either by rail or steamer. This is a fine day, but there has been dreadful weather here. I hope we shall have a prosperous passage. I have purchased a little Kirkwall newspaper, which I send you with this letter. I shall perhaps post both at Lerwick or Aberdeen. I sent you a Johnny Groat's newspaper, which I hope you got. Don't tear either up, for they are curious. God bless you and Hen. GEORGE BORROW."

"STIRLING, Dec. 14th.

"DEAR CARRETA,—I write a line to tell you that I am well and that I am on my way to England, but I am stopped here for a day for there is no conveyance. Wherever I can walk I get on very well—but if you depend on coaches or any means of conveyance in this country you are sure to be disappointed. This place is but thirty-five miles from Edinburgh, yet I am detained for a day—there is no train. The waste of that day will prevent me getting to Yarmouth from Hull by the steamer. Were it not for my baggage I would walk to Edinburgh. I got to Aberdeen, where I posted a letter for you. I was then obliged to return to Inverness for my luggage—125 miles—rather than return again to Aberdeen. I sent on my things to Dunkeld and walked the 102 miles through the Highlands when I got here. I walked to Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, thirty-eight miles over horrible roads. I then got back here. I have now seen the whole of Scotland that is worth seeing, and have walked 600 miles. I shall be glad to be out of the country; a person here must depend entirely upon himself and his own legs. I have not spent much money—my expenses during my wanderings averaged a shilling a day. As I was walking through Strathspey, singularly enough I met two or three of the Phillipses. I did not know them, but a child came running after me to ask me my name. It was Miss P. and two of the children. I hope to get to you in two or three days after you get this. God bless you and dear Hen. GEORGE BORROW."

In spite of Borrow's vow never to visit Scotland again, he was there eight years later—in 1866—but only in the lowlands. His step-daughter, Hen, or Henrietta Clarke, had married Dr. MacOubrey, of Belfast, and Borrow and his wife went on a visit to the pair. But the incorrigible vagabond in Borrow was forced to declare itself, and leaving his wife and daughter in Belfast he crossed to Stranraer by steamer on July 17th, 1866, and tramped through the lowlands, visiting Ecclefechan and Gretna Green. We have no record of his experiences at these places. The only literary impression of the Scots tour of 1866, apart from a brief itinerary in Dr. Knapp's *Life*, is an essay on Kirk Yetholm in *Romano Lavo-Lil*. We would gladly have exchanged it for an account of his visits to Abbotsford and Melrose, two places which he saw in August of this year.

CLEMENT SHORTER.

ALFRED DE VIGNY (AND SOME ENGLISH POETS)
ON NATURE.

"NATURE's shadows are ever varying," wrote Blake. And Emerson : "Nature is not fixed : but fluid ; spirit alters, moulds, makes it." The spirit of the poets, towards whose individual creeds and ever-changing moods Nature, of all great lyric themes, is the most plastic and seemingly complacent. Hence, to every lyrist, a fresh or freshening outlook upon Nature. There is Shakespeare, whose range is Nature's, and Spenser, who is Nature's most polished mirror among English poets, while Burns and Chaucer are but finely natural. There are our Carolines, our Herricks and Marvells, feasting their greedy eyes and watery lips on luscious fruits and lustrous flowers. There are, more gorgeous still, Milton's Edenic orchard and hot-house, and Milton's festive table a-quaking with the oftentimes wire-mounted gifts of God and Fiend—most thankfully received from either. Then our befrilled, Augustan kitchen-gardeners, utilitarian, platitudinarian, vegetarian ; learned in agriculture, horticulture, forestry : as insincere and selfish in their attitude towards Mother Earth are our modern jaded townsmen, to whom Nature connotes a punt at Staines or Cookham, with a high-heeled, wingless flapper ! And yet, none better qualified than our eighteenth-century didactics to instruct, in botany and economic biology, both the pure and bookish classic, whose dendritic world is bounded by the Grecian oak and maple, or the untravelled revellers in the Byronic East, growing "La France" roses at the base of Lebanon cedars !

Less elaborate than Thompson's *Kinema of the Seasons*, if not less precise and conscientious in their subordination to the object, are Crabbe's dry, hard woodcuts ; and Meredith's dewy vignettes ; Rossetti's, flaming ; and Tennyson's soft aquarelles and mellow pastel tints ; while, probably alone in English poetry, Keats' richly inlaid marbles and bright panellings vie with Gautier's muscular and mountainous reliefs, mosaics and enamels. And there is Swinburne's nature-lust, a fierce and lawless mating with wave and woman, wind and tree ; and Shelley's *mariage blanc*, his sexless fusings with cloud and breeze ; with Heaven's swarm of golden bees and orbéd maidens ; with *Dreamland's* flowers and birds, not *Earth's*. And what of Coleridge, on whose drugged senses a phantom and mysterious nature plays a weird orgy of slow, slumbrous music and hypnotic

glints ; but on whose chill judgment, when awake, the acute vision of "the western sky and its peculiar tint of yellow green," as of the stars and crescent moon, reacts, emotionally, not at all ; a phenomenon unique, I think, in English and romantic poetry : "I see them all so excellently fair, I see, not feel, how beautiful they are."

And why, it may be asked, have I omitted patient Cowper, healthy Scott, and healing Wordsworth, and let-me-down or pick-me-uppish Browning? Well, to watch Cowper, as he follows lovingly the smooth course of *his* little river, *his* dear Ouse, "slow, winding through a level plain of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er"—although I am not blind to the objective qualities of the landscape, I have a feeling that the Ouse is dear to him, mainly, at any rate, if not exclusively, because it is *his* river. And, indeed, he strikes me as belonging to those affectionate, habitual and faithful creatures—faithful all round, be it noted, not necessarily monopolised by any one attachment—whose unflinching conservatism and homeliness clings to *their* corner of the world, and their surroundings. Had Cowper lived, not by the countryside, but in some urban or suburban garret, I have no doubt but that he would have sung, most equably again, of his little attic under the skylight, his dusty furniture, and gaudy flowerpots ; in brief, of all things dear to him, since ancient and familiar. Neither can Scott dissociate his local scenery from human landmarks ; if historical this time, rather than personal or domestic. And there is often something of the historical and invariably of the domestic aspect in Wordsworth's survey of Nature, the outcome, as Sainte-Beuve put it in a terse and little-known verse couplet, "of living thirty years in the same place, in constant contemplation of the same God!" Now, Cowper had already owned that to him Nature was but a name for an effect whose cause is God. And for Wordsworth, as for Browning in a more speculative way, Nature is but the clearest token of God's bounty ; the closest bond 'twixt God and Man, His foremost intimation to us of our immortality. If that were really so, and not a sheer loading of the dice in Nature's favour, were God and Nature inextricably blended, then indeed could Wordsworth well proclaim that "Nature never did betray the Heart that loved her" ; and thence proceed to "gather wisdom from a flower"—God's flower. But I fear that, when we shall have scanned those poets who, regarding Nature as a full and distinct entity, self-developed and contained within her laws, have rummaged in her inmost depths—I fear we shall agree that it were better for God's sake and for ours—that He were saddled with no more than Nature's sleeping partnership. And you will also realise the lovable, if self-decep-

tive, trick practised upon himself by Wordsworth's childlike innocence. To me, his unswerving faith and trust in Nature suggest those of the simple-minded husband, who, at the close of a long life lived blissfully in pure devotion to a heartless and unfaithful spouse, dies blissfully, still unsuspecting, in her passionless embrace. And we love and wonder at such willing dupes, yea, may envy them at times, almost admire them, but not quite. For, given a chance of exchanging our perplexities for their deluded peace of mind, we—the men, that is—would rather face hard facts. As with love's pangs and secrets, so with Nature's.

For if "God through the voice of Nature," to quote Greg's phrase, "calls the mass of men to be happy, He calls a few among them to the grander task of being severely but serenely sad," and in the first rank, such poets as He has endowed with that "sad lucidity of soul," which bids them see everywhere and always "the sad vicissitudes of things," sometimes, alas! only to bear them away on the jet black wings of that dusky angel, "the Melancholia that transcends all wit."

Such, with us are Matthew Arnold and James Thomson; such, with the French, Leconte de Lisle, and perhaps Sully Prudhomme, but above all Alfred de Vigny.

In "La Maison du Berger" he is wandering on the heights with Eva, his fair ideal mate, through the twilight woodland, peering now and again out of charmed magic casements upon the limitless perspective of the broad dumb lands below, but slightly veiled by the evening mist and dispersing smoke of urban industry. How good it is to be here, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," far, too, from the fawning cities, those fatal rocks of human slavery! Yes, how good it is to wander through this vast, free shelter of virgin peaks and virgin forests, amid wild scents and songs untaught—a glittering frame and bridal symphony, a hallowed altar of repose for the chaste beloved one of the poet! And he is thinking now of the arched and shady nook, where presently, amid the flowers, they are to find a bed of perfect peace for their spiritual wedding. For she has placed her pure hand on his storm-beat heart, and henceforth he will love all things created, since he will gaze at them in the twin dream mirrors of her eyes. And his happiness would seem assured, for here at last he feels in harmony with Nature. "In harmony with Nature?" "Restless fool," says Matthew Arnold, "the last impossibility, to be like Nature strong, like Nature cool." And Vigny starts; convulsively he grips the hand of his loved one; convulsively he cries to her: "Oh! leave me not alone with Nature, for I know her too well not to dread her." "I recognise

her," should he have said, after having allowed himself to be thus taken in, for a moment, by those tricks (*stratagema Naturæ*) whereof Seneca speaks, by those seeming tokens of her kindliness for man, of which she, Nature, is not even guilty, but, as it were, unconscious; since such semblances are but the duping of man by man, a human mirage suffused by the poet's emotional, imaginative mood. And Arnold pursues:—

"Fools that these mystics are
Who prate of Nature! For she
Has neither beauty, nor warmth,
Nor life, nor emotion, nor power.
But man has a thousand gifts,
And the generous dreamer invests
The senseless world with them all.
Nature is nothing! Her charm
Lives in our eyes which can paint,
Lives in our hearts which can feel!"

And Nature speaks:—

"There is no effort on my brow,—
I do not strive, I do not weep.
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep."

Or do you prefer Shelley's invocation to the "Spirit of Nature" in *Queen Mab*?—

"Spirit of Nature! all-sufficing Power
Necessity! thou mother of the world!
Unlike the God of human error,
Thou requir'st no prayers or praises, the caprice
Of man's weak will belongs no more to thee
Than do the changeful passions of his breast
To thy unvarying harmony. . . .

". . . . All that the wise world contains
Are but thy passive instruments, and thou
Regard'st them all with an impartial eye,
Whose joy and pain thy nature cannot feel,
Because thou hast not human sense,
Because thou art not human mind."

Or the more concentrated essence of Meredith's poetry in a *Reading of Earth*?—

"Not she gives the tear for the tear,
Weep, plead, rave, writhe, be distraught;
She is moveless. . . .
She yields not for prayers at her knees."

Or this icy and chilling statement of fact by James Thomson in the *City of Dreadful Night*, more cosmic and more painful still in its ruthless logic?—

"The world rolls round for ever like a mill;
It grinds out death and life and good and ill.
It has no purpose, heart or mind or will. . . .
"Man might know one thing were his sight less dim;
That it whirls not to suit his petty whim
That it is quite indifferent to him.
"Nay, does it treat him harshly as he saith?
It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,
Then grinds him back into eternal death."

And again, in another passage from the same work, where, to the hopelessness of awakening in Nature the faintest response, the slenderest assuaging for ills of "finite hearts that yearn," is added the yet keener despair of an Empyréan, equally cold and void :—

"How the moon triumphs through the endless nights!
How the stars throb and glitter as they wheel
Their thick processions of supernal lights
Around the blue vault obdurate as steel!
And men regard with passionate awe and yearning
The mighty marching and the golden burning,
And think the heavens respond to what they feel. . . .
"With such a living light these dead eyes shine,
These eyes of sightless heaven, that, as we gaze,
We read a pity, tremulous, divine,
Or cold, majestic scorn in their pure rays :
Fond man! they are not haughty, are not tender;
There is no heart or mind in all their splendour,
They thread mere puppets in all their marvellous maze."

It is a sad analogy or corollary to this, which Meredith has formulated in his *Reading of Nature* :—

"The Legends that sweep her aside,
Crying loud for an opiate boon
To comfort the human want
From the bosom of magical skies,
She smiles on, marking their source;
They read her with infant eyes."

But which no poet, I think—unless it be Lucretius—has rendered with so much withering force and fierce intensity, if at the same time mournfulness, at once majestic and delicate in expression, as Alfred de Vigny. To him Nature speaks thus :—

"Je suis l'impassible théâtre
Que ne peut remuer le pied de ses acteurs;
Mes marches d'émeraude et mes parvis d'albâtre,
Mes colonnes de marbre ont les dieux pour sculpteurs.
Je n'entends ni vos cris ni vos soupirs; à peine
Je sens passer sur moi la comédie humaine
Qui cherche en vain au ciel ses muets spectateurs.

Z Z Z

Je roule avec dédain, sans voir, et sans entendre
 A côté des fourmis les populations;
 Je ne distingue pas leur terrier de leur cendre,
 J'ignore en les portant les noms des nations. . . .
 Mon printemps ne sent pas vos adorations."

No, "Nature does not cocker us," as Emerson rightly observes; "she is *not* fond." Although I am not sure I agree with Emerson when he goes on to say that "Nature does not like to be observed, and likes best that we should be her fools and playmates"—because we know at bottom that she is equally incapable of likes and dislikes in her absolute indifference towards us, in her ignorant ignoring of us. Thus are shattered, crushed out of being, any actual or potential leanings towards friendship between man and Nature, between the feeling and the unfeeling. For that reason alone, "Nature and Man can never be fast friends," as Arnold would interpose. But there are other reasons, stronger reasons. No more than the feeling and the unfeeling, can the permanent and the transitory sympathise and mate. And "Nature alone is permanent," whilst Man, who, as Vigny will say to her, "should have been her king," is, after all, but the humblest of her passengers. Whereupon, in a single stanza, he encompasses and clothes in glowing poetry the cosmic hypotheses and discoveries of science, picturing to us Nature's scornful freedom, from those twin limits that are ours, "the gauge of Time" and "manacles of Space." Here she is, myriads of centuries before our coming, a dazzling nebula, whipping the winds with the radiating coils and fringes of her whirling mane:—

"Avant vous j'étais belle et toujours parfumée,
 J'abandonnais au vent mes cheveux tout entiers,
 Je suivais dans les cieux ma route accoutumée
 Sur l'axe harmonieux des divins balanciers."

Here she is again, myriads of centuries after our disappearance, when even the memory of us, that ultimate and supreme shrine of man in his desperate clinging to the conception of his immortality, will have been obliterated, sunk in the abyss of Time; see her in her rhythmic and perpetual motion, challenging the immeasurable space:—

"Après vous, traversant l'espace où tout s'élance,
 J'irai seule et sereine, en un chaste silence,
 Je fendrai l'air du front et de mes seins altiers."

A pictorially brilliant, and, at the same time, strictly scientific representation of Nature's permanence, as opposed to the ephemeral character of Man, original and poetic too, in quite a

different way from the more abstract, if, perhaps, equally vigorous expression of it by Tennyson :—

“For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.”

Or by Arnold :—

“Race after race, man after man,
Have dream'd that my secret was theirs,
Have thought that I liv'd but for them,
That they were my glory and joy—
They are dust, they are chang'd, they are gone,
I remain.”

Quaintly instructive is it to compare with Arnold's stern and Tennyson's gentler pessimism awakened by the sight of Nature's permanence, Swinburne's diverging, if not opposite, attitude upon his recognition of the same fact in “Hertha.” For him that permanence implies neither severance of man from life, nor incompatibility 'twixt man and Nature; and, above all, no triumph of Nature's at man's cost, since man, the fruit of Nature's body, is yet her very pulse and soul. More, he is one with her, although he seldom knows it, so that an indissoluble one, Nature and Man, Nature with Man, Nature in Man, or Man in Nature—despite death's vain phenomenon—live on, *lives* on and thrives. Which pan-anthropic view—anthropomorphic would be incorrect—would seem to bring, if not exactly joy, then boundless consolation to its holder or inventor :—

“I am that which began,
Out of me the years roll,
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and whole.”

“God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily; I am the soul.”

“The tree many rooted,
That swells to the sky
With frondage red-fruited,
The Life-tree am I.”

‘In the buds of your lives, in the sap of my leaves: ye shall live and not die.”

And again :—

“Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my body, and seed of my soul.
Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me, man that is I.”

— In which final notes of self-survival I would fain read a more catholic, or, if you will, synthetic variation of Byron's *leit-motiv*, in which heroic man alone was voiced :—

“Are not the mountains, waves and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?”

But whichever of the Arnoldian or Swinburnian views is the sounder, scientifically speaking, poetically, to Nature's voice from the "Brook" in Tennyson, I prefer that other voice of hers, from the "Nile," as tuned by that less popular Victorian, James Thomson :—

"But Man, the admirable, the pitiable,
These sad-eyed peoples of the sons of men,
Are as the children of an alien race
Planted among my children, not at home,
Changelings aloof from all my family
They shift, they change, they vanish like thin dreams,
As unsubstantial as the mists that rise
After my overflow from out my fields,
In silver fleeces, golden volumes rise,
And melt away before the mounting sun;
While I flow onward solely permanent
Amidst their swiftly passing pageantry.
Poor men, most admirable, most pitiable
With all their changes, all their great Creeds change. . . .
. . . And I through all these generations flow,
Of corn and men and gods all bountiful,
Perennial through their transientness, still fed
By earth with waters in abundance;
And as I flowed here long before they were,
So may I flow when they no longer are,
Most like the serpent of eternity."

For Arnold and Tennyson have, of course, grasped the particular aspect which masks this permanence of Nature, in her unwearying transformation, her constant reshaping of all her shifting elements, behind a labour almost silent and scarcely perceptible. But neither has given of it so full and comprehensive an interpretation or philosophical development, as we had a right to expect alike from their general pronouncements and their evolutionary inklings. Shelley had already given to this aspect its full significance in *Queen Mab*, as well as in the latter portion of the better known *Adonais*. I quote from the former :—

"Thus do the generations of the earth
Go to the grave and issue from the womb,
Surviving still the imperishable change
That renovates the world: even as the leaves
Which the keen frost wind of the waning year
Has scattered on the forest soil and heaped
For many seasons there—though long they choke,
Loading with loathsome rottenness the land,
All germs of promise, yet when the tall trees
From which they fell, shorn of their lovely shapes,
Lie level with the earth, to moulder there;
They fertilise the land they long deformed,
Till from the breathing lawn a forest springs
Of youth, integrity and loveliness,

Like that which gave it life, to spring and die.
 Thus suicidal selfishness that blights
 The fairest feelings of the opening heart
 Is destined to decay, whilst from the soil
 Shall spring all virtue, all delight, all love;
 And judgment cease to wage unnatural war.
 With passion's unsubduable array."

But I know not whether Shelley has treated this aspect with more charm and poetry even than James Thomson, his disciple here :—

"One part of me shall feed a little worm,
 And it a bird on which a man may feed;
 One lime the mould, one nourish insect-sperm;
 One thrill sweet grass, one pulse in bitter weed.
 "This swell a fruit, and that evolve in air;
 Another trickle to a springlet's lair,
 Another paint a daisy on the mead."

Verses at once exquisite and poignant, recalling the cry of Laertes in Ophelia's grave—a cry no less exquisite, and more poignant perhaps in its brevity, stripped bare of every shred of self-love or self-condolence :—

"And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 Let violets spring!"

But then, it is only to the gods, or to the creations of their perpetual youth, that like soarings of idealism, or rather of transcendental optimism are given, a miracle of love, stronger than death itself! In Shelley, and that is natural enough, when we bear in mind his pantheistic hypothesis—failing a creative deity as Wordsworth conceived it—of at least "a pervading spirit, co-eternal with the universe"—in Shelley, this permanence of Nature through her successive transformations arouses a desire to take his share in them, even though he be on that account compelled to merge his individual life into the life universal. For she is so alluring, is Nature—a feast of sounds and colours, in her unbroken reign of youth, integrity, and loveliness. And it is not a nature so universally sensitive, sympathetic, and responsive as Shelley's that will shrink before the objection, doubtless suggested to Meredith by "Earth's harsh wisdom," and his impartial view of her, that

"Cry we for permanence fast,
 Permanence hangs by the grave,"

since that objection will not sadden the philosophy of Meredith himself. Meredith's brotherhood with men and things is less personal, less universal, less radiating, than the more spiritual affinities of Shelley, but also more active, lustier, and, if I dare say so, more immediately self-oblivious because born of the

relatively modern idea of the individual's sacrifice to the species or community. Indeed, for Meredith, the Death of Man is precisely the life-giving principle of Nature :—

“Death is the word of a bovine day,
Know you the breast of the springing To-be?”

She, Nature, has no care for the individual, but for the species only : “Not thee she cares for, but us.” She is, if you like, a murderess.

“A slayer, yea, as when she pressed
Her savage to the slaughter heaps,
To sacrifice she prompts her best,
She reaps them as the sower reaps.”

And the sacrifice may be a hard one ; yet for her best it is not bitter. They see “Earth loves her young, a preference manifest.” They understood that :—

“Earth yields the milk, but all her mind
Is vowed to thresh for stouter stock.”

And they understand at the same time what she, Mother Earth, expects of her eldest sons in favour of her newly-born, and of her still unborn. And without protest, with hardly a note of sadness, they will make it a point of honour to satisfy “Her passion for old Giantkind, that scaled the mount, uphurled the wall,” a task which now “devolves on them who read aright her meaning and devoutly serve.” Besides, they have now heard within her voice so powerfully persuasive, a bar to all selfish revolt of even their decaying selves :—

“Thou under stress of the strife
Shalt hear for sustainment supreme
The cry of the conscience of life.
Keep the young generations in hail
And bequeath them no tumbled house.”

A consideration from which Matthew Arnold in the *Contrition of Age*, faithful to Victorian ideals in education as in ethical teaching, will evolve a lesson for youth itself :—

“While the locks are yet brown on thy head,
While the soul still looks through thine eyes,
While the heart still pours
The mantling blood to thy cheek,
Sink, O Youth, in thy soul,
Yearn to the greatness of Nature,
Rally the good in the depths of thyself.”

Whilst, on the other hand, from his almost constant contemplation of a Nature “mild and inscrutably calm,” he will strive to inculcate in men of all ages ideas of self-control and of “Toil unsever'd from Tranquillity.” But with Arnold, in his very submission, or rather his lofty resignation, not less scientific than

moral, to the inevitable law of Nature, one feels a regret of which but little trace is found in Meredith's fiery gusts of sacrifice, and none in Shelley.

Shelley gently welcomes the idea of exchanging the miserable wrap of human personality for a glorious realm—from which ugliness at last, whether moral or physical, will be absent—and where he will be born anew in the fragrance of a flower, the quivering song of a bird, the glittering throb of a star. With James Thomson, on the contrary, this dainty self-complacency towards an harmonious merging into the universal life of Nature yields to a paroxysm of desire, between which two extremes the drowsiness of Keats stands midway, in the "Ode to the Nightingale." But let me quote Thomson's almost unknown stanza in "Our Ladies of Death":—

"Upgathered thus in thy divine embrace,
Upon mine eyes thy soft mesmeric hand,
While wreaths of opiate odour interlace
About my pulseless brow; babe-pure and bland,
Passionless, senseless, thoughtless, let me dream
Some ever-slumbrous, never-varying theme,
Within the shadow of thy Timeless Land."

To which furious frantic thirst for annihilation, so suggestive of the Buddhist Nirvana, I know of no parallel, unless it be found in that other great, or greater disillusioned soul, Leconte de Lisle. He, in his splendid impatience to escape from the shame of thinking and the horror of being man, and to be freed from Time, from Number, and from Space, prays to Divine Death to restore that rest which life disturbed. He, too, wishes to steep himself, or rather to steep himself again in the divine nothingness, but in his case slowly—unlike Thomson—giving himself the exquisite and sensuous bliss of watching, tasting, sipping his gradual absorption into the eternal substance—and of telling Life, which he is renouncing with a bitter sharp delight; and of telling sordid and noisome man of his crushing contempt for both:—

"Ah! tout cela, jeunesse amour, joie et pensée,
Chants de la mer et des forêts, souffles du ciel,
Emportant à plein vol l'espérance insensée,
Qu'est-ce que tout cela qui n'est pas éternel?"

What is all that which lacks eternity? "Our life's a cheat." Now this truly Olympian gesture, in its all-embracing sweep of the man learned in actual life as in the history of the past, of this searching, keen unraveller of Nature's mysteries, this pitiless dissector of the human heart as of his own, of their common passions and illusions—this truly Olympian gesture is no doubt

magnificent. But is not his superb, his fiery scorn for our puny, and, if you like, unworthy selves, just a trifle harsh and cruel in regard to these—and they include most of our number—who are incapable of rising to such heights of asceticism and impassibility. I know not truly whether I admire more than this supreme vow, this haughty sigh of Leconte de Lisle for dateless oblivion and divine repose—but I certainly prefer to it the opposite conclusion, to which Vigny has arrived by the same *via dolorosa* of graduated disillusionment. “I love mankind, I pity it; nature is for me but a *decoration* of insolent duration, on which is thrown that passing and sublime puppet—called man,” he wrote somewhere in his Diary. Which striking phrase was, no doubt, the germ of his conception of Nature’s permanence, as of a challenge to ephemeral man, conveyed to us in “La Maison du Berger.” But this permanence is not merely a challenge of passive indifference, but, indeed, of the most active enmity; it conceals the most cruel of the numberless deceptions to which we men are bound to fall the helpless victims. For this permanence of Nature is upheld and maintained by her at our expense. Thomson likewise has seen through it:—

“Our Mother feedeth thus our little life,
That we in turn may feed her with our death.”

But his self-drugging has prevented him from drawing the final inference. Meredith has emphasised it better, but he, too, deviates through his impulsive generosity, by the shady paths of a metaphysique of nature, a manless naturalism. Vigny, whose heart and logic are not mutually exclusive, sees the fact and faces it with manly truth. “They call *me* mother” nature jibes, “that am their grave!” My winter takes your dead as its lawful tribute. And Vigny proceeds:—

“C’est là ce que me dit sa voix triste et superbe,
Et dans mon cœur alors je la hais, et je vois
Notre sang dans son onde et nos morts sous son herbe,
Nourrissant de leurs sucs la racine des bois.”

He hates her—he is the first poet who has hated her, the only one perhaps. True, he hates her, as it were, in spite of himself; for he confesses that his eyes were wont to find some charms in her, that is, in the magical *decoration*. But, imperatively, he commands his eyes to bear elsewhere their wonderings, and elsewhere all their tears. For that which merits all their admiration, all their pity, is not mighty matter, the raw strength and beauty of the destroyer, but the constitution, tender, sensitive, and frail of the destroyed; in a word, of the individual. For it is in the name of the individual, of all individuals—he is not

thinking of his ego—that Vigny utters this cry so profoundly human, which moves me infinitely more than Leconte de Lisle's, of which it is, indeed, the absolute negation. "Love what you never can see twice." Whereupon the true, great individualist who is Vigny, turned for a moment from a universal contemplation of mankind—at times, empty, cold, and soulless, like public and impersonal philanthropy—to gaze once more with manhood's noble tenderness on the fair and ailing companion at his side, whose pangs of suffering womanhood he loves to rock and lull. Who will see twice *thy* grace, *thy* tenderness—and *thy* pure smile, so loving and pain-stricken?" Then, straightening himself with all the thinking force of his personality, conscious, as is Pascal, of his physical impotence, but by this very consciousness superior to dull stupid nature, which is crushing him unknowingly, he answers her challenge by another:—

"Vivez, froide nature, et revivez sans cesse
 Sous nos pieds, sur nos fronts, puisque c'est votre loi;
 . . . Plus que tout votre règne et que ses splendeurs vaines,
 J'aime la majesté des souffrances humaines :
 Vous ne recevrez pas un cri d'amour de moi."

"I love the majesty of human sufferings." Understand in his case the majesty of human thought; because, for him, as for Leconte de Lisle, thought is suffering, thought is misery. But unlike Leconte de Lisle, and unlike Keats, for whom "to think is to be full of sorrow and leaden-eyed despairs," Vigny will not abdicate what constitutes the very essence of our being, of our personality—our thought and consciousness. "Let us console ourselves for all our woes by the thought that we enjoy our very thought, and that nothing can take away from us that same enjoyment." Nothing, that is to say, save death, save Nature. A further reason why he should hate her, if not justly—since she, as we have seen—is irresponsible—then, at least, nobly. No, whatever Arnold may have said in his Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse, the nobleness of grief is not gone, not likely ever to go, so long as men exist, and poets therefore at rare intervals, able and worthy to "wear this majesty of grief again"—as Arnold, once more, puts it in his stanzas to a Gipsy Child; poets, too, who have the supreme courage to face the dreadful facts of life and to remain poets, notwithstanding, in the sweetest as in the sternest sense; men and poets whose supreme pride and privilege it is of crying out to Nature, as Vigny does, in the awful calm and silence of a manly agony:—

"Vous ne recevrez pas un cri d'amour de moi"—
 "From me shalt thou receive no word of Love."

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

ISABELLA II.'S FIRST REVOLUTION

THOUGH 1848 was the year of revolutions, Spain got through the year without one. Narvaez, the dandy of blood and iron, blocked the way.

Attempts were made. The Count of Montemolin, once Isabella's suitor, took the line that, as he could not have her hand in marriage, his second best course would be to evict her from her kingdom; and though he personally, like most of his household, preferred a life of ease at a safe distance from the scene of carnage, his supporters took the field on his behalf—very possibly for no other reason than because they liked war better than peace and brigandage better than war. Their favourite method was to descend upon open towns and collect the taxes in their sovereign's name. If the taxes were paid to them quietly, they accepted them quietly, and withdrew without other acts of violence; but if there was reluctance to pay, they paraded the leading citizens in a public place, and sprinkled them with boiling water until they proved compliant.

Clearly there was nothing to be done with such revolutionists except to gather them in by degrees and shoot them in as large lots as possible: a task which Narvaez undertook with alacrity and carried out with thoroughness. He could dance a minuet with his Queen better than any other man who ever held a portfolio in Spain; and when the dance was done, he went out and removed her enemies with the relentless precision of a mowing machine—decapitating all the poppies, not the tallest only, and proving himself a man of action, not of words. It was he who, with picturesque disregard for dates, informed the Cortes, in a memorable oration, that the eloquence of Cicero had not prevented the Romans from losing the Battle of Cannae. It was he, too, who, when exhorted by the priest who attended him on his death-bed to forgive his enemies, replied that there was no need for him to do so, for he had shot them all; and it would seem that he shot most of them while suppressing the seditions which disturbed the first years of Isabella's reign—shooting Radicals and Carlists with equal zest, and so shooting his way, as it were, to a practical dictatorship of Spain.

At the same time he "managed" Isabella, indulging her weaknesses up to a point, but then drawing the line—laying himself out, not only to restore order in the country, but also to maintain decorum at the Court. One can almost see him lifting a warning

finger, and saying, "Naughty! Naughty!"—a thing which Isabella's way of life made it very necessary for somebody to say. She meant well; but, not having been trained either to morality or to statecraft in her childhood, she had not sufficient originality to invent either of these things for herself as an adult. On the contrary, she loved pleasure and lived with levity, not from malice aforethought, but simply because it had never occurred to her that it became a Queen to live in any other style.

"Queen Isabella" (writes a contemporary observer) "rises very late, as is the way with those who do not sleep much at night. As soon as she is up, she goes to her dressing-room to attend to her correspondence, and then plays battledore and shuttlecock with her maids-of-honour, or even with her Ministers, or her intimate friends—or those who aspire to her intimacy.

"After her dinner, to which she does ample justice, Isabella the Catholic repairs to the garden, where she dances for several hours.

"After the dance, the Queen makes a fresh toilette—for the toilette is one of her grand passions—and then goes to the theatre, whence she returns to practise music with her professors until two o'clock in the morning."

It is added, by another contemporary observer, that it was her practice, until she was lectured on the impropriety of the proceeding, to give audiences to diplomatists in her dressing-gown and slippers. It is not on record that they made any complaint of the informality; but it is, none the less, probable that the occasion was one of those on which Narvaez raised his warning finger and said: "Naughty!" So that one is tempted, putting all these little facts together, and generalising, to say that, just as Hippocleides, in the Greek story, danced away his marriage, so Isabella danced away her throne. But not at once; for, if Isabella did little to win the respect of her subjects, at least she endeared herself to them by innumerable acts of generosity, which testified to the excellence of her heart.

The beggars at the Palace gate were never sent empty away. When Isabella had no money for them, she gave them her bracelets instead. On the occasion of the birth of her stillborn child, her first thought was to promise the nurses that they should receive the same emolument as if the babe had lived. She showered dowries upon the daughters of innumerable generals; she paid the debts of Cabinet Ministers who had got into difficulties; and a delightful story illustrative of her ignorance of the value of money was related in the *Gaulois* when the time came to write her obituary notice:—

"At the time when she was still on the throne she received a petition from an Asturian woman who had had the honour of acting as foster-nurse to Alphonso XII. In consequence of a fire, or a thunderstorm, or

an epidemic—calamities which are continually occurring to foster-nurses—the woman had travelled from her distant province to seek assistance from the Queen.

"Moved to commiseration by the story, the Queen sent for her Steward.

"'Fetch ten thousand duros and give them to this woman,' she said to him.

"The Steward raised objections. Ten thousand duros were fifty thousand francs, so he hazarded a timid protest.

"'You heard what I said. Do what I tell you,' replied the Queen.

"Whereupon the Steward had a happy thought. He collected ten thousand five-franc pieces, and spread them out until they covered all the desks and tables in the royal boudoir.

"When the Queen, returning from her daily drive, saw all her tables thus garnished with pieces of silver, it was her turn to cry out.

"'Why is all this money here?' she exclaimed in her astonishment.

"'Madame,' answered the Steward, 'this is the present which Your Majesty instructed me to give to the foster-nurse of the Prince of the Asturias.'

"'Nonsense! You must be mad,' rejoined the Queen. 'Give her ten of these pieces. That will be quite enough for her.'

"But, of course, the adroit Steward contrived to steer a middle path between deficient and excessive generosity."

The story is typical of many similar stories, and helps to show why Isabella's popularity, in spite of her misgovernment, was hard to undermine. Spanish chivalry went out to her, declaring her "every inch a Spaniard." The common people, in particular, were entirely sympathetic with her well-advertised attachment to General Serrano, who was famous, among other things, for being the handsomest man in Spain. "She has all the Manolas to a woman," writes Charles Greville, "and, through them, their lovers, brothers, and friends; they would rise *en masse* for her if called upon." But the ladies who led society sniggered behind their fans, and sometimes removed their fans before they had finished sniggering; so that the restoration of decorum naturally appeared to Narvaez no less necessary than the restoration of order. The scandal was of glaring magnitude; and the question at issue was whether it should be ended by the removal of a too insignificant husband or of a too successful lover:—

"The dissolution of the Queen's marriage" (writes Bulwer) "was the only chance for her happy life or creditable reign. But the Spaniards are a decorous people. Some very respectable and respected men discussed very gravely the propriety of putting the King quietly out of the way by a cup of coffee; but the scandal of a divorce shocked them."

The proposal to poison the King's coffee was, however, discarded as too drastic; and the plan of reconciling the Queen to him was preferred. The reconciliation was not very easily effected, for the King himself was sulking. He offered to lay proofs of the Queen's infidelity before a Cabinet Council; he

threatened to publish a manifesto to the nation, setting forth his wrongs, and to circularise the Courts of Europe to the effect that he could not possibly be the father of Isabella's child. He also complained that Serrano had been "wanting in respect for him," and had called him "disgusting names"; and he went on:—

"The man is a two-penny-half-penny Godoy, who does not know how to behave himself. Godoy, at any rate, made himself agreeable to my grandfather while seeking my grandmother's favours. The interests of fifteen million Spaniards required that sacrifice, as they now require other sacrifices. I am not my little Isabella's twin star, nor is she mine; but our people ought to be given to understand the contrary. I will be tolerant on one condition only—that the Serrano influence disappears."

It disappeared, partly because Narvaez threatened to shoot Serrano if it did not, but chiefly because Isabella began to get tired of him. Cristina's remonstrances had been vain. When Cristina angrily told Isabella that she was too little educated to know how to behave herself, Isabella replied, according to Greville: "Mamma knows that I did not educate myself." But fickleness achieved the result which exhortations to virtue, or at least to the outward show of virtue, had failed to bring about. Serrano retired, with money in his pocket and an estate in Estremadura; and Narvaez took steps, not only to restore decorum, but to maintain it. He telegraphed for Cristina; he purged the Palace of its loosest livers; he insisted that his sovereign should complete her toilet before receiving ambassadors in audience; and he required the King to pay tribute to appearances by resuming his place at the Queen's side.

A sentimental story is told of their reconciliation. Narvaez and the Papal Legate, it is said, brought them together; and the Legate thought it necessary to stay in order to witness their embraces; whereupon Narvaez remonstrated, saying: "Whither away, Your Eminence? Let them be alone with their tears and kisses. These things are better done without witnesses." He may have said so, for it is, on the whole, an apposite remark; but the story should certainly be supplemented by Lord Canning's sardonic commentary:—

"The King" (he writes to Lord Malmesbury) "I have not seen, although Narvaez has just brought him back to the Palace, for which the French papers, and I daresay the English, too, will puff him as a paragon of morality. But it is one thing to take a horse to the water, and another to make him drink, especially if he should happen to have the hydrophobia. Don't believe a word in a reconciliation on either side."

And Lord Canning adds reasons for his scepticism, showing that Serrano had already had a successor:—

"The day before yesterday a singer at the opera came home to his lodgings at six o'clock in the morning and found them occupied by the

police, who had a carriage ready to take him off to Valencia, the reason being that his night had been passed at the Palace. To say the truth, this appears to me rather hard, for nothing is deducible from the hour at which he left the Palace, inasmuch as the Queen turns night into day, sees her Ministers after the Opera, sups at four or five, and does not go to bed till morning. However, as this man is not her singing-master, I suppose Narvaez considers that he had no business there. At all events it is certain that he is packed off."

And very properly packed off, one does not doubt; for it seems to be agreed in the circles which speak with authority upon such matters that it is far more shocking for a Queen to favour an actor than to favour a soldier; while, if it be a soldier who is favoured, the gravity of the offence varies inversely with that soldier's military rank: a view of the matter confirmed by a very censorious article contributed, when the Queen's diversions at last got her into political trouble, to the decorous columns of *Fraser's Magazine*.—

"In the old Roman world," we there read, "gladiators and slaves have sometimes acquired an infamous importance; but at the close of the nineteenth century one does not expect to find the fortunes of a once great and proud nation dependent on the whims and caprices of dancers and funambulos, or ensigns, or lieutenants, or led captains, distinguished only by loose morals and good looks."

Assuredly one does not expect it; but there is no denying that in this case it happened, and went on happening—albeit with occasional intervals of relative decorum—until the end; and it is to the credit of Narvaez that those intervals of relative decorum were of his contriving.

That is enough, however, on this branch of the subject. Another point to which it is important to animadvert, in order that Isabella's first revolution may be understood, is the conjuncture of her free indulgence of caprices with aspirations after a devout and holy life; with the result that the Spanish Court was at one and the same time the most corrupt in Europe and also the most pious—and that without the faintest shadow of conscious insincerity. Isabella, that is to say, was not hypocritical, but superstitious, with a growing addiction to mysticism. Probably she shared Lord Melbourne's view that religion must not be allowed to intrude into private life, least of all in Royal circles; but she made amends for its exclusion from that sphere of influence by elaborate religious observances, and zeal for the material interests of the Holy See.

She had been frightened by an attempt upon her life by a priest who had gone to his doom calmly, as one who believed himself to have been the appointed instrument of God, pitying his executioners "for having to stay in a world of corruption

and misery." Consequently she took to washing the feet of the poor, and to wearing the cast-off chemises of a notorious nun—regarding them as sacred relics which would guarantee her against calamity. Consequently, again, at the time when malignant gossip had a good deal to say about her familiarity with such Bohemians as Tirso Obregon the singer and Emilio Arrieto the composer, she put off the panoply of State at penitential seasons, and knelt for hours on the cold stones of churches, unattended and absorbed, sobbing aloud in the ecstasy of mystical emotion. Consequently, to conclude, she allowed clerical influence to control her policy, and the dominant idea of clerical people at that time was to get hold of as much money as possible for the Church, with the result that the Government became as corrupt in one sense as the Court was in another; and, Narvaez having now retired, "morality" became the catchword of the reformers.

"Morality" meant for them, however, a good deal more than the purity of the domestic hearth, though they strengthened their case by mentioning that branch of the subject also. It further, and chiefly, meant honesty in the management of the Spanish finances. Isabella, it was justly said, was so generous a woman that "she would give away her head if only it were loose." As her head was not loose, and could not be thus disposed of in charity, she gave away other things instead: not only her bracelets and her diamonds, which were hers to give, but also things which might be regarded as belonging, not to her, but to the Spanish nation.

How far the fault was hers one cannot say—she may not have understood what she was doing, or that there was any particular harm in doing it. She was still young, and could hardly be expected to invent honesty, any more than any other kind of morality, for herself. Her father had, notoriously, enriched himself by plundering the navy; and her mother, when she went into exile, had stolen the Crown jewels and the Palace plate. It is not surprising that the daughter of such parents fell in with the traditional Bourbon doctrine that the wealth of a country is the Sovereign's private property—a pie to be cut up into slices and distributed among the Sovereign's friends.

Isabella, at any rate, did fall in with that doctrine—not proclaiming it aloud, indeed, but acquiescing in it. She had her mother by her side to prompt her to do so, and stock-jobbing Ministers, like Sartorius and Salamanca, to show her how it could most effectively be done. It was the great epoch of "concessions": railway concessions, steamboat concessions, concessions for theatrical entertainments. Whether those concessions were given away or sold, there were ample opportunities for

corrupt practices, and the enriching of individuals at the expense of the community. Slices of the pie, in short, were carefully carved and handed to members of the Administration and of the Camarilla. Specially large slices were grabbed by the Queen Mother and her husband, and that at a time when the public debt was accumulating, and the annual budgets showed deficit after deficit. The Spanish Government, it might have been said, was not so much a Government as a board of directors, first rigging, and then unloading, the shares of a bogus company.

In the end they overdid it, with the result that Isabella woke up one morning and found herself unpopular—enthusiasts for the purity of the home joining hands and voices with opponents of the plundering of the public purse, and something uncommonly like the hum of revolution in the air.

Long before anything happened, everyone knew pretty well what was going to happen. Everyone knew, that is to say, that O'Donnell was going to "pronounce." He was the same Leopold O'Donnell who had once dashed over the French frontier in order to upset Espartero for Queen Cristina's sake; but now he was about to turn on Queen Cristina on account of her "immorality" in money matters. "With him" was General Dulce, who commanded the cavalry. He was the same General Dulce who had defended Isabella in her Palace when Concha and Leon had tried to kidnap her and carry her off to her mother while O'Donnell was making trouble in the provinces in her mother's interests; but times had changed since then. Isabella and her mother were now allies, and Dulce and O'Donnell were allied against them—or, at least, against the Ministers, who acted in their name, and carved the public pie for their benefit and that of their friends.

They were not intimidated because a premature rising at Saragossa was suppressed and punished with the usual severity, or because various officers of high rank on whom they relied were sent, as a preventive measure, to the Balearic Islands. They waited nearly six months for their opportunity of striking a sudden and effective blow; and all through those six months everyone knew what was impending, while the discontent and disgust of the civilians, whose cause they were to champion, was manifested by various means, some open and some surreptitious—some ostentatiously insolent and some cunningly malicious.

Their first hostile demonstration consisted in declining to be interested in a domestic event at the Palace. A daughter was born to Isabella in January, 1854, and the Progressive journalists took the offensive line that, in view of the notoriety of the Queen's *liaisons*, the incident was one which it was better to hush up than

to make a fuss about. They refused to "display" the announcement of the birth sent to them from the Palace, or the bulletins of the physicians which succeeded it, but tucked the news away among the items of "miscellaneous intelligence," where it appeared without remark or comment. Nor, things being what they were and the occasion for scandal what it was, were matters perceptibly mended when *El Herald*—the organ of Sartorius—denounced the proceeding as unconstitutional.

At the same time, the insolence of the Press found an echo in the insolence of professorial chairs. Young Canovas del Castillo, who was presently to make a great name for himself in Spanish politics, contrived to indicate his candid opinion of the Government in the course of a lecture on the favourites of Philip III. and Philip IV., and was removed from his post because he had announced that his next lecture would deal with "the dissolute morals of Queen Mariana"—a theme which afforded an obvious opening for other objectionable insinuations. Severe measures were also taken for the repression of newspaper activity; but what the pressmen could not say as journalists they contrived to say as pamphleteers:—

"On the 25th of April" (writes an Attaché in Madrid in his Sketches of the Court of Isabella II.) "a letter, which appeared like an invitation to a funeral, was left at the Legation, which, upon being opened, was found to contain a small printed newspaper, called the *Murcielago* (the Bat) containing a series of attacks against the Government. Since then it drops mysteriously into people's houses, is left at their doors in various forms, and is said to have appeared on the King's table, and even in the Queen's toilet-chamber."

It was not pleasant reading for them. It denounced Salamanca and the Duke of Rianzares as partners in scandalous stock-jobbing enterprises; and it also contained some alleged advertisements of a very sarcastic character. For instance:—

"Any persons desiring an office can call at the Department of Fomento, where Don Juan Perez Galvo will attend to them. *Notice*: The money must be paid beforehand.

"War Department: Employment, grades, crosses, honours. Apply to Don Saturnino Parra, commissioner of the sub-secretary of War, to treat of their price."

And, to crown all, the publication held itself out as "edited by Don José Salamanca"—the stock-jobbing Minister above-mentioned.

That was the beginning. A second number appeared on May 26th, and exposed the fact that, in consequence of a fall in certain railway shares, the Duke of Rianzares had been allowed to exchange those which he held for Treasury Bonds. A third

number, dated June 4th, addressed a direct appeal to Isabella herself :—

“It is the pain and grief of her faithful subjects that they can no longer pronounce her name without contempt. Everywhere, in every street, in every public place, the scandals of her private life are the subject of malevolent remark. Some suggest that Pedro V. should take her throne from her, while others put forward the claims of the Duc de Montpensier.”

A fourth and last number, still more violent in tone, appeared on June 11th. It named the reigning favourite, a lieutenant in the army, promoted to that rank as a reward for his “dashing expeditions to the royal residences.” It discussed the prevalent rumours of a forthcoming change of Government in the following language :—

“There are those who say that the present Ministers will have still worse successors. But that is impossible. Candelas is dead.”

Candelas being the Spanish equivalent of the French Cartouche, or of our Dick Turpin.

At the same time the cry was raised that the laws were broken, that the Constitution had ceased to exist, that the Ministry which was nominally the Queen's was in reality that of “the absurd imbecile” privileged to gratify her licentious inclinations; and the conclusion was a call to arms :—

“Are there no swords in the land of the Cid? Are there no pikes? Are there no stones? Up, Spaniards! Death to the favourite! Long live the Constitution! Long live Liberty!”

It was an appeal to the mob, to which the mob was too weak to make response. The soldiers must speak first; but the hour had come when the soldiers were prepared to speak. O'Donnell (who had been hiding from the police in Madrid) had been ill, to the point of receiving the last sacraments of the Church; but now he was well again. He was a soldier to be reckoned with, and, having held high office and lost it, he had personal grievances to avenge. He “pronounced” at Alcala, demanding in the character of “loyal subject” that the Cortes should be summoned and the Cabinet dismissed. The Cabinet replied by cashiering him, and Dulce, and some others; and General Blaser, Minister of War, sallied forth to attack him with such regiments as remained faithful; and the so-called Battle of Vicalvaro was fought.

A comic opera battle, if ever there was one. O'Donnell had practically all the cavalry, and Blaser had practically all the artillery. The cavalry dared not charge the guns; and the artillery could not get the guns near enough to the cavalry to hurt them. Consequently, there were hardly more casualties than the generals could count on their fingers, and both generals

adjudged themselves the victory. Blaser returned to Madrid, and swaggered as a conquering hero; while O'Donnell triumphantly took charge of the tobacco and salt monopolies at Aranjuez. So far, in short, the game was drawn; but then O'Donnell appealed to the civilians, and the civilians threw their pikes into the balance.

O'Donnell's *pronunciamiento*, that is to say, was supplemented by a manifesto, drafted for him by young Canovas del Castillo. He, who had always been a Conservative, and was soon to be a Conservative again, declared himself in favour of the Progressive programme. He would maintain the throne but disperse the Camarilla; he would purify the electoral system and free the Press; he would distribute the privileges of local self-government with a lavish hand and reconstitute the National Militia, &c., &c. The bait was taken, and the appeal was heard and answered. Valladolid spoke; Barcelona spoke. Above all, Madrid spoke, and even shouted.

And Isabella?

She was a foolish and frivolous woman—her frivolity and folly had contributed largely to the making of the trouble which now overtook her; but she displayed her best qualities during those difficult days. A lack of courage was not one of her failings; and if she did not face the situation with sense, at least she faced it with spirit. Instead of dismissing her Ministers, she proposed to place herself at the head of her troops. "If I were a man," she is reported to have said, "I would myself lead my soldiers to the fray." "And so would I if I were a man," her husband is reported to have replied; but that anecdote may have been the invention of the malicious. Be that as it may, she at least drove with bravado through the streets of her capital, without an escort—her timorous consort cowering reluctantly by her side.

She was at La Granja when the news of the disturbance reached her: that same La Granja at which the Sergeants had extorted a Constitution from her mother by threatening to shoot her paramour if she did not grant it. Her attitude towards Revolutions was sceptical—she had seen too many Revolutions to believe in them. She regarded them merely as unfortunate misunderstandings which could be cleared up by a few kind words and an appeal to Spanish chivalry. So she ordered the carriages to be brought to the door, and set out with the whole of her household for Madrid. The attaché depicts her entrance:—

"Last night, about eleven o'clock, when anxiety was at its highest, all the bells of the City pealed forth in concert. At the same time, the sound of wheels, and the tramp of horses, and loud shouts of *Viva la Reyna!* mingled with the music of the royal march, broke in upon the lugubrious

silence in which Madrid had been sunk for a few hours. The Queen had passed the gates in safety. The entrance was very fine—twelve or thirteen coaches, and a splendid troop, the balconies crowded with ladies. The Ministers had gone to the gates to meet Her Majesty, and a council was held in the Palace that night."

Not only was a Council held, but a deputation of leading citizens presented itself. They urged her to break with the past, and she promised to give the proposal her attentive consideration. They withdrew, and reported what she had said to those who had sent them; but the report failed to give satisfaction. Isabella had only spoken those fine words which butter no parsnips; and Madrid meant the parsnips to be buttered, or to know the reason why. So the mob, which had hitherto conducted itself with moderation, began to get out of hand; and Provisional Governments sprang up like mushrooms.

There was a Provisional Government of Respectable Revolutionists at the Hotel de Ville. There was another provisional government of revolutionists who made no pretence to be respectable, under the presidency of a popular bull-fighter, in one of the poorer quarters. But neither of the two provisional governments did much in the way of governing, unless it were to direct the construction of innumerable barricades, brilliantly illuminated, on which the revolutionists sat throughout the night, smoking, and drinking, and playing the guitar. The principal object of their enmity was, from first to last, Cristina. They heard that Cristina had fled for refuge to her daughter's Palace, and had not forgotten to take her jewels with her. A Swiss maid, it was said, had carried off those jewels in her apron. The mob had meant to have those jewels, and it followed Cristina to the Palace gate. Further it could not go, for there were still soldiers who could be trusted to shoot in the event of an effort to rush the Palace; but it demonstrated outside, singing to the air of "*La Donna e mobile*" :—

" Muera Cristina!
Muera la ladrona! "

Which means, of course: "Death to Cristina! Death to the robber!"

It was a night of terror, which days of terror were to follow. Isabella made ready to depart; but she was, in fact, safer in the Palace than she would have been on the high roads. Her mother, especially, was safer in the Palace than she would have been anywhere else in Spain, for the mob had sworn that Cristina should not leave Spain alive. In the Palace, at least, a handful of loyal men could be trusted to give passage only over their dead bodies; but all the gates of Madrid were being watched, and all those who sought passage through them stopped and examined,

for fear lest Cristina should slip past in disguise, while the vengeance which she had escaped was being wreaked upon her house.

The Civil Guard made a show of defending it; but when desperate women walked straight up to their bayonets they gave way, and the house was sacked. The women plundered the wardrobes, attired themselves in Cristina's finery, and streamed out on to the balcony to be admired. The men smashed all the glass, and flung all the pictures and furniture out of the window into the street, where a bonfire was made of it; while similar bonfires, similarly fed, blazed outside the mansions of Sartorius and Salamanca.

The Ministers themselves had had warning, and had fled in time; and the mob surged on towards the Benavente Palace—the residence of the French Ambassador—where they were reported to have taken refuge. It looked for the moment as if the Embassy itself would have been rushed, and the mob was in a mood to laugh at the Ambassador's threat to demand his passports if any violence were done. Happily, however, they had leaders who retained influence enough to check them at that point; and the men whom they sought to hang on lampposts were smuggled out of their reach: Sartorius clean-shaven and with dyed hair, "made up" as a valet, and Salamanca disguised as a French wine merchant; but the King's younger brother, Don Fernando, who had also fled for shelter to the Embassy, died of fright, and there were other places where actual murder was done.

The story of the lynching of the aged Chief of the Police, who lay ill in his bed at the time of the riots, is graphically related by our Attaché:—

"Arrived before his house, they summoned the porter to admit them. The man imperturbably declared that he had no knowledge of where his master was. A pistol-shot, which laid the faithful dependant weltering in his blood, announced to the old police-officer that his time was come. A priest was passing by. 'He is dying,' said he to the mob; 'he has but a few hours to live!' 'Has he confessed?' 'He has.' 'Then he is all ready!' cried the mob, and rushing up the stairs, they burst in the door, dragged the unfortunate man out of bed, and, as he was unable to stand, they threw him on a mattress, and, amidst shrieks and curses, jeers and applauses, he was carried down and hoisted on the shoulders of his ferocious persecutors. '*Picardol bribon! Rascal! scoundrel! You'll put my brother in the *Saladero* again! You'll have my husband garotted!*' And a shower of stones and filth is launched by a female fury at the head of the prisoner. Not a word escaped from his mouth. He gazed at the crowd with a stupefied air, but uttered no complaint—no cry for mercy. Thus the horrid procession passed on till it reached the Plaza de la Cebada, and there, amidst taunts and jeers, and cries of '*To Hell with the miscreant!*' the bull-fighter gave the signal, a shot was fired, and the sufferings of poor old Chico were ended."

There were a few feeble attempts to restore order, but the soldiers could not be trusted. The rioters, in fact, found it necessary to check their own excesses by nominating a Junta of Public Safety; but the real end of the tumult did not begin to be visible until Isabella at last bethought herself of her old guardian, Don Baldomero Espartero.

Espartero had been allowed to return to Spain; but he had not returned to politics. He was now vegetating—perhaps sulking—at his country seat at Logroño. His name was honoured, but it was assumed that he had shot his bolt and would never shoot another. He was, in short, a memory, rather than a living force: a treasured relic, treasured as the proof that an honest man had once controlled the destinies of Spain.

He was not a great man; and he was only strong up to a point. As a soldier he had shown himself more thorough than brilliant; in statecraft he had shown—and was again to show—that he lacked staying-power. He was more than a little apt to turn aside from his serious duties in order to play cards for high stakes; and he was certainly deficient in energy, except in the actual presence of danger. At least, however, he was not of the company of those who treated the common-weal as a pie, to be cut up and handed round; and the situation was now such as to call for an honest man, who did not tremble in his shoes at the sight of barricades. So Isabella remembered him, and summoned him; and he sent a messenger to expound the conditions on which he was willing to come to the rescue.

Isabella was, at last, thoroughly frightened—not so much for herself as for her mother. The Junta of Public Safety, which was now keeping such order as it could, had invited her to yet another act of bravado. It had been arranged that she should once more quit the shelter of her hedge of bayonets and show herself to her “loyal people.” The Junta was to accompany her; the National Militia were to protect her. “Her Majesty’s drive,” the official announcement ran, “after the grave conflict through which the people of Madrid have passed, will be a manifesto of the harmony which happily reigns between the people and the constitutional throne.”

An imposing conclusion, quickly followed by as impressive an anti-climax; for this time, when the coach came to the door, Isabella refused point-blank to get into it. Her confidence in her “loyal subjects” had been shaken by their tumultuous proceedings; and she dared not trust even the Palace garrison out of her sight. The mob, she feared, might rush even the Royal apartments during her absence; and she might return from her drive to find her mother hanging from a tree. So she shrank

back, and waited for General Allende Salazar to tell her on what terms her whilom guardian consented to save her.

He was a blunt soldier, better versed in the language of camps than of Courts; and though he afterwards denied that he had had any intention of speaking disrespectfully, he seems to have blurted out his message without excess of ceremony. He spoke of the will of the nation, and the necessity of deference to the Cortes; but that was nothing—a detail which seemed to concern the Ministers rather than the Queen. He went on to speak of the dismissal of the Royal Household; and that was a graver matter, involving the showing of the door to those dandies of all degrees, Bohemian and military, who were styled “the Royal peacocks.” Isabella flared up, and there ensued a scene—or rather a series of scenes—of a sort which one imagines to be rare in the annals of Royal boudoirs.

The time was early in the morning. Isabella was in her dressing-gown. Her hair was tumbled, and her eyes were red. She had passed a night of sleepless agitation; but still she was not cowed. She inquired indignantly on what grounds Espartero presumed to demand the dismissal of her household; and the blunt soldier, dusty from his journey, told her. He spoke of “morality”—by which word he, at least, meant, not financial integrity in public places, but decency and decorum on the domestic hearth. He went into particulars and mentioned names.

Isabella’s anger can be imagined, and has been described. Morality! she exclaimed. Morality, indeed! How dared General Allende Salazar talk to her about morality? No one had ever dared to talk to her about morality before; which may, or may not, have been true, but entailed the politely cutting rejoinder: “That, madam, I can quite believe. It is not, as a rule, in palaces that the truth is told.” Whereupon Isabella gave way to hysterics; and the King, who was in an adjoining apartment, heard her sobs, and entered. He knew, of course—none better—on what a solid basis of fact the allegations of scandal rested. So that he did not assume the air of a husband outraged by the insult to his wife, but merely invited General Allende Salazar to retire while her Majesty considered her reply.

The General bowed low, with all the proper punctilio, and withdrew; but Isabella was in no mood to take time for consideration. She was in a mood rather to follow the Ambassador to the door and shout down the stairs that nothing should induce her to reign any longer over barbarous subjects who sent rude soldiers to lecture her about morality; and then she sent for the French Ambassador, and poured her grievances into his ears. And he, of course, was much too good a diplomatist, and much too polite

a man, to improve the occasion by any appeal to higher laws or any reference to the propriety of keeping up appearances. He just let Isabella talk, and then, when there was, at last, a pause in the flood of her eloquence, he dropped the one hint which was capable of bringing her to reason.

Of course, of course. Her Majesty's position was, no doubt, very painful; her Majesty's resentment very natural. He quite understood her Majesty's feelings—her Majesty had explained them very clearly. Unquestionably there were circumstances in which the rôle of ruler was an ungrateful one. Still, since her Majesty spoke of abdication, he would venture to ask: Had her Majesty fully realised all the consequences which abdication would involve? Her Majesty could, if she thought well, resign her own rights to the throne of Spain; but it was not competent for her to resign those of her daughter. And that meant—one can picture the suggestive pause, and the crowd of conjectures which sprang up in Isabella's mind to fill it:—

For that meant, of course, that abdication spelt separation; and that, if Isabella retired to France, her daughter would be taken from her, and brought up, just as she had been, under a guardian. The fear touched the most sensitive chord in her bosom, as the Ambassador had known that it would. She stopped her tirade, and changed her mind as quickly as the hunted hare doubles: "What! Leave my daughter? I would sooner let them drag me through the streets." Much sooner, therefore, would she let rude men lecture her on "morality." So that the answer which she finally sent to Espartero was quite different from the answer which she had wanted to shout down the stairs to his departing plenipotentiary.

She bade Espartero come, on his own terms; and on July 28th he entered Madrid in triumph, acclaimed by the crowd, and promising liberty and all manner of reforms. On the following day O'Donnell made an entry, only less splendid; and the two generals, once such deadly enemies, showed themselves together on a balcony, and embraced in public, as a prelude to forming a Cabinet.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

RICHARD STRAUSS AND AN OPERATIC PROBLEM.

I.

IN spite of the satire, which, from the days of Addison to this year of grace, has been poured on opera as a form of drama, it still has vitality, and still interests and impresses the public. The world of dilettanti is unmoved by the most complete and serious æsthetic arguments against music-drama. Even the old operas hold the stage, in spite of the popularity of Wagner's music-dramas, and not only because some celebrated singer or other chooses to appear in them. The reason is very simple. Opera is a most convenient form of music for its composer. It enables him to write complex orchestral music, if he be a German, and at the same time to make use of the variety and expressiveness of the human voice; and, if he be an Italian, he can flirt a little with the orchestra, and write that emotional and melodious clap-trap for the voices in which modern Italian composers excel. Wagner's theories, if they had been based on unalterable essentials of musical dramatic art, should have swept the opera-stage of everything not Wagnerian. Instead, we find that operas are still written which are only indirectly influenced by Wagner. There is room, of course, for all sorts of musical dramatic works, but æsthetically they should differ in degree and not in kind. There should be some standard in this hybrid art of music-drama. In the old days, when no one gave opera a moment's thought from an æsthetic point of view, music was the standard. It did not matter if a coloratura air was unsuitable to the dramatic situation. The public demanded that type of air, and so it came to be written, and the drama had to take care of itself. Gradually, and long before Wagner began his reforms, drama reasserted itself, and the music of opera had to conform more or less to the dramatic situation.

Then, in time, a new situation was created by the rise and development of orchestral music. How was this wonderful new expression of the art to be employed in opera? In spite of all Wagner's voluminous theoretical writings on opera as music-drama, his real, essential innovation was not in making the vocal music more plastic to the dramatic expression, nor, indeed, in casting aside the purely "conventional" forms of concerted music as a dramatic anomaly (for Wagner himself in practice saw that they were good), but in his use of the orchestra as a

kind of chorus or commentary. That use enormously increased the value of music-drama as music. Whatever may be the future of opera, the orchestra will never again be subservient to the singers. Debussy has tried, in *Pelléas et Mélisande*, to write a real music-drama, in which the component parts of the hybrid art were welded into a dramatic whole, but the result was neither satisfying as drama nor as music.

II.

It is not necessary to labour the point that in music-drama music must be the principal factor. If the art is considered a form of drama, or, as Wagner argued, *the* form of drama, music should not be so prominent that it interferes with the drama, but that is an academic argument. Opera or music-drama is primarily a musical art, and the world has come to that very proper conclusion without knowing it. As to modern composers, not one since Wagner has seemed to grasp the fact that his development of the orchestral commentary has entirely altered the constitution of music-drama. Richard Strauss has practically left the art where he found it. Perhaps he has managed, in *Elektra*, *Salome*, and *Der Rosenkavalier*, to separate the voices from the orchestral commentary with more dramatic clearness than Wagner did, except in a few scenes in *The Ring*, *Tristan*, and *Die Meistersinger*, but this is a good deal the effect of Strauss's lighter orchestral texture, rather than an effect actually designed by the composer. Indeed, it may even be said that Richard Strauss has been retrograde, for Wagner did theoretically and, to some extent, practically recognise the fact that the drama required for music, and its literary expression, must be of a special kind, whereas Strauss has attempted to set actual plays to music. The libretti of *Salome*, *Elektra*, and *Der Rosenkavalier* are merely truncated versions of the plays of Oscar Wilde and Hugo von Hoffmansthal. The composer has not even made a half-hearted attempt to overcome their weakness as libretti of music-drama. He has just composed music to them, whatever the nature of the dialogue, and when he has come to a scene in which the *dramatis personæ* interject short, broken sentences, he has made the voice-writing as ugly and as broken as possible. I cannot see in any of his music-dramas a clear-eyed appreciation of the limitations of his art-form, an appreciation which is often an inspiration for a great artist.

The book of *Der Rosenkavalier* is, indeed, a good example of what the book of a music-drama should not be. In the first place, it has no clear issue. The love of the Princess for the boy

Octavian and her pathetic recognition of the fact that youth has long since fallen from her, and that even maturity will in a few years ripen into decay, is one of the themes. The love passages between the Princess and Octavian take the greater part of the first act. Yet we see nothing of her at all in the second act, and she has not much influence on the drama when she does reappear at the end of the opera. Musically, the Princess and her emotions are of high value, and Strauss has been most inspired when illustrating her love for Octavian. Then as the second theme in this disjointed libretto there is the young man's love for Sophia, and hers for him. When Octavian bears the silver Rose, on behalf of Baron Ochs of Lerchenau, and sees Sophia for the first time, there is some music of genuine inspiration. Strauss has never written anything more beautiful. These lovers dwindle, however, as the opera proceeds, and it is necessary to give more attention to the third theme of the libretto, the coarse libertinism of Baron Ochs. As Hoffmansthal has drawn that veritable ogre of promiscuous amatory adventures he is absolutely unmusical. Music cannot descend to that kind of realism. Richard Strauss has displayed much adroitness in extricating himself from the difficulty. He has invented an amusing representative theme to depict the pompousness of this aristocratic German boor, and by a neat twist of satire he has been able to make the ugly eroticism of the Baron quite beautiful. All his amatory reminiscences and present inclinations are illustrated by a waltz—not the archaic *ländler* which might have been appropriate to the period of the play (the days of Marie Theresa)—but the Viennese waltz of the present day, with all its supersensuousness and erotic suggestion. Purists may object that a modern waltz should not be introduced in a drama of the eighteenth century, but as Richard the first inserted one in *Die Meistersinger*, why should Richard the second be debarred? Moreover, except when a band plays waltzes in the scene in the inn, this expression of the Baron is only heard on the orchestra, which, dramatically, is non-existent. These waltzes, although not very striking in themselves, actually provide a large part of the musical material, and make the opera a *tour de force* in the amalgamation of different styles: a suggestion of eighteenth-century formality, modern waltz rhythm, and Strauss's own musical manner. Some critics have thought that the amalgamation is not complete, but I do not see how the different styles could have been fused with more neatness or more skill.

To return to the libretto of *Der Rosenkavalier*, the figure of Ochs overshadows all else, and completely obscures the Princess, Octavian, and Sophia. To make matters worse, the librettist

has been tempted to pad out his lifeless material with a scene of rank and stupid horse-play, unworthy of the most mechanical inventions of a writer of mid-Victorian farce. Baron Ochs himself is a conventional figure of eighteenth-century comedy, but the composer has been able to give the character a satirical twist by the use of languorous waltzes. It is characteristic of Strauss to identify the gross eroticism of Baron Ochs with the modern Viennese waltz. The æsthetic point to be considered is not, however, the merits of Herr von Hofmannsthal's libretto as a play, but its suitability for music-drama.

III.

I must here return to the question of the modern use of the orchestra and its influence on music-drama. It is a question which has not been squarely faced by any modern composer. Let us glance for a moment at the function of the orchestra in music-drama. It is no longer a mere accompaniment to the voices, but has an independent life of its own as the musical expression of the composer's thoughts on the drama he is illustrating. At the same time, it cannot be practically independent while it has to be woven up with the voices, and it has also to hit off the present moments of dramatic action. It is almost a truism to say that in a music-drama, the conduct of which has to be carried on by dialogue that does not metrically yearn for musical expression, there must be whole passages in which the vocal writing has to be subservient to the orchestral commentary. It is true that these passages may be dramatic by implication. For instance (if I may be so crude), when a heroine is expecting a letter from her lover and she is disappointed, a commonplace duologue might ensue between her and the postman. What they said would not require musical treatment at all; indeed, it would sound absurd when sung in a language understood by the audience. On the other hand, the feelings of the heroine, her hopes, disappointment, and love for the hero, would give very suitable material for the orchestral commentary of the composer. Our musicians have not faced this difficulty. Wagner faced it, and wrote his libretto so that they should include as little unmusical dialogue as possible, but even so he was not able entirely to eliminate it, least of all in his comedy *Die Meistersinger*, for the conduct of comedy requires more dialogue of that unessential kind than tragedy. In the early days of opera composers easily extricated themselves from this artistic difficulty by simply not setting such dialogue to music. At first it was merely spoken, and singing was reserved for the more lyrical

moments; later on a meaningless recitative was invented. The instinct of the old composers was true, but the musical ear could not long bear the terrible cacophony of a mixture of the speaking and singing voice. Wagner objected to it on æsthetic grounds: the spoken voice, he thought, destroyed the illusion; but the chief reason against this facile solution of the operatic problem is that the speaking voice sounds ill when used in conjunction with the singing voice. Moreover, as soon as composers made the orchestral music a kind of commentary on the drama, of a continuous and symphonic character, it became impossible to employ the speaking voice.

There is another aspect of the matter which demands some consideration. Apart altogether from the unmusical character of certain dialogue, the composer has to face the difficulty of writing orchestral music rapid enough to follow the cut and thrust of comedy dialogue. Wagner's instinct prevented him from making the mistake of attempting the impossible. Only in *Die Meistersinger* does he go astray in this respect. On the other hand, although his admirers will not admit the truth of the criticism, much of his dialogue was lengthened beyond all dramatic reason for the sake of the opportunities for orchestral comment. Some of his finest music was written for scenes which dramatically are much too long, and, indeed, unnecessary. So much the worse for drama, the ardent Wagnerian will exclaim, but there is no question that in these scenes we find the vocal writing wearisome and an obstacle rather than a help to our appreciation of the orchestral music. At any rate, Wagner's instinct was true enough. He knew that music is an art of involved and complex expression, and, if it is to do itself justice, that expression cannot be conditioned by the exigencies of setting dramatic dialogue as quickly as it would be spoken.

More modern composers have attempted to solve the problem in different ways. Debussy, to whom I have already referred, does not use the orchestra as a subjective commentary. His vocal writing is almost as rapid as speech, with the result that nearly the whole of Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande* was set to music, and the orchestra mainly contents itself with rapid figures, chords, and appropriate progressions as a means of creating dramatic atmosphere. That has been most skilfully done in his opera, but the result, if interesting as drama, is not music. All the music of *Pelléas et Mélisande* is but incidental to the drama. Puccini, again, merely uses his orchestra as an accompaniment to the rapid dialogue of *La Bohème*. The voices bandy about scrappy little phrases, and the result, if dramatically plastic, is not music. The action of the stage gives a certain interest, but

I think it would be even more interesting if there were no music at all. In *Der Rosenkavalier* (which I instance as the most glaring example) Richard Strauss makes no kind of attempt to solve this operatic problem. He has just sat down to convert what is practically a complete play into a music-drama, riding rough-shod over dialogue that does not call for musical treatment. So perverse are the minds of some musicians that they consider this artistic defect to be a positive merit. They would hail with delighted rapture the attempts of a modern composer to set an Act of Parliament to music. Strauss has done nothing to advance the art of opera by his *Elektra*, *Salome*, and *Der Rosenkavalier*. He has acquired a rather more plastic vocal style than Wagner had at his command, and he has conditioned his scoring and writing for the orchestra with more regard to the need of hearing the singers; but this is all. He has not developed the theories laid down by Wagner, and to a great extent carried into practice by that great composer. In the same way Richard Strauss has failed to make an organic work of art of the symphonic poem. By some strange freakishness of intellect he cannot restrain himself from doing extraordinary things. He will begin a symphonic poem in a subjective and abstract manner, with a musical life of its own and independent of the necessity of literary description, and then suddenly, and without any warning, he will write some realistic, objective music which has no value apart from a knowledge of its meaning. He has the kind of mind which delights in sudden and astonishing twists and turns, and his symphonic poems are as full of contradictory freakishness as the plays of Bernard Shaw. Perhaps that is one of the reasons of the fascination of Richard Strauss, but it is also his grave defect as a musical thinker and poet. No great man could have written the battle section of *Ein Heldenleben*, or have so mixed the abstract and the concrete in that composition and others since the early *Don Juan* and *Tod und Verklärung*. One may even be permitted to doubt if a very great composer would have chosen to set Hofmannsthal's debased version of *Elektra* or Oscar Wilde's pretentious *Salome*. It is a pity that a musician who can write such beautiful music as the recognition scene in *Elektra*, and the trio in *Der Rosenkavalier*, should not have done more to extend the power of music-drama.

IV.

It is begging the question to declare, as so many musicians do, that so long as the score of an opera contains interesting, moving, and beautiful music nothing else matters. *Der Rosen-*

kavalier contains much beautiful music. The trio already mentioned should be enough to ensure immortality for the opera. Then there is all the music assigned to the Princess and her lover in the scene in which Octavian, as the bearer of the Baron's silver rose, first sees Sophia. The differing styles of the work are made as homogeneous as possible, and Strauss's peculiar genius was never more clearly displayed than in this opera. Perhaps it may be urged that there is nothing we have not heard before from the same pen, and that in this respect the work is not an advance on its predecessors; but I do not quite see why we should expect a composer to invent a new style in every new work. The beauties of *Der Rosenkavalier*, which I admire most sincerely, are clogged by much that is dull, laboured, and ineffective, and in every case an æsthetic reason can be given for these defects. *Der Rosenkavalier*, one of the most skilful music-dramas that has ever been written, should have at least one valuable influence on the composition of opera. It proves once and for all that the libretto of a music-drama should not be a crude and truncated play. Something specially suited to music has to be invented; some kind of drama which, in its conduct, will enable the composer to make full use of his orchestral commentary and will absolve him from being compelled to write stretches of uninteresting vocal music in order that the play may be carried on.

Let us briefly examine the means of expression at the command of the composer. In addition to the vocal music which takes the place of dialogue in a play, and in addition to the art of the actor, the composer has the advantage of his orchestra. He is like the novelist in that he possesses a means of expressing himself and heightening the drama at the same time. This additional power has never been quite understood. The orchestra is a wonderful instrument, and in conjunction with the action of a play and the garland of the players, it could really express a drama without any words being sung at all. Surely, then, this means of expression should enable a composer to shake himself free from the trammels of speech. Over and over again, in witnessing *Der Rosenkavalier*, I felt that the scrappy dialogue which did not rise to any lyrical need for singing might just as well have been left unset to music. The orchestra and the players were explaining everything that needed explanation. At such moments the dialogue, uninteresting as music and marring rather than improving the general effect, is an impertinence. Cannot the opera-composer of the future learn something from the wonderful drama expressed by the Russian Ballet? Does anyone feel the need of ordinary dialogue in witnessing *Le Spectre de*

la Rose or *Scheherazade*? It is not true that the dancing itself expresses very much; it is rather the great mimetic powers of the dancers together with the orchestral music that explain these dramas in dance. An opera-composer would have the human singing voice as a means of expression of far keener poignancy than the movements of the dance. A libretto, then, should be framed with the idea of not containing a single line which could be expressed by action, gesture, and the orchestra. As the composer himself has the principal means of dramatic expression in his hands, it would be for him to construct his own text from the drama invented by the librettist, and this construction would be mainly a process of deletion. It is sometimes stated that a libretto is good because it could be performed as a spoken play without music. That has been said of the book of *Der Rosenkavalier*. Instead of this being a merit it is a grave fault. The real test of a libretto for music-drama, in which music is given opportunities for its fullest expression, is precisely that it cannot be performed as a stage-play without music.

E. A. BAUGHAN.

THE FUTURE OF FUTURISM.

"Repose-toi! . . . Repose-toi! . . . il n'est doux que dormir! . . ."

"Là! non, la vie est à brûler comme un falot de paille,
Il faut l'ingurgiter d'une lampée hardie,
Tels ces jongleurs de foire qui vont mangeant du feu
D'un coup de langue, escamotant la Mort dans l'estomac."

THE above quotation from M. Marinetti's poem, "Le Démon de la Vitesse," may perhaps succeed in giving some mild idea of the feverish but sustained energy of those pictures whose recent exhibition in the Sackville Gallery so successfully scandalised not only the doyens of the Royal Academy, but even the official champions of all that is new and progressive in our modern English art. But for a correct appreciation even of the Futurist pictures themselves, it is essential to realise that, so far from being the mere isolated extravagances and *tours de force* of a new technique, they constitute an integral part of a living scheme which, with all its lavish use of the most ostentatious hyperbolism, has yet serious claims to be considered as a substantial movement, artistic, literary, economic, sociological, and, above all, human.

Let us then make some scrutiny of this "Rising City" of Futurism, as it rears with such vehement exaltation from out the trampled débris of a superseded and dishonoured past. For this purpose, having first examined those conditions of contemporary Italy which more immediately provoked this "Red Rebellion," we shall proceed to some analysis of the general character of the movement, and of the aggressive and sensational works of M. Marinetti himself, the audacious Mercury of this new message.

The direct cause of the Futurist movement is to be found in the fact that that modern current of electric energy, which has been galvanising the States of Northern and Central Europe to a more and more strenuous and a more and more complicated activity, has, so far as Italy is concerned, not succeeded in flowing further south than Milan. In this connection it is not without its significance that, while Milan is indubitably the vital and commercial capital of the Peninsula, the official capital should be merely Rome, aureoled with its hybrid halo of majesty and malaria, the centre of the tourist, the archæologist, and the Papacy, that august shade of a once living Empire.

Even, moreover, the great heroes of the *Risorgimento Italiano*, the euphonious title by which Italians designate the unification

of their country, suffered from an undue obsession with the democratic ideals of a mediæval past. Dissipating their energy in rushing reams of republican rhetoric or the purple pomp of patriotic platitudes, they remained sublimely oblivious to the crying economic needs of a country which, with all its natural richness and all its natural genius, still, so far as general material and intellectual progress is concerned, lies no inconsiderable distance behind the increasingly quick march of the European civilisation. Nor did matters improve when the *régime* of the naïve idealists was succeeded by that of the opportunist bureaucracy which has since governed Italy. A vast portion of the country still remains unforested, uncultivated, unirrigated, and, above all, uneducated. The taint of malaria still infects wide tracts of land which, with proper treatment, might have been profitably developed by those masses of sturdy labourers who have emigrated to America with an almost Irish eagerness. Indeed, with all respect to M. Marinetti, who has himself fought in the Tripolitan trenches, the present war has been occasioned (if we can rely on one of the most brilliant and responsible of the Parisian contemporaries of this journal), not so much by a *bond fide* desire to find a place in the sun for the not yet surplus population of a not yet fully developed country, as by an indisputably authentic ambition to find a lucrative outlet for the money of the clique of clerical capitalists which controls the Bank of Rome. So far, however, as no inconsiderable portion of Italy itself is concerned, we are confronted with a country of museums, ruins, and *ciceroni*, which, exploiting the *Fremdenindustrie* after the manner of some more perverse and inexcusable Switzerland, prostitutes with venal ostentation the faded beauties of its undoubtedly glorious past to the complete ruin of its only potentially splendid present.

A certain pseudo-Nietzscheanism has, no doubt, been introduced into Italy beneath the auspices of D'Annunzio. Yet, with all his fanfarronade of tense and exuberant virility, the atmosphere of D'Annunzio is, speaking broadly, moistly rank and exotically enervating. With the possible exception of his latest novel, his heroes are languidly feverish dilettantes whose lives are principally devoted to the literary and æsthetic cultivation of all the neurotic luxuriance of their own erotic morbidities. This brings us to the important sociological fact of that rigid obsession of sex, as the one paramount emotional, artistic, and vital value, which, sapping the manhood not only of Italy, but also, indeed, of France, tends to corrupt the whole social, political, and economic life of the two nations.

It is this exaggerated preoccupation with the sexual aspect of

life which has produced, by way of a vehement but deliberate *riposte*, the important Futurist maxim, "*Méprisez la femme.*" With an enthusiasm, in fact, almost worthy of our own Young Men's Christian Association, these comparative Hippolyti of a young mother country only recently wedded in the bonds of political union, flaunt themselves as the unscrupulous iconoclasts of such firmly-established national ideals as "the glorious conception of Don Juan and the grotesque conception of the *cocu.*" Thus the Futurists would banish the nude from painting and adultery from the novel, so that they may be able to substitute the sublime male fury of creation of artistic and scientific masterpieces for all the sterile embraces of hedonistic eroticism; and, like some gallant band of twentieth-century Hercules, cleanse the Augean stables of the Latin civilisation of its vast surplus of maleficent mud vomited by that stewing and pestiferous swamp of sex. As a modern antidote to that virulent plague of luxurious and diseased sexuality which it is their self-imposed mission to eradicate, they pen the drastic prescription of "patriotism and war the only hygiene of the world." So hot, indeed, is the ardour of these militant apostles of a new Latin civilisation, that they have incurred the displeasure of established authority by insisting on a war with Austria with such a maximum of vehemence that an Austrian journal actually demanded the intervention of the Italian Government.

And whether this policy indicates the mere tetanic spasms of a delirious Chauvinism, or the lucid vision of an inspired, if heretical, diplomacy, it is certainly symptomatic of a tense, combative, and drastic energy which is, in the deepest sense of the word, essentially Nietzschean. In this connection the attitude of the Futurists towards Nietzsche is instructive. They have read his books, thrilled to his magic, and yet they repudiate him. For they cavil, and not altogether unreasonably, at the bigoted and hide-bound dualism of Nietzsche's political philosophy, and at his obstinate and obsolete division of the political world into the divine spirit of a few strong geniuses and the brute matter of a weak and numerous proletariat.

Yet taking the matter in its broad lines, M. Marinetti's programme for "the indefinite physiological and intellectual progress of man" expresses admirably the whole theory of the Nietzschean Superman. Nietzschean also are such phrases as, "the type inhuman, mechanical, cruel, omniscient, and combative," or "the multiplied man who mingles with iron, nourishes himself on electricity, and only appreciates the delight of the danger and of the heroism of every single day." The real distinction lies in the fact that the Futurist Superman is more practical, more

concrete, more up-to-date, and, above all, infinitely less dreamy than his elder and more pedantic brother.

And in spite of M. Marinetti's analysis of Nietzscheanism as nothing but the artificial resurrection of a dead and past antiquity, the two ideals are harmonious in their denunciation of the facile and automatic reverence for "the good old days," and their savage exhortation to "sweep away the grey cinders of the Past with the incandescent lava of the Future."

This announcement of a virile desire to improve and improve and improve, not only on the past but also on the present, constitutes the principal plank in the Futurist platform. Hence the leaders of the movement have coined the two words *Passéisme*, the object of their onslaught, and *Futurism*, the watchword of their faith. And truculently pushing their theories to the extreme limit of extravagant logic, M. Marinetti and his brothers in arms exhorted the assembled Venetians, in the 200,000 multi-coloured manifestoes which on a certain memorable day they flung down into the Piazza San Marco, "to cure and cicatrize this rotting town, magnificent wound of the Past, and to hasten to fill its small fetid canals with the ruins of its tumbling, leprous palaces." But the remedy is constructive as well as destructive :

"Burn the gondolas, those swings for fools, and erect up to the sky the rigid geometry of large metallic bridges and factories with waving hair of smoke; abolish everywhere the languishing curve of the old architectures."

We see at once how in this more than Wellsian enthusiasm for all the romantic possibilities of a scientific civilisation, they declare the most sanguinary war *à l'outrance* with that Ruskinian and pre-Raphaelite sentimentalism which, sublimely burying its mediæval head in the immemorial sands of a crumbling past, is somewhat ill-adapted to confront the onrushing simoon of an increasingly definite and formidable future. And with the deliberate object of emphasising his point with the maximum of provocative aggressiveness, the Futurist will fling at his enemies the insolent paradox that a motor car in motion has a higher æsthetic value than the Victory of Samothrace, or announce with theatrical solemnity that the pain of a man is just about as interesting in their eyes as the pain of an electric lamp, "suffering in convulsive spasms and crying out with the most agonising effects of colour."

Yet if we strip this new "beauty of mechanism and æsthetic of speed" of its loud garb of ostentatious extravagance, the intrinsic theories themselves strike us as neither monstrous nor unreasonable. If we may presume to put our own unauthorised gloss on M. Marinetti's vividly illuminated manuscript,

what the Futurist really wishes is to break down the conventional divorce that is so often thought to exist between ideal Art and actual Life, so as to bring the two elements into the most drastic and immediate contact. Art, in fact, should not be an escape from, but an exaltation of, the red impetus of life. Art's function is not merely to titillate the dispassionate æsthetic feeling of the dilettante or connoisseur, but to thrill with a keen, vital emotion the actual experience of life. Form is not an end in itself; its sole function is to extract the whole emotional quality of its content. And when confronted with the problem of what content is best fitted to be the proper subject of artistic representation, your Futurist would promptly retort that, inasmuch as the tumultuous twentieth-century emotions of "steel, pride, fever, and speed" are those to which the twentieth-century civilisation will naturally vibrate with the most authentic sympathy, those emotions, and those alone, are the proper subject-matter for twentieth-century art.

Having thus obtained some rough idea of the broad lines of the new Futurism, let us proceed to examine its manifestation in the spheres of painting and of literature. So far as their painting is concerned, the primary principle of the Futurists is their subordination of intrinsic æsthetic form to emotional content. This principle, though carried to a pitch far transcending anything which had ever been previously essayed, is by no means without its exemplifications, in the history both of past and of contemporary art. Even in the eighteenth century Blake had transferred on to the painted canvas his highly abstract ideas of esoteric mysticism. The content of the pictures of Blake is, of course, diametrically opposed to the content of the Futurists, yet an authentic analogy lies in the fact that a content at all should have been specifically painted. With a similar qualification, we can remember with advantage how Rossetti and Burne-Jones, as indisputably modern in the fact that they had the courage to paint a content at all, as they were indisputably reactionary in the actual content which they felt inspired to portray, gave pictorial representation to the pre-Raphaelite nostalgia for a pre-mediæval past. More analogous are the canvasses of Franz von Stuck, the Munich Secessionist, who also sets out to paint ideas and to give æsthetic form to psychological contents. Thus, his "Krieg," with its grimly triumphant rider, steadfastly pursuing the goal of an ideal future over the wallowing corpses of a transcended present, expresses perfectly in the sphere of paint the whole spirit of the Nietzschean Superman.

Even better examples of the growing predominance of the content in the sphere of art are to be found in Rodin, who moulds

even in immobile statuary something of the tumultuous sweep of the present age; or in Max Klinger, the creator in concrete form of the most abstract and impalpable ideas.

So also modern music, as represented, at any rate, by the tense restlessness of Richard Strauss, with all his fine shades of crouching fear and exultant cruelty, or the mystical sensuousness of Debussy, ceases to be a mere meaningless euphony of pleasing melody, devoid of any vital significance except its own æsthetic beauty, and sets itself more and more to travel, in the sphere of sound, over the whole vibrant gamut of the human emotions.

To achieve the presentation of a content with the maximum of drastic effect, the Futurists have invented a new technique. Without embarking on any elaborate technical discussion, we would say that their chief principle is that in the painting of apparently even the most objective phenomena, it should be the aim of the artist to reproduce no mere picturesque copy of some stationary pose, but that whole sensorial or emotional quality inherent in all dynamic life which radiates to the mind of the spectator, or which, again, may be simply flashed into dynamic life by the mind of the spectator himself. And as, according to our latest and most fashionable metaphysical authority the ego, whether of a man, an insect, or a cosmos, is merely a movement, it should not strike us as altogether unreasonable if the dynamic idea of movement should enter very prominently into the Futurist paintings. For realising fully that consciousness is a stream and not a pond, and that both cerebral memories and visual impressions are but, as it were, the flying nets hastily created and re-created to catch a word that is perpetually on the run, the Futurists make boldly ingenious efforts to capture the jumping chameleon of truth by portraying, not one, but several phases of the unending series of the human cinematograph.

Thus, in Severini's picture of the "Pan-Pan Dance at the Monico," the artist sets himself to paint the whole moving, multi-coloured soul of this by no means spiritual Montmartre tavern, with all its various subdivisions of male and female customers, engaged in their mutual revels and their mutual dances, the devilry of its *rigolo* music, and all the hustling clash and clatter of its insolent carouse.

It is also significant of their general *Weltanschauung* that the Futurists should frequently find their inspiration in the speed, stress, and creativity of a glorious modernity. Thus, Russolo's "Rebellion," angular, aggressive, rampant, reproduces the whole red energy of an insurgent proletariat, while the same painter's "Train" essays, and not unsuccessfully, to paint the very lights and ridges of Velocity itself.

The feats of the new culture in the realm of literature are quite as impressive and as sensational as in that of painting. This brings us to some consideration of M. Marinetti himself, both the real and the official chief of the movement. To comprehend the true essence of this man, who certainly constitutes a European portent, which, whether hated or loved, can scarcely be ignored, it is necessary to realise that while a poet he is above all a man of the world and of action. While, also, as would appear from his recent visit to the *Daily News* contributor from Tripoli, he is a gentleman inflamed by a genuine if, no doubt, slightly truculent patriotism, he has all the advantages of being an almost perfect cosmopolitan. Born in Egypt of Italian parents, educated in France, and having at the present time his headquarters both in Milan and in Paris, M. Marinetti combines all the heat of an African temperament with all the mercurial dash of the modern Latin civilisation. At present only in the early thirties, M. Marinetti founded in the years 1904-5 his international review *Poesia*. To this journal (which numbered among its contributors such men as D'Annunzio, Swinburne, Yeats, Seymour, Verhaeren, and Regnier) he endeavoured to attract all that was strenuous, aspiring, and daring in the artistic youth of the Latin civilisation. Eventually the various tentative ideals and ideas which he and his colleagues entertained became crystallised in the word *Futurism*, which grew more and more a definite creed with a more and more definite catechism of literature, music, painting, politics, and life. Since the publication of the first Futurist manifesto in the *Figaro* in 1909, M. Marinetti has devoted himself to waging with all his militant energy of tongue, sword, and pen the campaign of Futurism. Meeting after meeting, demonstration after demonstration has he addressed in Italy; and carrying the war into the enemy's country, he has even had the audacity to hurl his defiance from Trieste itself. And if the deliberate provocativeness at which he has pitched his propaganda has brought upon him the venomous hatred of both numerous and powerful enemies, it would merely give but an additional fillip to the fury of his impetus.

It is, indeed, not only amusing, but also an indication of the man's verve and defiance, to remember that when he had been hissed for a whole hour on end in the Theatre Mercadante of Naples, where he was delivering a lecture, and an apparently quite edible orange was eventually thrown at him, he should with fine *bravura* take out his penknife and both peel and eat the orange. In Italy, at any rate, Futurism has swept the universities, and the disciples of the new faith number 50,000, while

9,000 copies have been sold of Tullio Panteo's book on "the Poet Narmitte." Endeavouring to give to the campaign a cosmopolitan significance, the Futurists have carried their pictures, their manifestoes, and their books to Madrid, to Berlin, to Paris (where they were enthusiastically toasted by the *Association Générale des Étudiants*, the Parisian equivalent of the Oxford and Cambridge Unions), and even to England itself, which, with a surprising lack of its usual insularity, would actually appear to be taking an intelligent interest in a new movement without waiting, as was the case with Nietzscheanism, until it had first become the *passée* if respectable object of the devotion of Continental academicism.

Before we proceed on our short survey of the chief works of M. Marinetti, which have been written in French and only subsequently translated into Italian, it is necessary to make some brief mention of the new technique which he also employs. This new technique is Free Verse, first introduced into French literature in the "Palais Nomades" of M. Gustave Kahn. It should be remembered, however, that French Free Verse is an article totally distinct from that mixture of rolling dithyramb and conversational slap-dash which characterises the work of Walt Whitman. So far, indeed, as M. Gustave Kahn is concerned, the innovation simply consisted not in any repudiation of rhyme in itself, but in the emancipation of French verse from the strait-waistcoat of the Alexandrine and the strict disciplinary rules of academic composition.

M. Marinetti, on the other hand, in the three volumes which it is now proposed to consider, viz., *La Conquête des Étoiles* (Sansot, 1902), *Destruction* (Vanier, 1904), *La Ville Charnelle* (Sansot, 1908), carries the metrical revolution considerably further. For while the essence of classicism itself, when compared with the polyphonic though at times majestic ebullitions of Walt Whitman, they subserve no specific rule. Metre, genuine metre, is invariably present, but the precise shape which it happens to take is determined by the exigencies, not of the particular metre in which the poet happens to be writing, but of the particular mood or emotion which clamours for expression in the form most specifically appropriate to its own particular idiosyncrasies. If we may endeavour to crystallise the theory of this verse, which, though free from mechanical restraint, is always subordinate to the command of its own dynamic soul, we should say that it is simply the principle of onomatopœia carried from the sphere of words to the sphere of metre.

In the *Conquête des Étoiles*, the twenty-four-year-old Marinetti, with the characteristic verve of audacious adolescence,

essays to open the oyster of the poetical world with the sword of a romantic epic. Bearing evidence at times, in its grandiose anthropomorphism of natural phenomena, of the influence of "his old masters, the French Symbolists," the poem of this future champion of a concrete modernity challenges, at any rate in the gigantic massing of its imagery, that great if somewhat bourgeois romanticist, Victor Hugo. For here poetic Pelion is piled upon poetic Ossa with the most drastic vengeance. For the Sovereign Sea, chanting her inaugural battle-cry

"Hala-hé! Hala-ho! Stridionla Stridionla Stridionlaire!"

to her ancient waves, puissant warriors with venerable beards of foam, lashes them to conquer Space and mount to the assault of the grinning Stars. And missiles are there in her Reservoir of Death—"petrified bodies, bodies of steel, embers and gold, harder than the diamond, the suicides whose courage failed beneath the weight of their heart, that furnace of stars, those who died for that they stoked within their blood the fire of the Ideal, the great flame of the Absolute that encompassed them." And for an army has she the legions of her amazon cavalry, the Veterans of the Sea, the great waves, the riotous, prancing Narwhals with their scaly rings, the typhoons, the cyclones, and the haughty *Trombes* (water-spouts), "draping around their loins their fuliginous veils, or lifting masses of darkness in their great open arms." And so this feud of the elements proceeds from climax to climax, from crescendo to crescendo, till the astral fortresses succumb to the shock of an infernal charge, and the last star expires "with her pupils of grey shadow imploring the Unknown, oh! how sweetly!"

No doubt the poem almost reels at times as though intoxicated with the excesses of its own imagery. Yet, making all due discount for this healthy turgidity of adolescence, it is impossible to dispute the authentic poetical value of this brilliant epic.

By so masterly a grasp is the metre handled that the reader, quite oblivious of the immaterial question of whether he is perusing verse or prose, is only conscious of the ideas and emotions themselves. The following passage is typical, not only of the poem's potency of expression, but of the intimate union which is effected between the meaning and the form:—

"C'est ainsi que passe le Simoun
aiguillonant sa furie de désert,
avec son escorte caracolante
de sables soulevés tout ruisselants de feu;
c'est ainsi que le Simoun galope
sur l'océan figé des sables,
en balançant son torse géant d'idole barbare
sur des fuyantes croupes d'onagres affolés."

In the series of poems, however, known as *Destruction*,

"Since there is only splendour in this word of terror
And of crushing force like a Cyclopæan hammer,"

that boyish robustness which we have seen playing so naïvely in the romantic limbo has attained the solidity of manhood. Finding it no longer necessary to have recourse for his subject-matter to some set theme of an Elemental War, the author reproduces the experiences of his own inner life in a new lyrical language whose rhythm vibrates responsively to every thrill of its creator's spirit, and takes faithfully every colour of his chameleon soul.

For the poet is now reverential :

"Tu es infinie et divine, O Mer, et je le sais
de par le jurement de tes lèvres, écumantes
de par ton jurement qui répercutent, de plage en plage
les échos attentifs ainsi que des guetteurs."

now jocund,

"O Mer, mon âme est puérile et demande un jouet";

now almost sensually adoring

"O toi ballerine orientale au ventre sursautant,
dont les seins sont rouges par le sang des naufrages."

now sunk in the abject ecstasies of opium,

"Derrière des vitres rouges des voix rauques criaient
De la moelle et du sang pour les lampées d'oubli
C'est le prix des beaux rêves . . . c'est le prix . . .
Et j'entrais avec eux au bouge de ma chair."

now gentle,

"C'est pour nous que le Vent las de voyages éternels,
désabusé de sa vitesse de fantôme,
froissant d'une main lasse, au tréfonds de l'espace,
les velours somptueux d'un grand oreiller d'ombre
tout diamantés de larmes sidérales,"

now bitterly conscious of the ironic raillery of the Sea :

"Vos caresses brûlantes, vos savantes caresses,
sont pareilles à des tâtonnements d'aveugles
qui vont ramant par les couloirs d'un labyrinthe!
Vos baisers ont toujours l'acharnement infatigable
d'un dialogue enragé entre deux sourds
emprisonnés au fond d'un cachot noir."

Yet most characteristic of the feverish but not unhealthy tension of the book are that series of ten poems, entitled *Le Démon de la Vitesse*, a kind of railway journey of the modern soul. For now the poet, stoking the engines of his pounding brain with the monstrous coals of his own energy, drives his train of Æschylean

images (well equipped with all the latest modern inventions), with all the record-breaking rapidity of some Trans-American express, from the "vermillion terraces of love," across "Hindu evenings," "tyrannical rivers," "avenging forests," "milleniar torrents," and "the dusky corpulence of mountains," to traverse "the delirium of Space" and "the supreme plateaux of an absurd Ideal," to end finally in the grinding shock of a collision and all the agony of a shipwrecked vessel. It is in this series of poems that the author's wealth of imagery, always superabundant, lavishes its most profound and incessant exuberance.

For such phrases as "*the drunken fulness of streaming stars in the great bed of heaven*"; "*Oh! my folly, folly; oh! Eternal Juggler*"; "*Oh! wind crucified beneath the nails of the stars*"; "*the flesh scorched in the burning tunic of a terrible desire*"; "*the sad towns crucified on the great crossed arms of the white road*," are not mere isolated flashes of poetical riches, but casual samples of an opulence displaying itself on this same grandiose scale throughout every line of every poem. Note, also, that the poet has completely fused himself with the whole scientific universe. He will thus portray man in the terms of some dynamic entity of mechanical science, which as likely as not will itself be represented in terms of humanity. Contrast, for instance, such phrases as :

"*Les géantes pneumatiques de l'Orgueil*," or "*train fougueux de mon âme*," with :

"*Colonnes de fumée, immenses bras de nègre,
annelés d'étincelles et de rubis sanglants.*"

To sum up the essential character of "*Destruction*," we would say that, releasing poetry from the shackles of the conventional subject-matter, the conventional language and the conventional metres to which it had so long been confined, it lays the hitherto untravelled lines of the speed and beauty of the whole of modern civilisation, with all its unexplored scientific and psychological regions, as it sings the rushing rhapsody of the whole spirit of the twentieth century.

"I bid ye pant your fury and your spleen,
I reckon not the long roarings of your wrath,
O galloping Simoons of my ambition,
Who heavily the city's threshold paw,
Nor ever shall ye cross her sensual walls,
Ye neigh in vain in my stopped ears, already
With rosy murmurs steeped and stupified
(And subterranean voices of the deep),
Like spells of freshness full of the sea's song."

The above quotation may perhaps give such readers as have

not the luxury of the French language some faint shadow of the warm charm of *La Ville Charnelle*, which, at any rate, from the conventional standard of ordinary æsthetic beauty, represents the zenith of M. Marinetti's poetical achievement. For in his second volume of verse our author abandons the furious pace of his rushing modernity to sing the almost sensual beauty of a tropical town with "*the silky murmur of its African sea,*" "*its pointed mosques of desire,*" and its "*hills moulded like the knees of woman, and swathed in the linen billows of its dazzling chalk.*" The swift piston rhythm of "*Destruction*" is exchanged for a measure which, though untrammelled by any tight convention, is often clad in the Turkish trousers of some languorous rhyme, or slides with the voluptuous swish of some blank Alexandrine. But if the flood of images has abated its turbulence to a serener beauty, it has not thereby suffered any loss of volume, as is evidenced by such phrases as "*les molles émeraudes de prairies infinies,*" "*la bouche éclatée des horizons engloutisseurs,*" or "*jusqu'au volant trapèze de ce grand vent gymnaste.*"

Or take the following passage from "The Banjoes of Despair and of Adventure" :

"Elles chantent, les benjohs hystériques et sauvages,
comme des chattes énervées par l'odeur de l'orage.
Ce sont des nègres qui les tiennent
empoignées violemment, comme on tient
une amarre que secoue la bourrasque.
Elles miaulent, les benjohs, sous leurs doigts frénétiques,
et la mer, en bombant son dos d'hippopotame,
acclame leurs chansons par des flic-flacs sonores
et des renâclements.

More ærie and fantastic in their radiance are the "Little Dramas of Light," which in the same volume play outside the walls of *La Ville Charnelle*. For pushing the pathetic fallacy to the extreme limit of pantheism, or anthropomorphism, as one cares to put it, our author constructs his miniature scenes out of the interplay of plants, elements, and the very fabrics of human invention, all participating in something of the mingled dash, despair, and desire which go to weave the somewhat complex tissue of our ultra-modern humanity.

Even the titles of a few of these delicate poems give some idea of their darting beauty : "The Foolish Vines and the Greyhound of the Firmament" (the Moon), "The Life of the Sails," "The Death of the Fortresses," "The Folly of the Little Houses," "The Dying Vessels," "The Japanese Dawn," "The Courtesans of Gold" (the Stars).

Observe, also, the eminently twentieth-century temperament of the "coquettish vessels" who, "half-clothed in their ragged

sails, and playing like urchins with the incandescent ball of the sun," have yet experienced "amid the disillusioned smile of the autumn evenings" the desire for a fuller and more tumultuous life than is afforded by the "ventriloquist soliloquies of the gurgling waters of the quays."

"C'est ainsi, c'est ainsi que les jeunes Navires
implorant affolés délivrance
en s'esclaffant de tous leurs linges bariolés,
claquant au vent comme les lèvres brûlées de fièvre.
Leurs drisses et leurs haubans se raidissent
tels des nerfs trop tendus qui grincent de désir,
car ils veulent partir et s'en aller
vers la tristesse affreuse (qu'importe?) inconsolable
et (qu'importe?) infinie
d'avoir tout savouré et tout maudit (qu'importe?)."

We can perhaps best formulate the dynamic *élan de vie* which pulses through every line of M. Marinetti's poems by indulging in the perversion of the great line of Baudelaire, so that we can give to our poet for his motto :

"Je hais la ligne qui tue le mouvement."

M. Marinetti's activity, however, is not limited to the sphere of verse. In 1905 he published *Le Roi Bombance* (*Mercur de France*), a satiric tragedy, compound of the scarcely harmonious temperaments of Rabelais and Maeterlinck, a wild extravaganza of anthropophagy and resurrection, which satirises the prominent figures in contemporary Italian politics, including the recently dead Crispi, Ferri, and Tenatri, and contains withal a profound undercurrent of sociological truth. *Poupées Electriques* (Sansot), followed in 1909, a play which, with all its brilliance and originality, somehow just misses the real dramatic pitch.

Far more significant are the *belles lettres* of *Les Dieux s'en vont*, *D'Annunzio reste* (Sansot, 1908), with its steely dash of style and its criticism at once singularly acute and delightfully malicious of the official protagonist of all Italian culture, and the recently published *Futurisme* (Sansot, 1911).

But of all the works of M. Marinetti, the most impressive is the great prose epic, *Mafarka Le Futuriste*. It is in the three hundred pages of this novel, which describes the destructive and creative exploits of a militant and intellectual African prince, that the Futurist leader has given the most complete expression to the vehement surge of his genius. In this book the spirits of the East and of the West strangely combine. The gross heat of an African sun beats incessantly down upon these torrid pages, yet even the most Oriental passages have such an Homeric freshness of epic sweep as to render them immeasurably cleaner than the

sniggering indecencies of not a few of even the more fashionable and respectable of our lady novelists. Incident follows on incident, adventure on adventure, with the magic bewilderment of some Arabian night, an Arabian night illumined by the galvanic current of some twentieth-century genie, as it flashes image after image on the multi-coloured sheet of some dancing cinematograph. The style bounds with a lithe male crispness, to which even the luxuriant and self-complacent flowers of d'Annunzio himself seem at times to offer in comparison but rank and androgynous beauties.

How admirable, for instance, is such a passage as :

"And Mafarka-el-Bey bounded forward, with great elastic steps, sliding on the voluptuous springs of the wind and rolling—like a word of victory—in the very mouth of God."

or such a perfect Homeric simile as :

"All the beloved sweetness of his vanished youth mounted in his throat, even as from the courtyard of schools there mount the joyous cries of children towards their old masters, leaning over the parapet of the terrace, from which they see the flight of the vessels upon the sea."

or such a perfect description as :

"Et d'en haut descendaient les rayons des étoiles des milliers de chaînettes dorées tintinnabulantes, qui balançaient au ras de l'eau leurs tremblants reflets, innombrables veilleuses."

But the wondrous story of how Mafarka-el-Bey exhorted to the work of war the thousands of his wallowing soldiers from the putrescent bed of that dried-up lake; of how, disguising himself as an aged beggar, he visited the camp of the negroes; of the monstrous tale which he there told his Ethiopian foes; of the stratagem by which he drew the two pursuing wings of the infatuated army to the stupendous shock of an internecine collision; of how he annihilated the maddened hordes of the Hounds of the Sun with the stones flung by the mechanical giraffes of War; of the Neronian banquet in the grotto of the Whale's Belly; of the agonised hydrophobic death of his brother Magamal, the light of his eyes; of the nocturnal journey in which he conveyed across the sea his brother's body in a sack to the land of the Hypogeans; of the Futurist Discourse which he there held; of his passing encounter with the fellahin Habibi and Luba; of how, disdaining the more banal method of filial creation, he compelled the weavers of Lagahourso and the smiths of Milmillah to make the body of that Airgod Gazourmeh whose spirit he had fashioned out of the glory of his own unaided brain, and of how he cried exultantly, brushed away beneath the gigantic wings of his son, as it flew like some hilarious parricide into the clear infinitude, is it not all

written in the pages of *Mafarka Le Futuriste*—E. Sansot & Cie., Paris, 3 fr. 50 c.?

Note also the religious exaltation of martial and intellectual energy whose hoarse prayer is uttered on almost every page. For Mafarka is the prophet of that "new voluptuousness which shall have rid the world of love when he shall have founded the religion of the concrete will and of the heroism of every single day."

Space vetoes any detailed consideration of the other Futurist poets, but we would mention in particular the *Poesie Electriche* of Govoni, the *Ranocchie Turchine* of Cavacchioli, the *Aeroplani* of Buzzi, the *Revolverte* of Lucini, and the *Incendiario* of Aldo Palazzeschi.

If, finally, we may speculate on the Future of Futurism, its real prospects and its real significance are to be found in the fact that though extravagant and aggressive, it is in essence a concentrated manifestation of the whole vital impetus of the twentieth century. Its relationship to Nietzscheanism we have already examined. Almost equally close is its affinity to the standpoints of such representative spirits of the real genius of this particular age as Verhaeren and Mr. Wells, Verhaeren, the gazer on "the Multiple Splendour of the Tumultuous Forces of the Visages of Life," with his motto, "Life is to be mounted and not to be descended; the whole of life is in the straining upwards," who expresses in the labouring majesty of his verse the whole raging complex of our psychological and material civilisation; Mr. Wells, too, the glorifier of all the new machinery of our scientific fabric; Mr. Wells who, with all his intoxication for the "gigantic syntheses of life," expresses himself most effectually by the maxim, "The world exists for and by initiative, and the method of initiative is individuality."

Even if we go to more concrete and more topical manifestations, there is not wanting evidence that the fiery blast of the Futurists is fanned by the huge bellows of our own labouring *Zeitgeist*.

If, indeed, we may meddle with the very latest metaphysical terminology, we would suggest that it is by a singularly brilliant and apposite stroke of intuition on the part of the newly discovered *élan de vie*, at a time which is certainly moving at an unprecedented rapidity, at a time when the two great brother nations of the Teutonic race are preparing their rival sacrifices for the God of War, with all the mocking and drastic fraternity of a Cain and of an Abel; when the air is thick with the wings of a New and regenerated France; when the militant maenads of both the West and the East, under the inspiration of their dashing and mysterious Pythoness, are waging with foamy fanaticism a Holy

War of Sex ; when even one of the most responsible of our lawyers is coquetting dangerously with, at any rate, the academic theory of the superior ethical value of Active Resistance ; when the most venerable of our Lord Justices interpolates a homily on the Law of Change into the middle of an otherwise purely legal judgment ; when the two young but not unpatriotic *condottieri* of either political party are fast leaping into a more and more aggressive prominence ; when the insurgent masses of our industrial proletariat have made a vehement and not entirely unsuccessful charge against the existing economic fabric of the country ; when the brisk elements of nature have taken up, and to no small purpose, the insolent challenge of man's casually autocratic dominion ; when the two-faced genie of Science lavishes the miracles of its celestial or demoniacal assistance on humanitarianism and on crime with the most paternal impartiality ; when even Mr. Thomas Hardy attends in the pages of even this *Review* the funeral of the old God of pity ; and when Bergsonism, judiciously advertised in the masquerade of a religious revival, has replaced the old Eternal Absolute with the creative activity of an endless Movement ; that the Futurists should now exalt the sublime vehemence of war and the aggressive fury of youth, while M. Marinetti chants his strident Hallelujahs to the new God "of sweat and agony and tension," and Signor Russolo and his confrères exhibit to us in the actual canvasses of the Sackville Galleries the rampant hordes of rebellion and the painting of Movement itself.

HORACE B. SAMUEL.

THE PRESS IN WAR-TIME.

THE wail of the war correspondent during the past few months has been vehement throughout Europe. After the experience of the Russo-Japanese War and of the struggle in the Balkans he feels himself a member of a dying profession, or at least of a profession that is destined to be so manacled by officialdom that it will lose its independence and power of initiative and will cease to serve any useful end. And undoubtedly the spacious days when a Russell, a Forbes, or a MacGahan could go to the front, could wander about pretty much as he pleased, and could send home his telegrams and letters with little or no hindrance from the censor, are definitely at an end. War correspondents then were few, and it was possible to make a reputation. Some of them, indeed, made so great a reputation, and were altogether personages of such vast importance that they almost came to think of war as a game invented to provide them with a living. I was reading not long ago the reminiscences of one of the ablest and best-known of the artists and writers who have illustrated the struggles of the past forty years. It was easy to read between the lines that their author regarded himself as the pivot of the whole situation. Just as nurses come to think of themselves as the central figure in whatever case they are attending, and of far more importance than either the patient or the doctor, so this particular correspondent seemed to be saying, "Now that I have taken up my position and sharpened my pencils and refreshed myself from my flask and smoothed out the leaves of my sketch-book, the battle may begin." And the odd thing was that he and his colleagues were taken pretty much at their own valuation by the military authorities all over the world, and were utterly amazed and indignant, and denounced it as not less than an international scandal, when the Japanese eight years ago forbade them to go anywhere or see anything. War in the past three or four decades has become more serious and more scientific; means of communication, and also means of reproducing by camera and cinematograph the varying episodes of a conflict, have indefinitely multiplied; and correspondents have increased in numbers and activities while decreasing in knowledge and responsibility. After reading the pungent article which Mr. Francis McCullagh contributed to the February number of the *Contemporary Review*, one may almost doubt, indeed, whether any department of

journalism is more deformed by sensationalism than that which concerns itself with the description of wars.

The result of these developments is that the war correspondent has become not merely a nuisance and a possible danger, but an object of ridicule. Throughout the struggle in the Balkans he cut a figure of conscious and preposterous absurdity. Those who joined the Turkish forces were able to snatch a certain liberty from the general *débâcle* that overtook the Ottoman armies. But those who were attached to the Bulgarian headquarters were as remorselessly muzzled as though they had all been convicted of rabies. There were well over eighty of them in a body; they had to travel with the foreign attachés; they were carefully corralled by officialdom; a most drastic and comprehensive list of forbidden subjects was handed to them; at noon every day they were summoned to hear a bulletin from the front read out to them; of the actual fighting they saw nothing; all chance of individual distinction, or even of individual activity, was simply taken away from them; and for the most part they just sat about in the hotels and watched the rain and grumbled at the censor and the meals. In the way of keeping the world informed as to the progress of the struggle one man could have done all that it was permitted to do as efficiently as the eighty. But even so, the inference that the war correspondent as an institution is dead and can never be resurrected is only partially true. When nations are at war that are really military nations, possessed of compulsory and universal service, with every single energy they command gathered up and launched in a single thunderbolt, and with every man and woman among them feeling that he or she is as much a fighter in the national cause as any soldier in the ranks, then the war correspondent is probably doomed to perish under the combined weight of his own numbers, of military necessity, and of the inventions that have made the transmission of intelligence so dangerously easy.

But in this matter, as in all matters touching on war and its preparations and prosecution, there is an immense gulf between the nations that have and the nations that do not have universal service. It is a gulf that in its way is at least as profound as the difference between a free State and a slave-holding State, or between a Moslem and a Christian community. It is a fundamental difference that affects and transforms all values. In Bulgaria, for instance, the entire land was drained of its population; pretty nearly every able-bodied person between sixteen and sixty was pressed into service; there was nothing of what we English think of as the glamour and *réclame* of war, the "sudden shining of splendid names," and all the rest of the Tennysonian

trappings and tinsel ; brilliant victories were laconically announced in three-line bulletins ; soldiers were forbidden to write home ; none of those who were left behind knew what was happening to their nearest and dearest at the front ; no lists of dead or wounded were published ; no decorations were scattered while the war was still on ; the whole nation, and every unit in it, worked silently for victory, sinking all personal and private anxieties in a superb devotion to the common good. To a people of such stiff character, and in a country capable of this extreme of single-minded concentration, the control of war correspondents and the suppression of all news that is any way likely to assist the enemy become the simplest and easiest of matters. They cease to be a "problem" ; they are put in their proper place among the thousand and one common-sense precautions that have to be observed and that no one would dream of disputing.

But in a country like England—unarmed, plethoric, commercial, knowing nothing of what war is—such discipline and self-sacrifice as the Bulgarians have shown are qualities that hardly exist in any organised and effective form. Thanks very largely to their insular position, the British people have somewhat got into the way of thinking of their Army and Navy as something apart from themselves, and of war as a game played out by professionals before a ring of excited but perfectly secure spectators. Moreover, we are blessed with a system of government that gives to the Press a power that is inconceivable in countries where everything is subordinated to preparing for success on the day of Armageddon. In Great Britain the Press not only disseminates news, but shapes the thoughts of the nation more constantly and with greater effect than any other instrument, and in war-time especially, when the public mind is excited and opinion exceptionally fluid, its influence is enormously enhanced. That is a condition with which the military and naval authorities have to reckon in devising a Press censorship at the front. They must remember that in gagging the Press they are not only gagging a news agency but a moulder of public opinion, and they must remember, too, that public opinion, in its turn, reacts nowadays with democratic decisiveness upon the policies of Governments and upon the operations of the naval and military commanders appointed to carry out those policies. It reacts upon them both favourably and unfavourably. On the one hand, a firm and intelligent support of a war by public opinion at home is a great fighting asset. It puts nerve into the Government ; it greatly facilitates the financial problem and the recruiting and reinforcement problems ; it furnishes the best substitute obtainable under a democracy for the inspiring autocracy of a

Chatham. On the other hand, public opinion in war-time is often ignorantly heedless in clamouring against individuals, in denouncing measures that are dictated by military necessity, and in agitating for, and often forcing, the adoption of plans of campaign in the teeth of professional judgment; and I have often wondered whether our people, in these more squeamish and sensitive days, would stand by any General, whatever his justification, who spent lives as Grant spent them.

But in this matter we must take the rough with the smooth. The main thing is to have it recognised that you cannot nowadays, with the political constitution we possess, conduct war on a big scale unless you can also carry public opinion with you. War correspondents, therefore, are likely to continue to flourish in all countries that are ruled by public opinion. Nor are they by any means the unmitigated curse that some naval and military men like to make out. One half of a correspondent, the half that is trying to find out and to publish information that for naval or military reasons ought to be kept secret, ought, I agree, to be shot on the spot, or incontinently banished from it. But the other half of him, the half that, without in any way assisting the enemy, keeps the public at home informed, stimulated and interested, that criticises intelligently, and, if the need arises, does not hesitate to expose defects that in the interests of the services themselves ought to be exposed, and will not be remedied unless they are exposed, the half that acts as a connecting link between the forces at the front and the nation by its fireside, that instructs the public in the nature of the task on which it has embarked, and by vivid descriptions strengthens the resolution to see the thing through—that half of a correspondent may be at times something of a salutary nuisance, but he is also an auxiliary of the highest utility. The correspondent who attempts to crawl under or around the censorship ought to be dropped on in a way that neither he nor the journal he represents will ever forget; and so long as the censorship is maintained for purely technical and not for political reasons, no one would raise any objection worth paying a moment's heed to. That part of the problem, by the by, is probably in one way more easily soluble in the Navy than in the Army, and in another way less so. In a naval war some, at least, of the correspondents will be either on board a single battleship or distributed over the fleet. In any case, they will be out of reach of the telegraph and the cable, and altogether at the mercy of the commanding officer. They can be ducked in the sea as often as they display an inconvenient enterprise or inquisitiveness. On the other hand, if the war is being fought out in near-by waters, I shall be greatly surprised if there is not

also an attendant squadron of Press boats and motor launches, not so completely under the Admiral's control, following in the wake of the fleet, hovering on the edge of the battle possibly in touch with the shore, ready, at any rate, to dart off at a moment with despatches the publication of which might be highly objectionable. How the naval authorities propose to deal with them I have no idea. But whatever measure of repression is adopted at sea or on land, it must never be forgotten that our people will insist on learning what is being done in their name at the theatre of war, and on learning it from independent as well as official sources, and that in furnishing them with legitimate news, fair-minded comment, and readable narrative, the correspondent who knows his business is rendering no small service to the Army and Navy as well as to the nation.

A British Admiral or General who, offered the alternative between having and not having correspondents attached to his forces, would elect not to have them, would make, I am persuaded, a very poor choice and one decidedly against the national interests. We saw a few years ago in Somaliland some of the consequences of waging a war without correspondents; in other words, amid a blank state of public apathy and ignorance. One consequence was that the military operations were governed not by military considerations, but solely by the desire of the Ministry of the day to avoid trouble, expense, and questions in the House. The final consequence was that we threw up the whole job, betrayed our allies, withdrew all protection from them, retired to the coast, and furnished the world with a not over-creditable example of sheer shirking. I find it hard to believe that any of these consequences would have ensued had there been war correspondents on the spot to enlighten the public on the issues involved in that campaign and on the shortsightedness of terminating it on any terms but those of the subjection of that eminently sane antagonist, the Mad Mullah. Part of the art of war in a democratic State like our own must be to keep the democracy intelligently interested, and for that purpose the war correspondent seems to me an indispensable unit in the equipment of a modern British Navy or Army. It would be difficult, indeed, to overestimate the reflex value of Russell's letters from the Crimea and of the brilliant articles in which G. W. Stevens riveted the thoughts and hopes of millions of Englishmen upon Lord Kitchener's progress to Khartoum. In those two instances one saw the war correspondent at his best, both as critic and as interpreter, and in each case performing functions that were as advantageous to the Army as to the nation. Abolish war correspondents and you not only cut yourself loose from those

sources of popular sentiment and determination that furnish the British and a few other States with their energy and driving power, but you lose whatever benefit may be conferred—and that some benefit is conferred is, I think, indisputable—by the presence at the seat of war of a corps of trained and detached observers who are, or at least ought to be, competent to discuss the problems of strategy, tactics, administration, and above all of policy, as they arise. So far, then, from regarding war correspondents either as an extinct species or as an unmitigated curse, I should like to see a conference between the Press and the Admiralty and the War Office with a view to regularising their position, giving them a more assured status, and encouraging newspapers to employ none but the best men.

There would seem, therefore, to be two main principles which ought to regulate a censorship at the front. One is that no information which, in the judgment of the naval or military authorities on the spot, is likely to be of use to the enemy should be allowed to be sent home either by cable or by letter, and that any correspondent trying to break or evade this restriction should be severely and summarily dealt with. The second principle is that, outside this limitation, comment, description and criticism should be freely permitted. To these one might add a third—that the supply of official news cabled home for publication should be fresh and ample. Of course, these are very general principles, and their application would depend on a variety of local circumstances; but, taken together, I think the Services, the country, the Government, and the Press might all subscribe to them. Of these three principles the Italians in their campaign against the Turks in Tripoli remembered one and forgot two. Signor Giolitti saw to it that all news likely to be of use to the enemy was suppressed, but he did not take care to furnish in its place a prompt and sufficient supply of official information, and he vetoed all comment, criticism and descriptive matter with the same unsparing hand. The result was that, at one stage of the war, Italian enthusiasm for the expedition had pretty well petered out, no one knew what to believe, everyone was anxious, exasperated and suspicious, and opinion abroad was adversely affected. Now, if it be true that there is no weapon in the armoury of a Government so powerful as the support of a nation that knows why and for what it is fighting, and is resolved upon victory, then that clearly was a mistaken way of running a campaign. It was mistaken in Italy; it would be ten times more so in England. A hundred years ago it would have been all right. There was no representative of the British Press present at Waterloo, and ten days elapsed before the news of the victory was

published in London. The news of the Battle of the Nile took two months, and of Trafalgar sixteen days to reach this country, and nothing was known of our success at the Alma and at Balaklava until ten and sixteen days respectively after the battles had been fought. In those more leisurely and more patient days a Napoleon could suppress all mention of Trafalgar—he actually did so, and our friends across the Channel are still officially ignorant of that event—and could even cause it to appear from the bulletins that the retreat from Moscow was a succession of glorious victories. But we live in a more complex and a more inquisitive age, with an impaired nervous system; the sources of national power are not quite the same as they were a century ago; and with all these facts a wise naval and military statesmanship will make the best terms it can. The terms made by the Bulgarians seemed, and very largely were, exceedingly good. But it is fairly clear that even they suffered from, as well as gained by, their absolute and sustained embargo on news, and that when the diplomatists were called in to wind up the war, the cause of the Allies was to some extent prejudiced by the almost total absence of any knowledge of the facts and actual circumstances of the situation. War is a far-reaching and many-sided adventure, and a censorship that confuses, starves, or irritates opinion, either at home or abroad, tends to defeat its own purpose.

I have tried, so far, to establish the necessity of war correspondents from one point of view, and the equal necessity of controlling them from another point of view. There remains the question of how to deal with that vast quantity of naval and military information which finds its way into print, not merely when war has actually begun, but also when it is imminent—information that is not despatched from the front by war correspondents, but is gathered by each newspaper's ordinary staff in London and in the provinces, and at the various ports and camps throughout the country, and the various naval stations throughout the Empire. War correspondents, as such, might be abolished altogether, and this greater problem would still present itself. Its nature may be sufficiently indicated by pointing to the action of Austria-Hungary last November. In the face of the growing international tension, the statesmen of Vienna decided on a partial or complete mobilisation. But before carrying it out they issued an ordinance forbidding the Press to describe in any way the movements of troops, stores or war material. I suppose that every Englishman reading of their action simply regarded it as an obvious measure of precaution that it would have been insanity to neglect. But I wonder how many Englishmen realised that if we were in Austria-Hungary's position, and

faced, as she was, with the imminent possibility of a war with a first-class Power, there would be nothing to prevent the British Press from publishing to the world every scrap of information it could collect as to the movements, strength and dispositions of the British Fleets. We have no law whatever stopping our papers from divulging to the enemy everything that it would most concern them to know; no attempt of any kind has yet been made in Great Britain to reconcile the freedom of an uncensored and irresponsible Press with the surprises, the concealments, the false scents, the calculated obscurity on which may depend not merely the fortunes of a campaign, but the fate of the nation. Supposing we were at war with, or on the verge of war with, a first-class naval Power only a few hours' steaming from our shores. Supposing we had to throw an expeditionary force across the Channel. In such emergencies as these secrecy would be of the utmost, in all probability of vital, moment. But secrecy without some regulation of the Press is utterly and absolutely unattainable; and at present we have no regulation. We have a censorship which operates with more or less friction and inadequacy after war has been declared and at the scene of hostilities. But we have no system of controlling the dissemination of news in Great Britain itself and in the days that either precede or follow a declaration of war. There is nothing to prevent a paper from publishing whatever news it may chance to receive of naval and military preparations and activities at our home ports, for instance, or at our naval bases elsewhere. Nor is there anything to prevent a paper from publishing the full details and numbers and destination of the reinforcements we may be sending out. The only restrictions placed upon our Press during the progress of a war emanate from the censorship at the front; and they are effective, so far as they are effective at all, in covering no more than a fraction of the danger zone. That is partly because they only come into force when hostilities have actually commenced, partly because they are unaccompanied by any corresponding restrictions in England itself, and partly because their utility at the best must greatly depend on the nature of the war. If it is a land war, in which the Navy plays only a very secondary part, a censorship at the front may be sufficient to guarantee the adequate secrecy of military operations. But if it is a naval war, in which there may either be no front at all or so many that no censorship could supervise them all, no system of regulating news after the commencement of hostilities could be effective. In either case a censorship which embraces only the actual area of fighting would, in the event of war with a first-class Power, be of little more use than no censorship at all. The real problem to be considered

and dealt with is of far wider scope and, as I have said, is altogether distinct from the question of war correspondents as such. It is the problem of how to insure secrecy of attack and defence in a life and death struggle with a first-class Continental Power waged on European soil and in European waters.

Some eight or nine years ago, in what proved to be his valedictory speech as First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Selborne emphatically recognised the magnitude of this problem. "I am not exaggerating," he declared, "when I say that the most patriotic journalist, without a thought that he was doing his country any harm, might, in the day or two which precedes war, publish news which might mar the whole issue of the naval campaign of this country." Lord Selborne did not overstate the case. As things were when he spoke, and as they are at this moment, it is the bare truth that the publication of a paragraph of ten lines may dislocate a whole plan of campaign and may consequently ruin the State. That sounds like, but it is not, the language of rhetoric. It has happened a score of times in naval and military history that a belligerent has found in his enemy's Press an invaluable, though, of course, unconscious, ally; and for us, occupying the busiest spot in the world's most crowded thoroughfare, at the very centre of a vast network of communications, the problem of securing secrecy in war is immeasurably more urgent than it was for Japan in her remote and comparatively unfrequented seas, or than it has been for the Bulgarians in the wilds of the Balkans. Yet if we were likely to be drawn into war to-morrow our papers would act just as they acted at the time of the Fashoda crisis and the Dogger Bank episode, and during the tension over Morocco some eighteen months ago. That is to say, they would publish everything. We should sit down to the game with every card held face up, exposed to the full view of our adversaries. Lord Selborne's appeal, however, of eight or nine years ago to Parliament and to the Press to think out this question did not fall, so far as the Press was concerned, on altogether stony ground. The matter was taken up at first by a few individual journalists, and then by the representative organisations of the profession; many conferences were held with the Committee of Imperial Defence; and a Bill was drafted which, though it did not receive the endorsement of a final gathering of journalists and newspaper proprietors specially convened to consider it, embodied the solution to which, in my opinion, we must ultimately come. The Bill made it a penal offence for the owner, publisher, and editor of any newspaper to publish unauthorised information with respect to movements or dispositions of troops, ships, or war material, or to the strategic plans of the

naval or military authorities, or to any works or measures undertaken for or connected with the fortification or defence of the country. It prescribed a fine not exceeding a thousand pounds or imprisonment not exceeding twelve months as the penalty for conscious and wilful infringement of the Act, which was to be put in force by Order in Council. The advantages of some such scheme are obvious. It applies, for one thing, to all papers alike. For another, its enforcement being in the hands of the regular Courts, it would be free from the irritating and unpredictable exhibitions of caprice and favouritism that always seem to mark a naval or military censorship. For a third, it specifies with adequate clearness the offences to be guarded against; an editor would know pretty well what was expected of him; he could tell almost at a glance whether any given item of news was or was not inside the forbidden schedules; he would be, as it were, his own censor, and the Act would be practically self-enforcing. Finally, it would be instantly available, and could be brought into operation at a moment's notice before the declaration of war, when secrecy is most essential.

The Bill, as I have said, did not meet with the entire approval of all the newspaper proprietors in the kingdom, and the Government which had hoped vainly, and, as I cannot help thinking, irrationally, for something like a unanimous ratification of the measure by the representatives of the Press, shelved it when their hopes were disappointed. After all, to expect journalists to be unanimously jubilant at the prospect of being fined and imprisoned for publishing what they have always been used to publishing, is to show a not inconsiderable optimism. You will not get much legislation of any kind if you demand as a preliminary that the interest most affected shall subscribe to it in advance. The Bill, then, was dropped, but the problem which it essayed to solve has not on that account disappeared. Within the last few months, indeed, as I gather from a recent speech of Colonel Seely's, the Government have sought to handle it along the lines of voluntary co-operation with the Press. They have set up, apparently, some departmental machinery which, working in conjunction with a committee of journalists and news agencies, is attempting to prevent the publication of such bits of information as the Admiralty and the War Office may from time to time wish to conceal. The machinery, I gather, has been well thought out and has been found to work successfully and harmoniously, and the reduction in the leakage of naval and military secrets is already noticeable. But the arrangement is a purely voluntary one and its violation entails no penalties; and however efficacious it may prove in times of peace and when the international sky is

clear, I have little faith in its durability at a moment of crisis when an excited nation is clamouring for all the news it can get.

There can be no lasting or really adequate solution of this question except by legislation brought forward by the Government as a Government and on its own responsibility. Such a Bill as was hammered out a few years ago between some representative journalists and the Committee of Imperial Defence would not, indeed, stop every hole. There are many other channels of communication between this country and abroad besides the Press. Motor boats, wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes, the telephone, code cables, the daily postal service, all these in war-time would be sources of leakage requiring attention. But so far as the Press is concerned, the Bill whose provisions I have roughly summarised seems to cover the ground with reasonable completeness. It would meet, of course, with opposition, but the opposition would not come from the people—I am under no illusions as to the popularity of the Press in this country, or as to its “influence” in a matter where its interests are, or appear to be, in opposition to the interests of the nation. There would, however, be those who would argue that to set such an Act in motion, to shut down by means of an Order in Council on the publication of unofficial naval and military news at a crucial point in some national crisis, would not only intensify the crisis but would have almost the effect of a declaration of war. On the contrary, I believe it would tend to alleviate the crisis and preserve peace by the very sharpness of its notification that we were fully prepared for war; and in any case, whether we have recourse to it ourselves or not, it is a precaution which our antagonist, assuming our antagonist to be a first-class Continental Power, will infallibly adopt. Then, again, I was reading recently that “the doctrine of military restriction upon publicity is the first long step towards a reactionary policy that strikes at the foundation of human liberty and progress,” and one may be quite sure that if and when the Bill is introduced into Parliament some ass will get up and quote the *Areopagitica*. As to that it will be enough to observe that the Bill would leave the Press as free as it ever was to comment on and criticise the operations of any war in which we might be engaged, and that the real “liberty of the Press” is not the liberty to publish news, but to express opinion, and that this latter liberty would remain absolutely unabridged. The only liberty of the Press that would be abridged is the liberty to jeopardise the security of the nation. I still hope, therefore, that the Bill may be brought forward and persisted in as a Government measure. For depend upon it, if the subject is not dealt with at leisure in times of peace, it will have to be dealt with in a panic in time

of war. Within a few hours after the outbreak of a war with any first-class naval Power in Europe a Bill of some sort gagging the Press will have to be jammed through Parliament. But it might then be too late. Parliament might not be sitting; there would be bound to be delay; the mischief might already have been done. Far better to take up the matter beforehand and to be prepared with a plan of action that could be enforced the moment war became imminent. If that were done the War Office and the Admiralty could set their courses with a new and unfettered sense of security. They would feel for the first time that their plans and preparations, the movements of our ships, and the strength and whereabouts of our troops were not going to be heedlessly divulged to the enemy. They would feel that Government, Press, and people were at last united in the face of a common crisis.

A JOURNALIST.

THE ELIZABETHAN SPIRIT.

It was a theory of the late Mr. Russell Lowell's that the Puritan emigrants who early in the seventeenth century laid the foundations of our greatest colony, transported with them to New England certain national assets more valuable than all the costly treasures of art and literature, that in our own time have "gone that way."

In the cargo of dissatisfied humanity that (to use a familiar figure) crowded the *Mayflower*, "flying," as the old chronicler has it, "from the depravities of Europe to the American strand," were contained and comprised, the modern humourist would have us believe, certain elements of *Elasticity* and *Versatility* which subsequent experiences more or less obliterated from the British character.

Though playfully thrown out in the preface to the *Biglow Papers*, the suggestion is a considerable and serious one—for Englishmen wrestling with the novel and thorny problems of the twentieth century. It also savours strongly of the abstemious modesty we have learnt to associate with that new and revised England on "the other side."

That they, our Transatlantic cousins, had in some obscure fashion "nobbled," if one may say so, the original and only genuine edition of the English language, freed from the depravities of European spelling, that they had, from original authorities, revised and rewritten one or two important chapters of our history, where it had shown signs of trespassing on their own, these feats merely roused a jealousy we could have kept within bounds. But that they should insist on appropriating the characteristics of Shakespearian England, and shunt, so to speak, on to their own branch of Anglo-Saxondom that most widely influential of national impulses, the Elizabethan spirit, that is hard to bear.

The splendour and brightness of the Elizabethan age leaps to the eyes. Not only do all we Anglo-Saxons feel it to be still with us to an extent predicable of no other, but, contrasted with the politico-theological pall of dreary controversy, religious narrowness, and State corruption that hangs over the subsequent epoch, its spontaneous energy and heroic achievement shines like cloth of gold.

The contrast is almost that of sickroom "stuffiness" to the open air. For if there is one expression that paints our golden

age, in a word, it is the familiar term "spacious"—to be taken as literally or as poetically as we please. It is the first realisation of the national destiny, of the "big thing," in common parlance, "that we were in for"—that marks the epoch of England's adolescence, and that demanded nothing less than the great Shakespearian outburst for its quintessential expression. Of the whole change, however brought about, in the mood and prospects of the nation, the gravest historians cannot speak strongly enough. "Elizabeth found England discouraged, disunited, poor; she left it with a strong national spirit, prosperous and resolute." She left it, indeed, the home of freedom, the champion of religious honesty and actuality, the source of the noblest poetry known to mankind, the mistress of the sea, and presumptive heiress of the commercial and colonial resources of the globe.

The inspired enthusiasm which accomplished these wonderful results in so short a time burst forth like a conflagration, unconfined to the narrow bounds of one country.

The typical Elizabethan was on fire for every conceivable form of adventure, exploration or enterprise, to

"Drink up Esil, eat a crocodile,"

to run, to ride, to wager, to fight on sea or shore. The world was his oyster, to be opened with sword, cannon-ball, or pen.

All that Italian, European civilisation had to give was to be absorbed, digested by the no less insatiable appetite of the English mind. In a word, anything and everything seemed possible for England, while from her poetic heart welled forth a torrential patriotism which nothing could stay or intimidate.

Indeed, next to its vastness of outline, the most striking characteristic of the age may be recognised in its "actuality," the quality by which it claims kinship with the great Renaissance of the nineteenth century, which we still cling to as "our own time," to that epoch of "The steamship and the railway and the thoughts" that, in any such stage of national life, "shake mankind" to its depths. The Elizabethan's enthusiasm was no vapour like the hysterical "rhodomontades" of the Spaniard. His was the consciousness of capacity. He could discourse, write, dance, fight, sail better than ordinary mankind: and he knew it.

His vessels kept the seas when others fled to port. His most audacious adventures hit their mark to an extent clearly indicating the approach of a new world, in which the Anglo-Saxon was to play a leading part. "Romantic"—the other hackneyed epithet for an age of such activities—is one applicable indeed to the sixteenth century in general, an age of abundant wickedness, doubtless, but not of the stagnant, slothful species that, "half

ignorant," turns many an easy wheel of indirect oppression and injustice; no, but of the hearty singleminded malevolence that hunts down, stabs and shoots enemies or theological opponents with a joyous and childish *abandon*, carrying slaughter and devastation far and wide "for the glory of the Lord"; the age, in fine, when Religion, Patriotism and Politics were fervid passions not stale conventions, and the young modern world was in the heyday of love with Life and Destiny.

Uncertainty is part of the charm of youth. This high state of spirits may be considered as reflecting various national "prospects" and possibilities then on the European *tapis*, but long since shelved among the great "might have been." It was notoriously a period when vital questions were deciding themselves. Only at the hands of Elizabeth and her English did exultant Spain receive the death-blow that revealed the ephemeral nature of her grandeur, the futility of greed without character, and of treasure without trade.

For France a great colonial empire seemed still as hopefully possible as the extinction of heresy; while in the Netherlands we ourselves had nursed the naval Power which even in the next century (had a little more enterprise backed it) bade fair to distance us in the race for world-wide empire.

By "Romance," however, we mean more than enthusiastic activity, heroism, and adventure. We mean high ideals, chivalrous conceptions of life such as lift it above the level alike of the Epicurean sty, and of the wild-beast fight. And these are to be instantly recognised in the age under consideration.

Putting aside the "eternities" of Shakspeare, are there not letters, poems, passages galore replete with intimacies of moral and social feeling, which exhibit just the human and civilised essence we regard as specially *our own*? If we find, then, in the Elizabethan atmosphere something that seems to contrast strangely with "the romantic" aforesaid, we cannot exactly put it down to ignorance.

It is customary, indeed, with historians to assign its virtues to the actors displaying them, and its vices to "the time." To explain which axiom, as no malign influence can be ascribed to the numerals 5, 6, 7 and 8, would be to disentangle the modern from the mediæval, and also the chivalrous and romantic from the utilitarian and coldblooded.

For England, indeed, it is obvious that the temper of the age could not be understood without some grasp of the royal personality that dominated it. And there is something terribly "practical" about the instincts of Queen Elizabeth.

The "romance" which spreads a halo about her Court somehow refuses to gild the central figure of this shrewd, egotistical, and

singularly non-human despot, who pursued patriotic ideals by methods that were often, to our thinking, mean, contemptible and ridiculous. With the same unrestrained and unscrupulous artifice with which she demanded courtship did she set the example as courtier of her people.

No potentate of the time, even the flattering Naunton assures us, "stooped and descended lower" in artful appeal to popular sentiment, nor with such success. She got "more" out of her faithful and loving lieges "than any two of her predecessors that took most." . . . "*A fortune strained out of the subject through the plausibility of her comportment.*" While, to burn the economic candle at both ends, "she left more debts unpaid than her progenitors did, or could have done, in a hundred years before her." And the resources that cost so much to amass were not lightly thrown away.

"Ugly shadows" of over-carefulness are thrown, as a modern historian remarks, upon the most glorious annals of her reign. To beguile the Spaniard into the narrow seas, to harass his clumsy Leviathans and herd them into a position where one simple artifice, the forces of nature, and their own incompetence could be relied on to work their destruction, that was something. But a preliminary feat essential to this was that of persuading British soldiers and sailors alike to do their work, very largely without pay, indeed without any early or certain prospect of it.

If £19,000 was due in August, 1588, for arrears of twenty years back (apart from subsequent claims), we can understand the discontent of applicants, the pathetic despair of admirals. "Instead of being paid off," the former "were kept hanging on with such scanty allowance of food, such miserable supplies of clothing, such unhealthy housing, that they died by hundreds." "The men who had saved England in her greatest peril were left to perish," says a historian, "as vagabonds and outlaws," with an indifference that would have ruined any modern Cabinet for a lifetime.

Let us remember, too, that the "saving" of Great Britain on that great occasion was a matter in which Luck had a good deal to say to Cunning, and—had it depended, for example, on the adequate supply of victuals or ammunition—might easily have been converted into grave disaster. An equal economy was practised in the commodities of Truth and Honour. Even the very defence of the country was converted into a sort of gamble, "Heads I win, tails you lose," between the Sovereign and her employes. The Admiral, ordered to attack the French Fleet, on orthodox Nelsonian principles, wherever and whenever he could find it, was to do this at his own risk. The Royal Commission in his pocket, like the prospect of remuneration that

might never get there, was to remain a profound secret between the gallant sailor and his Sovereign. Should the most patriotic of enterprises fail, the authors became *ipso facto* private individuals, lucky indeed if not criminals, like the unhappy Raleigh, whose atrocious fate exhibited the harmonious working of the domestic justice and foreign policy of the age. Even a trivial offence against the Queen's majesty, vanity, or self-will, might be more dangerous to life and fortune than defeat and capture by the enemy. The most cautious intriguer might be wrecked, for example, on that fatal *Essex Coaste* without ever leaving Court.

On the other hand, if the most outrageous piracy and brigandage were so successfully conducted as to pay the dividend (recorded in several cases) of some 4,000 per cent., the judicial pendulum swung to the other extreme. It is not that no principles of justice are recognised. For the peccadilloes of smaller adventurers—if we must not call them criminals—compensation had even been made, on the protest of a second-rate Power such as Portugal.

But when Drake—"el pirata Drack," as enemies called him in their haste—returned to Plymouth from a public-spirited exploration of the West Indies, with shiploads of red gold, bare-faced plunder, then we read with mild surprise that "the Queen paused" (a phrase which might title a whole volume of interesting psychology). Yet she does not lose her head, nor her assurance, though the Ambassador of the King of Spain and Emperor *soi-disant* of half the globe storms and rages. With infinite politeness and profuse apologies for the occasional slips of an over-zealous explorer, he is invited to a front seat at the diplomatic farce in which all possible disgraces are threatened—in public—to the "Master Thief of the unknown world," who in his other character of hero and patriot, receives (*sub rosa*, or in the privacy of the State cabin of the *Golden Hind*) the honour of knighthood, not to mention a royal confirmation of title to at least £10,000 of the booty. . . . Undaunted courage, and what we can only call "sea power," in its elementary individual form, assume such amazing proportions that criticism of their ends is lost in admiration of their stupendous practical success.

Hawkins is the *beau idéal* of this generation. Hawkins the ruthless and indefatigable slave-hunter, the avaricious and blood-thirsty buccaneer, the worthy ally of savages and cannibals, worthily cheated by them (as he would have cheated others) of his human plunder, but, throughout the failure or success of his most daring and murderous enterprises, avowing an unshaken belief that the Lord of Heaven is on the side of his insular Israel, and against the Spanish (or other) Amalekite.

Many an unsuccessful merchant may have sighed after the

Utopian ideals of trade suggested by this hardy "maker of England," who, having overstocked himself with stolen commodities in one quarter, was fain to stimulate demand, in another, by a gentle pressure from the guns of his frigate. Such a genius for sailing and fighting—he would have urged—could not have been bestowed by the Divinity for no purpose, any more than the wings of the eagle or the claws of the tiger. About their precise use it was easy to moralise on paper, but when this took the practical form of a *Royal Carrack* laden with £100,000 worth of treasure and merchandise towed into Plymouth Harbour, the Providential moral, "*La carrière aux talents*," "the sea for seamen," "gold for those who know how to use it," must have seemed an irresistible inference. . . .

An impartial view of England, *ab extra*—putting aside the ferocious diatribes of prejudiced Spaniards (such as Lope de Vega)—might have discerned the Virgin Queen and her inseparable indefatigable Secretary Cecil, a couple of cold-blooded spiders ensconced at the heart of a web of the most complex and tortuous intrigue known to history, while along its outer threads which daily threatened to entangle the most distant tracts of the world, scuttled a whole brood of actual blood-suckers and potential empire-builders attached to the central heart of the organism by tentacles which could be relaxed or tightened according to the market value of international morality.

Glancing over the incessant activities of those "golden days" of the modern world, the Muse of History, with tongue in cheek, cannot but reflect that more than half mankind seem to be doing ruthless evil—that good may come of it, the good, in one particularly interesting case, being our own glorious modern prosperity and civilisation.

"I wish that I had flourished then,
When ruffs and raids were in the fashion,
And Shakespeare's art and Raleigh's pen
Encouraged patriotic passion,"

sings a humorist of the Boer War epoch, poking fun, in his happiest vein, at the ethical latitude of the "spacious times" in which, if men did right from motives which scarcely interest us, they certainly did wrong under a singular topical glamour and with a zest unrivalled nowadays.

The irony of the matter, to a sedentary generation prone to

"wax exceeding fat
On lands their roving fathers raided,
And blush with holy horror at
Their lawless sons who do as they did,"—

is not so easy to unravel, and perhaps cuts both ways.

Public principle, basing right on might (if there be only enough of it), the *grande morale*, which Mirabeau—(was it not?)—described as sometimes *ennemie de la petite*, is perhaps too deeply committed (with Good Queen Bess) to approval of her methods for us to be sincere in condemning every such adventure as the Jameson Raid. *C'est à savoir*, as Brantôme, most casual of casuists, often remarked of the moral problems of the same age in France. Drake himself, had he failed, might have met the same condemnation as the late Rt. Hon. Cecil Rhodes.

One may admit, at any rate, that for modern purposes *Space has a similarly absolvent effect to Time*, when it separates an action from the centre of modern moral consciousness. At Rome people do as Rome does, and in a distant savage country what they would have done or approved in a distant savage age. If we care to study *de plus près*, the feeling and conscience of the Elizabethan cavalier and adventurer, these are nowhere presented to us with more unrivalled verve and spontaneity than in the brief but precious autobiography of Robert Cary, first Earl of Monmouth.

A gallant courtier, an active soldier, a contemporary of Shakspeare, a cousin and intimate of the Queen, Cary served in the French Wars under Essex, assisted as a volunteer in the repulse of the Armada, while in his capacity of Warden of the Marches he has left an account of that "stirring world" of violence and brigandage of which no more need be said than that it became a chief source of Sir Walter Scott's border lore.

To arrive at an estimate of the type he so well represented, the influence of absolute monarchy—here seen in its splendid bloom, not yet run to seed—must, of course, be discounted.

It is within this framework, so to speak, precluding anything like what we mean by independence, that the whole drama of public life takes place.

A man may, of course, be capable and courageous, yet, at the same time, vulgar and untrue. But we feel a difficulty in applying such a term to actors on the grand Elizabethan stage, even to gallants who could write long and florid letters, like Raleigh, on their own tragic sufferings in missing a glimpse of the Queen's beauty, or by other forms of fulsome flattery, strive to attain office or position by playing upon her foibles. Society had not yet learnt to feel secure, if unprotected by the divine ægis of absolutism. As to Cary and his friends or rivals, Royalty was the Phœbus of their heaven, the Astræa of their golden age, whose worship was a patriotic religion, in a word, the fountain of fortune and honour. For we have to remember how restricted were other avenues of wealth creation, while the greatest of all, that followed by Messrs. Drake, Hawkins and Co., was one in which it was

highly desirable to have Her Gracious Majesty as partner, overt, or "sleeping"—we may venture to say—with one eye open.

Such, at any rate, was the lifelong attitude of the Elizabethan courtier. Bravery, enterprise, are strangely allied in him with a calculating shrewdness, a regard for the interests of "number one," which in our own day would be thought to characterise sedentary forms of activity. The feeling among courtiers is that it is well to be brave and clever, but not much use unless these qualities are adjusted to please the Queen; while her pleasure, even without them, may supply all that can be desired.

There were, indeed, gentlemen who declined to gamble on the great *tapis vert* of queenly favour, which demanded a subservience uncongenial to the heroic nature. "The brave Lord Willoughby," as he was known, had been heard to remark that he was not one of the order of "*reptilia*," a reflection which we are scarcely surprised to learn "did him no good" when it came to the Queen's ears.

Such an attitude might be disastrous now and then to the career even of a talented general. "Disassiduity," as is recorded in another case (that of Sir John Packington), "drew the curtain between him and the light of her grace." But unexpected attention was almost equally perilous.

On a famous occasion Robert Cary, as Warden of the East March—at his own expense—is suffering severely from that "desperate want of money" which besets all public officials of the time. He had written soliciting some allowance, and received "no direct answer," sued for leave to come up to London himself, but could get none. At last, the March being in good order, he ventures to return without leave, in search of supplies. Arrived at Theobalds, he calls on his brother (the Queen's Chamberlain) and Mr. Secretary Cecil, who are both in despair and alarm. He should have starved in silence. To want supplies was bad enough, but to come and ask for them in person, that must mean the ruin of his career. They advise him to go straight back again; but, taking counsel of his own mind, which is apt to tell a man more than seven watchmen that sit in a high tower, he pursues his way to Enfield, whither her Majesty had repaired for a deer-drive. He dared not be seen, or so he tells us, but "walked solitary, exceeding melancholy"—a mood we cannot help feeling to be consistent with a certain amount of play-acting—"in a very private place," whither "it pleased God to send Mr. Killigrew, of the Privy Chamber." Killigrew makes light of the matter, or much of his own ingenuity. He will put the warden's case before her Majesty, and make all straight. He proceeds to do so. There was a certain gentleman, he urged upon the Queen, to whom she was "more beholden than to many another that made

greater show." "Who was that?" inquires Elizabeth. "Why, Robert Cary," replies the astute groom of the chambers, who, not having seen her for a twelvemonth, "*could no longer endure to be deprived of so great happiness,*" but had "taken post with all speed" to come and see her.

The Queen is at once all smiles, takes Cary's arm, when summoned to the sport, allows him to escort her to her "standing," and then and there orders him a warrant for £500 out of her exchequer. This apparently reasonable action appears to Hunsdon and Cecil little short of a miracle. "Thus was I preserved by a petty jest," concludes the courtier, who knew his Sovereign. "For out of weakness God can show strength, and His goodness was never wanting to me in any extremity."

The same reflection occurs to Cary when, after a long period of estrangement, and at the close of a certain "stormy and terrible" interview in which the Queen said what she pleased of him and his wife, her Majesty at last forgave him—for having married. That every courtier was *ex officio* a languishing adorer of her Majesty was but one of several conventions of the time, involving, one must suppose, a considerable waste of loyal energy. The character of their Sovereign, her reflective moods and factitious passions, constituted the weather to which mariners of the political ocean had to trim their sails. Not that the picture is quite untouched by human emotion, as when Cary finds the Queen in her last illness "sitting low upon the cushions" in a withdrawing room, and she "took him by the hand and wrung it hard, saying (in reply to his expressions of solicitude), 'No, Robin, I am not well'"—and sighed as he had never known her sigh but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. But as death became imminent, owing to the patient's obduracy in not taking food, the anxious courtier, as one plank of Royal favour slips from under him, is already grasping at another of these indispensable supports. He was sorry for his dying relative, yet all the time there were other reflections to occupy a practical mind.

"I could not but think *in what a wretched state I should be left, most of my livelihood depending upon her life.*" He also thought of the favour with which he had once or twice been received by the King of Scots.

"I did assure myself *it was neither unjust nor dishonest for me to do for myself,* if God at that time should call her to His mercy," a phrase that smacks of the cant sometimes associated with "Methodists." But Cary's obvious misgivings as to what might be the ideal gentlemanly line of conduct are soon swallowed up in action. He wrote King James, "knowing him to be the right heir to the crown of England," news of the Queen's desperate condition.

The succession indeed was an open secret, but Cary held no position entitling him to make the announcement. Much less was he empowered (on her Majesty's actual decease)—indeed, he was explicitly forbidden—to invite the accession of the new Sovereign. All that, as an ardent and versatile Elizabethan at a moment of crisis, he took upon himself.

While Ministers debated and discussed, Cary, tactfully evading the restraint they would have put upon his movements, mounted a horse. And before they had finished drawing up a loyal and patriotic address to the new monarch, he was halfway to Edinburgh.

His famous ride, which, not without severe casualties to himself and his steed, brought him to Holyrood within three days from the death of the Queen, might have deserved a chapter to itself in the famous *Libro del Cortegiano* (one of the great influences of the age) as a picture of "the courtier in action."

A ride from Ghent to Aix was nothing to it, and the prize was won, a place in the Royal Bedchamber, with hopes of something better, which were disappointed for a while. But he had "done for himself," in his own phrase, pretty well. "I only relied on God and the King," says our ingenuous author, somewhat over-modestly. "The one never left me; the other shortly after deceived my expectation and adhered to those that sought my ruin." Thus was it the fate of courtiers to be cast now and then, in a curious phrase of the time, "out of God's blessing into the warm sun." Of such stuff are Sovereigns.

But the game had to be played on. Under James I. it was *de rigueur* to play it with cheerfulness, nay, joviality. An expert, who had cheated Cary out of one of the prizes of Court-favour, gave him this advice—afterwards. The King loved to see those about him as festive and facetious as himself, especially when he was conscious he had given them occasion to be otherwise.

We need not pursue the various diplomatic struggles and haggings over this "place" and the other, which ended in the brilliant *coup* by which Cary's wife—already a lady's-maid to Queen Anne and mistress of her Majesty's "sweet coffers" (wardrobe)—succeeded in obtaining the custody of the young and delicate Duke of York, afterwards Charles I. Into this enterprise some real heroism, in which the lady was her husband's worthy compeer, must have entered. Half the great ladies of the Court were suitors for the place, that is for the honours and emoluments. But when they saw the weakness of the child, who at the age of four was unable to walk and could scarcely stand alone, "their hearts were down," they shrank back like timid underwriters. Lady Cary alone faced the risk. And under her care the health of the young Prince was, during the seven years she had charge

of him, as completely established as the fortunes of her family. There arose, indeed, one or two crucial questions, such as whether Sir Robert *could* be Prince Henry's Chamberlain, *and* also "of the bedchamber" (for both of which positions the aspirant fought tooth and nail. "I did see no reason why I should not have them both." The Elizabethan never saw reason why he should not have anything—with ultimate success), and another as to his fitness for the mastership of the princely robes.

Cary never prided himself on his military ability or enterprise, but he did think he knew something about the cut of clothes. And in these troubles again the Divine favour was with him. "God did raise up the Queen" (though not before Sir Robert's personal application to her) "to take his part" and confound his enemies: and thus, with his final achievement of an Earldom, the curtain falls happily on a career of incessant and indefatigable activity. . . .

The Elizabethan was a genuine sportsman, to whom place-hunting must have offered scarcely less excitement than the pursuit of live game. Cary himself, by the way, interrupts his more serious avocations to walk to Berwick-on-Tweed in twelve days, thereby winning two thousand pounds. Ambition, courtship, warfare by sea and land—not to mention the border (where sport and homicide mingled naturally, as the Warden tells us, in an occasional Chevy-chase)—were strongly flavoured with this open-air freshness, this Bohemian and speculative *abandon* of enjoyment. . . .

But a certain conscious moral dichotomy, as we have seen, pervades it, a contrast between the gallant and the "reptile," as also between the far-fetched and improving "conceits" of the Elizabethan fancy and the ruthless directness of the workings of Elizabethan self-interest.

The "preux chevalier" of the time is too tainted with modernity to be a Bayard of the age before him. He is "*sans peur*," but not "*sans reproche*." His romantic gallantry—Raleigh himself took part in the most atrocious of Irish massacres—is too easily associated with barbarous cruelty or varieties of what would in our day be shady company-promotion.

In a word, there is an artificiality about the grand age of English monarchy recalling that of those other "spacious times," as they were in their theatrical fashion, of the magnificently extravagant "Grand Monarque" of France. But it does not go nearly so deep: lies, perhaps, in quite a different plane. The English "grand age" was better timed. The autocracy which, in the seventeenth century, is already an anachronism, and in the eighteenth spells practical disaster and ruin, is another matter in the sixteenth, when the modern world had, as has been

emphasised, more of the freshness of youth, and of youth's capacity for endurance—distortion even—and recovery.

Under the forms and manners of despotism, "Queen Bess" was a practical constitutionalist, indeed (as in her choice of Ministers) a democrat. And whereas French absolutism crushed out the originality, candour and independence of the national character, in England a superficially similar system produced a widely different result. Absolutism, even moral constraint and distortion, seem rather a disguise that sat lightly on a generation literally bursting with excess of energy and vitality, not, as in the French case, a Nessus shirt clinging close to the body politic and poisoning its very vitals.

For the rest, the race, in those its golden days, was not so easily to be poisoned. If we are shocked by the ruthless doings of the forbears to whom we owe so much, if we find something in us that resents the pious adjurations of the sanguinary Hawkins, or the "streams of devotion" remarked by a contemporary as current in the writings of the wicked Earl of Leicester, it is to be remembered that words, sentiments, etc., were not so closely coupled up with acts and obligations in the Elizabethan moral sense as in the modern. Literature and Life were by many degrees less near to one another than the progress of civilisation has since brought them.

And Moral Idealism was far more of an academic recreation than the organised pressure of public opinion would nowadays allow it to be.

Thus the various energies and enthusiasms of a vigorous humanity worked happily along separate lines, undisturbed and undisturbing, in a world which, like the English character—and perhaps not unlike the new England we wot of—"was yet a'making."

* * * * *

The extensive area over which those energies were enabled to play, the romantic possibilities of the "spacious times" have long since been settled and confined within prosaic, and, it might seem, eternally unalterable bounds.

For what we may venture to call the cosmopolitan buccaneering spirit, there are no more material worlds to conquer. Or so we are disposed to say—finding in the difference a justification for the unconventional ways of that beloved age which the national genius has brought so near to us.

The irony of our day, as illustrated in the topical effusion quoted above heaves a sigh of regret that we can no more "play at pirates," even in the pages of Mr. Stevenson, with an air of conviction. Perhaps our playful regret or real self-gratulation is scarcely called for.

In a sense, of course, every active generation feels that, with it,

"The World's great age begins anew."

It is curious, at any rate, that, as an inevitable consequence of the comparatively uniform and prosaically well-policed condition of the modern world, and the organised, indeed the fatal, facility of communication, a new El Dorado a hundredfold more lucrative than any conquered by Spain—the whole vast territory, to wit, of human appetite, taste and feeling—lies open to the cosmopolitan pioneers of modern *commerce*, and (as is beginning to be realised in certain English-speaking quarters) to the most ruthless and unscrupulous adventurers who sail under its flag.

It is curious, for if Mr. Lowell, whom we have left far behind, is right in supposing that the typical "Yankee," the "Græculus esuriens," as he calls him, the "speculative," "fluent," and "adaptable" Jonathan of the Stars and Stripes, has somehow preserved or revived the versatile, and—let us call them—single-minded energies of the old buccaneering times, no one can dispute the latitude of the field open to them nor the stupendous successes they have already attained. A new spirit, a quenchless thirst for gain, an undreamt-of genius for world-wide organisation, a crude materialism alike in its inner nature as in its external commercial ebullitions as shocking to old-world sensibilities as ever British violence was to Spanish sloth and superstition, has invaded the Greater Britain of our generation, nay, inspired much of her latest activities.

The impersonation of all this, the "Redblood" financial "Boss," with whose tyranny the reforming energies of the States are now engaged in deadly conflict, has been rudely compared to the Redskin whose tomahawk he has appropriated to the terror of all shrinking "Mollycoddles."

Perhaps he is really the Elizabethan *redivivus*.

"The early Hawkins, gallant salt,"

might find himself out of place on the high seas of the twentieth century, unless he assisted in illustrating some theory of Captain Mahan's. On the other hand, as business manager of a colossal trust, he would, we can well imagine, feel perfectly at home, and perhaps in his brief leisure moments wonder idly at the fuss made anent the progress of humanity in the last three centuries.

It is another and more serious speculation that the Mother Country, believed by many authorities to be in a parlous state and considerably behind the demands of her times, may be destined to recover her lost Elizabethan heritage of smartness and actuality—perchance her "one thing wanting"—through the ostensible Americanisation of modern England.

G. H. POWELL.

OXFORD AND THE WORKING MAN.

It is popularly believed that the University of Oxford strongly resembles the lilies of the field, in that she toils not neither does she spin. Still less does she advertise herself or urge her advantages upon the public, the excellences of her plant, the symmetry of her courses, the brilliancy of her teachers, the social distinction of her graduates and undergraduates ; she leaves all that to younger and more pushing, to less hallowed and dignified, institutions, and is frankly astonished when, despite her unworldly stand-offishness, she finds prince and pauper, scholar and athlete, more eager than ever to obtain admission to her halls. For all she really cares about is just to exist beautifully as herself, to dream beautiful dreams of the bygone ages, of creeds that have long lost what meaning they had, of philosophies that never had any, and of a Hellenism that was as beautiful as herself and as free from any taint of sordidness, commercialism, and practicality. Her essential function is to survive as a beautifully preserved model of mediævalism, and to exhibit to all beholders the primitive workings of the academic mind abandoned to its own devices. And mostly it is thought that her superior picturesqueness renders her better worth keeping than most fossils.

Now there is much truth in this, as in many popular beliefs ; but it is not true as people hold it. It is true that the popular belief expresses pretty accurately the impression Oxford is wishful of giving of herself, and half-consciously engaged in propagating. It is true that Oxford does not advertise in the overt ways any fool can see, and resent. It is true that she is very beautiful, and perhaps the most perfect blossom of the academic stock. But it is certainly *not* true that Oxford does not advertise, and her resemblance to the lilies of the field strikes far deeper than is commonly suspected. For in the whirl of deceptive shows which forms our world, it is true that nothing is more irrationally potent to disarm attack, to conciliate support, to allure and draw, than beauty ; and to cultivate one's beauty is a way of getting on in life not restricted to the fairer sex, nor is to advertise one's charms a device used only among actresses. Even the lilies of the field are not as innocent and ignorant as they look ; they are only subtler in their advertising than most other flowers. Not that flowers as a class have anything to learn from the latest blatancies and the scientific psychologising of American advertisement.

Here, as usual, nature has long practised what scientific theory is tardily beginning to understand. The beauty of flowers is not even, like that of animal ornaments, a sexual efflorescence; it is sheer advertisement. Their conspicuousness is essentially a way of attracting attention. Doubtless it was not devised to attract *human* notice, but appealed to the more exquisite taste and more delicate perception of flower-frequenting, and, *what was for the plant the practically important thing, flower-fertilising insects.* We behold and admire the results, and if we are poetic, gush. But there is a lesson in them for the business man and the philosopher, as well as for the poet. They should learn from the flower that usefulness need be no foe to beauty, and that beauty is good business. For the flower is essentially a business proposition. It announces to whoever has sight and scent that here food is offered free of charge, on condition merely of allowing oneself to be dusted with decorative pollen. The plants that rely on wind-fertilisation (very economically) do *not* trouble to develop what would be noticed from afar as "flowers." Plants, then, for all their dreaminess—and if we may attribute twinges of consciousness to their life it must be dreamy beyond our deepest dozes—somehow know that advertising pays, and know how to do it delicately, beautifully, and effectively.

The academic dreamers also in our older universities are much astuter than they seem. At any rate, they have stumbled on the same device. As a rule they are aware that a university to be really attractive must please the eye, that our beauty is a great asset, and mutely pleads for us better than eloquence or argument. They do not stint, therefore, expenditure on buildings, or waste of space on gardens, and do not spoil lovely sites with compact masses of hideous brickwork. They know that beautiful buildings are worth more than circulars, and are more attractive than tomes of learned transactions. Oxford teaches æsthetics the more effectively for having no professor of the subject.

But the appeal to beauty is but one half of our advertising, and upon many the spell of athletics is more fascinating still. Though untutored by psychology we have realised that youth is not attracted by the privilege of hearing wizened dons discourse on antique sages, so much as by the hope of seeing living heroes perform athletic feats and emulating their achievements. When, therefore, we want pupils, we hire them with scholarships; those who come of their own accord come for æsthetic, social, or athletic reasons, for the *life* of the place and in the place, and not for the antiquities in which we choose to deal.

This then is the nature of our advertising, this is why we are supposed not to advertise. The truth is that the older universities

do not advertise themselves *as seats of learning*.¹ They do not pose before the public as places where knowledge is advanced and ideas are created, though in point of fact they are quite as efficient, if not as productive, as universities elsewhere. They are not, of course, intolerant of intellectual achievement, nor unbendingly hostile to all movement of ideas; if they should happen to have in them persons addicted to such things, they no longer burn them as "heretics" who have chosen to think for themselves. But they do not at least commit the laughable blunder of boring the British public with such news. The deep thoughts and secret doctrines of the academic world must not be vulgarised; it is both safer and more attractive *not* to withdraw the veil of mystery from academic wisdom. But the result is that the British public is profoundly and blissfully unaware of the intellectual eminence of any of the university professors it supports in learned leisure, and is disposed to regard it as as much inferior to that of the bishops as is the professor's salary to the bishop's. If an exception is to be made, it is in favour of Professor Gilbert Murray, who has not disdained to vie with Æschylus and Euripides by writing for the theatre, and has himself been staged by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

It is true, then, that Oxford does not advertise *all* its attractions—because it does not believe much in all of them. But it is nevertheless one of the best-advertised places on the face of the earth. Literature and art teem with tributes and allusions to the æsthetic charms of Oxford and Cambridge; the Universities fall easy victims to the maiden efforts of minor poets and aspiring artists. The papers, too, make, if anything, too much of our athletic prowess, and chronicle our internecine contests with scrupulous exactness. The rest is secondary, and the halfpenny papers do not even think worth mentioning such sporting events as Triposes and Class Lists, though they will faithfully record a mock "funeral" or a hoax. All, however, unite to inculcate into their readers the conviction that Oxford and Cambridge exist essentially to compete with each other in a variety of manly sports, and incidentally to afford to fortunate portions of the British public a series of congenial spectacles.

What wonder is it then that this converging testimony should impress the public mind, and that the Universities should be taken at what is really their own valuation, and should to some extent become what the public wants and expects them to be? Nor, perhaps, does it matter greatly that the public should be deceived. It is not wholly foolish, and knows that boys will be

(1) I speak throughout primarily of Oxford, secondarily of Cambridge, which has been more prudent and less extreme in pursuing the same methods.

boys and that pedants always have been pedants, and puts up with a certain amount of nonsense from both of them. On the whole the public understands the state of affairs, and the strength and weakness of university education, quite well enough.

Until recently sensible people would have been right to argue thus. But of late there has appeared a new factor in the situation, which not only brings out the drawbacks to the customary methods of putting the claims of the Universities before the public, but exhibits them as highly dangerous to their continuance. It appears that the development of University Extension lectures and cheap excursions has led a section of those who regard themselves as the "workers" *par excellence* to visit Oxford. And as to visit is to love, and to love with many is to covet, the question naturally raised in their minds is, "Why should not we also have a good time in Oxford, like the amiable young men who seem to have nothing to do but to entertain us and show us round the place?" There inevitably results an agitation for "making Oxford accessible to the workers."

Now it is this agitation, not necessarily in itself a bad thing—though it may mean very different things—which renders our athletic-aesthetic modes of advertising so dangerous. So long as they merely eclipsed and obscured the intellectual functions and achievements of our universities, and were to some extent understood to be an ironical pose, no irreparable harm was done; but when there arise persons who take them in bitter earnest, and are encouraged by them in a belief that the universities are merely playgrounds for the young men of the idle rich, which might and should be converted into business premises for the "workers" who have grasped the usefulness of knowledge and are willing to take it seriously, the situation becomes fraught with the gravest possibilities for the future of knowledge. For the spokesmen of the workers know what they want, and what they want is destructive of progress in knowledge. What they want is an education for *their* purposes, an education specifically adjusted to their needs, to wit, a study of economics, politics and history treated from the trades unionist point of view, up to the point at which they cease to be relevant to their interests, and conducted by teachers whom they have themselves selected for their willingness to teach what is wanted. Science and culture seem worthless or worse in their eyes, except as they contribute to this aim. The educational issue thus raised is essentially the same as that between the Greek Sophists and the philosophers in the fifth century B.C.; for the difference that then it was the rich, while now it is the poor, who demand an adjustment of education to the needs of their class, seems unessential. Was an education

to prevail that equipped men merely for the actual needs of political life, or was there to be an organisation for research, in order that knowledge might progress? The people of Athens preferred the former alternative, drove the researchers into a morbid and rabid antagonism to useful knowledge, and then found that neither sophistic nor philosophic instruction was in isolation capable of advancing knowledge and promoting progress. The universities trace their descent from the schools of the researchers, and have everywhere to some extent perpetuated their vices, their estrangement from life, their love of sterile quibbling, their respect for the merely learned man who can neither think nor act; but there can be no doubt that a merely political education would be still more fatal to the springs of human welfare.

That these apprehensions are not exaggerated is shown by a very outspoken Report as to the views of working men about Oxford which the Oxford authorities have printed. The misconceptions as to the functions of a university which are therein implied are all the more pathetic and dangerous for being plainly honest, and should open the eyes of the most obtuse to the dangers of the traditional academic pose, and awaken the conscience of the most complacent to their share of responsibility for the situation.

Of course, the spokesmen of the workers fail to understand the æsthetic function of Oxford. They censure the cost of upholding it as "wasting money on buildings which are not wanted and are unnecessarily expensive," and hold that there should be a central authority to say to a rich College, "You must not spend so much on buildings, &c.; you must use any surplus funds you have to reduce the cost of living."

The athletic aspect of the university is equally unintelligible to them. "Workpeople cannot understand that men whose chief interest seems to be 'play' should be allowed to remain at a University." They would doubtless be astonished to learn that such persons occur even in the most democratic and accessible universities of the world, those of America, where athletes may be found willing to sit at the feet of a professor of English literature and listen for five hours a week to his recitation of Shakespeare, while devoting another five hours to sitting on the heads of sick horses in a "veterinary science" class, all in order to qualify as representatives in the Inter-University sports. And it should have been explained to them both that the Pass-man helps to pay for the Honours student, and that the great bulk of undergraduates are everywhere Pass-men, and that their percentage in Oxford is notably smaller than in other such institutions.

They are to be pardoned, perhaps, for having failed to unravel the complexities of University accounts, for few Fellows wholly understand even those of their own College, and even these not without extensive research into the statutes and history of the College. But it should be remembered also that there are many minds to whom no balance sheet can ever be made intelligible, and that where the facts are complex a show of simplicity is delusive. At any rate the "workers" should have avoided some laughable errors. They should not have arrived at the *net* revenue of a College by deducting from the total in "General Account I." whatever is set down as "Internal Receipts," for on the one hand "External Payments" on Estate Repairs and Loans render this sum very far from "*net*," and on the other some of the items under "Internal Receipts," such as Room Rents, represent a return on the property of the College. They should not attempt to gauge the educational efficiency of Colleges by comparing their income with the number of undergraduates instructed, nor regard All Souls as an abuse because only a nominal fraction of its income is devoted to the teaching of its four Bible Clerks; even a cursory inspection of College Statutes would have shown that the sums a College can spend on the teaching of its undergraduates are very strictly prescribed, and that the rest of its income statutorily goes to the University or must be used for the advancement of knowledge in ways prescribed by statute. The Colleges practically *cannot* unduly spend; the University has much greater powers in this direction, because it can not only build, but can also squander money on teaching that is worthless, and not needed; but even in this case it would often be most unjust to gauge the social value of a professor's services by the numbers of those he taught. It is such criticism that renders the suggestion of popular control so ominous.

A little reflection should have shown the workers that the problem of expenses is much more complex than they imagine. It is unavailing to reduce College charges, if the University is simultaneously raising its taxation of the undergraduate, as it has been doing ever since the cry of lessening the cost was started. It is vain to declaim against the luxury of college life without regard to differences of standard, and so long as what seems luxury to the poor may seem privation to the rich. And, lastly, the expenses of college life depend largely on the means of those who frequent it. Where there are a number of wealthy men they will set a standard which will increase the cost to the rest, or entail a social segregation between the rich and the poor. This is what tends to happen even now, both as regards colleges and

as regards "sets" in the same college. The logical conclusion is that, if there is to be a really cheap course for poor men, there *must* be a Poor Man's College, as Lord Curzon suggested. But this solution is, characteristically, repudiated by the "workers"; a demand for social equality is included in their demand for "equality of opportunity," and it would almost seem that they were snobs enough to find a chance of slapping a Lord on the back in their cups one of the indispensable attractions of college life.

The strictures made on the intellectual value of Oxford are not well founded. The belief that "much of the teaching of Oxford is biased in the interest of property," and does not "stimulate impartial inquiry into those departments of economic and political science . . . essential to the welfare of the nation," does not come well from those who apparently enjoy the singular privilege of *electing* their tutors, and argues more eagerness to have one's own bias confirmed than desire for scientific impartiality. The complaints that "the University is of no use in the serious business of life," that "the Professors of subjects which directly concern the life of the nation do not speak with authority on their subjects," and that "their lectures do not, as for example do those of Paris University, attract attention. What man anxious about the wages question cares for the opinion of the Professor of Economics?" prove the imprudence of ignoring the intellectual side of the University in dealing with the public. The remark that "the University has done nothing for Elementary Education, it has given nothing to the Teachers, and its advice is never sought," though not strictly correct, hits a sore point in the long neglect and present obscure position of the theory of Teaching. That "its best men should show more missionary fervour," and stump the country, betokens crass inability to distinguish between the researcher and the populariser, unless it is assumed that the latter supplies the "best men" exclusively. And one is moved to ask—if the teacher is to teach more, both within the university and outside, and to be docked of his vacations, whence is he to get either the strength or the time to *learn*, and to keep up with the progress of his subject?

But the working man's chief grievance against Oxford is, it is clear, a monetary one, and what he really wants is scholarships. It is quietly assumed that the university endowments were left for the education of the poor, without allusion to the fact that in so far as this was historically true they were meant for the training of priests and not of trades union leaders. But the main stress does not fall on historical argument. What is essential is the demand that "the scholarship funds should be used to make

it *easy* for the workers' children to pass to the University." Now this phrase is very ambiguous. It may be interpreted in such a way that only the narrowest class prejudice could take exception to it. It may also be interpreted as an impudent demand for the destruction of all intellectual standards in order that certain persons may obtain emoluments to which they have neither a moral nor an intellectual right. In the former sense the demand is for the construction of an educational ladder by which able individuals shall be enabled to obtain what is held to be the best education. In this sense it is already quite "easy" for a worker's son to earn his education, *if he is able enough*, and to win scholarships enough to pass to the University. Both Oxford and Cambridge at the present time contain a number of teachers who began their careers in the elementary schools, and it is not at all uncommon for Colleges to elect the sons of artisans to scholarships, and when a College has done this it usually contrives to see them safely through their university career by dint of extra subsidies. But the monies it can use in this way are mostly rather limited, and it would be well if the Colleges were endowed with greater powers in this respect. In this sense and way, then, the universities are already accessible to the poor man. It should also be noted that a good three-fourths of the Scholars are in need of assistance in this sense at least that, but for their scholarships, they would not have come up to the university.

The second interpretation demands that it shall be made "easy" for the workers to win scholarships either by disqualifying their competitors or by lowering the standard until they can win them, or both. And it logically demands also a similar adaptation of our intellectual training and tests to the mentality of "workers" who have not been able or willing to prepare themselves for systematic study by a severe and prolonged course of schooling. We are requested to rearrange our teaching and our standards so that such men can do well in our examinations, and feel that they are learning what they want to know.

If this is the real purport of the workers' demand—and a desire to have this point cleared up is the chief aim of this article—it is evident that higher education is in very serious danger. It means a demand for a disastrous lowering of our standards and a sacrifice of all the safeguards of educational efficiency, and ought, therefore, to be resisted to the utmost.

The existing courses of instruction presuppose and build on a long previous training, to which most of those who take them have been subjected. Not to have had this training must therefore be a severe handicap, and it can hardly be supposed that "workers" who have conceived a desire for academic instruction

comparatively late in life can compete on equal terms with our existing Scholars. If they could, it would be conclusive proof of the radical rottenness of our whole system of secondary education. But there is no reason to expect that they could. Not only have our Scholars had more and better training, but they must almost always possess the further advantage of having better minds to start with, as being the products of a long and severe selection. It is not generally recognised how very Darwinian is the system of competitive examination which culminates in college scholarships. It pounces upon cleverness in every rank of life, and stimulates it and promotes it. It arouses the ambition to excel even in the well-to-do, in whom the mere prospect of pecuniary prizes would not overcome natural indolence. As for the poor boy, he is enabled and encouraged to win for himself the opportunities for the most expensive forms of education. Even Eton, on which also the "workers" have cast their democratic eye, is not inaccessible to him, if only he is clever enough : for the Foundation Scholars of that aristocratic institution have everything found for them save their personal expenses. And when we note how all-pervasive is the scholarship-system, and how eagerly schoolmasters are everywhere on the look-out for the ability that gives promise of such prizes, it is becoming more and more difficult to believe that there exist untapped reservoirs of intellectual ability among the workers. This is not to say, of course, that there is no practical ability among them. For it is unfortunately true that no system of education has yet been devised which does not artificially and unduly favour theorists at the expense of makers, and talkers at the expense of doers. Our own system, though it is probably as efficient as the German (but in a different way), and more efficient than the American (which has managed so to repress intellectual competition that it has diverted emulation and ambition to non-intellectual interests), is not perfect. But it is not likely to be improved but by those who have taken the trouble to understand it first.

Above all it is necessary to get clear ideas about the uses of education. The old universities have been telling the public for centuries that a "liberal" education ought to be useless, and have done much to make it so, by privately arranging their courses so as to have value only as caste-marks or as mark-getting devices for specially constructed examinations. Thus a few years ago the Cambridge mathematicians were in a fair way to kill their study : the papers set in the famous Mathematical Tripos had become series of artificial puzzles unrelated to any conceivable application of mathematics to any scientific problem,

and the study had in consequence become so repulsive that, despite a copious endowment with scholarships, the Tripos was dwindling to the verge of extinction. Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed, the Tripos was reformed in time, and recovered; but so long as the academic world believes that culture studies are useless, it will tend to play dangerous tricks of this kind with what it is intended to promote, and is so capable of thwarting, viz., the handing down of knowledge from one generation to another. Nor can academic pedantry be adequately checked by protests from without, or even by the prescribing of exclusively utilitarian topics: the working out of any syllabus must always be left to the professors, and these can easily reduce it to futility.

So long, therefore, as extreme views prevail on both sides, the struggle between the advocates of a wholly "useless" and a directly "practical" education will go on, and conduce only to the general inefficiency of both; the true solution can be found only in a middle course which forms an honourable compromise, and besides happens to be the scientific truth. "Utilitarian" studies lose most of their utility if they are construed too narrowly, and culture studies are *not* "useless" in any sense a scientific psychology can sanction. They are, in fact, *socially* of the utmost importance for the maintenance of civilisation, and often individually of great value in making technical knowledge communicable and susceptible of effective statement. It ought not, therefore, to be impossible to preserve a somewhat special emphasis on them in our older universities, while repressing the excesses of the fanatics for "useless" knowledge, and so modernising our studies that it is *not* the relatively useless aspects of them which are specially singled out for honour—because it is academically to the interest of the teachers to exhibit mastery in these! *En revanche* the old universities need not hesitate to leave to the new the special developments of technical instruction, which both their traditions and their situation render it difficult for them to exploit to advantage. It ought to be much easier for the new universities to satisfy the legitimate educational aspirations of the "workers," and so to save the lily-likeness of Oxford from the hands of the uprooter.

The last great problem which the workers raise is that of the governance of universities, and though their actual suggestions are crude, it cannot be denied that here also is a problem of great complexity which has not been systematically faced. Some control of the universities is plainly necessary; for it seems to be a law of human nature that power without check or control always breeds abuses. But it is extraordinarily difficult to devise machinery which will control universities without spoiling them

and impeding the intellectual activities which constitute their contribution to the life of the community.

Historically the universities of Oxford and Cambridge were devised and fostered by the Church. But the nineteenth century emancipated them pretty completely from clerical control, and though the clergy are still numerous in the lists of Convocation and the Senate, they have become afraid of exercising their power and do not struggle to preserve it. The recent surrender of the Theology Degrees by the academic spokesmen of the Church was complete, and must have seemed abject to every clerical stalwart. In actual fact, therefore, the resident teachers act for the universities, and can do what they are allowed to do by statute, with very little interference from the wider democracy of M.A.'s, which is theoretically supreme. It is natural, therefore, that they should have conceived the idea of legalising this condition and making themselves wholly autonomous.

But it is not likely that the nation will give its assent to this ideal of local self-government, and on this point the pronouncement of the workers is significant. Nor is it desirable; for, as has been hinted, the very law of his being seems to impel the specialist to kill his subject educationally, by making it too technical. Moreover, those who watch how academic self-government works foresee that if some of the constitutional "reforms" which have been agitated for the last few years are carried, they will result in the formation of a narrow oligarchic "ring," which would stereotype opinion and arrest intellectual progress. What has saved us hitherto from this danger has been precisely the looseness of organisation which has rendered it impossible for any one ring to control *all* the Colleges.

The enactment of more elaborate and stringent Statutes may, of course, be suggested. But Statutes we have already; the more stringent they were the more they would hamper progress, and we have already experienced the evils, as well as the benefits, of written constitutions.

It is easy also to suggest direct State control as the panacea. But this would have to be exercised through a body of officials, and it may be replied that the problem of keeping a government department open-minded and progressive is still more difficult than that of controlling a body of professors, and that it is not likely that the former will instil these valuable qualities into the latter, if they cannot be forced to cultivate them in themselves. Moreover, foreign experience does not show that State control is a success. In France, where it was until recently a grim reality, it prevented the development of a real university life, and reduced the professors to the status and state of mind

of mere *fonctionnaires*. In Germany, though the Minister of Education is nominally supreme, the universities manage in practice to elude control by the strongest and most efficient bureaucracy in the world, and the German professor might become a danger to the State if he were not so susceptible to the charms of titles and decorations. It is, therefore, as much as a Minister dare do if he occasionally checks one of the grosser abuses incidental to the German university system, such as the refusal of the existing professors to allow a sufficiency of teachers to "habilitate" themselves in their subjects, lest this should diminish their gains from lecture fees. In America State control can be prevented from suffocating universities in the mire of politics only by the vigilance of "alumni"-organisations which promote the election of reasonable "regents."

Control by trustees is comparatively harmless where there are written constitutions to safeguard the position of the teachers, and where the trustees can be taught the difference between a university and a factory, and have the good sense not to interfere extensively. But however a Board of Trustees is composed, it is essentially an oligarchic thing, and the proper constitution for the Republic of Letters is a democracy with a pronounced leaning to anarchy. For intellectual progress cannot be secured by the rule of majorities and authorities; the majorities are always wrong in their valuation of novelties, and the authorities are always old, and both are always disconcerted by discoveries, which necessarily start in a minority of one.

In any case, however, no constitutional device will operate adequately unless there exists a vigilant public opinion which is interested in the universities as *intellectual centres* and appreciative of intellectual progress. Herein lies the great *lacuna* in the relations between the British people and its universities: it is this interest which we have not adequately fostered either in ourselves or in the public. Nor is anything more astonishing than that in all the talk about university reform it is never mentioned, and that all the proposals made should be so entirely confined to questions of money, mechanism, and machinery. Yet here lies the root of the matter. Is it worth while to tinker piecemeal and at haphazard at the details of our educational institutions while we set aside as irrelevant the question whether they are animated by the right spirit and aim at the right ideals? How can such tinkering lead to anything but confusion worse confounded, until it is realised that the English universities are organically related to the whole system of English education, of which they form the apex, and that their organisation is a unique and genuine outgrowth of the national mind and character?

As it stands the system works, in spite of its inherent defects; if it is to be altered, is it too much to ask that care should be taken to alter it for the better, and by a thoroughly thought-out scheme of educational reform? The inquiries which such a scheme presupposes will have to be prolonged and many-sided; they cannot be improvised in a day, or even a year. A Royal Commission ought to face the whole problem of the aims we, as a nation, are to educate for, and how these aims are related to those actually pursued, and to consider how these aims can, in view of the national character and traditions, best be attained. Such an inquiry does not naturally commend itself to the national habit of "muddling through," but the right regulation of education, technical, physical, political, and moral, is becoming more and more vital to national welfare, and the time spent upon preliminary inquiry will be well bestowed. It would be fatal to yield to partisan outcries and professional bias; justice must be done to all classes and to every side of every subject, and provision must be made for the accumulation, as well as for the transmission, of knowledge. In demanding, therefore, a Commission to inquire into university education as a whole, the workers are actuated by a sounder instinct than those who favour a partial inquiry into part of the working of particular functions of particular universities.

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON.

Crown'd with the sparkle of a star,
And throned an orb of ashen white.

It is a relief to the weary soul seeking rest from the strain and stress of modern life to turn the thoughts now and then towards the calm sublimity of the heavens. The busy haunts of men are soon left far behind, and the mind untrammelled soars aloft to a realm where, "There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them." An infinite peace descends upon the Earth; the curtains of the heavens unfold, disclosing their hidden glories—the clustering constellations, the twinkling stars extending far into the mysterious depths of the Milky Way; and the Moon in her season exhibiting her varying phases from slender crescent to full round orb. At such moments the thoughts wander eastwards, to the land of hoary tradition, where Earth's early inhabitants first awoke to the wonders of the starlit firmament. Their conception of "things seen in the sky," though crude, were to them downright realities, for they had in full perfection the faculty of childhood of making everything out of anything, and believing with a large and implicit faith in the creations of imagination. The pathless comet, with shaggy mane and flowing garments, was a harbinger from the gods heralding the decrees of offended deity, and the flash of meteors athwart the sky told of warfare raging among the powers above. Out of these primitive impressions there grew a wealth of myth and marvel that has made their conceptions of the heavens an inexhaustible repertory of legends and superstitions for all succeeding generations.

But uplifted admiring eyes greeted the softened splendours of the Queen of the Night as she sailed forth, calm in majestic radiance, and held sway amid the host of heaven, whose coming and going, because of their regularity, inspired confidence and repose. We should, however, be led far from our scope and purpose were we to dwell upon the alluring theme, or notice a tithe of the graceful stories woven about the—

Orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon.

We may touch but lightly on these things as we pass on to consider the truths the telescope has revealed to the patient interrogations of the astronomer. The physicist, indeed, tells us

that she is the veritable offspring of the Earth, born in the days when Earth was young, whirling in giddy flight about her lord, the Sun.

And this child of the Earth has a history that carries the thoughts back to the old-world scenes enacted on the plains of Chaldea, where the priest-astronomer, on his terraced pyramid of Belus, casting an eagle glance athwart the heavens, marks out in bold outline the signs by which we to-day recognise the constellations.¹ Little did he dream while devising his method of foretelling eclipses of the Moon that he was observing for far-distant posterity; that his labours were laying the foundation of a structure from whose summit the heavens would be gauged and their mysteries unravelled.

Glancing along the opening vista nomadic tribes appear, ranging the trackless plains of Shinar, who look upon the Moon as a friendly guide shedding a mild radiance on their wanderings by night, seeking fresh pasture for their flocks. Well might they gaze in mute astonishment upon the celestial scene, and note the movements of the Moon and the heavenly bodies. In course of time the Moon became the goddess Ashtoreth, and the bride of Belus, the Sun-god, and temples were erected in her honour in the land of Ur, the birthplace of Abraham. Here she was worshipped under the names of the Queen of Love and War, or the Bright One. We listen in thought to the priests chanting her praises to the tinkling of cymbals. But who shall lay bare the mystery of Isis, on whose image is engraven, "I am that which is, has been, and shall be. My veil no one has lifted"?

Agas roll by in silent forgetfulness; a new era dawns upon the world of thought, and gradually the mystic web untutored vision had cast about the Moon fades away. Careful inquiry pierced the veil, revealing glimpses of another world full of marvellous possibilities, a world peopled, it might be, by living, breathing, intelligent beings akin to ourselves. A new field was thrown open for speculation, wherein imagination found refuge from prosaic fact with the poet and the romancer, who vied with each other in weaving stories of a lunar Arcadia.

The subject became much too fascinating to be left entirely to the dreamer of dreams. Men of science, with primitive spy-glass in hand, refused to believe that the new world just breaking upon their amazed vision was a lifeless globe. They reasoned that the Moon is similarly circumstanced to the Earth, made up, no doubt,

(1) The oldest existing representation of the constellations is that on the Babylonian black stone in the British Museum. The zodiacal signs found in India are now admitted by all Sanskrit scholars to be of modern date. Perhaps about the beginning of our era.

of similar materials; the Earth is inhabited, why then should not the Moon also be inhabited? A good glass and keen eyesight, aided with just a little imagination, saw the outlines of mountain ranges; therefore must there be valleys, diversified doubtless with sylvan scenery. These things being so, does it not follow that there must be rivers, seas, and oceans; consequently, blue skies flecked with cloudlets? Its mountain crags, indeed, may afford foothold for many a baronial mansion, whose lord may rule over his liegemen in true feudal fashion. In the fulness of his new-born belief one enthusiast (Butler) declared that he had seen an elephant in the Moon! And in those days no one could say him nay. Nor for many long years after would it avail to say that all the elephants in Africa if transported to the Moon and herded together would hardly make an object big enough for detection on Earth. A telescope magnifying a thousandfold would still leave our satellite 240 miles off, and anyone can judge what could be made out of the largest and loftiest building on Earth—say the great pyramid of Egypt—at that distance.

Here we touch an element of human activity always present where the view is obscured by the dim or doubtful: the personal equation. It is not always easy to resist the influence of those who, inspired with a love of the marvellous, tell of wonderful things about to happen, or that really exist all unknown to the rest of the world. Their child-like belief in creations of the imaginations are apt to carry us away, until something tangible is reached. But everyone admires the genius that throws a halo of romance along the darkest path—until the light of truth breaks the spell.

There are others who have a wholesome dread of whatever tends to cast doubt upon old-established beliefs; who will not surrender their faith in the founders of science for the vagaries of a new generation bent upon seeing things which the telescope does not really show. Is it not enough that Sir Isaac Newton should have said that comets, for example, are solid, compact bodies like the planets? Why, then, accept without proof the new theory that they are made up of an aggregation of meteor-stones?

Then we have the orthodox astronomer who, caring only for pure science, recognises that progress is not so much of flights of genius as sustained, patient endeavour. He preserves the even tenor of his way undisturbed by the over-exuberant who find traces of man's handiwork in the Moon or in Mars; nor does he heed the backward ones who contentedly lean on the past.

The telescope is a great disturber of fine fancies and old beliefs.

Before its piercing eye visions of men in the Moon melt into air. In its infancy, however, it lent form and colour to the hazy and indefinite, helping imagination to see and picture—the things it wished to see; for what is desirable easily becomes credible. Galileo's impression on looking at the Moon with his primitive tube was that her face was greatly overspread with freckles, and they were large ones. He compared them to the eyes in a peacock's tail! Closer scrutiny led him to think that possibly its general appearance resembled that which the Earth would present to an observer on the Moon. This was in 1610, and was the first time its rugged features had been seen with a telescope. The event roused keen curiosity; a vivid expectation of new knowledge about the Moon stimulated ingenuity and skill in the construction of optical instruments. It is noteworthy that the name of our countryman, Thomas Harriot, stands among the first to adopt and improve upon Jansen's contrivance for magnifying distant objects. He had received one of the new instruments from Holland, and at once set to work grinding lenses, and with a success that enabled him to produce three telescopes which were considered to be, in some respects, better than Galileo's. Unhappily, at this stage Harriot's health failed him, and his work was soon forgotten. Sir Isaac Newton's six-inch reflector is well known, and still treasured in the library of the Royal Society. Acting on an original system, he constructed a telescope which reduced the apparent distance of objects thirty-nine times. Now that the method of making magnifying glasses was understood, improvements in telescopic power were rapid and numerous. Among the many who contributed to the advancement of optical science the names of John Dollond, of Spitalfields, and James Short, of Edinburgh, may be mentioned. Dollond, in 1758, invented the achromatic lens, removing thereby the chief obstacle to the development of the powers of refracting telescopes; while Short was without a rival in the construction of reflectors; he brought the concave mirror system to unexampled perfection. The most notable improvements in enlarging their range and increasing their space-penetrating power were achieved by Sir William Herschel, whose energy and inventiveness mark an epoch in the construction of telescopes. His efforts culminated in the gigantic forty-foot instrument completed in August, 1789, by means of which he discovered two Saturnian and two Uranian moons.

Johann H. Schröter had the good fortune to secure one of Herschel's telescopes, with which he made such good progress in the topographical survey of the Moon's leading features that his systematic plan of observation was generally adopted by

astronomers occupied in lunar exploration work. His inquisitive eye was soon arrested by an appearance of dark lines running across a great part of the Moon's surface, of a character resembling the thread-like lines occasionally seen when observing Mars, and which are commonly called "canals." Schröter calls his lines "rills." In the course of several years' observation he came upon eleven, but the number has now reached about a thousand. They are wholly without terrestrial analogy, nothing like them in number, size and length is found on the Earth, except, perhaps, the great Cañons of North-Western America, the largest of which is 550 miles long. Obviously they are clefts in a rocky surface, differing in length and breadth; while some are a hundred yards deep others are five hundred yards deep, and about two miles across. One of the most remarkable of these is found in the part marked in modern maps of the Moon, *Oceanus Procellarum*, or Ocean of Storms, near the mountain called *Aristarchus*, famed for the brilliance of its central peak. It terminates in a ringed plain named *Herodotus*. These clefts strike out in straight, curved, and branching tracks, varying in length from a few miles up to 150 miles; some cleaving mountain walls, some forming a network of intersecting clefts or cracks. In all probability they owe their origin to a process of contraction of the Moon's surface going on during the cooling stage, for her radiation of heat would be at a much more rapid rate than the Earth's, whose surface is protected by a dense vaporous atmosphere. Here we are reminded that gravity on the Moon is greatly inferior to gravity on the Earth. On the Moon a six-fold displacement in height or distance would be caused by the same amount of force—that is to say, the same amount of force which would throw a stone a mile high here would on the Moon throw it six miles. Placed in the mathematician's scales, eighty-one and a half Moons would be required to balance the Earth.

In 1792, and for several consecutive years, Schröter perceived a delicately tinted light hovering about the mountain tops which suggested faint twilight. He concluded that the appearance indicated a thin atmosphere about twenty-nine times more tenuous than the Earth's atmosphere. This was rather startling to those who believed in the existence of lunar conditions resembling ours. How could its inhabitants breathe air so fine and live? Confidence, however, was restored when it became known that Schröter had discovered one of the Cities of the Selenites! The revelation was hailed with delight by all true believers in a lunar world like our own. Now lay before them a fair prospect of becoming, if not members, perhaps spectators of

a new community of living, intelligent beings, who possibly may be waving signals to attract our attention! No one doubted that the Selenites would have agreeable residences. Indeed, Herr Gruithuisen, of the Munich Observatory, did not despair of being an eye-witness some day of festal processions in the Moon. The uplifted doctor, like Swedenborg, had visions of planetary life, and saw in the phosphorescent gleam ("Kunstleiche feur") occasionally seen in the atmosphere of Venus the reflection of a grand illumination got up by the inhabitants of the planet in celebration of some periodically recurring event! In support of his belief that the Moon had a rich store of the first elements of life he would point to the grey-tinted depressed surfaces lying between latitudes 65° North and 55° South, telling plainly (to eyes responsive to the suggestions of a lively fancy) of several kinds of vegetation which, moreover, preserved in shade and colour the correspondence observed on Earth between increasing latitude and elevation. Looked at in this way it is easy to believe that the colour of these walled-in plains may be due to some sort of plant-life, though it is difficult to reconcile the thought with the conditions known to be present on the Moon. Professor W. H. Pickering's lunar observations, however, lend support to the belief that vegetable life may exist on the sloping sides of the small craters, where he noticed changes in minute detail which he thought indicated the presence of vegetation, the product, perhaps, of moisture oozing out of vents in their sides. There were signs plainly visible of volcanic activity. Turning to the crater named Plato, he remarks, "It is, I believe, more active than any area of similar size upon the Earth. There seems to be no evidence of lava, but the white streaks indicate, apparently, something analogous to snow or clouds. There must be a certain escape of gases, presumably steam and carbonic acid, the former of which, probably, aids in the production of the white markings." These cautious remarks may in part have been suggested by the views of earlier observers of the Moon. Sir William Herschel had, in April, 1787, expressed similar opinions respecting volcanic activity in the Moon's crust. Observing our satellite in that month, he says, "I perceived three volcanoes in different places in the dark part of the Moon. Two of them are already nearly extinct, or otherwise in a state of going to break out. The third shows an eruption of fire, or luminous matter." Resuming his observation the following night, he adds, "The volcano burns with greater violence than last night; its diameter cannot be less than three seconds: hence the shining, or burning, matter must be about three miles in diameter. The appearance resembles a small piece of burning charcoal when it is covered with a very

thin coat of white ashes ; and it has a degree of brightness about as strong as that with which a coal would be seen to glow in faint daylight."

Before yielding implicit acceptance to these interpretations, it may be well to consider the difficulties which lie in the way of minute inspection of the lunar surface. They are many and troublesome and such as are peculiarly open to illusion. Its actual conformation, for example, is revealed to the eyes indirectly through irregularities in the distribution of light and darkness. The forms of its elevations and depressions can be inferred only from the shape of the intensely black shadows cast by them ; and these shapes are in constant fluctuation, partly through the change in the angle of illumination, partly through changes in our point of view, caused by what is called the Moon's libration. Besides these changing conditions, there are always present air waves or quiverings, even in the purest skies. And, unfortunately, every increase of optical power magnifies, and thereby increases, these atmospheric troubles. Feeble manifestations of interior energy had long been suspected, but they are generally regarded as having no significance other than as the lingering remains of the early convulsions which produced its present rugged surface. It is not improbable that a low stratum of carbonic acid gas or moisture, the frequent product of volcanoes, may flow down the sides of the crater-like formations, but that plant-life must necessarily ensue is at best but conjectural. We are here brought face to face with the old question : Is life in any form a necessary product of inorganic matter, be the combination of elements what they may ? All the theories yet advanced to explain the origin of life on this planet, as that of a slow spontaneous generation, are mere fantastic speculations devoid of scientific foundation. Among the more curious of these is the conjecture hazarded by H. E. Richter to the effect that life came to the Earth as cosmic dust in meteors thrown off from other worlds. Towards the end of the nineteenth century Sir W. Thomson (Lord Kelvin) and H. von Helmholtz, independently, raised and discussed the possibility of such an origin of terrestrial life, laying stress on the presence of hydrocarbons in meteor stones.¹ But it does not follow that life-germs, vegetable or animal, should be present in these ejects from far-off stars or neighbouring planets ; certainly, the chemist has found in them nothing to warrant the assumption. When the insoluble is reached, the idealist, true to the faith within him, reverts to the old doctrine of a special creation, and is at rest. But the

(1) See the article "Biology," by Dr. Chalmers Mitchel, in Vol. 16 of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th edition.

materialist turns into another path and resumes his prodding and plodding to the barren end.

That the Moon is an exact copy of the Earth, as the early observers had fondly believed, became more and more doubtful with every increase of optical power. The grey spaces thought to be seas, and still so named for convenience, are now seen to be dry open plains. Nor is there much on Earth to compare with the giant circles supposed to be craters of extinct volcanoes, some of them twenty miles in diameter, with lofty peaks towering high above the rings. And if we bear in mind that its month is divided into one day and one night; that there can be no change of seasons there as with us, ushering in the advent of spring when all nature is filled with gladness, nor summer, nor winter, we see how very different lunar conditions are from those of Earth, and how improbable it is that life such as we know of can ever have existed on the Moon.

The discovery which more than any other dissolved the pleasing vision of a lunar world peopled by intelligent beings was that it had no appreciable atmosphere. Sir John Herschel had shown the non-existence of any air on the Moon having $1/1980$ part of the density of the Earth's atmosphere at sea-level. And the spectroscope in the hands of Sir William Huggins has shown that light from the Moon does not produce the dark lines due to aqueous vapour. Curiously enough, the most striking evidence of the absence of atmosphere about the Moon comes from the stars. In 1865 it was noticed that the Moon passed over the star *ε* Piscium without showing any sign either at immersion or emersion of selective absorption: the light of the star went out as suddenly as if a slide had been dropped over it. If an atmosphere had surrounded the Moon the extinction of the star's light would have been gradual, and the same on leaving the star. The instantaneous extinction and sudden flashing out of the light of a star occulted by the Moon is a sight worth sitting up into the small hours of the night to witness. An occultation of Jupiter by the Moon was observed by Professor W. H. Pickering on the 12th of August, 1892. He noticed a slight flattening of the planet's disc through the effect of lunar refraction in an atmosphere possessing only $1/4000$ the density of our atmosphere. And five years later Professor Comstock, of the Washburn Observatory, using a sixteen-inch Clark equatorial telescope, found that the displacement of occulted stars arising from refraction was so small as to preclude the existence of a permanent lunar atmosphere of more than $1/5000$ the density of the Earth's atmosphere. The kinetic theory bears testimony to the same effect. Dr. Stoney has shown that if all the essential elements

of an atmosphere—oxygen, nitrogen, and water-vapour—originally existed on the Moon, they would slowly escape into space, because the maximum velocities of their molecules are greater than a mile and a half per second, *i.e.*, than the Moon's gravity could retain. All the occultations of stars by the Moon observed up to the year 1909 have been practically instantaneous.

The best time for getting a good view of its surface is during the first quarter, particularly along the line called the terminator—that which separates the illuminated part of the disc from the dark part. Good eyesight trained to minute observation, even without a telescope, perceives varieties of light and shade: here dusky patches, there points of superior brightness, especially on the eastern and southern quarters. These differences are due to inequalities on its surface. The appearance suggests mountains rising high above the plains which catch the first slanting rays the Sun is shedding upon the Moon. With the aid of the gigantic telescopes now employed, particularly in the United States and at Peru, which in some cases magnify six-thousandfold, these features come prominently into view, and present a scene of wondrous complexity—of weird strangeness, delicate beauty, and imposing grandeur, such as the eye of man never before rested upon. Closer scrutiny brings out the half-suspected truth, and reveals mountain peaks illuminated by the Sun while yet it is dark in the valleys below. The black shadows thrown by these gleaming pinnacles towering upwards like the spires of some majestic cathedral are almost startling. At first they are very long, then as the Sun ascends above the horizon the lower parts are gradually swathed in light. There are some cavities in crater-like formations so deep that no ray of sunlight can ever penetrate their depths. When they are so situated that the Sun's light is just beginning to shine into them, a luminous crescent comes into view on the side farthest from the Sun, while a deep black shadow is cast on the opposite side.¹ These shadows clearly indicate that the tops of the "craters" are elevated far above the general level of the ground from which they rise. By glimpsing these shadows we get their altitude. Some of the mountains lie along massive chains suggestive of the Alps, Apennines, or Andes. Others, shaped like a sugar-loaf, rise abruptly from plains nearly level, and present an appearance somewhat like Mount Etna or the Peak of Teneriffe. Their shadows extend in the form of a pyramid half across the plain to the opposite ridges. The highest are in some places more than four miles in perpendicular altitude. A striking feature is the circular-shaped

(1) For a fuller description of lunar scenery, see *Other Worlds*, by G. P. Serviss (Hirschfeld Bros.).

caverns which are to be seen on almost every region of the Moon's surface, but are most numerous in the south-west quarter, where nearly a hundred may be distinguished.

The generally accepted theory that the rugged features which the Moon presents are the product of lunar volcanoes, or of forces acting from within, can hardly be regarded as tenable after a critical examination made with the wonderful optical powers of to-day. Everywhere are seen evidences of the operation of a force acting from without. For example, the isolated ring-mountains, called in all maps of the Moon "craters," present features which do not correspond to craters on Earth. Some are situated in level plains of an oval shape enclosed by a wall of mountains; the dark grey basin called Plato is an instance of this peculiarity; it stands near an immense mountain uplift, named the Lunar Alps. There are mountain-walled circular chasms chartered "craters," which have in the middle of their depressed floors a peak, while their inner and outer walls are seamed with ridges. The cavities sink in some cases as low as four miles below the loftiest points upon their walls. It may be urged, further, that these scars on the Moon's face differ from terrestrial craters in the important particular that while craters on the Earth are hollow on a mountain-top, with a flat bottom high above the level of the surrounding country, those upon the Moon have their lowest points of depression far below the surface of the ground, the external height being only one-half, or a third of the interior depth. Our planet offers a noteworthy example of a supposed volcanic crater formation which on close scrutiny has proved to be nothing of the kind. In central Arizona (U.S.A.) there is a crater-like mountain called Coon Butte, which rises to a height of 150 feet above the level of the ground. On the top is a wide circular opening three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and 540 feet deep, the bottom of which is about 400 feet below the level of the ground outside. This yawning chasm, the most dreary and desolate that can well be conceived, had always been regarded as the undoubted remains of a once-active volcano. Two men of science undertook a thorough examination of the place; Mr. Barringer (geologist) says, "The evidence of facts do not leave a scintilla of doubt on my mind that this mountain and its 'crater' were produced by the impact of a large meteorite, or small asteroid." Mr. Tilghmann (physicist) feels "justified, under due reserve as to subsequently developed facts, in announcing that the formation of the locality is due to the impact of a meteor of enormous and unprecedented size."

Turning next to Sir George Darwin's inquiry into the origin of

the Moon, we learn that in the far-off past—an approximate calculation indicates fifty-four millions of years ago—the Earth was revolving on its axis in a period somewhere between two and four hours; that the most rapid rate of rotation of a fluid mass of the Earth's average density consistent with equilibrium is two hours twenty minutes. Quickened the movement further and the globe must fly asunder. Hence the inference that, like a grindstone driven at too rapid a rate, a portion broke away. Then gravitational influences arising out of solar tidal friction held the lesser part aloof as a tributary to the parent orb. Tracing by analytical methods the past career of the two bodies, Sir George Darwin arrives at a period when the two bodies were in very close contiguity, one rotating, the other revolving in approximately the same time, and that time certainly not far different from, and quite possibly identical with, the critical moment of severance. Summarising his investigation, he asks, "Is this a mere coincidence, or does it not rather point to a break-up of the primeval planet into two masses in consequence of a too rapid rotation?" The theory rests upon the sure ground of mathematical demonstration, and is now generally accepted. Though Dr. See contests it, holding the opinion that the Moon reached the Earth from the outside and was captured.

In view of these conditions, namely, the marked difference of the lunar surface formations from volcanic craters on Earth, the Earth's rotating at a rate so swift as to cause the portion forming our satellite to detach itself, it is a reasonable conjecture that we have the origin of the Moon's rugged surface in the lesser portions of Earth-matter which, from the same cause, would be thrown off in the same direction and pierce the side of the Moon turned earthwards. During the Moon's plastic period meteors, too, from outer space may have added greatly to the marring of Lady Cynthia's features.

Thus, with the aid of the mathematician's inward eye, we are able to witness the birth of our Moon, destined in the fulness of time to illuminate our evening skies; to keep the waters of the great deep fresh and sweet by raising tidal waves laving the sea-shores, and so contributing largely towards making this Earthly dwelling-place of ours the best of all possible worlds.

ED. VINCENT HEWARD.

AT THE FAIR.

THE selling has been done and the buying. All the dues from both sides have been gathered, and it is time for me to go home. But, gatekeeper, dost thou ask for thy toll? Fear not, I have still something left to my share. My fate has not cheated me of my all.

The lull in the wind threatens storm, and the lowering clouds in the west bode no good. The hushed water waits for a fray. I hurry to cross the river before the night overtakes me. O ferryman, thou wantest thy fee! Yes, brother, I have still something left to my share. My fate has not cheated me of my all.

In the wayside under the tree sits a beggar. Alas! he looks at my face with a timid hope! He thinks I am rich with the day's profit after bargains and barterings. Yes, brother, I have still something left to my share. My fate has not cheated me of my all.

The night grows dark and the road lonely. Fireflies gleam among the leaves. Who art thou that followest me with stealthy silent steps? Ah, I know; it is thy desire to relieve me of all my gains. I will not disappoint thee! For I still have something to my share and my fate has not cheated me of my all.

It was midnight when I reached home. My hands were empty. Thou wast alone with anxious eyes at my door, sleepless and silent. Like a timorous bird thou didst fly to my breast with eager love. Ay, ay, my God, much remains still to my share. My fate has not cheated me of my all.

Translated by

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, *from his original poem in Bengali.*

THE SOUL OF A SUFFRAGETTE.

SHE was just Una Blockley—a militant suffragette. As she stood up in the Court to receive her sentence in the midst of an unfriendly crowd, an unfriendly bar, and a judge who only just succeeded in tempering his unfriendliness by a strict sense of justice, she looked a poor thing enough, perhaps at most thirty years of age, rather thin and meagre, with a wistful prettiness of her own and the blue eyes of an idealist, chin and nose equally obtrusive, and rather fine and expressive hands. She had said very little in the course of her trial, for, indeed, what was there to say? The evidence against her was overwhelming. She had been taken red-handed in the act of throwing a bomb through the window of a Cabinet Minister's house, whereby she had grievously endangered the lives of a caretaker and his wife, living in the basement (the Cabinet Minister being away from London), together with two cats and a canary. It was not much of a bomb and it made an ineffective sort of explosion. No one was killed; but that was not the fault of Una Blockley, who, for aught she knew to the contrary, might have brought the existence of the Cabinet Minister's caretaker to a summary end. A mad, reckless, diabolical act—so it was argued by the prosecution and echoed by the judge—of which only a Mænad could have been capable. Suffragettes of this criminal militancy must be taught what such awful disregard of laws human and divine really meant. They must be dealt with like anarchists and enemies of the human race. And so to the prisoner, who stood with lips tightly closed, blue eyes wide open and staring, and clasped hands—expressive hands, as has been already said, which could not help but tremble—came the sentence of the Court, delivered in icy tones by the offended majesty of the Law. Two years' imprisonment with hard labour. Something between a gasp and a cry, succeeded by a faint suggestion of applause, and then Una Blockley disappeared from the view of the spectators to endure the sentence which, according to general opinion, she had so richly deserved.

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It had come at last—the martyrdom of which Una Blockley had dreamed, and towards which she had aspired through many anxious months. She had long since felt the call, ever since, as a matter of fact, she had listened to a woman with a quiet, patient face and grey hair, who had explained to her and many others of her sex in Hyde Park what was the imperative duty resting on womanhood. All the conditions of the time, she heard, were wrong, and unjust to women—the social conditions, the political conditions, the economic conditions, to say nothing of the legal enactments which man had made in his own behoof and without any thought of the partners who

were joined to him by such inequitable bonds. How came it that women's work was paid so badly? How was it that woman was defrauded of the proper reward of her toil? Not because she was inefficient, not because her work was not as good as anyone else's, but because there were so many women, and women's work was a drug in the market. And this, too, she understood in some dim fashion, was the fault of man, who, in the guise of careless and reckless fatherhood, had added carelessly and recklessly to the population, and even where he had not neglected the education of his girls, had sent them out into the world far less equipped for the struggle than his male offspring. How came it that woman was so indifferently represented on all those Boards which were supposed to look after the health and welfare of the community? How came it that in some prisons there were only one or two female warders—far too few, at any rate, to look after female prisoners? At police stations the case was far worse, for there only rough men were ever in attendance, short-tempered, more than a little brutal, apparently devoid of all feelings of compunction or pity. And then there were the marriage laws, which weighed so heavily on women. And the whole machinery of law, which was designed, it would appear, altogether in the interest of the male, inasmuch as it had been created by the colossal egotism of the masculine intelligence.

Una Blockley listened to all this, and many other suggestions, with greedy ears. She did not understand all that was said, nor had she any experience or knowledge to check or control afterwards the eloquent words of the orator. But her soul was set on fire with the idea of a championship, a cause, a wonderful new gospel for femininity, something which would redress the uneven balance and bring greater justice and fairer dealing in the world. And there was one thing which strangely appealed to her warm, emotional nature. The path to the future reform led through much present suffering, and the women who took the burden on their shoulders were not only apostles of the new evangel, but also only too likely to be martyrs. That was something glorious, to suffer in the cause of humanity! Una dreamed of a great sisterhood, united in aims, fervent and unwearied in well-doing, always ready for sacrifice, never leaving one another in the lurch, struggling with whatever bodily weakness or disadvantage they possessed, but also with unflinching resolution towards a distant and shining goal.

She was the daughter of a successful shopkeeper at Wandsworth, and she was quite aware that all the influence of the great middle-class that surrounded her was dead against her. What her father had said, with no little coarseness, when he heard that she intended to become a suffragette, what her brother had said, with still greater plainness of speech, when he learnt that she was prepared to break windows in public thoroughfares, what her mother's tears and expostulations had meant—of all this she was fully aware. But she

was prepared to take the risk, as she had already counted the cost. In her youth she had fed greedily on biographies—biographies, especially of the Saints, of great women like Saint Teresa and Joan of Arc, or great heroines like Berengaria and Queen Eleanor. She mixed them all up, these great women of the olden time, and dimly conceived them as feminists and suffragettes, prematurely born to kindle the torch for their far-off successors. Dimly there worked in her little brain visions of what, even in this dull and drab century, might be done by fervent and enthusiastic and great-hearted saints to change the whole aspect of things and realise the millennium.

Once, too, she was transported utterly beyond herself. She listened to a young girl speaking from a platform in Trafalgar Square, a fair, beautiful girl, with a wonderfully persuasive eloquence, who, heckled by the crowd, answered them back, and in her quiet self-possession seemed to be greater than all those who surrounded her. A born leader of women, she said to herself, and if circumstances helped her and stubborn hearts were changed, even a born leader of men. This slim, fair orator of the Square, standing on the pedestal of Nelson's column, had told her and the rest of the audience that the one thing necessary for feminine salvation was the possession of the vote. Equal electoral facilities for women—that was the beginning of the grand and beneficent revolution. Then Woman would have her hand on the great machinery of Parliament, and become in reality a fully qualified citizen of the State. That was clearly the thing to work for, Una Blockley said to herself. It was the necessary preliminary for all the future stages of progress, because the vote meant power, and electoral power would lead to several other things, perhaps even a share in the Government itself.

So Una sat and dreamed at home, and nursed her great ambitions, which she dared not share with any of those who were her kith and kin. She felt strangely uplifted, as though a mandate had come to her from some great spiritual energy. She was young and inexperienced; she had not read much, nor, indeed, was she capable of much consecutive thought; but she had a great heart and a wonderful capacity for dreams. What were the ordinary ambitions of her sex compared with aspirations like these? Love, marriage, motherhood—these were elements in a fatal bondage, means by which crafty man had hitherto ensnared all womankind. The New Woman had nothing to do with these, or, at least, could put them away into some dim background while the great drama was being played. That was a drama indeed, a drama of liberty and emancipation, and deliverance from slavery, the enlightenment and the uprising of the greater half of humanity itself. Thus Una Blockley enrolled herself a member of the militant section of the W.S.P.U. and waited for its commands.

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There was one thing, however, which troubled her with a palsying

doubt. Would she ever have the courage to go through the test? It was all very well to have splendid visions, but in the actual moment of danger, when something had to be done before the very eyes of an authority prompt to coerce and punish—surely that must be a terrible ordeal. It meant a physical trial, and she was more than a little doubtful of her physical strength. She might be able to train her muscles, but could she control her nerves? Would she not die of fear and behave like a craven when the pinch came? This was an agonising thought with which, in the early days of her novitiate, she struggled through many anxious hours. "If I can imagine what it would be like," she said to herself, "and try to realise exactly what might happen, surely, then, I shall not be surprised at anything, and therefore I shall be brave." But in her secret heart she was dimly aware that courage is not a matter of prevision and forethought, but a question of temperament, of instinct, of prompt answer to stimulus, which can only be possessed and cannot be acquired. How terrible it would be if she should fail! And once she did fail. She was part of a crowd of women trying to force their way into the House of Commons, seeking an interview with a Cabinet Minister. For a while all went well. The women were in a compact body, and each could support her neighbour. Then came ugly rushes on the part of a jeering crowd of spectators, and skilful manœuvres on the part of the police who were breaking up their army into little isolated detachments. In one horrible moment Una Blockley found herself alone. By some miracle she eluded the grab of a policeman, and then she turned and fled. "Coward, coward, coward," she murmured, when at last she found herself in safety; "shall I ever be able to bear the burden and win the crown?" She could have beaten herself for very shame.

Yet once she had managed affairs not so badly. With many others she had been ordered to patrol Bond Street, and to watch her opportunity of doing as much damage as she could to the shop-windows. It was after five on a winter's afternoon; the lights had been lit for some time and there was some fog in the air. The orders were that the women should distribute themselves throughout the street so that at half-past five—the time that had been arranged—simultaneous attacks should take place at intervals of about twenty yards. Each woman carried a muff or a bag in which a hammer was concealed. If possible, the women—who were straitly enjoined not to wear suffragette colours and to dress as quietly and unostentatiously as they could—were to rendezvous at six o'clock at a given place of meeting, so that they might report what they had done. But, of course, if they were pursued, they were to take their own course to avoid capture.

Una's heart was beating fast as she took her stand opposite a fashionable haberdasher's shop, pretending to look with interest at the scarves and gloves and white shirts displayed in the windows,

while her hand was nervously playing with the hammer in her muff. She kept her eyes fixed on the clock inside the shop. Would the time never come? And would her nerves play her the same trick as they had done on a previous occasion? She set her teeth hard, and her square, obtrusive little jaw was rigid and tense with emotion. Slowly the minute hand reached the half-hour, and then Una, with a half-suppressed cry, pulled out the hammer and dealt one resounding blow on the plate-glass. How hard and tough it was! She struck again and again with vicious and determined blows, but even so she only managed to make a great star on the window-pane with cracks reaching here and there from the centre of the impact. Meanwhile she heard around her a growing cry of excitement and anger: the men were coming out from the shop: the crowd were collecting round her: there were loud shouts for the police. Everywhere the signs of danger were manifest: yet Una stood rooted to the spot, paralysed and numb, wholly incapable—so it seemed to her—of taking a single step. What happened then? She hardly knew. She was conscious of some strong arms round her, of some loud voices of anger and hate, to which her preserver made quick reply. And then she was bundled anyhow into a cab—she was distinctly aware that it was a hansom and not a taxi—and was rapidly driven off down some side street. She was safe at all events. Harassed and confused as she was, she realised that she was delivered from the danger of capture and that the man who had saved her was sitting beside her, urging the cabman to still greater speed. That was something to be grateful for. It was curious how kind an individual man could be, albeit that men as a whole were so horrid and hateful! For this man, whoever he might be, had clearly interposed himself between her and the deadly imminent peril. And she felt that the least she could do was to thank him.

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There was a silence between the pair for some time, as the hansom was driven rapidly westwards. At last Una became conscious that brown eyes—soft brown eyes, as she subsequently confessed to herself—were bent upon her in a serious, investigating gaze.

“Forgive me,” said a kindly voice, “but whither are we driving?”

She looked up, startled. Evidently her senses were keenly alert to every impression, for she noted the little pedantry of the word “whither.” It pleased her somehow, as a possible indication of refinement. But the situation was so absurd that she could not help smiling. Here were a man and a woman, who had never met until ten minutes ago, driving together into space, without a thought as to destination.

“Oh, forgive me,” she said. “Take me to any Tube station—Marble Arch will do. Or perhaps we might go up to Edgware Road station. That would be still more convenient.” She never knew how it came about, but in a minute or two she found herself talking

quite easily and readily with this stranger. He had told her that he was a schoolmaster—"Ah, that accounted for 'whither,'" she said to herself. And she had told him that she lived in a suburb.

"It is unnecessary to ask what your interests are," he said, in his even, pleasant voice. "I suppose you are very keen about this Suffrage movement."

"It is my religion," she said, simply.

He passed the answer over, without comment. "Well, I hope if you are again in trouble it may be my good fortune to rescue you again."

"It is our duty to get into trouble," she answered. "We have to do what our leaders tell us to do."

He looked a little pained, she thought, or perhaps it was merely that he was sympathetic.

"I suppose I must not ask what is the next item in your programme?"

"Nothing very serious just at present," Una replied. "Let me see. Oh, I go on Monday to the usual meeting of the W.S.P.U. at the Pavilion."

"The Pavilion?" He arched his eyebrows. "Surely that is a music hall?"

"Yes; in Piccadilly Circus. We listen to speeches and pass resolutions in favour of the Cause."

"I wonder if I might come?"

"Anyone can come who is sympathetic," she replied.

"I mean, may I come with you?"

She wondered afterwards why she said "Yes" so simply, without thinking. But reflection came very soon. How could this stranger, whose name she had learnt was Tom Bateson, accompany her? Where were they to meet? What business had she to suppose that he was interested in the Movement? They were close to Edgware Road station and she looked perplexed. Tom Bateson grasped the knotty problem in his quiet way.

"Perhaps I may come to call, if you will give me your address," he said. "I live at Harrow. And you?"

"85 Acacia Road, Wandsworth." She spoke without hesitation. Probably it was because the hansom was drawing up in Chapel Street, and that the ride was so obviously finished, that she gave the desired information so easily.

"Thank you," he said. "Let me see, to-day is Tuesday. I will call on Thursday afternoon."

"Will you let me pay half the cab fare?" said Una, hesitatingly and nervously. "You must remember that I believe in equal rights between men and women."

Bateson laughed out at this, a rich, comfortable laugh.

"Certainly," he said. "I will take a shilling. For, after all, I forced you into the cab, which makes my contribution to this journey stand at one-and-six—as compared with yours at a shilling."

For some reason she, too, laughed joyously as she gave him the coin.

Altogether a strange experience for Una Blockley—especially as a sequel to a window-breaking foray. -

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The odd intimacy between Tom Bateson and Una Blockley, begun in so unexpected a fashion, seemed to progress of its own accord during the next few days. When Bateson duly presented himself at Acacia Road, he was, to his own surprise, received with open arms. There was in reality nothing astonishing in this, however much the recipient of the welcome might have wondered at the proffered cordiality. For Bateson seemed to represent the dawn of commonsense, the return, for the much-afflicted home circle in Acacia Road, of something approaching sanity and right reason. If Una had, in the eloquent phraseology of her brother Sam, "picked up a young man," then it was obvious that she could not be so abnormal after all. Mrs. Blockley, who had often wept in secret over her daughter's aberrations, felt quite a flutter of maternal interest over Una's "young man." She had always maintained that if Una were left alone and not worried by excessive domestic criticism, she would be sure to "come right," and fall in love with some decent male who added to his other recommendations the possession of an adequate balance at his banker's. John Blockley, provision merchant, a Conservative, a Tariff Reformer, and a stout opponent of Lloyd-Georgeism in all its prodigal varieties of mischief, naturally included among the patent signs of national decadence, which obsessed his mind whenever he could spare time to think about them, the portentous phenomenon of women clamouring for the vote and accompanying their demands by open violence. When, therefore, he was informed by Mrs. Blockley that a young man was to be imported into the family circle, he was inclined to believe that Providence had specially interposed on his behalf. He laughed noisily and boisterously. "A young man, did you say, Maria? A young man come after Una?"—he shook his portly sides—"Thank 'Eaven, say I! I hope he will knock all this damned nonsense out of her head—though what any young man can see in Una, with all her whims and fandangoes, fairly beats me. She is a plain-looking article, too—not half so good-looking as you were, Maria, at her age!" And he laughed again.

Mrs. Blockley smiled, and, delighted to find her lord in so unusually good a temper, carefully refrained from saying anything.

Thus Tom Bateson was greeted with marked kindness and warmly pressed to look in whenever he found himself "round this way." It was not his custom, of course, to visit Wandsworth with marked frequency, but that was a misfortune which could easily be remedied. The worst of it was, that the greater the cordiality of the family, the greater, also, grew the discomfort of poor Una. For she could not mistake the reason of the welcome—especially as her brother

Sam did not fail to improve the occasion by many winks and sly witticisms. She was afraid that Mr. Bateson would realise the situation: and she was so piteously anxious that he should not confuse her attitude towards him with that of her kinsmen that her natural shyness often made her manner cold and awkward. He did not seem to notice anything, however, or if he did, he kept his own counsel. Una Blockley interested him—partly, it must be confessed as a psychological curiosity, and only partly as a woman. How, out of such surroundings, could so strange a product of idealism and dreams have been evolved? Was this really a specimen of the New Woman, of whom he had heard so much? And was it true that modern femininity had thrown behind itself all the old trivialities of romance? Or perhaps transferred the romance from persons to a Cause? The analysis of so strange a soul piqued his curiosity—stirred, possibly, some dumb, unconscious instinct in him of masculine assertiveness. It might be that the New Woman was only the Old Eve, metamorphosed a little by the passage of the centuries. Besides, he liked what he had seen of Una: he liked her simple faith, her warm-hearted enthusiasm, her Quixotry. Therefore, without hesitation, he did his best to improve the acquaintance. The family might think what it pleased, and if Blockley *père* treated him with a familiarity which, in the circumstances, was quite uncalled for, and Mrs. Blockley sometimes looked at him in a melting mood, with actual tears in her eyes, he could, at all events, be quite frank and open with Una. She certainly could not mistake his friendliness for any warmer feeling. He always was *bon camarade*, a "pal" and nothing more. Thus, by degrees, her shyness wore off, and their intimacy grew apace. She did not reveal all her secrets to him, but she told him a good deal, and in many ways learnt to depend on his obvious sincerity and straightforwardness.

Sometimes, it is true, she gave him unpleasant shocks. One day, while they were walking—they had got into the habit of taking walks at least once a week—they wandered close to a golf course. Over the hedge they could see one of the greens, disfigured by straggling black marks roughly indicating the legend "Votes for Women." These had evidently been burned by some corrosive acid, and, as obviously, the work of destruction was due to militant suffragettes. Tom Bateson stopped, pointed to the ruined green, and, with a note of sternness in his voice, said, "Do you defend that sort of thing?"

Una hesitated a moment. They had been talking about theatres and operas, and her companion had interested her deeply in some of the Wagner stories and the Russian Ballet. It seemed such a pity that their conversation should be abruptly suspended by so untoward and ugly an accident—so far removed from the glittering regions of Romance. But, after a pause, she answered bravely enough.

"Yes; I have myself helped to do similar things."

Bateson shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"And to destroy or deface other people's letters in a pillar-box, I suppose you think that a legitimate game also?"

"Yes," said Una meekly.

"Look here, Una"—in his excitement he was not aware that he had called her by her Christian name, but she winced and blushed—"I have found you a reasonable and level-headed woman, with whom it was a real pleasure to converse on all kinds of subjects. But really, if you defend this kind of thing, you remind me of what I heard a man say once about your sex, which at this moment seems to me profoundly true. Asked to explain why a woman did some extraordinary or unusual thing—I forget what it was at this moment—he said: 'You must remember that the average woman is not a gentleman.' That seems to me to hit the nail on the head."

"What precisely do you mean?" asked Una coldly.

"Well, according to our masculine code, there are some things that are fair and some that are unfair. Even if you dislike a man, you must not say evil about him behind his back. If you are having a fight, you must not hit below the belt. Wars, even, are conducted according to certain principles of courtesy and chivalry. When your enemy is badly wounded he ceases to be your enemy and becomes your friend, and you staunch his wounds and carry him on your back out of the zone of danger. In a properly conducted club, the man who talks lightly or scandalously about a woman is held to be a cad. But you women seem to have no code of honour. You want the political vote, and *therefore* you try to spoil a purely social sport. You want to have the right to elect members of Parliament, and *therefore* you destroy quite harmless people's correspondence."

Bateson had worked himself up into quite a temper.

Una looked at him a little forlornly. There was a suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"You don't understand," she said. "No—don't interrupt me, let me speak. First, as to myself. I am a soldier in an army and I must carry out orders. No one knows better than you that an army is useless for offensive purposes unless it has strict discipline. What would happen if private soldiers began to question and discuss the commands given them by their leaders? It is not my business to argue. I have been enrolled in a militant force, and I should be a deserter if I refused to obey. Next, as to the character of the campaign—which I can discuss with you, of course, though not with my superior officers. Every extension of the franchise in this country—and probably also in others, but England is good enough for my purpose—has been won by violence. It has been extorted out of the ruling caste, it has never been voluntarily conceded. The political kingdom, like the Kingdom of Heaven, 'suffereth violence and the violent take it by force.' The democracy

of England has gained the right to help in the government of the country—by what? By burning castles, by pulling down park railings, by widespread destruction of all kinds—in short, by making itself a nuisance and so at last enforcing attention to its needs. We women are not physically strong enough to pull down railings, like you men. But we, too, can make ourselves a nuisance in whatever way is open to us. And as to your fine codes of honour in fighting and never hitting below the belt—well, we women believe ourselves to be more logical, if not so romantic. Do you remember how the peasants fought against the knights in the Peasants' War in the sixteenth century? It was the etiquette in fighting against a knight to strike only at the horseman. But the peasants had no silly scruples of this sort. They struck at the horses—and down came the knights! That is how we carry on our campaign. We know that real fighting is not done with kid gloves and that revolutions are not made with rose water. We don't hesitate to break eggs for our omelette!"

Una spoke passionately. Her friend had touched a sore point and she was up in arms to defend her creed. There was silence for a few seconds. Then Bateson spoke gravely.

"Very well. We must agree to differ, I suppose. Our walk is spoilt, anyhow—like (he smiled grimly) those golf-greens. I will see you home."

They walked side by side without saying a word.

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Tom Bateson kept away for two or three weeks after this episode, nursing his resentment, or perhaps thinking that the medicine of absence would not hurt either of them.

It was then that Una suddenly discovered to her dismay that this man counted for something in her life, and that she had learned to depend on his friendly companionship. She was shocked at herself: the discovery of her weakness was a keen humiliation for her. Was she, despite her years of self-discipline, only an ordinary woman after all? And her gospel of militancy—could it be that it was not so sacred a thing as she had thought? No—no—a thousand times no! She prayed on her knees that she might never lose faith, never play the coward, never abandon the holy cause of womanhood. She even prayed that some trial might be vouchsafed her, some test of her constancy and her courage, so that she might the better surmount her weakness. The answer to her prayer came sooner than she expected. At the very next meeting of the W.S.P.U. a call was made for volunteers for a particularly difficult and dangerous piece of work. It had been decided that a bomb should be thrown into a Cabinet Minister's house during his temporary absence from town. There was no intention of destroying life—for this was one of the principles of the campaign. But there was quite sufficient peril in the adventure, an obvious risk of immediate capture, and the practical certainty of a severe sentence if the

offender was brought up in a court of law. Una, without hesitation, sent in her name with three others. The names were drawn by lot, and it was hers which was selected. With something like exultation Una accepted the responsibility. She thanked Heaven that she had not been considered too unworthy to have this great honour entrusted to her. In ten days' time the deed had to be done and it was with a glow of triumphant pride that the girl made her way home.

Then came the reaction. The spirit, indeed, was willing, but the flesh was weak. The horrible interval of ten days' inaction was more than she could bear. If only she could have done the thing at once, how much easier it would have been! But this period of waiting was agonising. The necessary preparation for the deed, the instructions of her leaders, the practice required for throwing a heavy weight, and finally the actual acquisition of the bomb and its careful secretion—all these things became a positive torture for her nerves. She could not sleep, she could scarcely eat. Her hands shook with apprehensive tremors, her breath came quick with prescient dread. And then suddenly she thought of Tom Bateson. At least, now that her fate was fixed, she might see him once more. Perhaps he would come to her if she wrote to him. She had better not tell him anything, of course, but she could see him, at all events, and talk to him and hold, if even for a moment, his hand—his loyal, manly hand—in hers. She longed for a sight of his frank face: she remembered how good and kind he had been to her. He was her best, her only friend. Surely, she had a right, on the ground of their friendship, to see him again. He would not, he could not, refuse. So the letter was sent, a strangely cold little letter, for she was afraid of giving herself away. "Please come and see me next Tuesday, if you find it possible. I shall be glad if you can. Next Tuesday at 4 would suit me, and, I hope, you also." That was all. It was not exactly a love-letter, but Una felt uncomfortable about it, after it had been posted. However, it fulfilled its purpose. At the appointed hour Tom Bateson came.

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Of course, she had decided to say nothing to her visitor of the enterprise that lay before her. But such self-denial was impossible. Tom Bateson came to her, the embodiment of health and sanity and good temper, on a day which seemed to afford the natural sunny background to his high spirits. He appeared to have forgotten the misfortune of their last encounter and to be determined to prove to Una that not a single cloud had ever chequered their happy relationship. Poor Una struggled to keep her secret to herself, but that was a heroic resolve which transcended her strength.

"I can't say you are looking very well," he said.

"No, I have been sleeping badly," she returned.

"Dyspepsia or Conscience?" he asked, gaily.

"Both, I think," said Una, with a wan smile.

Bateson suddenly looked grave. "Not something to do with the Cause?" (a pause). "Won't you tell me?" (another longer pause). "Come, come, little woman," and his hand sought hers. Indeed, he had never been so affectionate before. "You might tell your old friend."

"No, no," she wailed. "I must not, I must not!"

And then she told him. Bit by bit, the whole story was revealed; and while her hand still rested in his she even went back to their quarrel and explained how, in her penitent remorse, she had volunteered for the great adventure—to prove her faith and her loyalty.

His face grew very serious before she had finished. She looked so white and fragile, so inadequate an instrument to carry out a woman's vengeance upon a stubborn Cabinet, that he longed to take her in his arms and ask her, then and there, to relinquish all her dreams and be his wife. But in the back of his head he knew that any such action on his part would startle and wound her, and perhaps defeat the very object he had in view.

"Una," he said, and his voice was tender and quiet, "if you must do this, will you let me come with you?"

She smiled faintly at this. "What about your own creed?" she said.

"My own creed be blowed!" he cried heartily.

She looked at his eager, flushed face, and then she knew, with a sudden pang at her heart, that she loved him. But she could not say a word.

"Look here, Una," he went on—the name had become quite familiar on his lips by this time—"you know you are not strong enough to do what they ask of you. There must be stronger women than you, much better fitted for violence of this kind. Say you are ill, say that you are kept a prisoner at home, say anything you like, but get out of this. You really must! I suppose you could not say that—that—your heart fails you?"

Una shook her head. She felt terribly weak and every pulse in her body was beating and jarring in a sort of agony, but she would not confess that she was a coward. But how good and kind he was to her, how infinitely tender! Some women in this topsy-turvey world must be very lucky if they owned a friend, a brother, a husband like this!

Then he made his great appeal.

"Dear Una," he spoke just above a whisper and his brown eyes looked straight into her "blue eyes of an idealist," while he clasped her hand in both of his, "I will not say that this act of yours is a folly. I will not utter one word of criticism. I will not rebuke those leaders of yours who have condemned you to this horrible trial. On their conscience be it, with all its only too probable consequences. No—I am going to make this a personal matter—something just between you and me. I am your friend and you are my friend. We have been loyal and frank comrades, have we

not? And our comradeship is very dear to both of us. In the name of our friendship, I ask you not to do this thing. Una—Una, will you refuse—for my sake?"

She was terribly shaken and her breast was rent with sobs. Her piteous tears ran down her face and dropped on his hands. "I must, I must!" she moaned. "I must keep my oath!"

"For my sake, Una, for my sake," he pleaded. "Will you not refuse, just because I ask you? It is not because I am selfish, dear. If you like, I will not see you again. But I want to save you, to know that you are safe—because—because you are dear to me!"

The sweetness of his manner, his face, his words, went through her like a dividing sword. The burden of her oath and her allegiance to the Cause seemed impossible to bear. She shivered. But her little heart was brave. "For the sake of Womanhood no sacrifice is too great," she murmured—the words that her great leader had given her to help her in times of trial. And when she said them once more aloud, Tom Bateson knew that his appeal had failed.

A few days later the bomb had been thrown, and Una Blockley, militant suffragette, by the sentence of the Court, had become a martyr in the cause of "Votes for Women." At her special request Tom Bateson had absented himself from the proceedings before the magistratè and the subsequent trial, and only in the evening newspapers had learnt that for the crime of bomb-throwing his friend had been condemned to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

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There is much waste in Nature and in Life. Wastefulness is indeed Nature's characteristic method in carrying out her evolutionary processes. Just as she squanders hundreds of acorns in order to produce a single oak, so too many human lives are sacrificed in the effort to secure an isolated reform. Who shall say, therefore, that fanatics are wrong or martyrs thrown away in the great processes whereby Humanity or the Immanent Will works out its obscure destinies?

Did Una Blockley waste her life?

The usual dreary incidents followed her incarceration—hunger-strike, forcible feeding, the long struggle between the authorities and the audacious rebel. Then came the doctor's report and the Home Secretary's order to set her free. Many friends greeted her on her release from prison—Tom Bateson among the foremost. But they could hardly recognise the anæmic, emaciated woman, who came out from her great adventure with her health hopelessly impaired and nothing to look forward to except the pitiful career of the chronic invalid. Did Una Blockley throw away her life? Did she do aught to help the Woman's Cause? She never knew. Perhaps it did not matter very much, after all. For examples count for something in this world. At least she had proved the rare constancy, the ardent faith which could illumine a Suffragette's Soul.

WALTER LENNARD.

THE JOY OF YOUTH:

A COMEDY.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PAINTER'S CONTRITION.

"CORSO REGINA ELENA, FIRENZE.
"8 March.

"DEAR MISS MERTON,—

"Thank you ever so much for your charming letter. I was delighted to get it, and devastated to hear of the destruction of the crocuses. Considering the matter critically and after a great effort of imagination, I think I see Sir Ralegh's point of view. He would deem it rather a homely, lower middle-class sort of thing to put any words into the grass; and if I'd arranged 'God is Love' or 'We want the Vote,' he would have resented it equally. A severe and chaste design he might have tolerated—nothing else; and to make a bald statement of an everyday fact—familiar, of course, to the whole world, no doubt struck him as banal and bourgeois to a degree. Probably he is right. I am not prepared to argue about it or justify my conduct. I merely apologise. It is all so long ago, and I am so young. Besides, you mustn't apply English standards to me. Here the thing would hardly have led to a duel.

"My valued friend, Amedeo Barsi, the painter, will send you two more Forli angels as he can. For the moment the poor man is in a hospital, sick. But he will soon be well again, and only too glad to return to his dear angel. The angel is curiously woven into his life as a part of it. He calls her his Guardian Angel, and is quite idolatrous about her.

"I rejoice to know that you are coming out, and am working like three men in consequence, that I may spare you a few hours with a good conscience when you do come. My 'demon' is certainly not an angel, but a horrible, tireless fiend that makes me crave for work as other men crave for pleasure. It is mean and rather contemptible, this lust for making things morning, noon, and night; but I cannot escape. I am dominated, and if I play about for long and let the things that cry to be made remain unmade, their fleshless ghosts soon begin to punish and torture and torment me. People say, 'How joyful always to be turning your dreams into realities'; but I am doubtful about the joy. It's a battle, and the victories are few, and the spirits of many failures haunt your path and shake their dismal locks at you. I'm always thankful the critics and people never see my dreams; because

if they did, no kind word should I have for the things done—they fall so far short of the things seen.

“Well, Art?

“I’m glad you can’t keep away from it; and I shall go on my knees to see the sonnets that Firenze is to inspire!

“It was a son of the soil, Benedetto Croce (you must read him), who said the vital word and swept so many wrong ideas into limbo. From the great concept that art is expression, he reached higher to the evangel that all expression is art. This is to say ‘good-bye’ to rules and laws and critical paraphernalia—the prattle of chambermaids,’ as Montaigne called them a long time ago. Everything, then, stands or falls by itself; everything belonging to the individual work lies inside it—a fact that, of course, disposes of the trashy criticism that comes to a work of art vitiated by religious or ethical or other domestic predispositions. But though a modern writer has said that no critic of authority now tests art by the standard of ethics, he is unfortunately mistaken. If he had said, ‘no critic of knowledge,’ he might have been right, but authority is represented by the journal in which the critic writes, and many authoritative journals publish art criticism saturated with religious or other prejudice. We even submit to economic dictation in the matter, and pictures cannot be exhibited or books circulated, if in the opinion of certain tradesmen it would be ‘bad business’ to do so. Modern criticism must be an ignorant and insincere and feeble mess so long as there is no man brave enough to denounce this infamous scandal, or big enough to be heard if he did so.

“‘We must interpret expression,’ says an honest critic—Spingarn, the American; and another good thing he says: that taste must reproduce the work of art within itself, to understand and judge. Then, at that supreme moment, æsthetic judgment itself rises into the empyrean of creative art. That’s what great criticism means, and that’s what it ought to do; but where is such criticism written to-day? Such criticism is art; but, when all is said, Spingarn knows very well that a gulf is fixed between the critic and the creator—a gulf about as wide as that between a god and the universe that he has made. ‘Intellectual curiosity,’ he says, ‘may amuse itself by asking its little questions of the silent sons of light, but they vouchsafe no answer to art’s pale shadow, thought.’

“If art’s shadow was really thought, though—pale or red—we might get forwarder. I should like to hear how many modern critics *do* think, or are concerned to tell us workers in large, general terms what we want to learn and ought to know. Art should be compact of reticence and sacrifice, but who is tempted to reticence or sacrifice by the critics of to-day? They miss the reticent work, just as the public misses it; they share the rush and hurry and over-production and shouting and struggling for foothold. Like the rest of the world, they simply haven’t got time to bother about us. Art is just as much outside them as it is outside the rest, and criticism is merely their living, not their life.

"The attitude of the world to artists is rather interesting, and it would be amusing if it wasn't so offensive. It doesn't come to us to learn from us; it comes to see its own stupid, owlish, clownish ideas and opinions and values and points of view reflected. It doesn't want us to show it anything it can't see for itself, or make it think anything it hasn't already thought. If one has some mean trick of painting mist or imitating marble, or some sickly, sentimental knack of story-telling, or some broadly comic power of rendering the outside of mankind, that is enough. The world then recognises you for a brother; your eyes see with the same focus as its own, and you can paint mist, or marble, or fuzzy-headed children for ever, and take your place among the great and good. But justify your existence; show the world what it cannot see for itself; render form and colour, as found and understood by you after years of patient labour and devotion; mix your medium with loyal courage to noble ideals, and the world will either snigger or swear.

"Of artists, then, it may indeed be said that only 'their soul's light overhead' leads, or will ever lead them. They answer to their mistress, but the mart understands them not. Their work is translated into cash by the world afterwards; who knows or cares about the austerities and penances that went to make it? The only question is whether the dead man's achievement is a good investment—whether his fame is waxing or waning.

"And they who batten in the porches of art and get their living there—by criticising or selling—what do they care or know about the men who made, and still make, the food on which they feed and grow fat? No, we are alone—each absolutely and magnificently alone: public, critics, middlemen—all misunderstand us—not wilfully, but simply because it is their nature to. So I ask you to begin with a kindly view of the creators. Come to them here as one who feels some sense of their labours and immense difficulties and disappointments in the life-long battle to which they were called. And, from that standpoint, you will be surprised to find how comprehensible they grow, for sympathy is the mother of understanding.

"Read the lives of the Renaissance men as a start. They must interest you very much, and be the right foundation to build upon before you come here.

"I can't talk about Bergson, just for the above reason, that the sympathy and the understanding don't belong to me. He says somewhere that 'physics is but logic spoiled.' His mind is photographed in that proposition. He thinks it a dreadful 'come down' for Ideas to be scattered into a physical series of objects, and for events to be placed one after the other. Of course, I should put it just the reverse way, and say that logic is mind stuff spoiled and the most deadly waste of time possible for a human intellect.

"He is very fine at times, and I'm an artist too, and recognise it. His idea of life as a wave swooping down upon matter, creating a vortex of the opposition, yet rushing on at one point to man—

that's a great artistic inspiration; and he's full of things like that—rhetoric and purple. But science scorns such stuff, and so must I in connection with philosophy. Because I'm a monist (just at present), and Bergson's a dualist, and a deadly dualist too. Take his 'Meaning of Evolution.' After some gorgeous poetry, that I've mentioned before, about how life differs in different worlds, and how it appears whenever energy descends the incline and a cause of inverse direction retards the descent—after showing that we carbon people needn't think we are everybody, but that a lovelier and a livelier folk may easily be imagined as dwelling in lovelier and livelier planets than this—what does he do?

"He horrifies me, smothers me, and strangles my most cherished ideas by saying that consciousness and brain are only as the knife and the sharp knife-edge, and that they are no more co-extensive than the knife and the knife-edge! Can you think the edge away from the knife? No, I'll swear you can't—or anybody else. Can you think the sharpness away from the edge? Only if you substitute bluntness.

"Then—worst of all—leaving me flattened out, dished and diddled and undone, he actually asserts that the difference between the conscious and the unconscious brain is the difference between the closed and the open—a difference, not of degree, but of kind! So much for his Evolution! Now that's not metaphysics at all, but physics naked and unashamed; and as a monist I simply shriek with horror, and turn up the whites of my eyes, and lift imploring hands to science to come to the rescue.

"Bergson asserts that a difference of kind, not degree, separates man from the rest of the animal world; and that's a statement to be swiftly slain by those qualified to slay it. Indeed, it's already done. Sir Ray Lankester was the executioner.

"Professor Bergson is a remarkable phenomenon—an intellect turned against intellect, toying with instinct, lifting a faculty that he calls 'intuition' to a higher throne than human reason, and keeping it there by the exercise of almost superhuman reason. He's a king in the twopenny-halfpenny realm of metaphysics, no doubt; but I wish that he had served in the heaven of art rather than ruled in that stuffy little hell. An anti-rationalist with such a brain! Isn't it a puzzle? A worse enemy even than those of Science's own household—I mean the few men of science who spend their spare time in seeing ghosts and hankering after the resurrection of the dead.

"Of course, such men will weep tears of joy on Bergson's neck, because he asserts explicitly that the destiny of consciousness is not bound up with the destiny of cerebral matter, and declares that consciousness is not only free, but freedom itself! That's metaphysics again, and no living man knows what it means, just because it means nothing; but as the destiny of cerebral matter is dust, then the destiny of individual consciousness is to go out, as the flame of the candle when the oil is spent. The oil is the life, the

wick is the cerebral matter that exploits it, the flame is the consciousness. That's rational, because all will admit that by its light we can remember the candle, and by their works you shall remember men; but when the workman dies—he dies indeed, and Nature is perhaps clearer on that subject than any other.

"Of course, women adore Bergson, and they are right to do so, for nobody will deny that they have more intuition than reason, and he rates it higher. Intuition is mind itself—so he says; therefore it follows that you have the mind, we merely the intellect. And you can bend to us; but we cannot rise to you. Metaphysics, Miss Loveday Merton, is a set of showy and very efficient manacles for the thing we call life. Thrust life into them, and it cannot move hand or foot in any direction whatever. It cannot walk, run, or dance. It atrophies; it petrifies. The hungry, energetic, creative soul turns from metaphysics in horror; and of metaphysicians themselves, there is not one who ever abided by his convictions, or mistook his stone for bread, when it came to the practical business of being alive.

"A Bergson can no more live on, or by, his philosophy than a Bradley; but there is this difference between them: Bergson claims to offer us a course of sustaining diet; Bradley, more subtle and much more far-seeing, promises nothing. Moreover, he gives physics a wide berth, and plays the game with the proper tools. Bergson is shipwrecked in an attempt to make an impossible voyage.

"I shall be tremendously interested to hear if Bergson strengthens Sir Raleigh's Christianity and appeals to him as a sure rock and tower of defence. How people surprise us! He was shocked to find me an out-and-out bounder; and I am surprised beyond measure to hear that he is a metaphysician!

"Tell him that I am much cast down about the crocuses (I suppose you botanists call them 'croci'—more shame to you if you do).

"I did like getting your letter, and hope that you'll have time, between debauches of Crowe and Cavacaselle, to write to me again presently.

"Most truly yours,

"BERTRAM DANGERFIELD.

"P.S.—But remember, as Rodin says somewhere, to love the masters and not label them. Go to them for joy and inspiration, and don't repay their gifts by treating them like bottles in a chemist's shop."

CHAPTER XIV.

DEPARTURE.

So large was the company assembled at Chudleigh Station to see Loveday Merton start upon her travels, that another passenger was quite overlooked; but while she stood in a crowd, and her maid and her uncle's man bustled with the luggage, there entered the train elsewhere Mr. Hastings Forbes and his kit-bag. He travelled in a

smoking-carriage, and concealed himself as quickly as possible behind the *Morning Post*; for he did not wish to be seen or questioned at this moment. At the station were Sir Raleigh Vane, Admiral Champernowne, Nina Spedding and her brother Patrick, Walter Ross, the bailiff of Vanestowe, and Adam Fry, the gardener, with a bouquet of hothouse flowers. Loveday, immensely surprised and gratified at such a farewell, became quite emotional.

"Good gracious!" she said, "it's like a princess, or somebody, starting on a journey. It's lovely of you, Patrick, and you, Nina! And Uncle Felix would get up, though he hates getting up as much as you, Pat."

"Forbes is in the train," said young Spedding, who had marked the secretary of the golf club. "Early rising isn't in his line either. Perhaps he's going to find something to do. Shall I scare him up?"

"No," said Loveday. "I've got Marguerite. She's going to travel with me."

Marguerite Hetich was a Swiss, and more than a servant to Loveday. She had worked as a sewing-maid in the school at Paris where Miss Merton's education was supposed to be completed; and when she returned home, Loveday brought the girl with her.

"Write about the rhododendron, Fry, and tell Mrs. Stacey to let me know all about her baby when it arrives," said the traveller. Then she shook hands with them, kissed her uncle, Nina Spedding, and her betrothed, and waved her handkerchief to them as she departed.

At Newton, Marguerite joined her mistress, and two hours later they met Hastings Forbes in the luncheon-car.

He was agreeable, but evasive, and, as he told Loveday nothing of his plans, she did not mention hers.

But a time was coming when the man's enterprise could no longer be concealed, and, to the amazement of Miss Merton, when she arrived at Victoria with the Neill-Savages to catch the boat-train on the following morning, there, once more, was Mr. Forbes pursuing his journey.

She saw him, but not until a later hour of the day did he see her.

Stella and Annette were travellers of experience, and hesitated not to make their friend and her maid useful in every possible manner.

"The crossing is foretold as 'medium,'" said Miss Neill-Savage, "and that means discomfort. We will have a cabin, I think. Annette is a good sailor; I am uncertain."

They sat with their backs to the engine, and directed the arrangement of the windows and disposal of the hand-luggage. They were dressed alike, in tailor-made gowns with violet hats; and they each carried a little bag of violet leather, which contained, amongst other things, small silver-topped bottles holding egg-flip and brandy.

"I hope we shall all lunch together on the train; but one never knows," said Stella. "Is you maid a good sailor? The Swiss rarely are. I hope she will keep well and useful. It is a great bother

when servants collapse on these occasions, as they so often do. They lack our spirit and pluck to face physical catastrophes."

"She's a splendid sailor," declared Loveday. "She's never been ill in her life, and she's greatly excited at the thought she'll go through Switzerland to-morrow morning."

A stiff breeze fretted the grey sea with foam, and Miss Neill-Savage frowned as the train ran between Folkestone and Dover.

"I'm afraid 'medium' was not the word," she said. "We must hope for a turbine boat and a swift crossing."

Then followed the roar and bustle at the quay; the swinging cranes and hooting steam-whistles, the white cliffs sinking into the grey, and the steady swirl of the seas as the *Pas de Calais* set forth to churn them. Again Loveday met Mr. Forbes, and he, now perceiving that some sort of explanation was demanded, and knowing that the girl went in charity with all men and women, confessed his proceedings.

"How perfectly extraordinary!" she said. "Of course, I don't mean what you tell me—that's splendid—but that you are travelling in our train all the way!"

He was gratified at her reception of his difficult news.

"I am awfully glad. I may be useful; in fact, I must be useful. Command me. We'll lunch together. It will be a better lunch than yesterday. The food on English trains—well, one doesn't like to think about it. In fact, I always take my own from home; but yesterday I left in a hurry, and hadn't time. You'll enjoy your lunch to-day, however. My only objection to the Simplon express is the vibration. Avoid red wines; the white are quite possible mixed with apollinaris."

At Calais he made himself of service, and since Miss Neill-Savage, as she had feared, proved unequal to lunching, he brought to her presently a little fruit and a French roll.

"I am fortunate," he observed, as he sat in the Neill-Savage "supplement" and watched the lady toy with a bunch of loquats. "I am distinctly lucky, for my compartment has nobody in it but myself. One's convenience is enormously increased when that happens. You haven't got to climb up that hateful little ladder, for one thing, which you always must if doubled up with an older man, and you have more room to undress, and can take your own time to get up and shave when the train is at rest at a station, and so on."

"The dressing is a difficulty," she confessed. "Doing one's hair is the most complicated business at fifty miles an hour."

"Doubtless, doubtless," he answered. Then boldly he mentioned his wife.

"Una always hated these trains when we went to the Riviera. She has a passion for air. She would ride on the front of the engine if she could. A draught is essential to her comfort in a railway carriage; but it is quite destructive of mine. We generally travelled by different trains accordingly. To rush at high speed

through every sort of weather in a motor-car is her highest bliss—to me the car is nothing but a complication to life—a nuisance. It enormously increases one's circle of friends, and, of course, one cannot live in the country without it. A necessity, I grant; but not a luxury, in my opinion."

Stella, who knew not the purpose of the other's pilgrimage, but was familiar with his recent misfortune, felt some surprise to hear him mention the lady and observe his contentment and cheerful aspect.

"How he keeps up!" she said to Loveday, when they sat together after luncheon, and Mr. Forbes had withdrawn to smoke a cigar.

Then the younger explained, and Stella started with such indignation that her air-cushion gave a shiver.

"Miserable thing!" she said.

"Don't quarrel with him yet, however," advised Annette. "He may be very useful between here and Florence."

"Quarrel with him? No; but after to-morrow I shall certainly not know him; and, of course, you will not either. Preposterous wretch! It's hard to imagine anything quite so shameless!"

Loveday changed the subject.

"How nice it is not to see any hedges," she said. "The hedges make dear little Devonshire so stuffy—they're such silly things, and spoil views and turn us into a sort of irritating patchwork. Just look out at this great rolling country. I always love it. Now I'm going to sit at the window and make tremendous notes for my first letter home."

CHAPTER XV.

LOVEDAY TO RALEGH.

"HOTEL ATHENA, FIRENZE.

"MY DEAR, DEAR LOVE,—

"Here we are at last, and I write where I can lift my eyes to the great dome of the cathedral, seen at the end of a narrow street of houses and lifting to its cross against the blue sky. The journey was not too long, for we came through miles and miles of loveliness, and I quite sympathised with Marguerite, when she broke down at the morning glory over her native land. But to me the real glory began after the Simplon Tunnel. Once in Italy, I felt the feeling that I have only once felt in my life before—when you told me you loved me and wanted to marry me—a sort of holy feeling that makes you shake all over, and opens windows all through you to let in a river of new light. Italy pulls at me with a thousand beautiful hands, and sings to me a new song. There was the great lake first—Maggiore, with islands like little jewels dotted on it; and then Milan, where we stopped and lunched at the Hotel Bristol. It looked so absurd to see the hideous word 'Bristol' out here! But Stella and Annette have stayed there before, and they never lose a chance to renew old acquaintance and refresh the memories

they have left behind. They were greeted with respect, but no enthusiasm, I thought. Then the cathedral, which put me in mind of Dorothy Champernowne's wedding-cake—you remember. I didn't know whether I ought to like it or not, but I didn't. The inside is far more beautiful to me than the outside—gloomy and solemn, with most noble pillars, and a roof that you think is glorious till you find it is a painted sham. Then you rebound and hate it. I always hate anything that pretends, and I know you do.

"We didn't go to the Leonardo picture, or the Brera, as there wasn't time; but I went to the great gardens, and thought and longed for you, because the taxodiums are most wonderful and huge. They live with their feet in the water, and tower up into mighty trees. I wish your taxodium in the Lodge plantation could see them: they might make it ambitious, and tempt it to grow a little.

"Then off again through the Lombardy plains, where they were saving their hay in roasting sunshine. The waggon's were drawn by pairs of great white or mouse-coloured oxen—gentle-looking monsters, that would have made you frantic, because they went so slowly. Between the little strips of hay they grow hemp and corn and lupins; and the grape-vines, all full of a glad delicious green now, seem to join their beautiful arms and dance round and round the mulberry bush—miles and miles of them—at least, they look like mulberry bushes that they hang upon. The farms are scattered over the land, and streams run through it; and here and there are large patches of shallow water, where they grow rice. You see rows of women wading along, like bright aquatic birds, planting the rice in the water as they go.

"And then to Bologna at dusk, and Stella knew that I was fainting with hunger, and sent Marguerite to the restaurant with exact directions for food.

"'You will find chicken, cold meat, fruit, hard-boiled eggs, and rolls,' she said. 'And they will put them into a big blue bag for you, and give you paper napkins to go with them. Buy also a bottle of Chianti.'

"It all happened just as Stella foretold, and we ate greedily, and I drank more wine than ever I drank before, for Stella and Annette liked oranges better, and said they were 'more quenching.'

"We climbed up and up and up into the dark Apennine, through endless tunnels, and then rushed down the other side; and there, stopping at a station, the loveliest thing of all happened, for out of a wood a nightingale sang, and across the darkness little flashes of light trailed and flickered, like tiny fairy lanterns being waved to each other. It was a most magical moment, and the dear fire-flies seemed to be signalling a welcome to me. They lived in a garden of olives, but it was too dark for me to know that then. The next day I saw the olives, and found that they were easily the loveliest trees in the world. They look as if they were moulded out of silver, but really they are 'greener than grey and greyer than green,' as a

poem about them says. They are fearfully difficult to paint, and Mr. Dangerfield tells me that not Sargent himself can touch them; though Sargent, he admits, has conquered the cypress and painted it in a most heavenly manner, with all the golden sunshine caught in its darkness. And so we got to Firenze—for Mr. Dangerfield simply orders me to call this place 'Firenze,' and not 'Florence,' which word is based upon the ancient name of the city. He thinks it absurd for different nations to have different names for the same countries or capitals. Take the Italian name for London—Londra. Well, as he truly says, the real name fits the place—it's just 'London,' but a charming, musical word like 'Londra' no more belongs to it than a hard word like 'Florence' belongs to Firenze.

"You'd hate the noise, and think the Italians rather undignified as a race. But, somehow, to me their lack of self-consciousness is most delightful. I feel as if I had been here before, and nothing surprises me in the least. As I write, a puff of wind has just blown fifty picture postcards into the air off a kiosk in the piazza. They are flying about in the air like a flock of little birds; but the people aren't an atom cross. Children are running about picking up the cards, and everybody stands and laughs at the joke. The men crack their whips like pistols at every corner; the trams ring bells ceaselessly; the motors hoot or play octaves; the eternal bicycles jangle; and everybody shouts and makes as much noise as they possibly can, with or without an excuse. But the noise seems to become second nature. It goes on night and day, and you soon get accustomed to it. I believe I shall actually like it before long.

"Mr. Dangerfield, of course, throws a flood of light on this new world to me.

"For instance, in answer to some question I put to him, he told me there was no such thing as public opinion in Italy. You can't manufacture a hard-and-fast thing like public opinion in a mere fifty years or so, and, of course, United Italy is only fifty years old or thereabout. But we English, who come out here soaked in centuries of public opinion, are very much puzzled to find none, and instantly offer our own brand, bottled in the United Kingdom, to United Italy; and seem quite astonished to find the Latins cannot see with our stupid Anglo-Saxon eyes. We think that Italy would be perfect if it were run on English lines—just as though the Italians in London, instead of doing what they are told and conforming in every way, were to begin putting London right and criticising everything from the Constitution to the baking-powder! They are wonderfully patient with the English and Americans in Florence. But only, I should think, because it pays them to be so.

"I am going to learn Italian, Raleigh, or begin to. I feel, somehow, that Italian belongs to me and is waiting to come into my head. Mr. Dangerfield has an Italian friend—a young man at one of the libraries—who is a genius at teaching. I really seem to have found myself here, and if you were only here it would be heaven. But you will have to come; and I believe you'll have to come a great

deal, for it is perfectly certain that my life must never be quite drawn away out of Italy again—not altogether.

"I would a million times sooner have a villa here than a flat in London. In fact, you know that was only a child's idea. But a villa here—oh, my own precious Love, I believe after you got over the strangeness and began to see Italians from the proper angle, which isn't English in the least, that you would feel it was a great additional joy to life. The colour and the light, and the teeming life, and the gay, joyous feeling—it is all like nothing else in the world. It seems specially a country for those who are still young and happy.

"But I've written enough for one letter. This is only to say that I've got here safely, and am fearfully and wonderfully excited, and feel as if I were finger-tips all over—to touch and welcome each new impression that is to come to me.

"The concierge knows Marguerite's people at Territet. Our train stopped there for a moment coming out in the early morning, and she would alight, so that her feet might touch the earth. Wasn't it nice of her? I shall give her a holiday going home, and let her stop in Switzerland for a week or two.

"I'm going to work like a slave here—at pictures and Italian. Mr. Dangerfield is most kind, and has put his automobile at our service—an act that has entirely won Stella and Annette to him. But he is a tremendous worker himself, I find, and hates loafing and idleness. We are to see his studio presently.

"You will rejoice to hear that Mr. Forbes has found it possible to forgive his wife, who is here in a lovely villa at Fiesole. It seems that it was all a sort of mad hallucination, and the dentist has gone back to his patients—though whether they will all go back to him is doubtful, I suppose. But I expect they will, because he's such a genius. People forgive genius everything. The whole affair seems quite different out here—not so terribly important. At any rate, I always rather liked her, and I'm going to see them presently. Mr. Forbes travelled by our train, in response to an urgent telegram from her; and he was exceedingly kind and useful on several occasions coming out.

"My heart sinks when I look through the list of introductions that I've brought. They read so *stuffily*. Probably I shall not use half of them, for I'm really here to work, and six weeks or two months is nothing.

"You shall have another letter next Sunday from your devoted

"LOVEDAY.

"P.S.—Coming through France, where the poplars were all in their spring clothes, all wearing the latest thing in hobble skirts, I decided that hedges are a mistake. You must send out orders to have all yours pulled down!

"P.S. 2.—I hope you are having 'tight lines' and killing a lot of trout."

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRENZE—SUNSET.

THE sun was sinking where marble mountains hollowed to receive it, and earthward flowed the light, mingling afar off with delicate hazes that hid the horizon. Faint, colourless forms stole there—the crowns of forests and the heave of hills; but beneath them, under the sunset, breaking as it seemed from a matrix of western gold and formed from the substance of that splendour, there trembled out a city.

Like a green snake a river ran through the midst of her, and above her walls of amber and old ivory the rusty warmth of a myriad roof-trees shone. Her domes were overlaid with light and her pinnacles fretted with flame; yet all was kneaded with the gracious breath of the hour, so that no single spark of fire or plane of light flashed out to break the universal glow; for evening misted over the city and washed her with cooling airs, that spread a tangible medium between light and shadow and melted them into harmonious mosaic. She was a jewel of many facets. Green things flowed in upon her to right and left, mingling their verdant bosses and dark spires with her architecture, billowing above the russet roofs and carrying spring into her heart. The chestnut brought flowers to her; the olive wound like a veil of smoke through the fringe of her garment; the cypress rose above the dim rainbows of roof and gateway, marked her boundaries and precincts, mourned above the places of her dead.

Many a dome and tower, and one campanile, that rose like a silver ghost among ponderable things, broke the deep breast of her, and fortune so ordered the disposal of these lofty works that each lance of stone, each turret, rotunda, bell-chamber, sprang aloft in just relation to the rest—disposed with happy fitness to meet the thirst of the eye, even as the bridges symmetrically spanned the river, where it wound over the heart of the city. There the green waters flushed to rose, then faded and thinned and twinkled away under the sunset, to flash forth again and again, like a string of golden beads.

Cry of birds was in air, where the swifts circled and loved high overhead; and from beneath, great and little bells throbbed intermittently, now near, now far.

"Firenze!" said Dangerfield. "Look at it and love it! You don't want me yet. I'll come back in half an hour."

He strolled off, and left Loveday on the balcony of the Piazza Michelangelo under San Miniato. He had brought her up in his automobile and not let her look until now. She stood with her white dress fluttering, her hands held tight on the parapet, her lips just parted, her bosom lifting, and the light in her eyes. Then, not gradually, but with a sudden, triumphant gest, the stupendous

vision sank into her heart. She gasped; her eyes grew dim before the wonder of it; tears broke the reflection and turned all into a whirling conflagration of colour. They fell, and the city resumed her steadfast splendours. For a time Loveday looked almost helplessly upon it; then her mind, having paid the first natural tribute, swiftly hungered after knowledge. Interest began to share her spirit with enthusiasm. She felt unutterably happy, and desired to express her joy to some fellow creature. She looked round for the artist, and he saw her do so, where he strolled two hundred yards away. Then he returned to her.

"It was nice of you to go away," she said. "I suppose you know how this makes anybody feel when they see it for the first time?"

"What d'you think about it?"

"I don't know. I've not thought yet; you can only feel first. It's like a great cup to me, a cup built up of wonderful rare stones, and gold and silver, and coral and every precious gem; and the sunset is poured into it, like golden wine, to make the bright, beautiful thing still more bright and beautiful."

He nodded.

"I like to pull it down sometimes, and then turn back the centuries as you turn the pages of a book. I like to go back and back and back to the beginning, when the valley was a great lake and man hadn't arrived. One mighty gleam of far-reaching waters under the Apennine; but that's been drained away for millions of years, I suppose. Then there rose forests, and hunger 'drove wolvern from the brake,' and deer fled before them. Wild beasts haunted the woods, and great fish filled the river. The forefathers of Firenze arrived at this time—hunters and fishers who roamed wild Tuscany, from Latium below to Lombardy above. Thousands of years sped, and turned the hunters into merchants, and destroyed the forests, and lifted a busy city of trade beside Arno, where the river and the great roads came together and made a centre of might and power. And more years passed, and Florentia grew into a merchant queen; but for you and me it was the re-birth that put the diadem on her forehead."

"She's unspeakably beautiful. And she seems so kind and welcoming. But shall I ever know her?"

"No," he said. "You'll certainly never know her. No Anglo-Saxon, or Teuton, or Celt can ever know her. There are infinite subtleties that belong to her—age-born things that run through her very blood. We can't be her children, and yet we can be her foster-children—well content and happy to be numbered with her people. Her story one can easily learn, because she's not like Venice or Rome, that make you despair by the length and complexities of their histories. One can master her to that extent—just the history of her facts; but underneath them—like a subterranean river—moves the mystery of her life—the Tuscan spirit, the thing that made her so unique and wonderful. It springs of Dionysus, and was

born out of the woods and mountains. It is unmatched in Italy, and pagan in essence; it held its way through the centuries, and Christianity's self couldn't smother it. Be thankful for that!"

"Talk about the things that I can see here underneath us," she said. "It's so beautiful to feel that everyone of them stands for some chapter in the story."

"They do. When I come up here, I always seem to see the ghosts of the big fellows brooding over the place, like bright exhalations. At dawn or evening I feel them in the shining clouds; by night the moonlight shows them to me. They are ever so grand and splendid, yet I know they have the spirit of youth in them still—they are so joyous, so busy about the stupendous things that they are making, so ignorant of the air of the re-birth that they breathe and that is purifying the very blood in their veins. They look like happy children through the mists of time; and I like to think of them so when I'm up here, and dwell on their joys and triumphs rather than their sorrows and tragedies and disappointments. But they were artists before everything; so they suffered the least as well as the greatest—suffered as only artists can suffer."

"And rejoiced as only artists can rejoice," she said.

They talked on till the dusk was down, and he answered the questions she rained on him.

It was understood that he would give her a general education on the pictures—"just to peg out the ground of her mind," as he said.

"But no doubt you'll begin as keen as mustard, and then gradually cool off—like everybody else," he added.

She was indignant at this, and would not hear of it.

"If you only knew how I'm longing to begin and how hard I worked at them before I came out, you wouldn't say that," she declared.

Loveday felt supremely happy, and when she was happy she generally became confidential.

She talked to the man as they drove swiftly back to her hotel.

"I'm glad I'm late for dinner," she said. "It will show Stella that I am going to be absolutely independent here. This is my home. This is my air and food—everything proper to my nature! You'll say it's too soon to talk like that; but I feel it through and through me; and, still stranger, I knew I should feel it before I came. Now I understand thousands of mysteries that I didn't understand in England—why I puzzled people, for instance, and why the things I said and the things I laughed at often horrified Lady Vane and worried Raleigh. But I shan't worry and horrify people here. I belong here, just as you belong here. I feel as if the life wasn't new to me, as if even the language wasn't absolutely new. It's like coming home."

He listened to this outburst and cautioned her.

"Don't let Italy run away with you. And don't fall in love with her if you can possibly help doing so. Remember—oh, all sorts of things—Vanestowe, and duty, and so on."

"You won't damp me," she said. "You won't alter me. It's down deep, deep in me!"

"I know just how you feel—I went through it all. But that was different. I was free—you're not. You can't be a foster-child of Italy, so it's too late to wish it."

She laughed.

"I am already—whether I wish it or not."

"Then what about Sir Raleigh and the future?"

"I see that quite clearly," she answered. "We women can't escape our fate; nor can our future husbands. Instead of a flat in London, which was a sort of dream of my youth, I must have a villa at Firenze. And there you are!"

"And his opinion?"

"Could any living creature see what we saw to-night and not want to spend at least half of his life in reach of it?"

"But does it not strike you that the hills of Haldon on a nice, rainy, hunting morning would be far more beautiful to Sir Raleigh than a bird's-eye view of Paradise itself, let alone this place?"

"At present, yes; but surely he can learn? We can all learn. You are going to educate me; then I'm going home to educate him. What could be simpler?"

CHAPTER XVII.

FORGIVEN.

"HE has forgiven me," said Una Forbes.

Loveday had called upon her without telling anybody, and, as happens in these cases, found herself received with open arms. Mrs. Forbes was a large, flaxen-haired, handsome woman, with telling eyes, and a big mouth whose lips were never still. She spoke volubly, but had a light touch in conversation. One word set listeners gasping, yet before they had time to ponder the utterance, the speaker was off again. The thin ice on which she chose to perform never cracked.

"Thank God, you have the artist's soul, Loveday, and understand something of the joy of life! Here in Italy one knows what it means; and yet there is another side. If one can be happy, one can suffer dearly too. Hastings is a man in a thousand. You wouldn't think him a great student of character, but he is. And such philosophy! I've never been a *real* Christian, you know; but henceforth I shall be—a strenuous, living follower! Oh, Loveday, the large charity of that man! He comprehended! He wept when he came back to me. Don't let it go further, but you always charm confidences. He felt it fearfully. When he entered this room I saw him aged. But my tears will soon wipe out the furrows on his face. People don't talk about these things, simply because they have not the courage. But the Latin mind is different. Here there is a far deeper understanding of human nature. You will soon

realise that. Men will follow you in the streets if you walk about alone. It is the Italian instinct for beauty. Labourers sing grand opera at their work. You may pass a man mending the drains and warbling 'La Traviata' correctly at any moment. Would it pain you if I mention Mr. Wicks, or do you feel that you would rather I didn't?"

"I know just what you mean about Italy being different," said Loveday. "It's in the air. At home it would be sure to pain me fearfully if you had mentioned Mr. Wicks. Here I shan't mind in the least."

"That sounds flippant, but still—how true to nature and Italy! It's in the air, as you say so delightfully—everything is larger and more genial, and gentle and beautiful. So we get larger and more genial, and even more beautiful ourselves. I think beautifully here. When Hastings put his arm round my shoulder and said, 'I forgive you, Una!' I felt like a poem by Carducci. I wasn't surprised; but I glowed, because I knew that this blessed country was working its magic on him too. I have taken the villa for six months. There are relics of the Medici here, and other interesting associations. They are comforting, but there has been agony for me in this place—great agony. Arthur Wicks was a man—how shall I say it? In a word, he was in love with love—not with me. So, at least, it struck me, though he would never allow it. He suffered too. He is a dreamer and an inarticulate poet. Moreover, he has uncertain health—a fact he concealed from me. In the first joy and wonder of finding that I loved him, his health improved. He explained his psychology to me—the earliest rapture of his passions. It was very interesting and beautiful, and, of course, sacred. I need hardly ask you to regard it as sacred, Loveday. In a word, my love filled him with the enthusiasm of humanity, as it has been beautifully called by somebody. Such was his joy at finding the world so much more interesting than his profession had led him to expect, that he discovered a perfect well of philanthropy hidden in his own nature, and did many kind and generous things, and doubtless astonished his friends by such a sudden and beautiful development of character. Then he felt the world well lost for me, and we threw in our lots together and came here, and lived for each other for several months. I'm not boring you?"

"It's fearfully interesting," said Loveday. "All real life is, Una."

"He got a cold on his chest. Real life again! It seems stupid to put it in that bald way; but a cold on the chest is a cold on the chest; and I found that he was not very brave physically. In fact, he thought that he was going to die, and he dwelt a good deal on the subject of his married sister at Paignton. Fancy talking about Paignton at Florence! It seems a desecration, doesn't it? 'Arthur,' I said to him, as he tossed and coughed and kept feeling his pulse, 'Arthur, you're home-sick!' Though my voice must have rung with reproach, he didn't contradict me. He is a man of exquisite sensibilities when in good health; but illness revealed

another side to his nature. It's no use denying that he was snappy with me. Artists are bad patients, as a rule; their nerves and emotions are always so far finer than common men's. He recovered, of course—I nursed him devotedly, though I hate and loathe sick nursing. I hate it almost as much as I hate the thought of death. In fact, it's all in the same line of thinking, because illness is really the assault of the King of Terrors, even to the extent of a cold on the chest. And I am sensitive, too, and fearfully capable of feeling. A pin-prick to me is worse than a tooth out to some people. And, talking of teeth, one comes to the next phase. Arthur, as I think I told you, is an artist. He called his profession a craft, but he had really elevated it to a fine art. He deals in ivory and gold and precious workmanship. He has made many a woman's mouth beautiful as Solomon's temple—on a small scale, of course. And when he got better, the artist in him began to cry out—dumbly at first, then audibly. He scraped acquaintance with the English dentist here, and, rather to my surprise, invited him to dinner. And they talked shop! Dentists' shop! That opened my eyes, but I won't pretend to say I was sorry, because, while still devoted to the man, I felt very sure that love never could be his whole existence, as it is mine. I found *The Dental Journal*, or some such thing, began to come regularly by post from England; and by a thousand other little indications I saw his ruling passion rise again and tower steadfast above the roseate clouds of love—so to speak. Dentistry, in fact, was his morning star, not I. He put his art first.

"They all put something first," said Loveday. "If it isn't art, it's games, or sport, or politics, or publicity. We only fit into niches; we're never the temple."

"That doesn't hold always. Hastings—oh, my God, the golden heart of that man! He has lived in widowhood. He has known me all these months better than I knew myself. He has felt that it was merely a midsummer madness; for while a man of great continence and coldness in his own nature, yet he has the imagination to understand that I am kneaded with fire. Yes, he, too, though none guesses it, is an artist in his way. A most beautiful life, though it appears lethargic to the outer world. There is more—far more in him than meets the eye. He has made only one stipulation: that we don't go back to Chudleigh. Needless to say, I am entirely of his opinion. I marvel sometimes how I could endure the place. Here one feels wings springing from one's shoulders—one is buoyant—and so forgiving to everybody. It's the sun. Have you ever thought of that? You can't forgive people if you've got cold feet; but when you're glowing through and through, then you realise what human nature really is—how forgivable and pathetic. I ought not to say so, but the poor here love me already. I have the imagination to see the difference between my state and theirs. A lira, as you know, is tenpence. Well, for tenpence you can bring a flash of pure joy into the life of about nine

people out of every dozen who pass you in Italy! Is not that a great thought? But Arthur—I am forgetting him. Not that I shall ever forget him really, though already he figures in my mind as a bright but unsubstantial vision. It is perfectly extraordinary the tricks the mind plays us, Loveday. What do you suppose is the most vivid impression that he has left upon me? His cough-mixture. It was peculiarly horrid, and I can still see myself waking punctually—I can always wake or sleep at a moment's notice; it is a gift—waking punctually and pouring it out every three hours, and making him drink it. I can still smell the abominable stuff. It was characteristic of the artist temperament—so near akin to the child's—that he always ate a grape afterwards—to take away the nasty taste. The dim night-light, the rustling olive logs on the fire, the smell of the medicine, and Arthur's unshaved chin and miserable eyes—it is a picture I shall never forget."

"And he's gone back to Exeter?" said Loveday.

"He has gone back. I made him go back finally. Towards the end he weakened and talked about setting up here; but I would not allow that. Our love was dead. It had burned itself out, as far as I was concerned, and he was equally conscious that all was over, only far too chivalrous to say so. But I made him go home and face the music. I heard from him only three days ago. He wrote coldly, and seemed to think his life was clouded. His sister at Paignton has evidently said some strong and unkind things about me. A sister at Paignton would. No doubt there are mean sort of patients who won't return to him. But not the nice ones. They'll flock back, and be thankful to do so. But I run on so fast. It is because I am so happy—no doubt happier than I deserve to be. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and it's more blessed to forgive than be forgiven. I think Hastings feels that. He is recovering his self-respect. He is a good listener and lets me talk. I think he feels that he has really done the big thing. And, in a sort of way, he has been rewarded. It's only a worldly accident, but it has increased our power of well-doing. My old uncle Jackson died a month ago—my father's brother. He was always ridiculously fond of me—I amused him—and he left me fifty thousand pounds!"

"You've given it to your husband!" cried Loveday.

"How clever of you to think that! But—no. My Hastings wouldn't know what on earth to do with it. His simple tastes and needs—ah, no—it would bother him to death. He knows that everything I have is his—everything, and a wife's love and worship as well; but capital would only inconvenience him. Besides—you never know. Will you come to dinner to-night?—to-morrow, then? I see the Neill-Savages are at the 'Athena.' Of course, you are stopping with them. Have they said anything about me? Hastings tells me that you all came out together."

"No, they haven't said anything worth repeating. They were very grateful to Mr. Forbes on the journey."

"Ah! His heart was full. He was glad to let his happiness

take shape. But now yourself—your dear, lovely self! You'll glory in Italy and art, and all the rest of it. We shall meet at parties. Say nothing about my affairs. Until now I have lived a very secluded life, and there was a vague impression, outside the villa, among the few who called, that Mr. Wicks was an invalid brother. I did not contradict the rumour, fortunately, and as soon as we found that we must part, I let it flash out that I was expecting my husband. Of course, plenty of people knew the facts, but none that matter. Speak of us kindly among the nice people—for Hastings' sake. There are plenty of pleasant men here, though they tend to be elderly. I want to stop on for two months yet; then go north. We probably shan't come home again for some time—a year or more."

Loveday rose, and Una Forbes accompanied her to the garden-gate, plucked a bunch of roses for her, and kissed her hand at parting.

"Thank you for coming," she said. "You have brought a cup of water to thirsty lips. You may meet Hastings ascending the hill. No, you won't; he'll be in the tram. Good-bye—fix your own night for dinner and bring a friend—an artist, if you know one. God bless you!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

EDUCATION ATTEMPTED.

"I'M at that exciting stage of my career when youth desires to teach before it knows anything itself," said Bertram. "I'm ridiculously dogmatic—you'll have observed that. It is only the people who know practically nothing that are in such a devil of a hurry to teach. If ever I learn anything myself really worth knowing, doubtless I shall be greedy, and keep it to myself."

"You know more than I do, at any rate," answered Loveday. "And I trust you."

They began with Giotto, and proceeded by the way of Pisano on the Campanile to the imitators, Taddeo and Agnolo Gaddi and the more original Giovanni da Milano. Bertram Dangerfield showed as best he could the clash of Sienese and Florentine characters in Milano; but Loveday was not quick to appreciate subtleties of style, and the painter soon noticed it. She wanted to hurry on to the things she already loved, and learn if he loved them too. Day after day he passed over precious treasures in church and gallery, and showed not by a glance or flutter of eyelid that he marked them; but such concentration was foreign to the girl. Sometimes she differed from him, and, finding that he was not contemptuous, spoke her mind. Then he discovered that it was difficult to change her opinion, and appreciated her courage. When Loveday said, "I like it," he soon perceived that no word of his would make her dislike it. But his logic was always frankly admitted, and she never quarrelled with

his knowledge. "Yes," she would say, "I see it's quite out of the upward stream and not the work of a first-class mind, and not Ruler Art in the least bit, but—I like it."

As an example of their differences, she approved the realism of the aforesaid Giovanni da Milano, whereas Bertram did not.

In the Rinuccini Chapel at Santa Croce was a "Raising of Lazarus" with men holding their noses, which Dangerfield resented; but she found no fault in it.

"That way death lies," said he, "death, now as then. Art, and not only painting, is full of people holding their noses to-day. Look what the modern Italian painters are doing, for instance."

"What would you have? Why shouldn't they?" she asked. "It's true. We held our noses going over that ditch yesterday, and you shuddered too."

"Giotto wouldn't have done it. Giottesques are all dust beside Giotto," he declared. He relented at the Carmine, however, and praised Giovanni's noble but ruined "Virgin Enthroned." Giotto he slighted, and turned to Andrea Cione, the mighty Orcagna. "He was in the true line and the greatest from Giotto," said Love-day's guide. "He's always severe and always simple—no Sienese affectations about him. Even more human to me than Giotto himself."

"I'm sure he was human, because he was so humble," she declared. "D'you remember the debate as to who was the greatest from Giotto, and none named him? You would have, if you had been there. Yet he wasn't hurt at their silence."

"Hurt! Rather not—like almost all very big men, he never dreamed that he was doing splendid things. Would he have raised the question if he had thought that his own name might be the answer? Still, he was far the greatest swell since the Tuscan shepherd. I love him because he's on our side: he cares for youth and happiness—a joyous master."

They visited the great tabernacle, and Bertram mourned its site.

"It's choked and smothered here," he said. "Like the Wellington monument by Stevens in St. Paul's Cathedral. There was something of Orcagna in Stevens. I suppose England will discover what Stevens was in the remote future—the very greatest and grandest master of design she has ever entertained—like an angel, unawares."

Occasionally the pictures took them into abstract channels of thought, and they chattered, forgot their work, and wasted their time.

Of Spinello he told her the legend, how that painter was frightened to death by his own Lucifer; and, of course, the story led to ideas.

"It's interesting beyond anything," he said, "to think what effects an artist's work may have on the artist himself. We make things and, meantime, they make us—for good or evil."

"Not only painters, but any sort of artists?" she asked.

"Yes—any creator. It's a criterion in a way. The second-raters are influenced by the world's opinion of their work, and perhaps, unconsciously, if they find they can give the world what it wants,

they go on doing so, and are very properly damned in consequence; the first-raters only answer to their own ideals, and the clamour of the world is nothing to them. They give the world what it needs. But even the strong man—be he grim or gay—is as sure to be influenced by his work as other people—influenced for good or evil. In fact, he's more certain to be influenced than anybody else—just as fathers and mothers are hugely influenced by their children. Take this age—why, the fathers and mothers are simply dominated and put in the corner by their children. Nobody has considered what the environment of a long family means to the character of parents—except those who have faced it and felt it."

"What did you do for your unfortunate father and mother?" she asked.

"I did my mother good," he declared, "and my father harm. I enlarged my mother's mind and made her tolerant of ideas that she had been accustomed to hate; but I spoiled my father's temper, which was quite decent till I reached the age of seventeen—poor man. If he'd only lived till I was twenty-three, I should have gone on my knees to him for forgiveness. But he didn't, and died despairing of me."

"The fathers create the children," said Loveday; "and then the children go on helping the fathers to create themselves."

"Helping or hindering."

"You were rather a little opinionated wretch, I expect."

"I was; but we're digressing. The artist is influenced by his work—that's the text. Well, of course he is—it's evolution in a nutshell. Evolution, in the grand style, is merely God trying to go one better; and we artists are all little godlings and all trying to go one better; so naturally our own work influences our characters. And, if there is a God, His work must influence Him."

"Perhaps it does."

"A big speculation, but likely. Leibnitz defines God as the Substance that has no point of view. Pretty good for a metaphysician. At any rate, if He has, He's always shifting it."

"That's flippant," she said.

"Not at all—merely a scientific observation. The Substance changes its mind as often as a woman; it may be feminine, for all we know to the contrary. I believe the wisdom of the East came to that conclusion at one time. Anyway, you and I shouldn't be what we are, and you wouldn't be thinking as you are thinking, and I shouldn't be making the things I'm making, were it not for what we've been thinking and making in the past. We ripe and ripe, and the live things we make are the foundations of the things to come, until we get to high-water mark. But, thank Nature, we artists never exactly know when we've reached the summit, and so go happily on, and rot and rot, and never know it, and still toil while our withered old hands can hold our tools and our withered old brains direct them."

Loveday was weary of the Carmine before her teacher had done

with Masaccio and Masolino; but he inflicted his natural and boundless enthusiasm for these masters upon her, and strove to make her share his love for the younger and later painter.

"Remember when he worked, and that he was only as old as I am when he died," said Bertram. "And yet he built the foundations of the greatness of the whole Florentine School. He solved mysteries that none had solved. I think he re-discovered what the Greeks probably knew. He stands as much alone as Turner: 'terrible,' as they call him here—a giant, as great in his own way as Michelangelo, and died almost a boy!"

He fixed a gulf between his favourite genius and the lesser man.

"Masolino you can link at a distance with Angelico," he said, "and you must go to Angelico alone. You don't want me, or anybody, between you and the sweetest genius that ever spread pure colour to the glory of his God. His piety, unfortunately, makes me feel like the fiend when there's holy water about—uneasy. Give me my Masaccio. We should have been happy together."

Therefore Loveday went to Fra Angelico alone, as he bade her, and was joyful and unhappy by turns.

"He made me want to forget thousands of things you have told me," she said. "He made me feel full of human kindness and long to say my prayers again—as I used to say them when I was small."

"Say them to him, then," suggested Bertram. "He'd love to listen, and feel ever so sorry that you had not been a blessed nun to be painted into a masterpiece in his day. But I would not have had him paint you. Ghirlandajo was the man. How proudly you had footed it among his grand ladies at Santa Maria Novella!"

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

OBSCURANTISM IN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of "THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW."

SIR,—When Mr. Edward Clodd is engaged in his favourite pastime of attacking the supernormal he is liable, in the midst of much legitimate insistence on his own hostile attitude, to misrepresent an opponent occasionally by quoting a sentence or part of a sentence in a false context. He probably thinks that the end aimed at by him is of such supreme value as to justify the means; but it does not seem to me a fair procedure, and accordingly I ask permission to cite the actual passage in my writings which, not for the first time, he has endeavoured to ridicule.

The passage occurs in an article or paper contributed to the Society for Psychical Research in the year 1894, when I was attacking this question¹:—

"What is the source of the intelligence manifested during epochs of clairvoyant lucidity, as sometimes experienced in the hypnotic or the somnambulant state, or during trance, or displayed automatically?"

The circumstance which demanded notice was the curious fact that results of value, and even an extra kind of lucidity, are sometimes obtained from persons in a semi-conscious or half-asleep condition—a kind of curious lucidity not attained by people, say, in a keen business atmosphere.

Mr. Clodd chooses to imagine, or to persuade others to think, that this statement of fact applies not to the semi-entranced mediums who are referred to, but to the critics and explorers of the phenomenon; he suggests, in fact, that I have said that a hazy state of mind is best suited to an investigator or examiner of obscure mental facts; whereas what I have said, and clearly said, is that the automatist—i.e., the subject or patient—is frequently in that condition. I have said nothing about the state of mind appropriate to an investigator, since it is perfectly obvious that he must be as keen and wide-awake and normal as possible, with all his senses about him and with the assistance of instruments whenever they are appropriate.

To say this is a platitude. To say the contrary would savour of lunacy,—which I presume really does represent a popular idea about those who endeavour to elucidate psychic phenomena.

The actual passage, which Mr. Clodd thinks himself justified in misquoting in order to bring discredit upon the investigation of facts which he does not like and against which he has strong prejudice, has for its object the endeavour to trace similarity between the automatism above spoken of and the state of mind associated with some forms of inspiration and genius. It runs as follows:—

"It has long been known that in order to achieve remarkable results in any department of intellectual activity, the mind must be to some extent unaware of passing occurrences. To be keenly awake and 'on the spot' is a highly

(1) *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, 1894, Vol. X., pp. 14-24.

valued accomplishment, and for the ordinary purposes of mundane affairs is a far more useful state of mind than the rather hazy and absorbed condition which is associated with the quality of mind called genius; but it is not as effective for brilliant achievement.

"When a poet or musician or mathematician feels himself inspired, his senses are, I suppose, dulled or half asleep; and though probably some part of his brain is in a state of great activity, I am not aware of any experiments directed to test which that part is, nor whether, when in that state, any of the more ordinarily used portions are really dormant or no. It would be interesting, but difficult, to ascertain the precise physiological accompaniments of that which on a small scale is called a brown study, and on a larger scale a period of inspiration.

"It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the state is somewhat allied to the initial condition of anæsthesia—the somnambule condition when, though the automatic processes of the body go on with greater perfection than usual, the conscious or noticing aspect of the mind is latent, so that the things which influence the person are apparently no longer the ordinary events which affect his peripheral organs, but either something internal or else something not belonging to the ordinarily known physical universe at all.

"The mind is always in a receptive state, perhaps, but whereas the business-like wide-awake person receives impressions from every trivial detail of his physical surroundings, the half-asleep person seems to receive impressions from a different stratum altogether; higher in some instances, but different always from those received by ordinary men in their every-day state.

"In a man of genius the state comes on of itself, and the results are astounding. There exist occasionally feeble persons, usually young, who seek to attain to the appearance of genius by the easy process of assuming or encouraging an attitude of vacancy and uselessness. There may be all grades of result attained while in this state, and the state itself is of less than no value unless it is justified by the results.

"By experiment and observation it has now been established that a state very similar to this can be induced by artificial means, e.g., by drugs, by hypnosis, by crystal gazing, by purposed inattention; and also that the state can occur occasionally without provocation during sleep and during trance.

"All these states seem to some extent allied, and, as is well known, Mr. Myers has elaborated their relationship in his series of articles on the subliminal consciousness."

I then go on to discuss this phenomenon, with examples, in the rest of the paper; asking certain questions and endeavouring partly to answer them in as genuinely a scientific spirit as anyone could desire. Yours faithfully,

OLIVER LODGE.

11th March, 1913.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE.

The Editor, "The Fortnightly Review."

DEAR SIR,—We see in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for March a correspondence upon the destruction of the *Maine*.

General Bixby, Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, writes to you to complain of having been misquoted and misrepresented in an article communicated to the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW by Mr. Percy F. Martin, the subject of discussion being the cause of the destruction of the United States warship *Maine* in Havana Harbour. Mr. Martin, in his reply dated January 28th, 1913, quotes as the foundation of certain statements of his, to which General Bixby takes exception, what purports to be a Reuter telegram from Washington as follows:—

"General Bixby, who is in charge of the work of raising her (the U.S. battleship *Maine*), declares that an explosion of her three magazines sank the *Maine*.

and that the effects of the explosion could not have been produced from without. There are numerous indications in the hull which prove that the explosion took place in the interior of the ship. What caused the explosion, he concludes, will never be known. Thus he pronounces decisively against any possibility of a Spanish mine having been employed. It follows that the United States made war on Spain without just cause. The war originated in a terrible mistake which arose from a pure accident."

Permit us to say that our telegram closed at the words "will never be known." The concluding sentences from "Thus he pronounces" down to "pure accident" were added, apparently, to our telegram by a newspaper. We did not make these statements, and are not in any respect responsible for them. Our telegram, be it observed, was dated July 6th, 1911, and was despatched many months before the ultimate discovery of the one plate of the ship's bottom, the condition of which suggested an explosion from without.

We are sending a copy of this letter to General Bixby.

Yours truly,

W. F. BRADSHAW,

Secretary Reuter's Telegram Co., Ltd.

27th February, 1913.

* * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts ; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.*

It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be typewritten.

The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. DLVII. NEW SERIES, MAY 1, 1913.

ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND THE PEACE OF
EUROPE.

PEACE is the greatest interest of all nations. The following pages have been written in the ardent desire to promote the peace of Europe. They may not be without interest because the views expressed therein are founded upon impressions obtained through long conversations which the author has had with the Sovereigns and leading statesmen of Europe.

It is astonishing that the Balkan question has been settled without that great European war which many statesmen predicted, and which most people considered unavoidable. The merit for the preservation of peace is principally due to the wise diplomatic action of the Powers, among which Great Britain played a leading part.

European diplomacy has been severely criticised in many quarters. We have been told that our diplomats are still guided by those unenlightened principles which prevailed centuries ago, and have not kept pace with the progress of civilisation. It is asserted that, had they insisted at the proper time that Turkey should carry out in Macedonia the reforms which she had solemnly promised, this cruel and sanguinary war could have been avoided. It is further argued that they should have stopped the war at the outset, and that they should in any case have prevented the resumption of hostilities after the armistice and the ensuing seven weeks of negotiations. There is apparently some truth in these assertions. However, the people who talk so glibly, so loudly, and so contemptuously about the failure of modern diplomacy, evidently ignore the fact that the diplomats of Europe are constantly hampered by the present unfortunate political organisation of Europe.

Holy Writ and experience tell us that good may come out of evil. The Balkan War has taught us an invaluable lesson. It has thrown a glaring light upon the unsound and dangerous political organisation of Europe. It has shown to all who have eyes to see that the defective structure of Europe has been the chief cause of many avoidable wars in the past, and that it may lead to many more preventable wars in the future. Let us then study the political organisation of Europe, and let us endeavour to devise a remedy for its defects.

There are six Great Powers in Europe. They form two groups : the Triple Alliance, composed of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy ; and the Triple Entente, composed of France, Russia, and Great Britain. These two groups have been created by feelings of mutual jealousy and distrust. They have been created for preventing a war of aggression, and for preserving what is called the *status quo* of Europe. In pursuit of this policy, the two groups of Powers watch one another with sleepless vigilance. As both are approximately equally strong, they hold, so to say, the balance to one another ; they form what is called the balance of power in Europe.

People speak frequently of "the will of united Europe." Evidently Europe cannot have a single will as long as the States of Europe are divided by the balance of power into two armed camps which watch and oppose, and consequently hamper, one another. It is true that the Powers of the Triple Entente and of the Triple Alliance occasionally agree upon some joint measure. If they act in harmony, they form what is called the European Concert. However, as the two groups of Powers are divided in practically all essential matters by feelings of jealousy and distrust, their harmony is more apparent than real. Their unity of action is, as a rule, restricted to the presentation of colourless and harmless diplomatic joint notes ; that is, of notes which are not intended to be followed by combined action. In the course of thirty years the Concert of Powers presented periodically joint notes to Turkey pressing for reforms in Macedonia and elsewhere. However, Turkey took not the slightest notice, for as soon as the proposal was made to follow joint representation by combined action, unsurmountable dissensions appeared among the Great Powers, the European Concert broke down.

During the recent peace negotiations in London, the European Concert was represented by the ambassadors of the six Great Powers, who watched the progress of matters in the general interest of Europe. Many observers must have noticed, however, that their unity was artificial and was maintained with difficulty. Very frequently, when the opportunity for concerted action arose,

the only agreement that could be reached was a negative one. And often it was not an easy task to arrive even at a negative result, although failure to hold the Powers together might have resulted in a European war. The difficulty of arriving at any agreement cannot be wondered at in view of the fact that whenever any action was proposed by one of the Powers other Powers objected, the interests of the Powers clashed, and the possibility of a deadlock and of the break-up of the Conference arose. Much ability, patience, and vigilance must have been displayed to achieve what has been achieved, and to prevent the conflagration of Europe. Without the assistance of the diplomats, the question of Albania and the difference between Bulgaria and Roumania would very likely have led to a great European war. To some extent this result was facilitated by the peaceful disposition of all the Great Powers. None of them seemed willing to accept the responsibilities for the outbreak of a European war, with its inevitable horrors and its uncertain result.

The group system is probably the best system which, so far, has obtained in Europe. It constitutes a great advance upon the chaotic conditions which prevailed in the past, when European wars were far more numerous than they are now. The Triple Alliance and Triple Entente are almost evenly matched, and as each Power must, of course, consult its allies before resorting to action, the ambitious or aggressive dispositions on the part of any single Power are checked by its allies. It is not unlikely that in this way the outbreak of war has been prevented on several occasions.

The present system has, nevertheless, most serious drawbacks. It is obvious that if two Powers of equal strength oppose one another, they neutralise one another. This is clearly shown by the negative results arrived at by the action of the Concert of Europe in the past. The present organisation of Europe is apt to check combined action by the Powers. Thus, it tends to lower the prestige of Europe in the world; and States which are bent upon adventure are enabled to speculate upon Europe's division, to flout its will, and to involve other nations in war.

But this is not all. The system has produced a wild competition in armaments among the Powers. Each Power tries to outbid its competitors, and so to alter the balance of power to its own advantage. Of course, the opposing side follows suit, other Powers become alarmed and increase their armaments, and thus the whole of Europe is converted into a gigantic military camp. How enormously costly the preservation of peace has become will be seen from the following figures, which have very kindly been supplied to me by the Admiralty and War Office:—

MILITARY EXPENDITURE OF EUROPE.

Russia	£53,000,000
Germany	47,000,000
France	38,000,000
United Kingdom	28,000,000
Austria-Hungary	23,000,000
Italy	17,000,000
Other Powers	35,000,000
Total	£241,000,000

NAVAL EXPENDITURE OF EUROPE.

United Kingdom	£45,000,000
Germany	23,000,000
France	18,000,000
Russia	18,000,000
Italy	9,000,000
Austria-Hungary	6,000,000
Other Powers... ..	6,000,000
Total	£125,000,000

From the foregoing table it appears that the States of Europe spend at present upon their armies and navies about £360,000,000 per year. Let us study the significance of this colossal sum. The Panama Canal will, when completed, cost approximately £80,000,000. It follows that Europe is spending every year on armaments more than four times the cost of the most gigantic and the most expensive engineering undertaking which the world has seen. At £15 per gross ton the value of the entire merchant marine of Great Britain, which comprises 10,000 ships of 19,000,000 tons gross, is £285,000,000, and the value of the merchant marine of the whole world, which comprises 40,000,000 tons gross, is £600,000,000. As the States of Europe spend on military and naval preparations £360,000,000 per year or £30,000,000 per month, it appears that they spend every ten months a sum equal to the value of the gigantic merchant marine of Great Britain, and that they spend every twenty months a sum equal to the value of the entire merchant marine of the world. If the seas should disappear, one could easily build a first-class broad-gauge railway, with all the necessary bridges, tunnels, stations, sidings, rolling stock, &c., circling the whole earth, for £360,000,000, the sum which Europe spent last year upon armaments. Every year Europe expends on armaments far more than it does on education, sanitation, and social betterment combined, and this expenditure increases year by year at a constantly growing rate.

The foregoing comparisons give an idea of the enormous economic waste which is caused by the present condition of armed peace, but they do not tell the whole tale. The present

organisation of Europe leads not only to an enormous waste of money, but to an equally serious waste of human energy and labour. More than 4,000,000 able-bodied young men are constantly kept under arms in the European standing armies and navies, and about 1,000,000 workers are permanently engaged in manufacturing warships, weapons, gunpowder, military stores, &c. Thus more than 5,000,000 of the most efficient workers of Europe, who might be engaged in producing food, manufactures, &c., for the needs of the people, are withdrawn from economic production. The value lost to the nations of Europe by the withdrawal of 5,000,000 workers, and of more than 1,000,000 army horses, from economic activity, must amount to several hundred million pounds a year.

All Europe groans under the heavy taxation which these enormous armaments require. Owing to the costliness of the armies and navies, great and very necessary public works of every kind cannot be undertaken for lack of funds, education and sanitation cannot be sufficiently improved; the old, the poor, and the afflicted cannot adequately be provided for, and the industries cannot expand quickly enough to provide work at good wages to the rising generation. More than 1,000,000 people emigrate every year from Europe through economic pressure which is caused largely, if not chiefly, by the burden of armaments which weighs down the nations. Most of the ignorance, poverty, and misery which exist in Europe at the present day could probably be abolished, and the conditions of the people and the whole standard of life would be greatly improved, if the colossal funds which every year are applied to warlike preparations could be devoted to some better purpose.

As the United States, Argentina, and other extra-European countries are less heavily handicapped by the burdens of military and naval preparations than are the nations of Europe, they are rapidly coming to the front, and the agricultural and the manufacturing industries of Europe suffer severely through the competition of the new countries which are free from the terrible burden of armaments.

The nations of Europe are staggering under their colossal burden. The existence of these vast armies and navies constitutes an ever-present menace to the peace of the world. The nations of Europe are permanently kept under the apprehension of war, and the fear of war causes periodically great crises, which are equally disastrous to the capitalists and to the workers.

Between 1900 and 1912 Europe's expenditure upon armaments has grown by 50 per cent. Unfortunately, the Balkan War has led to a great acceleration in the armament race. Germany

proposes to spend an additional £100,000,000 during the next four or five years on her army, and the other Powers of Europe are preparing to follow suit. Europe's yearly expenditure for the maintenance of peace should soon exceed £500,000,000 a year. Therefore taxation is bound to increase very greatly throughout Europe, and still less public money will in future be available for public works of general utility, for education, and for other social purposes. The financial strain upon the nations may soon become intolerable. No one can foresee the end of it all, but it is to be feared that a crisis is at hand. Unless this mad increase of armaments be checked in time, the military and naval competition among the Powers must end in the impoverishment and bankruptcy of all Europe, or in the greatest war which the world has ever seen, or in a great revolution, for the masses may at last rise in despair in order to shake off their crushing burdens.

What can be done to prevent the calamities and the universal ruin which threaten to overtake all Europe before long?

Those people who suggest that the European armaments should be restricted by agreement among the Powers propose to deal only with a symptom, but not with the cause, of the evil. Now the root cause of the suicidal military and naval competition of Europe lies, as I have shown, in the fact that the Powers of Europe are divided against themselves. It follows that all attempts at restricting the armaments of Europe by general consent are bound to end in failure. Armaments can be restricted only if they become unnecessary, and they will become unnecessary only if Europe becomes united. We must therefore work for the unification of Europe in some form or other, and two questions suggest themselves: Is such unification possible? If it be possible, how can it be brought about?

The rulers and statesmen of Europe are striving to promote the welfare of their nations. Peace and prosperity are the greatest blessings which they can secure for the people. The unification of Europe in some form or other would give Europe peace; and as such unification would make the vast and excessive existing armies and navies unnecessary, it would increase the work of the people and would make the masses prosperous and happy. The Balkan War has finally settled that problem which was most likely to endanger the peace of Europe. At present the political sky is clear and serene. Let the diplomats of Europe take advantage of the peaceful atmosphere which the conclusion of the Balkan War has created before the political sky becomes again overclouded.

The unification of Europe should take place on a federal basis, for federation is that form of political organisation which, whilst

uniting States in one single body, leaves to each State the fullest measure of liberty and enables it to deal with its own affairs in its own way. If we look around we find that a federation is possible among States which apparently were meant by nature to be disunited, which have a marked and strong individuality and a sturdy sense of independence, and which, in addition, possess different religions and speak different languages. Switzerland is a federation of twenty-five free States which are called Cantons. Each of these Cantons has a constitution, a government, and a parliament of its own, and has an individual history and tradition of which it is proud. Each Canton is a State in itself. Now the Swiss are divided not only by their political organisation in twenty-five free States. They are divided by the fact that one-half of them are Protestants and one-half are Roman Catholics. They are further divided by the fact that some of the Cantons are exclusively inhabited by German-speaking, some by French-speaking, and some by Italian-speaking, people. Nevertheless, Switzerland is for all practical purposes one single State, and it is a firmly-knit State. If it was possible to unite in a firm federation the assertively individualistic Swiss, notwithstanding their political, racial, and religious dissensions, it should not be impossible to federate the States of Europe.

There is no reason that Europe should continue divided against itself. It should be the ideal of the statesmen to create a great federation in Europe, to make Europe one State against the extra-European States. Since the time of the ancient City States, States have continually grown in extent. Australia has been the first Continent-State, and Europe should follow its example. Then war will become as unlikely in Europe as it is in Australia, and the nations will be able to reduce their armaments and to prosper free from fear of war.

Unlimited and ruinous competition is gradually being eliminated from business by co-operation and amalgamation. Co-operation and amalgamation, not ruinous competition among States, should be the watchword of the statesmen and diplomats of Europe.

The federation of Europe is possible and practicable. Its benefits to the nations will be incalculable. How then should this desired end be brought about?

The federation of Europe is, of course, impossible as long as very great differences exist between two of the leading nations. At present the differences are perhaps greatest and most serious between Great Britain and Germany, although the diplomatic relations between the two countries have of late materially improved. As it is out of the question to bring about the federation of the European States as long as Great Britain and Germany

are out of harmony, the first step towards the desired end would have to be a complete and final settlement between the two countries. When such a complete and final settlement has been achieved, when Germany and Great Britain are firmly united, these two Powers will form the nucleus of a European nation-combine which would gradually become extended. Austria-Hungary, France, Italy, Russia, would join the federation, and before long the federation of Europe would become an accomplished fact. I have outlined the constitution of such a federation in an article which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* in November, 1912.

As a complete Anglo-German settlement and understanding would be the fundamental condition of a federation of all the States of Europe, we must inquire whether such a settlement and understanding can be brought about. The reasons that they should be the best of friends are overwhelming.

Nature, history, and tradition have evidently meant Great Britain and Germany to be united. The British and the Germans are of the same race. They have sprung from the same stock. Their languages are very similar, and their views are almost identical in all the things that matter. Church and school are the two greatest influences in national life. They form the character of the people. It is significant that the same religious ideas prevail in Germany and in Great Britain. Both countries have refused to accept a religion and a Church discipline at the bidding of an absolute Church domiciled in a foreign country. Both have fought for a national religion and for the democratisation of the Church. Both have become strongholds of Protestantism. Great Britain and Germany have been equally strongly convinced that the people should be well educated. Hitherto the British have copied German education to a large extent, but now the British educational methods are being largely adopted in Germany. The British have made war upon many European nations, but they have never fought against the Germans. On the contrary, British and German soldiers have fought shoulder to shoulder in numerous battles during many decades down to the crowning Anglo-German victory of Waterloo. Lastly, the two countries are bound to one another by strong economic bonds. A glance at the official statistics published by the British and German Governments shows how closely English and German trade is interwoven, how indispensable one nation is to the other. From information with which the Board of Trade has very kindly supplied me, it appears that the whole foreign trade of the British Empire amounted in 1911 to £1,837,100,000. Of this sum £183,900,000, or exactly 10 per cent., was trade with Germany. The importance of the British markets to Germany

will be seen from the following table with which I have been furnished by the British Board of Trade :—

GERMANY'S TRADE WITH BRITISH EMPIRE IN 1911 ACCORDING TO GERMAN OFFICIAL RETURNS.

	<i>Special Imports into Germany.</i>	<i>Special Exports from Germany.</i>
From the United Kingdom ...	£39,800,000 = 8·3%	£56,000,000 = 14·1%
„ Colonies and Dominions	48,100,000 = 10·1%	15,700,000 = 3·9%
Total British Empire	£87,900,000 = 18·4%	£71,700,000 = 18·0%

It will be noticed that no less than 18 per cent. of Germany's foreign trade is carried on with the British Empire.

It is a strange irony of fate that, in spite of all these unifying factors, the two nations should have arrived at such a state of mutual distrust, that only a short time ago a war between them seemed possible. Such a war would have been nothing short of a crime. It would have cost a hecatomb of lives. It would have ruined millions of families. It would have exhausted both nations to such an extent that their civilisation would have been thrown back perhaps by a century. It might have weakened them so much that other nations could easily have destroyed their independence. Yet nothing could have been gained by either Power through such a war.

Many leading Germans assert that Germany requires large colonies because of the rapid increase of her population. It is quite true that Germany is becoming too small for her population, which increases every year by almost 900,000. But would the desired colonies not be too dearly bought at the price of Great Britain's enmity, of perhaps a hundred thousand lives, and of many hundreds of millions of pounds? As soon as Germany and Great Britain become permanently united, as soon as Europe becomes federated, there will no longer be German colonies, French colonies, British colonies, &c., but only European colonies belonging to the Federated States of Europe. The colonies of every nation will be equally open to the citizens of every other country of Europe. The desire for national colonies would disappear. Germany would have all the elbow-room she requires.

Many Germans complain that Great Britain has always been unfriendly to Germany, that she has hampered that country in every way and has thwarted its desire for expansion overseas. These assertions are largely unfounded. England has saved Prussia from annihilation in the time of Frederick the Great and of Napoleon I. British diplomats may have erred now and then, but on the whole they have endeavoured to live in peace and harmony with Germany. That is proved by the numerous Anglo-German treaties and conventions, most of which were

entered upon on England's initiative with a view to abolishing all friction between the two countries. I herewith give a full list of these treaties and conventions, which has very courteously been furnished to me by the British Foreign Office :—

April, 1885	New Guinea.
April-June, 1885	Spheres of action in Africa.
April, 1886	Western Pacific, spheres of influence.
April, 1886	Western Pacific, reciprocal freedom of trade.
July-August, 1886...	Gulf of Guinea, spheres of influence.
October-November, 1886	Zanzibar.
July, 1887	East Africa, spheres of influence.
July, 1890	Africa, Zanzibar.
October, 1892...	East Equatorial Africa.
April, 1893	Rio del Rey.
May, 1893	Gulf of Guinea.
July, 1893	East African Boundary.
November, 1893	African Boundaries.
April, 1898	Wei-hai-wei.
November, 1898	Nyasa—Tanganyika Boundary.
November, 1899	Samoa, West Africa, Zanzibar.
January-April, 1900	Boundary between British and German territories at Jasin and bend of the Uba River.
October, 1900...	Policy in China.
February, 1901	Boundary between British and German spheres, between Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika.
September, 1901	Gold Coast, Togoland Boundary.
December, 1902	Yola—Lake Chad Boundary.
February, 1904	" " " "
March-May, 1904...	Western Pacific.
June, 1904	Gold Coast—Togoland Boundary.
March, 1906	Yola—Lake Chad Boundary.
January, 1909...	Southern Boundary Walfisch Bay.
February-March, 1909...	Boundaries in Africa, Gorege, Lake Chad and Uba, Maio Tiel.

In addition to the foregoing treaties and conventions, Great Britain has concluded an Arbitration Treaty with Germany in order to make a conflict between the two countries impossible.

The desire for friendly and cordial relations between Great Britain and Germany prevails not only in official circles in Great Britain, but throughout British society. This is evident from the fact that the intellectual leaders of Great Britain have always been warm admirers of Germany and the Germans. Carlyle, the author of *Heroes and Hero Worship*, was the greatest admirer of everything German. Looking out for a hero fit to be held up as a model to his countrymen, he wrote his magnificent history of Frederick the Great. From Carlyle to Lord Haldane, the translator of Schopenhauer, there is a long line of the most

eminent Englishmen who have seen in Germany their intellectual fatherland and a second home. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. British admiration of Germany is clearly apparent in Great Britain's desire to shape its administration, its education, and its social legislation on Germany's model.

In the United Kingdom there exists no rooted prejudice against Germany. The number of those who dislike Germany is exceedingly small, and their dislike is caused by their distrust of the German Navy. Its rapid expansion has made necessary a corresponding increase of the British Navy to safeguard the United Kingdom and its Colonies and possessions. It should be comparatively easy to wipe out any prejudices existing in England against Germany by full and frank discussion.

The idea which prevails in Germany that the expansion of Germany's trade has created jealousy and bitterness in England is erroneous. Competition is the soul of business. Germany's competition has been an invaluable stimulus to British trade. Besides, English merchants are not short-sighted enough to be jealous of Germany's prosperity. They know that they can do more business with a prosperous than with a poor and ruined Germany. The assertion that Great Britain, animated by trade jealousy, wishes to destroy the German Fleet is ridiculous.

In Germany the case is different. Antagonism against England is very widespread, principally amongst the masses; and it is so intense that during the recent Morocco crisis, the German populace would have enthusiastically welcomed a war with England without thought of the consequences. This may appear exaggerated, but the writer happened to be in Germany at the time and noticed the prevailing excitement with great concern. Happily the German Government did not allow itself to be carried away by popular passion, but the danger lies in this that at some other occasion the Government might be unable to withstand the war clamour and be forced into war in order to save its existence.

The prejudice among the German masses against England has been artificially created. This is not the place to investigate the anti-British movement in Germany. We have to deal with the facts as we find them. Happily a large proportion of the cultured and business classes are friendly to the British nation.

It is evident that the prejudice against Great Britain which exists in Germany has to be removed before a cordial understanding with Germany is possible. As it might require generations, if things are left to time, to bring about a change, prompt steps should be taken to abolish this prejudice. This will not be an easy task, because the bulk of the population must be converted. What is wanted is a systematic propaganda throughout

the German Empire, explaining to the people that their prejudice against Great Britain is due to a misunderstanding. The right-thinking men of both countries should join hands and take up this task without delay, otherwise both nations may drift towards a catastrophe.

Before endeavouring to arrive at a friendly understanding, or, better still, a close alliance, with Germany, we must consider our obligations towards Russia and France. Our duty is obvious. We must tell France and Russia frankly that Great Britain is working for a better understanding with Germany, with the object of bringing about a close alliance of all the European Powers. In the event of our succeeding, France and Russia would be invited to join the combination, and would participate in our success. In case we should fail nothing would be altered, and our *entente* with them would become all the firmer. As the leading Russians and Frenchmen are men of high intellect and strong common sense, and as the men at present in power are without exception sincerely in favour of a lasting peace, they should unhesitatingly give their assent to such a proposal. They would realise that our endeavours should lead to an improvement in the relations between England and Germany, from which their own countries also would benefit.

The leading men of France are of opinion that the question of Alsace-Lorraine would no longer block the way to an all-round friendly understanding. Hence France should be the first country to join the Anglo-German alliance. Her adhesion would make the Federation of Europe an immediate success. The new Triple Alliance for the promotion of peace, the Alliance of Germany, France, and England, would by itself be strong enough to reform the political organisation of Europe. However, there is no doubt that all the other Powers are already predisposed in favour of such a Federation, and would gladly join the new alliance.

As long as the political organisation of Europe remains unchanged, there can be no escape from the present race of armaments. Each Power is bound to join in it and must arm to its utmost capacity, unless it is willing to fall a prey to its neighbours. It would indeed be a criminal neglect on the part of the leading statesmen of any country not to provide to the fullest extent for defence, regardless of expenditure. But as soon as real unanimity and a cordial understanding have been established among the six Great Powers, be it by way of federation or any other form of permanent unity, the whole political atmosphere would be changed. Excessive armaments would then become superfluous and would gradually decrease. War between the European nations would become impossible, and Europe could easily save in money and labour £500,000,000 or more per

year, to the great relief of the over-burdened citizens. This enormous amount is now practically wasted.

Industry and commerce in Europe, released from the constant fear of war, and freed from the present crushing taxation, would experience a marvellous development. The economic predominance of Europe, which she is about to lose if the race of armaments continues unchecked, would be assured, and her power and influence in the world would be re-established.

I have shown in the foregoing pages that the nations of Europe are being crushed by the burden of militarism, that militarism is perpetuated and increased by their divisions, and that armaments can be restricted only when the European nations become united. I have shown besides that the unity of Europe can be brought about only by the creation of a European federation, and that the first condition of such a federation lies in a close understanding, or, better still, in an alliance, between Great Britain and Germany. Such an Anglo-German understanding would be the foundation and the keystone of the Federation of Europe, and all men who love peace, and who have the welfare of the people truly at heart, should work for an Anglo-German understanding to the best of their ability. Therefore, I advocate that those who sympathise with my idea should come forward and found a league. Its primary object would be to improve the relations between the two countries by a campaign of enlightenment to such a degree as to make the Federation of Europe possible.

What is required is not merely to bring about a close Anglo-German understanding which will eventually lead to an Anglo-German Alliance. Much more is needed to bring about the Federation of Europe. A great propaganda in all countries of Europe must be set on foot. A gigantic effort must be made to convince the nations of the folly of the present armaments and of the necessity to reduce them. The eyes of the peoples must be opened to their danger. They must be shown that the only road to salvation lies in the Federation of Europe.

Everything must have a beginning. The present moment seems most auspicious. Therefore a beginning should be made without delay. A great united effort is required. Guided by these considerations the author of these pages appeals to all his readers for assistance. He has opened a temporary office of the European Federation League at 39 St. James's Street, Piccadilly, London, W. He invites all sympathisers with his idea to write to the honorary secretary, Sir Francis Trippel, at the address before mentioned. He will welcome the suggestions and the co-operation of all who desire to work with him for the Federation of Europe.

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THE LATE KING OF GREECE

I HOLD, and I hope to prove in the course of this memorial article, that King George of Greece was a great man; also that his continuous reign over the kingdom of Greece during almost fifty years was one of the most remarkable public achievements in the recent history of modern Europe. I mean by this, that to have remained in power for nearly fifty years under conditions which I shall describe, and to have achieved before his death the complete success at which he aimed from the beginning, shows a mastery of kingcraft which I hardly think will find its parallel in modern history.

The tragedy of his death at the very moment of victory which ushered in the consummation of all his endeavours during these full, varied, and moving years of his reign, is made the more poignant from the fact that it appeared so needless, so illogical (if such a term can be used about any event in history), so perverse, from the accidental nature of the assassination, which was apparently in no way connected with the great crisis of the war, or any political complications—the deed of a brutal and stupid wretch with a body and mind distorted into blind malevolence by alcoholic disease. The feeling of impotent resentment, the hopelessness of ever coping with such nefarious forces that have nothing to do with great struggles or great lives, is added to our grief at the loss of a good man, a great statesman, an ardent patriot, and a noble king. Our feelings become still more acute when we realise that, coincident with this final triumph of his life, there was to have been a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his reign, and that it is more than probable that it would have meant the spontaneous abdication of his throne in favour of the Crown Prince, the present King, who stands in the forefront of the recent victorious achievements of the Greek nation. For, more than once, the late King assured the writer that he was longing for rest, and that he should feel justified in abdicating in favour of his eldest son the moment he felt satisfied that he could safely hand over the reins of State into the hands of his successor. On more than one occasion I know he would have done this, but he felt that he could not leave to his successor the patrimony of a country far from secure in its

(1) Since this article was written the political will of the late King has been published. It confirms in a most striking and solemn manner much that has been said in the article.

internal policy and still further removed from full consolidation as regards its relation to other States. For he was rightly convinced that his abdication on these several occasions, when for other reasons it was brought so near to his own heart's desire, would not only have devolved a thankless and impossible task upon his successor, but inevitably have spelt ruin to the Greek State and race.

To understand the actions and the motives of King George of Greece throughout the whole of his life, as well as the recent history of modern Greece, it must be realised that he was right in identifying completely the permanence of his dynasty with the prosperity of the Greek nation. For had this dynasty fallen, Greece would not only have lost the positive good which may have come from the immediate family connection of its Royal House with the rulers of other Powers, and the confidence and sympathy which this connection implied to the outside world, but the country would inevitably have been plunged into anarchy. For, though no one is more keenly aware of the virtues, the great civic potentialities of the modern Greek people, as compared with those of any of the other nationalities and races in the south-east of Europe, than is the present writer, he also knows that there are few countries in which party feeling and personal factions run so high and permeate the political life of the people than was the case in Greece up to the very beginning of this war. I shall return later to the character of the Greek people as a whole; but, for the present, it must be realised that to the mass of the people politics were chiefly guided up to the last few years by ties of family or purely personal considerations as regards their parliamentary representatives and the political leaders in the country. But even among the parliamentary representatives themselves, nay, even among the leaders, the personal element was always predominant. I remember that on one occasion, about twenty years ago, I had invited to a general social gathering, without even the remotest touch of any political colouring, the leading members of the foreign community and of the Greeks residing at Athens. I had also invited the Prime Minister, Delyannis, as well as his opponent in opposition, Tricoupis. My Greek friends were amazed at my boldness, or ignorance, and considered this a flagrant social solecism. "Could I imagine these two political opponents to meet in the same room?" I persisted; and they did meet, and did not quarrel.

Had the present Greek dynasty fallen within the last thirty years, Greece would have emulated the history of some of the most disturbed South American republics, and it is doubtful whether it could have maintained itself as an autonomous State.

We need not go back to the history of the Greek insurrection and the various leaderships of Capodistrias, Kolokotrones, the two Hypsilantis, the action of the national secret society, the *Hetairia* (so curiously similar in its actions and its mistakes to the *Hetairia* of 1897), to the anarchy and egotism of many leaders and of factions which disgraced the splendid patriotism and courage of the heroes of Greek independence during the war. We need not recall the action and the fate of the early attempts at independent government at Argos; the jealousy and rivalry of the representatives of the islands and of the mainland; the critical situation saved by Demetrius Hypsilantis and Kolokotrones in 1822; the civil war in 1824, when Kolokotrones was in opposition to the legislature; the struggle between Konduriottes and the able Kolettis against Kolokotrones; the assassination of Koumoundouros, and the anarchy that followed. We need not recall the reign of King Otho and his abdication. Such political excesses were natural, if not necessary, to a people that had gained its freedom by a noble and heroic effort after years of continuous tyranny and struggle, from which all idea of justice was banished. They might be called the infant diseases of any States that rise through violence and sanguinary struggle. But the evil traditions are not eradicated by one single change of rule; nor are the people at once trained rightly to use their newly-gained freedom, however intensely they may have longed for it during generations of comparative slavery. There can be no doubt that when King George ascended the throne, down to the very gates of the present era, when a new and glorious prospect is opening out before the Greek people, they were not yet prepared for representative government; though I am far from meaning by this that any of the other peoples of the south-east of Europe were better prepared. In fact, I am convinced that the population of none of the Balkan States is comparatively on the same high level in this respect as is occupied by the Greeks. Nor do I in any way mean by this to say that, therefore, the Greeks were not to have representative government. I venture, for instance, to believe that the greatest mistake made by Bismarck was not to have made the German constitution more directly democratic and representative. It is even to be deplored that on one occasion, but a short time ago, some of these defects in the German constitution were not remedied when a crisis presented the best chance for inaugurating such reforms. For, though the German people is in most respects the most highly educated among all the nationalities of Europe, they were, and are, politically not so. Training in self-government can only be given to a people through freedom in political thought and action and the development of

the sense of political power and responsibility in the nation itself. At whatever cost such training is bought, whatever the mistakes that may be made owing to immaturity and absence of tradition, political maturity and the establishment of the proper tradition for self-government can only be learnt by the free exercise of political power on the part of the citizens of a State.

If this may be so to a certain degree even in modern Germany, how much more must this have been the case with the modern Greeks! For many years the curse of the evil traditions of the Turkish rule and its consequent degradation, unfitting the peasant throughout the provinces to use his newly-won freedom, survived even down to our own days. I have already referred to the personal aspect of all politics. In the country in Greece the votes for the Member of Parliament were almost always given by families and on grounds of family relationship—the outcome of one of their leading virtues, namely, family affection and the sense of duty and sacrifice which it implies. Furthermore, the almost universal conception which the Greek voter throughout the country, to within quite recent years, had of the Member of Parliament was that he was a kind of official corresponding to a certain degree to the local official of the Turkish period, who had power to grant favours. They looked upon him, not merely as a person who could directly confer advantages in the way of offices, but who could directly benefit them and respond to their needs in their economic and domestic life; he was even expected to influence the course of justice when litigation arose. The realisation of some wider political principle, governing the parties, of which the party leaders and their adherents were the personal expression, was not within the political grasp of most of the electors. The consequence was that there hardly ever existed in Greece parties clearly identified with some distinctive political principle; but the numerous parties were designated as they were identified with some one personal leader, who personally may have appealed to the elector. This was the dominant attitude in the past from which, step by step, gradually and slowly, the Greek people were emancipating themselves under some wise and patriotic leaders, who themselves stood on the very pinnacle of political thought, realising the broader principles of representative government. Among these, in recent years, Tricoupis stands out foremost as a statesman who always endeavoured to bring before the consciousness of the people the great impersonal tasks that lay before them, and who certainly was one of their great teachers in the development of their national life; until we come to the present day, when it really appears that the Greek nation has made the final step to its realisation of political freedom and of political

responsibilities. But, in the main, throughout the reign of King George the essential character of political life in a constitutional monarchy was not developed.

Now, to rule such a people for fifty years in this state of national life within, and with all the intricate and confused webs of intrigues and clashing interests of dominant forces, seen and unseen, emanating from the various Great Powers interested in the Near East themselves, without; and to steer the ship of State through all these shoals and rapids, implies capacities and powers which could hardly be found combined in one man among the great men of our time. To do this as a young midshipman, beginning his work when he came to the throne fifty years ago, and as an alien, must strike everyone conversant, even to a slight degree, with the nature of the struggles through which Greece has passed during this period, as little short of miraculous. I have said "as an *alien*," and though I am quite aware—in fact, convinced—that the partisanship and consequent opposition attaching to any indigenous leader would have made it quite impossible for any individual to remain in power for a longer period, we must realise, when estimating the achievement of the late King, what it means thus to be an alien. His son, the present hero of Janina, is happily much more favourably placed in this respect. He is a native-born Greek, and has grown up among the people. They rightly look upon him as essentially their own compatriot. But the late King came as an alien and had to live through all these crises alone. The alien-born, the immigrant—though he may come from a country equal, or even greater, in its claims to civilisation than those of his country of adoption—is always at the disadvantage of having no natural family links and natural partisans of his own, independent of immediate interests which always give an element of instability and may turn attachment into ingratitude and animosity. The court officials do not count in such cases. All the friends which the newcomer makes he must actually make himself; he inherits none either by blood or by early association, or through wider institutions which generate comradeship. There is nothing he can count on excepting the constraining dominance of his own character or attraction through the channels of affection, or the acknowledgment and respect for his achievements. There is no natural family support within or a following amongst school friends to fall back upon, no natural relationship of this kind. But there always remains the free and unopposed action of envy and jealousy governing human affairs, strengthened by the sense of the opposition of the clan and "the hive." This is the price that the immigrant, the *new man*, always pays—even if he is a king.

Bearing in mind the difficulties of home government with which he thus had to contend, always holding before him his supreme determination to remain a constitutional monarch bowing to the ultimate will of his people, consider the difficulties, the almost unsolvable problems of foreign policy, which met him from the beginning of his reign! King Otho was crowned as βασιλεὺς τῆς Ἑλλάδος, King of Greece. The Danish midshipman, eighteen years of age, was crowned as βασιλεὺς τῶν Ἑλλήνων, King of the Hellenes. This, from the beginning, encouraged the aspirations of the Greek nation, not only the inhabitants of the actual kingdom of Greece, but of the Ionian and Ægean Islands, a great part of Turkey in Europe, of the coast of Asia Minor, and of Constantinople itself. They looked, and still look, upon their kingdom as the inheritance of the Byzantine Empire. But during this time the other Balkan States grew up; and these new Balkan States, full of energy, with ambitions of their own, and the unrest caused by the support or the interests of several of the Great Powers as it affected their existence or their growth, developed more and more into rivals and enemies, while the Turk remained as the chief enemy always before them. Added to all these hopeless complications and rival interests were the vast and still more complicated interests of the Great Powers in the Near East, above all, Russia and Austria, England, France, and Italy, and (in more recent years) Germany, with its less direct, but none the less vital, interests in the development of the Near East. The attitude and the action of the Great Powers within the last few months, and during the very days in which this article is being written; the manifest and even the openly professed (sometimes with unconscious cynicism) interests of several of the Great Powers, their interference with "the supreme arbitrament of war" as regards the spoils of victory to the conquerors, will give the reader some faint idea of what has continuously been the state of foreign relations to Greece of each one of the several Powers in the Near East. That gigantic bugbear of the modern civilised world called *the Balance of European Power* often found its central pivot of action in the Near East. At this moment it centres round the direct interests of Russia and Austria, over-riding the claims of the people themselves who have sacrificed a proportion of blood and treasure such as none of the Great Powers have ever sacrificed in their recent wars. The maintenance of European peace is skilfully used in any direction that may suit the interests of any one of the Powers. The conditions are at present very similar to those found by Canning and the Duke of Wellington. Let us hope, by the way, that England possesses to-day a Canning in regulating its foreign affairs during this crisis.

What happened in 1896 and 1897 forms an instructive chapter of European history. Crete, which had ever been the tinder-box for a European conflagration in the Near East, had again risen and asserted its just claim to freedom and amalgamation with the Greek kingdom. The unrest in Crete was fostered by one of the Great Powers, which subsequently turned against Greece when it realised the extent of the national aspirations of the Hellenic race. The secret national Greek society, 'Εθνική 'Εταιρεία, had inaugurated a movement at home and abroad to assert the Greek national aspirations at that moment. Its members were true patriots, but, as was proved by subsequent history, they were unwise in the choice of the time and in the methods they applied. But something had to be done in Crete, and the expedition commanded by Colonel Vassos was sanctioned by the King. I am justified in asserting now, that there was no other possible action for the King to take. The will of the Greek people at home and abroad was quite clear on this point; and Europe and the Great Powers proved that the claims of the Cretans were justified by their own subsequent action, even when the Turks were victorious. Had the King refused to follow the wishes of his people, it would have led to revolution and the fall of the dynasty, and to complete anarchy in Greece, which would then have made the solution of the Eastern question more difficult and more complicated, more disastrous in the end. The action that should have been taken by the Great Powers during this crisis was clear—at all events, of those Powers that were not interested in, and did not desire, the political extermination of the Greek people and the crushing of all Hellenic aspirations in the Near East. It was to force the European Concert, which had taken the matter into its own hands, to allow Vassos and his force to remain in Crete, to confer upon Greece the mandate of policing Crete and keeping order there, under the control of the European Concert. They would have saved the face of Greece, maintained the dynasty and order in Greece itself, and gained even greater control than they ultimately possessed in Crete, while avoiding the disastrous war of 1897. But here again the bugbear of the *Maintenance of European Peace* was raised by the Power, or the Powers, in view of their own immediate, or ultimate, interests. The plea that the other Balkan States could not be kept quiet was proved to be absurd; for they remained quiet even after the Turks were engaged in war, and the Turks themselves were forced to relinquish their hold of Crete after they had vanquished the Greeks; while a Greek Prince was appointed as Governor, receiving his mandate from the European Concert.

Now it is difficult to imagine the position in which the late

King was placed during this crisis, as well as the patriotism, the diplomatic skill, and the self-abnegation which he showed. During that trying time, when he could hold no direct communication with any of the foreign representatives at Athens, and could only direct and modify the action of the members of his own Government, he turned to the present writer, as a personal friend and a foreigner without interests or responsibilities of a political nature, to whom he could unburden his over-weighted mind and heart. As the news came in his friend was sent for by day and night to relieve the overworked monarch of the burden of his pent-up anxieties, hopes and fears. The King's one personal desire was to take an active part in the war himself, but he knew that he had to remain at his post in Athens, where his diplomatic wisdom and counsel were more needed than ever. I particularly remember how one night he burst forth: "If only I could take command of the fleet! I honestly believe that the Dardanelles could be forced." He proceeded to explain to me, ignorant of naval matters, how, by placing some more useless ships in the front and the more effective ones in the middle, the Dardanelles could be rushed. "How I should like to try it!" he exclaimed. It has, by the way, been one of the several mysteries of that war why the fleet remained inactive. Several reasons have been given. But I venture to believe that it can be accounted for by diplomatic pressure exercised by one or other of the Great Powers, through the European Concert, professedly in the interests of universal peace, but really to satisfy the immediate interests and aspirations of that one Power. As for the army and its leadership, it can be shown that, considering the material he had to deal with and the state of the army at that time, and the military power he had to face, the Crown Prince, even then, showed signal ability as a general; while his personal strength of character and courage were manifest to all who knew him. Moreover, it must be remembered that all the adult princes took part in the war, and showed the pluck and courage which are characteristic of the whole family.

I have entered at greater length into this one crisis in the life and reign of the late King George because I was a direct eyewitness of all that occurred then. But I would appeal to any person with a touch of altruistic imagination to realise what it must have meant to live through such a crisis, under a weight of responsibility to his own people and to the whole of Europe; to deal with his Government and with the secret society acting independently of it; to keep in check the impulsive and ambitious (though truly patriotic) nation comparatively untrained in constitutional government, with an empty exchequer and all the worries

of financial administration, and with questions before him to solve in which the interests and the interference of all the powerful nations of Europe were ever active to favour or to thwart what he thought it right to do. To have carried a nation through such a crisis when, remember, Tricoupis was dead and Venezelos had not yet arisen, was of itself an achievement which no ordinary man, statesman or monarch, could have aspired to.

But this was not the only crisis, nor perhaps the gravest one, through which the King passed during his reign. The Danish midshipman of eighteen, in the very title which he had assumed as King of the Hellenic Nation, had recognised the imperial aspirations of the people. Immediately after his accession, chiefly through the influence of Gladstone, England conferred the noble gift of the Ionian Islands on the Greek kingdom, thus encouraging the broader national, if not imperial, aspirations of the people. In 1866 the Cretans proclaimed him King of Crete ; and from that day on there were periodical revolts, which we may hope have reached their end in our own days. He had to keep his people quiet during the Russo-Turkish War, though at the time of the Treaty of Berlin, in 1878, the Greek Army had advanced into Epirus, and had to be speedily recalled through the action of the Powers. The result was that in the Treaty of Berlin the boundaries of the Greek kingdom were extended to a line which, it is hoped, will now be conceded to them after their victories. For, what had been promised to them by the Powers was not given, and in 1880 it required all the skill and energy of the King, seconded by Tricoupis, to gain one-third of what the Treaty promised the Greek nation. The Balkan crisis in Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia in 1885 again led to a premature uprising of the Greek people, which was only quelled through the blockade of the coast of Greece by the Powers from May 10th to June 7th, 1886.

There were not only the difficulties of insurrection and war with which Greece and its king had to struggle. Brigandage, an inheritance from the War of Independence and the social condition of the country, had to be put down, and was successfully put down ; roads and railways had to be built ; and all this by a poor country with the constant struggle of financial pressure. I well remember the financial crisis in 1892, when Greece was on the verge of bankruptcy and repudiation. I witnessed directly the anxieties of the King during that election of 1892. The recklessness of the party in power had then brought Greece to the verge of bankruptcy. Tricoupis and his followers strained every nerve in opposition in the House to save the financial reputation of the nation. I remember a happy repartee made by, I believe,

Karapanos, the excavator of Dodona. He had impressively warned the Government as to the dangers of bankruptcy and repudiation, and his statements were met by laughter in the House. He turned round to his opponents and said in French : "*Les Portugais sont toujours gais*" (referring to the repudiation of the Portuguese debt which had recently taken place). The elections were imminent. Greek securities abroad had fallen to the lowest depths, while foreign exchange in Greece was nearly doubled. The King explained to me that if Delyannis was returned, the confidence of the foreign markets would be lost, and bankruptcy was inevitable; while Tricoupis' return would restore confidence. But he feared that Tricoupis had no chance, and he was thus in despair. Fortunately for Greece, Tricoupis was returned, and the storm was weathered. It was on a question of military discipline that Tricoupis and the Crown Prince, the present King, fell out; and Tricoupis resigned. Who was right in this quarrel I do not venture to decide. Tricoupis was a great statesman and patriot; but the Crown Prince was, and has proved himself, a great soldier, and his patriotism was, and is, equal to that of any living Greek. There can be no doubt that the intrusion of politics into the army was a national disease, and the intrusion of politics into the law and the fixed administration of the country was one of its greatest curses at this time. This the King realised, as he suffered from it, and he maintained that the only hope of the country lay in reform in this direction. Subsequent events proved that he was right, as the Crown Prince was right in his determination to maintain discipline in the army.

I have already mentioned the crisis of 1897. The state of the country after the war was deplorable. In 1898 there was an attempt on the life of the King, which, fortunately for Greece, failed. But it had the good effect of arousing the Greek warm-hearted people to realise the debt which they owed their monarch. There was a great and universal demonstration in his favour throughout the whole country. He retained his throne during this most critical period, when all his skill and moderation were required to overcome the difficulties in Crete which arose periodically down to 1908. Then in 1909 came the gravest of all crises in the action of the Military League, who had followed the example of the Young Turkish League, the difference being that the Turks had to rise against a tyrant, whereas the real tyrant in Greece was the impulsive and irresponsible party government and mob passion. The Military League executed the abolition of the office of Commander-in-Chief held by the Crown Prince, who maintained his dignity in leaving the country while devoting himself to further military studies. The other Greek Princes had

to resign their commissions in the army. The King could only save the country by acceding to the request of the Military League. In 1910 there followed the farce of the naval dictatorship, and the army and the navy quarrelled. At the right moment the right man arose in the person of M. Venezelos, and the King again showed one of the most important functions of a ruler in recognising the qualities of a statesman, in knowing the right man when he sees him. Since that moment the King, as well as the Crown Prince, co-operated with M. Venezelos, and the wonderful result of the regeneration of the Greek army and navy, and of the whole Greek people, during these two years, has been proved to the world. When Salonica was taken it led to the serious complications which we but know from rumour, but which the understanding can fully realise. The King at once left Athens, and, aided by his tactful son, Prince Nicholas, he set things right there, where he met with his death, dying in harness.

This is but a hasty outline sketch of the life and rule of the monarch, and the difficulties with which he had to contend and which he overcame. And if we ask how this victory was achieved, where all other men whom we can think of would have failed, the explanation is to be found in the personal qualities of this man, and in the rules of life as a king which he followed from the beginning and consistently carried through to the end. His life as a king meant the subordination of everything to this one idea of maintaining his rule as a constitutional monarch in the most literal acceptation of the term for the good of the country. The good of the country meant, and means to any impartial observer of the history of Greece during the last fifty years, the retention of that dynasty. The King realised this. Thus, working for his family and dynasty was, in so far, identical with working for the ultimate good of the State. This is the only bright spot in the strenuous life of the monarch: that he could realise the ultimate harmony between the interests of the dynasty and the interests of the Hellenic nation. There are not many men who can, with clear and complete conviction, maintain that their personal and family interest is essentially and entirely identical with the interest of the life-work which lies before them outside of their family. If this was the one bright spot, it was often, if not constantly, bedimmed by the clouds and mists which surrounded his life in the execution of his royal duties. For these required a complete subordination of his personal tastes, wishes and actions to the wider issues of State: it meant constant sacrifice and self-repression, complete mastery of momentary impulse or temper, even the temporary suspension of his own convictions on important issues to avoid crises, trusting that the

right would win in the end. It even meant the acceptance of personal humiliation. What the action of the Military League in 1910 meant to him any person possessed of ordinary sympathy must realise, without being a king. The writer frankly admits that he could not have acted as the King did act. But King George undoubtedly felt that it was the supreme crisis in the history of Greece, and that he must subordinate all his feelings to the welfare of his country. What has followed fully proved that he was right.

Besides this strength of character and the general line of conduct to which he thus adhered, King George was helped in his great task by his exceptional insight into human nature and by the intimate knowledge he had of the Greek people. He recognised fully their characteristic virtues and their weaknesses. He often enlarged to the writer on the character of the Greek people, and advised him as how best to deal with them. Above all, he recognised their kindness and warm-heartedness, coupled with their alertness and sharpness of intellect. These qualities certainly make them the most promising nationality in the south-east of Europe. They possess to a higher degree than any of the other races in the Balkans the capacity for education, and the natural love of learning, which is fostered by the traditions of their claims to the inheritance, immediate or remote, of the great Greeks of old. There can be no doubt that others, such as the Bulgarians, especially in their peasantry, are possessed of striking and characteristic national virtues, and that a whole class of people among their political leaders have absorbed, especially through the training of the Roberts College of Constantinople, the fruits of Western European and American civilisation and ideas. But there can be no doubt that, taking the Greek people as a whole, and comparing them with the other nationalities in that part of the world, they are far more open to absorb Western ideas and Western ideals, and that the average of education is much higher with them. The writer even ventures to say that he has met with signal proofs of honesty among the population of the Greek Peninsula. No doubt they are still suffering from bad traditions, in which untruths are frequently spread and received. The phrase, *δὲ λα ψεύματα*, ("all lies"), is a very usual one, when they are informed of some report spread through the newspapers or other channels; the phrase is accompanied by a humorous twinkle and no resentment is shown. But this is a question of tradition in life, in trade and in politics, which can easily be superseded by better traditions as the conditions of life themselves change. At heart they are a truth-loving and honest people. This the King of Greece knew. He also knew their

fickleness, their impulsiveness, and the instability of their temper. His remark about them was : "They are really children, and must often be treated as such ; but they are generally good and kind children. You must reach them through the heart, and you must be near them personally."

Hence he realised that he could follow his own temperament which led him to the democratic customs and tone with which he addressed himself to his people and mingled among them. On the other hand, he was quite capable of resenting undue familiarity and putting people in their proper place, in spite of his essential geniality. He loved to cast off the restraint which his high office imposed upon him, and this he did freely with his intimate friends, and especially allowed himself to do in his travels abroad. He had a highly developed sense of humour and a youthful appreciation of "fun." I might be allowed to give as an instance a story I had from his own lips of an occurrence when he was travelling *incognito* on the Continent accompanied only by his *aide-de-camp*. There was an old couple in the same carriage, who proved to be German-Americans. The conversation was soon begun with them by the King, and carried on freely. They told him that they were Americans, and asked him for his nationality. He answered that he was a Greek. "But you don't look and speak like a Greek," they said. "That other man does" (pointing to the *aide-de-camp*). "Well," he answered, "you don't look and speak like Americans, but more like Germans." They answered, "We were born in Germany, but we are nevertheless true Americans." "Exactly," he said ; "well, I was not born in Greece, but I am nevertheless a true Greek." "Tell us something about the King of Greece," they asked. "What kind of a man is he?" "He is a fairly good man," he answered. "He does his best for the country." "What is his salary?" The King told them the extent of the civil list. "Can that poor country afford to pay him so much?" The King pointed out how low in the scale of civil lists it was, and continued : "They pay him nearly as much as you pay some of your presidents of railways. There is no doubt a limited supply of people suited to be railway presidents, but there are still fewer fit to be kings. They asked him to come and be their king because they thought he was fittest to do that job. Don't you think that he deserves what he gets?" They seemed to see the whole in a new light, and admitted that he must be right. He did not tell them who he was ; but they apparently discovered his identity when he greeted them in a friendly manner the next time he saw them.

Another most important quality which helped to bring about his success was his tact. Without this it would hardly have been possible to steer through all the difficult crises of his reign. I

may again illustrate his possession of this quality, coupled with coolness, by a story from his own lips.

He was chaffing his friend on his complete loss of temper, of which a report had reached him. "I suppose," I said to him, "that, as a king, you are hardly ever placed in a position in which this might occur to you?" "You are wrong there," he replied. "It has not infrequently been the case in important and critical moments. Some years ago, during a great national crisis, one of the foreign representatives was in this room at an audience to discuss a very delicate national situation. He was a tactless and quick-tempered man, and was rapidly losing his temper. The situation grew so strained that I feared that at any moment he might say, and do, something that would gravely compromise the whole affair and almost create an international incident. I felt that I must do something to check him. So I rang the bell, and a servant appeared, to whom I said: 'His Excellency is very heated and thirsty; bring a glass of water.' The servant left the room. We two remained in silence for some minutes, gazing fixedly before us. When the servant arrived with the water, I said, 'Drink, your Excellency.' With trembling hands and with a red face he drank the water, and it effectually cooled him."

But all these qualities would have been without avail if they had not been coupled with the power of work. Though fond of pleasure, he was a hard worker. I may be allowed to tell another story which, at the same time, illustrates the spirit of geniality which he infused into his intercourse with his friends. He was fond of chaffing, and, seated in his study, before his writing-table, he said to the writer (himself a hard-working man): "How I envy you and your free life of amusement and travel. Here I am pinned to my desk, working so hard that, as you see, the green cloth covering of my writing-table is all worn off from my constant work," and he put himself in the attitude of writing, with his right elbow covering the abraded portion of the cloth. "I beg your pardon," I replied. "I must apply my methods of observation before accepting your statement." And standing before the table I pointed out to him that the abrasion of the cloth was not only on the right side, but on the left side of the table as well; and I therefore showed the proper attitude of resting both elbows on the writing table, supporting a sleeping head. "This does not argue writing, but sleeping," I ventured to say. He admitted laughingly that his evidence had broken down.

Finally, I must mention the characteristic virtue which belongs to him and his whole family, namely, his pluck and courage. In spite of the attempted assassination in 1898, he persisted in walking about freely wherever he was, without protection. Sad

to say, it was owing to his refusing to be properly guarded that, no doubt, he lost his life while working for his country at Salonica.

I have but imperfectly sketched the leading characteristics of the man, but I hope that even this outline may have justified the thesis with which I started—that he was a great man and a great king.

In fine, allow me to confess an error of judgment of mine in the past which has, no doubt, been committed by others who have thought, spoken, and written on matters concerning Greek politics. Writing on modern Greece in 1895 the late Mr. C. A. Fyffe said: "Whether, in the re-adjustment of frontiers which must follow upon the gradual extrusion of the Turk from Eastern Europe, Greece will gain from its expenditure advantages proportionate to the undoubted evils which it has involved, the future alone can decide." I myself believed and maintained in former days that the Greeks were wrong in expending their substance and their energies on the army and navy in their endeavour to become a strong fighting power; and I thought that what they ought to do was to devote all their energies to the internal peaceful development of the natural resources of the country, and to the general and political education of its people; that they themselves could not hope to grapple with the Turk in actual warfare, and that combined civilised Europe would see to their protection. I admit that I was wrong. As things were, and as things are, in the whole world, civilised and uncivilised, every country must see before all things to its own protection against aggression on every side. They were right in developing their army and their navy, and they will be right in doing so in the future to their utmost power. But let them not neglect the peaceful development of the country and the education of the people. They have the natural aptitude for this in themselves and the loyal support of the widespread population of Greek nationality in every country of the globe. The day may come—perhaps it is nearer than most of us venture to hope—when the conditions as regards international relations between civilised nations will have altered. Then, perhaps, the day may come when all their energies may be turned to the higher and peaceful development of their own country and its peoples alone. Meanwhile, it is the duty of every Greek to keep green the memory of their great King, to remember the duty they owe to him, and to realise that they can repay him best by fostering unity and peace within, and by patiently working towards the firm establishment and vital growth of the kingdom that he has left them.

PHILHELLENE.

M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ.

It must be plain to anyone neither wilfully blind nor prejudiced, that the new President of the French Republic is very popular with his fellow-countrymen. They express their feeling towards him in very various ways, but there is a striking unanimity about it. A curious manifestation of public opinion is going on under our eyes; nothing quite like it has been seen in France before. Indeed, to find such another outburst of enthusiasm we must look back to the days when crowds hung on General Boulanger's movements. But the general's adherents were malcontents; his name was a rallying-cry for men "against the government"; and the crowd, ready as usual for a fling at the authorities, cheered lustily for Boulanger by way of demonstrating against the powers that be. But this time the man in the street is cheering the man in power; and he still hails the success of "his candidate" with joy, for it was he who carried his presidency; it was he who put pressure on the parliamentary vote. Three hundred senators and deputies at Versailles voted against M. Poincaré, but none of them to this day has dared to acknowledge as much to his constituents. If there had been a referendum, M. Poincaré would certainly have been elected by an overwhelming majority.

What are the causes? There are several, no doubt. The nation bore in mind that this was the statesman who brought a new spirit into political life, who tried to raise its tone and steer clear of clannish intrigues; and the nation was grateful for the laudable effort to keep national interests above party squabbles, for the resolute will to make the voice of France heard. They felt a kindness for the Lorrainer, the son of a province doubly dear to all French hearts ever since she was maimed by the misfortune of war; and lastly, they were won by the prestige of the most remarkable intellectual qualities, and fascinated by the prestige of a success as brilliant as it was rapid.

I need not retrace M. Poincaré's career during his two years' term of office when, as President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs, he shaped French foreign policy. It is the history of yesterday, and known to everybody. In these pages my only endeavour is to give a better idea of the man and his life as a whole.

M. Poincaré is fifty-two years of age. He was born at Bar-le-Duc on the 20th August, 1860, both his father and mother coming of an old Lorraine stock.

The Poincarés were a learned family. Raymond Poincaré's father, Antony Poincaré, after a very brilliant career at the Ecole Polytechnique, became Inspector-General of Railways and Irrigation. He died in 1911, only a little while before his son was made President of the Council. His brother, dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Nancy, was the father of Henri Poincaré (the new President's first cousin), the illustrious mathematician who died a few months ago. It used to be said that Henri Poincaré carried his researches so far that his learning was so great that only three or four living men of science could correspond or converse with him on his subjects.

Mme. Poincaré, too, the President's mother, whose sudden death occurred only last month, came of a family which had given lawyers and deputies to the country. Jean Gillon, one of the President's ancestors, represented the bailiwick of Verdun in the States-General at the outset of the Revolution; others sat in the Legislative Assembly for the department of the Meuse; Landry Gillon from 1830 to 1848, and Paulin Gillon several times between 1849 and 1876. Another relative was the Senator Bompard, who became famous for a saying, for an achievement rather, in 1870. When Prince Frederick Charles entered Bar-le-Duc as a conqueror, it fell to M. Bompard as mayor to receive him at the hôtel-de-ville. The German Prince, noticing a portrait on the wall, of one of Napoleon's Generals covered with decorations, asked, "Who the soldier was?" The mayor answered with a quiet and superb pride, "That is General Oudinot, born at Bar-le-Duc, and Governor of Berlin."

The enlightened and careful education which M. and Mme. Poincaré gave their children enabled them to take full possession of their race-inheritance. One of their two sons, Lucien, became a man of science like his father, and the author of several highly esteemed books. He is now Director-General of Secondary Education in France. Raymond, his senior by two years, passed without check or apparent effort through the stages of a most brilliant career.

At the lycée at Bar-le-Duc, where he was educated, the custom grew up in his time of always omitting the name of the head boy of the class when reading out the weekly list. The name was always the same, so they used to begin with the second boy. Then one day there was a sort of revolution in the lycée. Raymond Poincaré had gone down one place! It was the talk of households in Bar-le-Duc. People could not get over it. Was it carelessness? Or did he do it on purpose to see what the others would say? The surprise did not last long. One of the masters, as much astonished as everyone else, took another look at the

Latin prose over which the young prodigy had been displaced, only to recognise that a mistake had been set down in error to "élève Poincaré." The marks were corrected, and the tradition remained unbroken. It was everywhere the same—Raymond Poincaré invariably first. His successes were as discouraging to his competitors as the attempt to give the full tale of them would be to the reader.

Schooldays at Bar came to an end when he took his *baccalauréat*, as a lad of sixteen, and had to decide on his university career. Should he take arts or science? His father inclined towards the Ecole Polytechnique, thinking to make a mathematician of him, a "science man," like all the Poincarés; but Raymond preferred an arts degree, and went to study for it at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand at Paris. Growing tired of it all he longed for Bar-le-Duc, for his school, his home, his forest-country, and his letters were full of outpourings of home-sickness, the gist of them being a phrase written on the first day of term: "The heavy prison gates have closed upon me!"

Having taken his degree of *licencié-ès-lettres*, his thoughts turned to literature. He had written a few poems not without merit. Consulting his fellow-countryman, André Theuriet, poet of the Lorraine forests, he was congratulated on his attempts, but Theuriet added: "All the same, make yourself some assured position. It is not enough to be an author. I am a poet myself, but I am an official as well. Do as I did."

Military service, reduced to one year for a *licencié-ès-lettres*, came next. Raymond Poincaré spent it with an infantry regiment at Nancy.

He seems to have made a good soldier, for he incurred no punishment and won his stripes; but he by no means gave all his mind to his military duties. While his comrades were busy with their "*théorie*" (the army regulations) he was continuing his law studies and literary work, contriving in spite of it to get through his task as well as any of them. There was a day, however, when he very nearly came to grief. Private Poincaré's place was to the left of the lieutenant-instructor, who usually began his questions on the right hand; so by the time Poincaré's turn came, though he had come in without knowing what the lesson was about, he had heard what the others said, and knew it all off by heart. But, as it happened, a man on the right gave an unsatisfactory reply, and the lieutenant shouted at him, "You are nothing but an idiot! It's lucky that there's Poincaré in the platoon!"

"Much cleverness in that," growled the victim. "If I stood over on the left I should know my task better."

"While we are about it," said the lieutenant, "you go on, Poincaré."

Poincaré, never at a loss, got out an answer very far short of word-perfect.

"You don't catch me that way again," remarked the instructor. But Poincaré took care to be ready for him.

He certainly found plenty to do beside soldiering. There was reading. He devoured all the new books: history, novels, poetry, political economy. There was the final shaping of a serial (a great preoccupation) to be sent to the *Echo de l'Est* (the Bar paper); and lastly, there was his law examination to read for. Often on a march, while the others were merrily chatting, he would pull a fat volume out of his pouch and plunge into the study of international law. When he went up for his doctor's degree he was still with the colours; and he has told us himself what pains he took to let the red stripes on his corporal's tunic show through his candidate's gown. When he left the regiment it was as a sergeant; afterwards he became a reserve officer, and attained the rank of captain in a battalion of Chasseurs Alpins.

On returning to civil life he went back to Paris, and remembering Theuriet's advice to set about making a position for himself, became a member of the bar. It fell to him, as first secretary of a legal debating society, to pronounce a panegyric on Dufaure, an ex-minister, in a speech which made his reputation as an orator. He was busy also with journalistic work, writing law-reports for a time for a Paris paper, but so far had taken no part in politics. He was very young, it is true, but friends persuaded him to make a beginning.

His comrades tell a story about him. How once when coming back from a manœuvre they all began talking about what they meant to do.—"I am thinking of the magistracy," said one.—"I am going to be a solicitor."—"What are you going to be, Poincaré?"—"I don't exactly know."—"O, you are going in for politics," they decided.

It was not long before the prophecy was fulfilled. M. Develle, Minister of Agriculture, appointed young Poincaré, then twenty-five, to be his principal secretary. A councillor-general's seat for his native department of the Meuse then fell vacant, and friends put his name forward as a candidate. Chief among these was the very man who had drawn down the lieutenant-instructor's reprimand at Nancy, so that pleasant relations must have been kept up between the comrades. A few timid objections were made on the score of his youth—he was only just over the legal age—but after his first meetings scruples vanished. It was admitted that "he had the stuff in him," and he was elected. For twenty-

seven years after that he was returned for the canton without a contest.

It was a bye-election in 1887 that sent M. Poincaré to the Chamber of Deputies as member for the Commerce division of the Meuse. Two years went by, however, before he spoke in the Chamber, and when his friends grew impatient and remonstrated, he answered: "When I do begin to speak, perhaps people may think I have too much to say." His maiden speech (on the Budget) was a brilliant success. It showed that his knowledge of economics was equal to his gift as a public speaker. He had a thankless subject, but the House was charmed, and from that time forth M. Poincaré enjoyed the privilege of seeing the House fill when he rose, though finance debates are apt to send deputies flying to the lobbies or the bar. A telegram was handed to him one day just as he was mounting the steps of the tribune. His country-house in Lorraine was on fire! "Well," he said, "I cannot help it"; and putting the telegram into his pocket he went on to unfold his views on the national balance sheet in the quietest way in the world.

Young though he was, he had made such a position for himself in parliament that he was quickly appointed *rapporteur-général du budget*, and in 1893 there was talk of office for him in the Charles Dupuy Cabinet. Yet, a truly characteristic piece of politician's spite, as he had given proofs of financial ability, good care was taken not to offer him the finance portfolio. His rapid rise had given umbrage in certain quarters, and it was feared that too much favour would be shown him by giving him a chance to show what he could do, in what was taken to be his natural sphere. So manœuvres were set on foot, it is said, to give him the portfolio of education. M. Poincaré was by this time thirty-three: the youngest Minister of the Third Republic. But if those who envied him counted upon his advance being slower and less assured along the new path, they were soon undeceived. His discourse at Gounod's funeral showed the artist concealed by the politician and economist; and in debates on education, universities, and museums, he gave proof of his knowledge and mental adaptability. When another ministry was formed, nobody saw any advantage in keeping him out of the finance department. Once, but only for a short time, he did, however, return to education in 1895 under the Ribot Ministry.

Since 1898 the policy of the French Government has verged more and more to the Left. M. Poincaré, one of the leaders of the Moderate Republican party, accordingly found that he was being driven into opposition. He opposed the policy of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry, more particularly over the law

directed against the congregations. It was he who, in a speech at Rouen, on the eve of the general election of 1902, formulated the programme of the Republican Federation (the groups of Moderates under the leadership of MM. Ribot and Méline). In that speech he developed at length the reasons of their hostility to the Government: "We mean to make a stand," he said, "against a sacrilegious divorce between the Republic and liberty." He declared himself a firm believer in liberty in education (as opposed to Radical tenets), made no secret of his uneasiness as to General André's army schemes, and blamed the Government for "lowering the term of military service to catch votes"—a point not without interest just now. M. Poincaré was against the two years' service before it became law, and as President of the Republic one of his first acts was to give his assent to the proposed return to the three years' system.

Under the Combes Ministry (1902) the tendency to the Left grew more and more pronounced. Radicals and Socialists drew closer together during the anti-religious campaign, and the coalition was baptised "the Bloc" by M. Clemenceau himself.

Perhaps the tide seemed running too strongly; or, again, some electoral difficulties with opposition groups of the Right in M. Poincaré's own constituency may have rankled in his mind. At any rate, he seemed to give up the struggle. Then, like all deputies when weary of the political activities and heated controversies of the Palais Bourbon, he took the first opportunity of emigrating to the Senate, where debate is apt to grow drowsy, voices are lowered, and fervour quenched.

For several years M. Poincaré effaced himself in politics. At all events he had discreetly quitted the Republican Federation; and though he continued to sit in the Centre, his silence had done something to disarm the hostility of the Left. By degrees he grew more eligible for office; over and over again he was offered a portfolio, or even the Presidency of the Council, but he punctually refused. Once only, in 1906, he took the portfolio of finance for a few months.

He had deserted the tribune for the bar. At the Palais de Justice he had found success and fortune, till it was said that he, with M. Millerand, were the two leading barristers for business interests at Paris. Rumour said he was making a yearly income of 150 to 180,000 francs; and I should be puzzled to say if this is an over- or under-statement. He undertook a great deal of work gratuitously besides, as legal adviser to journalistic associations and literary societies, including the Society of Authors and Musical Composers, for which last he won a lawsuit involving several millions of francs, against Donizetti's heirs. As he

refused all fees, the Society presented him with a service of gold plate, which accounts for its appearance on the table at the Elysée.

M. Poincaré likes best to be regarded as a barrister. He was for many years a member of the Council of the Order of the Corporation, until he again left the bar for politics, to be made President of the Council. He would have been dean (*bâtonnier*) of the Paris bar if he had not become President of the Republic, and is said to covet the former distinction far more than the supreme magistracy. However this may be, he asked that his name might be allowed to remain on the list of members of the bar, and the Council of the Order went to the Elysée to promise that when he gave up the presidential office it should be to reign as *bâtonnier* over their Corporation instead.

Is it necessary to add that his popularity is great among his fellow-lawyers? How great, they have lately shown by the banquet given in his honour, at which almost the whole of the Paris bar was present, regardless of differing political opinions, as well as representatives from the provinces.

Law and politics have never absorbed the whole of M. Poincaré's energies. As president and member of various societies connected with art and letters, he has had many occasions for displaying in speeches or written studies the wealth of ideas, the wide reading, the brilliant qualities of method and style which opened the doors of the Académie Française to him in 1909. After Thiers, he is the only President of the Republic to be numbered among "the Forty," and he intends to occupy his arm-chair as heretofore at gatherings of that illustrious company.

The circumstances in which M. Poincaré became President of the Council of Ministers in January, 1912, are still fresh in every memory. He had just been appointed by the Senate to draw up the Franco-German agreement relating to Morocco and the Congo, when the sensational incident occurred which brought about a public collision between M. de Selves (Minister for Foreign Affairs) and M. Caillaux (President of the Council), and ended in the downfall of the Government—a crisis ensuing which threatened to be serious. M. Poincaré, when once assured of the support of MM. Léon Bourgeois and Briand, and of eminent politicians such as MM. Millerand and Delcassé, accepted office, and the changes that followed in French policy are matters of common knowledge. The new Government, in spite of certain oratorical precautions and a purely verbal adherence to the policy of the preceding Cabinets, soon came into collision, and even violent collision, with the greater number of the Left groups upon pretty nearly every question apart from foreign affairs; while

they could count, in most debates, upon the support of the Moderate Centre and the Conservative Right.

The electoral reform problem in particular led to extremely lively debates. M. Poincaré, having determined to carry the principle of proportional representation (passed by the Chamber, and about to be submitted to the Senate), was forced to fight his way, inch by inch, in the teeth of fierce opposition, from the majority of Radical deputies, more especially from ex-ministers, who thought the party stood to lose by any change in the present system.

It was no easy task at the time to intervene in the name of the Government, in polemics ever renewed with increasing confusion and acerbity. The President's oratorical gift did wonders, his powerful arguments bore down opposition. "M. Poincaré's eloquence," said a deputy (M. Charles Benoist), "is armed reason." And M. Chenu, one of the most distinguished lawyers in Paris, pronounced this curious and very just appreciation of his character: "We know popular men, men who can carry others off their feet, men whose tones and gestures can thrill and sway the multitude. But is M. Raymond one of them? We must admit, with the frankness his merits deserve, that he is not. A popular orator scores his success in other ways, and by quite other gifts than his. By physical presence, for one thing, which he has not; by a deep, vibrating metallic voice; while M. Poincaré's tones are clear, incisive and rather sharp; by breadth and energy of gesticulation; M. Poincaré is sober and sparing in his use of gesture; and by florid eloquence with few ideas behind it, whereas his language is precise and aptly chosen for the thought he means to express." But if M. Poincaré has not the tribune's impetuous fire of a Gambetta on a Jaurès, his predominant quality as a public speaker is order, clearness, and lucidity; a flood of light is poured upon the matter in hand, so that even the hearer least acquainted with the subject can follow him, not only without effort, but with positive pleasure, no matter what the complexity of the question. The most appropriate and accurate words are ranged harmoniously in phrases of sober but impeccable elegance. And yet his speeches are seldom, if ever, prepared beforehand; M. Poincaré is often called upon to speak five or six times in a day; but he has a wonderful gift of improvisation. His opening phrases, for instance, are often suggested by the previous speaker's conclusion. His last speech in parliament, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the Eastern Question, was made from a few simple notes; he spoke for half an hour without hesitation or repetitions, and the whole report as it stood was ready for publication in the *Journal Officiel*

without corrections of any sort. An hour later it fell to him to speak in the Senate on the same subject from the same notes. The framework was different this time, and the whole matter re-cast, yet he spoke with perfect ease as if he had got what he wished to say by heart.

M. Poincaré has been a writer of poetry, but he makes little use of flowers of rhetoric. An occasional witticism, often drawn from him by an interruption, may flash out in a discourse, but if the interruption is ill-natured it is apt to be met with swift and scathing irony such as few care to encounter a second time. Such retorts have made enemies for M. Poincaré among the mediocrities in every political gathering, for whom he has not tried to conceal his lofty disdain. Once when, as President of the Council, he was putting the ministerial programme before the Chamber, he read out a passage on army expenditure, which was interrupted several times by shouts from a deputy on the extreme Left of, "You want to make a job for the contractors!" M. Poincaré at last looked up. "It is nine years since I left this Chamber, so that I have not the pleasure of knowing everybody here; for those who do not know me, I may therefore say that as I can hear every interruption from every quarter, it is not necessary to repeat it. If it meets with no answer it is because no answer seems to me to be called for. I heard yours, Monsieur. I am going on with the programme."

A few minutes later, mentioning that some Ministers had not hitherto supported proportional representation, he added that members of the Government had in some cases made a sacrifice of personal preferences to the general interest. A deputy shrugged his shoulders, a gesture that was not lost on the President of the Council. "My dear colleague," he went on, "some day you, too, may know the painfulness of that sacrifice!" Roars of laughter shook the Chamber, for the deputy on whom the prospect of office was thus ironically thrust was about the most insignificant person in the House. It must be said that the same deputy was afterwards one of M. Pams' most zealous supporters.

With opponents more courteous and more worthy of his powers, M. Poincaré shows less acerbity. "The honourable M. Jaurès," he said lately in the Chamber, "possesses a rich assortment of euphemisms and periphrases in his admirable vocabulary." "You run me very close," put in the Socialist leader. "Ah," responded M. Poincaré with a smile, "I am ready to yield to you."

Portraits of the new President are to be seen everywhere, but people hardly know from them what he is like; his characteristics are not readily caught by the photographer—it is a typical

Lorrainer's face, somewhat roughly outlined, lit by keen grey eyes, nothing if not mobile and vivacious. He is about middle height, square shouldered, alert in manner, quick in every movement.

M. Poincaré is an extremely hard worker, as may be seen by an account of how one of his days was spent while he was President of the Council. Rising early, he looked through his letters, diplomatic and Home Office reports; next he received ambassadors, and gave audience to deputies, senators, and private persons. Three times a week he held a Cabinet Council (before he took office it was only held once a week), and he frequently presided at State luncheons. Going down to the Chamber in the afternoon he would often have occasion to speak three or four times if electoral reform was under discussion, or if the Eastern Question came up before the Committee for Foreign Affairs. Sometimes he hurried from the Chamber to the Senate, to keep both houses informed on the diplomatic situation; and yet he found time to take his place at the Académie Française, and was always accessible in the evening to representatives of the Press. Several times a week he presided at official, diplomatic, or public dinners; returning to his Cabinet after these festivities to attend to his own department. At a late hour at night he went back to his own home, for he never took up his abode in an official palace. On Sundays, by way of a change, he would go into the country to speak at a big political meeting or opening ceremony.

He might, however, be seen with Mme. Poincaré at the theatre now and again, for he loves plays and music. Reading is another relaxation. Of newspapers, reviews, and books he has always been a voracious reader, taking an interest in widely different subjects. He reads when on a journey, and during the holidays while walking rapidly under the trees in his park at Sampigny, or strolling along the field-paths.

M. Poincaré is no fisherman and not much of a sportsman. Nor does he play any game except dominoes, and he does not smoke. But none of his biographers forget to say how he enjoys playing with Babette, his sheep-dog, and Gris-Gris, his Siamese cat. No more was needed to make Siamese cats the fashion at Paris.

Only a few months ago scarcely anyone thought of M. Poincaré as a candidate for the Presidency. Those who know him assure me that he had no idea of it himself. He was one of M. Léon Bourgeois's supporters, and besides, he thought it too early yet to shut himself up in the Elysée. For the last few Presidents have so effaced themselves that people began to think that the office was in some sort a post that implied retirement and repose.

M. Bourgeois's withdrawal, however, and a fierce campaign made by certain persons against M. Poincaré, induced him to come forward. There was no doubt about his success from the first; no doubt either that there would be changes made under his Presidency, for he was not likely to imitate the excessive reserve of his predecessors.

His very first actions justified the expectations. French opinion applauded him, and France felt confidence, in the words of the great Conservative orator M. de Mun, "in the man whom she had seen worthily serving her national interests, increasing her prestige, and fortifying her authority."

I have read that certain friends of France, outside her own borders, noting that President Poincaré's intention of playing an active personal part in politics is announced at a time when there is said to be a recrudescence of nationalist sentiment, are feeling uneasy. I even believe that something has been said in the Press of "adventures" to be feared.

In all sincerity, this apprehension is not felt at Paris. Recent and reiterated experiments have shown that threats of war on the part of a neighbouring nation always follow any sign of relaxing vigilance in France. The law of two years' service had scarcely been voted when the Tangier voyage opened up the grave crisis of 1903. And to everyone at Paris the skies seemed quite clear, when the thunderbolt of Agadir fell from them.

A Lorrainer, of all men, is least likely to drift into dangerous illusions. Warning voices cry to him out of his native soil; for the land of courage, and sorrow, and of many heroic struggles, makes her voice heard of her sons; and her grave, meditative landscapes haunt the mind in visions which cannot be effaced. To Lorraine, as he has lately said, M. Poincaré always turns for inspiration. From the terrace of his country-house at Sampigny, in the valley where every city, almost every hamlet along the quiet Meuse is full of soldiers, and seems to exist only for national defence, the President, looking beyond the river where the earth-works and fortifications stand out against the sky along the wooded hill-sides, can fancy that he actually sees the sentinel watching at his post. But in Lorraine every man, be he soldier or peasant, keeps watch. To keep watch! to be ready—is there any surer way of conjuring peril?

Frenchmen count upon the vigilance of their Lorraine President to see that the land of France is secure from attack, and her dignity from affront. Frenchmen have hailed with confidence the promise of a policy of "good sense, straightforwardness, and firmness," and they congratulate themselves on the sympathy felt with his policy by their friends in England.

MARTIAL MASSIANI.

SEA AND AIR COMMAND : GERMANY'S NEW POLICY.

IN order to understand the newest development in armament policy in Germany, one outstanding fact must be borne in mind. Though the naval expenditure of Germany has risen since Grand Admiral von Tirpitz became Marine Minister in 1897 from £2,909,125 to upwards of £23,000,000, and though her relative strength in comparison with other Continental fleets has greatly improved, the naval predominance of Great Britain in Europe to-day is greater than it was before the passage of the first of the Navy Acts in 1898. Ample proof of this statement will be given later on in this article.

Confronted by these facts, the German naval authorities have now adopted a fresh policy ; by the development of the new aerial arm—airships and hydro-aeroplanes—they hope to turn the scales in their favour. Germany possesses already about twenty large airships and over a dozen “docks” of a permanent character, apart from private ships and “docks” subsidised by the Government and available for naval and military use, and it is now proposed to increase the number of aerial Dreadnoughts to forty, and to build many more “docks.” Cuxhaven, 300 miles from England, is to become a great airship station, with revolving sheds so as to enable the vessels to be launched whatever the direction of the wind, and to set forth, armed with quick-firing guns and provided with explosives, on missions of reconnaissance over the British arsenals and the bases where British squadrons and flotillas are being prepared for action. British naval strategy is to be robbed of secrecy, and secrecy in preparation is of the essence of successful strategy. This the Admiralstab in Berlin fully realises.

Captain von Pustau, of the German Imperial Navy, has remarked : “No country has forfeited so much of its military position through the advancing improvement of aerial craft as the Island Kingdom of England. Its otherwise all-mighty Fleet is powerless against our Zeppelin and Schütte-Lanz airships ; and, what is still more bitter, it has nothing similar to oppose to their possible attack as the French have in their flying-machine squadrons.”

Sea-power is costly, while air-power is cheap ; for the cost of a single Dreadnought of the sea, a dozen Dreadnoughts of the air, each with a revolving shed of the latest type, can be constructed. German expert opinion believes that by command of the

air Germany can neutralise our superiority on the sea, besides unnerving the civil population and thus embarrassing the Government by cruising over these islands—high above the reach of artillery—and dropping bombs. This is the confessed policy of Germany, and we have not a single long-range airship by which we can take the only effective defensive action—the strong offensive. The cause of our present undefended state is a mystery. The highest experts at the Admiralty decided as long ago as 1908 that we should have airships, and one was commenced. It was wrecked, and nothing more has been done, though everything which has since occurred has confirmed the wisdom of the decision of five years ago. We have lost the command of the air owing to this delay.

The course of recent events is particularly interesting and significant. Last year a new Navy Act was passed by the Reichstag. This measure increased the establishment of ships in accordance with a six-year schedule of shipbuilding, and made provision for an immense increase of officers and men so as to keep nearly four-fifths of the German Fleet always ready for immediate action. The effect of this measure, if it had been followed by no action on the part of Great Britain, would have been that the smaller German Fleet, being on a higher status of commissioning, would have been at "its selected moment" on an equality with the British Fleet at "its average moment," and even in some circumstances it might have possessed such a margin of superiority as to make a naval war against Great Britain not a desperate gamble, but an operation attended with insufficient risk to act as a deterrent.

The British Admiralty replied by announcing that for every additional German armoured ship laid down over and above the former Law, we should build two; and they also presented Parliament with a scheme for the expansion of the *personnel*. Whatever hopes had been entertained in Germany of overtaking us in the race for sea-power were thus disappointed, since the new German shipbuilding scheme was discounted on a two-keels-to-one basis.

The outlook was not encouraging to the Marineamt, and it has now decided to reply not in terms of costly sea-power, but in terms of cheap air-power. For years past, while official spokesmen in this country—and, it must be confessed, Englishmen generally—have regarded the airship as a German fad of no practical importance, tests and experiments have proceeded on the other side of the North Sea. By liberal orders and by the payment of large subventions to manufacturers and others, not only has a fleet of airships been created, but an active industry has been established

capable of responding to any reasonable demand. Convinced that air-power and sea-power are inseparable and interdependent, the naval authorities have now presented to the Reichstag an aerial programme as definite and methodical in character as the ship-building programmes of successive Navy Laws. It provides for airships and hydro-aeroplanes and for aerial harbours, workshops, gasworks, and all the apparatus necessary for the development of the new arm on a large scale as well as for the necessary officers and men.

This programme on its presentation to the Reichstag was accompanied by a memorandum on air-power, which will probably become as famous as that on sea-power which was appended to the Navy Law of 1900. In this new document it is stated :—

“The new weapon has for the purpose of the Navy brought a valuable extension and supplementation of tactical and strategic reconnaissance, and can also, under certain circumstances, be employed as a means of attack.”

The motive underlying German aerial policy is unmistakable. It is hoped by the aid of this new arm—and particularly by the aid of long-range airships—to neutralise British naval superiority.

The dominating fact, which it is perilous for us to ignore, is that in a year or two Germany will have two squadrons of airships, heavily armed and capable of carrying considerable loads of high explosives, stationed at Cuxhaven, immediately opposite the bases of our flotillas of destroyers and submarines, and within practicable navigation distance of all our great naval ports. Moreover, she is also developing her service of hydro-aeroplanes, and is thus providing herself on a large scale with battleships, scouts, and mosquito craft of the air in the firm belief that thus she will render ineffective our superiority in battleships, scouts, and mosquito craft of the sea.

But it may be asked whether we have, as has been stated, any great naval superiority on the sea. It might sometimes be imagined from much which is written and spoken in this country that the supremacy of the sea had already passed from us. This is by no means the fact.

Keeping in mind the changes in the political conditions which have occurred in the past fifteen years, we may turn to an examination of the relative strength of the British Fleet in 1898, when the first German Navy Act was passed, and in the present year after the adoption of the fifth successive measure for the expansion of the German Fleet. Fortunately there is available the most authoritative material for such an examination. On May 17th, 1898, on the motion of the late Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., the Admiralty issued a White Paper entitled, “Navy (Fleets of Great

Britain and Foreign Countries)." At the end of March last the naval authorities published a similar return on the motion of Mr. W. H. Dickinson, M.P., showing the position on January 1st, 1913. From these two official papers the following statement has been prepared, showing the Fleets of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Austria-Hungary,¹ *after omitting all battleships, coast defence ships, and armoured cruisers over twenty years old from the date of launch.*

BATTLESHIPS.

				1898			1913		
				Battle-ships	Coast Defence ships ³		Battle-ships		
Great Britain	33 ²	...	0 ²	...	62	
France	21	}	11	}	21	} 92
Russia	11		6		9	
Germany	16 ⁴	}	6 ⁴	}	36	} 58
Italy	9		—		9	
Austria	7		3		13	
Position of Great Britain in battleships in relation to the rest of Europe, excluding Germany				33 to 48 equals	—	—	—	62 to 52 equals	
Germany				minus 15	...	—	...	plus 10	

In 1898 the British strength in battleships and coast defence vessels as compared with France, the next greatest naval Power, was in proportion of 390·5 thousand tons displacement to 226·3.

In 1913, coast defence ships having in the meantime disappeared, the British strength in battleships and battle-cruisers as compared with Germany, the next greatest naval Power, is in the proportion of 1,012·7 thousand tons to 530·0.

In 1916 the British predominance over Germany alone will not be so great, but under the British and Dominion programmes already announced—including the Canadian ships—it will rise to nearly two keels to one in the latest types in 1920; by that date, however, the Italian, Austrian, French and Russian Fleets will have greatly gained in strength. These four countries have twenty-six battleships and battle-cruisers building as compared with the British thirteen.

(1) The navy of Austria-Hungary was so insignificant in 1898 that it was not included in the Admiralty return, and for the purpose of this article reliance has been placed on the *Naval Annual* of 1898.

(2) Excluding two battleships and one coast defence ship with muzzle-loading guns, and therefore practically useless, as all contemporary ships in other fleets carried breech-loaders.

(3) No coast defence ships have since been built, and they are now useless.

(4) The German battleships were small, but they were very heavily armoured and with a considerable armament; the coast defence ships were also small vessels, but each carried a 12-inch gun.

ARMoured CRUISERS.

	1898		1913
Great Britain	9	...	34
France	9	} 16	20
Russia	7		6
Germany	3	} 7	9
Italy	3		9
Austria	1		3
Position of Great Britain in armoured cruisers in relation to the rest of Europe excluding Germany	9 to 20 equals minus 11	...	34 to 38 equals minus 4

PROTECTED AND OTHER CRUISERS.

	1898		1913
Great Britain	106	...	86
France	41	} 46	14
Russia	5		8
Germany	28	} 51	45
Italy	16		14
Austria-Hungary	7		9
Position of Great Britain in protected and other cruisers in relation to the rest of Europe, excluding Germany	106 to 69 equals plus 37	...	86 to 45 equals plus 41

DESTROYERS AND TORPEDO BOATS.¹

	1898		1913
Great Britain	148	...	300
France	211	} 385	239
Russia	174		122
Germany	113	} 322	205
Italy	142		100
Austria-Hungary	67		72
Position of Great Britain in destroyers and torpedo boats in relation to the rest of Europe, excluding Germany	148 to 594 equals minus 346	...	300 to 533 equals minus 233

SUBMARINES.

	1898		1913
Great Britain	—	...	4
France	—	...	61
Russia	—	...	29
Germany	—	...	18
Italy	—	...	12
Austria-Hungary	—	...	6

These tables give a bird's-eye view of the great European navies at the date when the first German Navy Act was passed

(1) Most of the foreign torpedo boats were small in 1898, while fifty of the British vessels were destroyers of the then new type.

and in the year succeeding the adoption of the fifth successive measure of expansion.

It is true that Germany possesses to-day rather more than twice as many battleships and armoured cruisers as she possessed fifteen years ago, and that they are far more powerful; it is also true that she has added considerably to her strength in protected cruisers and in above-water torpedo craft; it is also true that whereas her Fleet was one of the weakest in Europe in 1898, it is now the second strongest. But it is also true that the actual strength of the British Navy has, as a result of German action, been so increased that even to-day it is twice as strong in ships as that of Germany, with a *personnel* of 139,000 as compared with 66,000.

The movement which Germany has financed at such colossal cost has placed her in the position of the second greatest naval Power in the whole world, but it has also put such pressure upon the British people that to-day, in relation to all the other Powers of Europe, Germany only excepted, the British Navy occupies a position of supremacy which it has not occupied since the years immediately following upon the battle of Trafalgar.¹

Nor does this complete the picture. Germany's position is not improving in contrast with the accumulated strength available for the defence of British interests. Grand Admiral von Tirpitz has gathered round him a great number of writers and speakers who handle with something less than the highest political skill the mass of information on foreign affairs and naval matters which issues from the Press Bureau of the German Admiralty. These naval enthusiasts, led by the German Minister of Marine, remind one of a familiar country scene. An inexperienced and rather excited drover is endeavouring to take to market a large number of cattle, and he is assisted by a group of imperfectly trained dogs. These animals are very intent upon pleasing their master, and they bark and show their teeth to such an extent that they frighten the cattle and create a scene of confusion which lands the drover into difficulties with which he cannot cope. This is a parable. The people of the British Isles are the cattle, Admiral von Tirpitz is the drover, and the dogs are the German journalists and Navy League lecturers.

In creating the naval movement in Germany, so much noise has been made, so much dust thrown up, and such violent animosity excited, that not merely have the people of the United

(1) This predominance will not continue if the programmes of the Triple Allies are realised in the time anticipated, and the British margins of safety in the principal strategical theatres as against these Powers will be somewhat narrow five or six years hence; but the predominance to-day is undoubted.

Kingdom been frightened into taking precautions which have resulted in the relative position of the British Fleet in relation to the old-established fleets of the Continent being maintained on a higher standard than before, but the peoples of the oversea Dominions have been reminded of the fact that their every interest depends upon the maintenance of British sea-power, and they have been compelled to take their stand beside the Mother Country. When Grand Admiral von Tirpitz began his work of naval expansion in Germany, he was faced by the British Fleet in isolation ; to-day he is faced by an immensely stronger British Fleet plus a quota of ships provided by the Dominions. Nor is this all. The shouting and barking has made it seem desirable to France and Russia to bury the old quarrels with England ; and thus not only has the German Marine Minister consolidated the British Empire, but he has forced England, France, and Russia into an *entente*, and now his colleague, the Minister of War, through the agency of the new German Army Bill, is making firmer and stronger the bonds which unite these three European Powers and those other bonds between Great Britain and the Dominions overseas.

These have been the results of the armament movement in Germany. An island kingdom and the centre of a maritime Empire, we are less concerned than others with the amazing development of the German Army. But the combined naval and military movement has produced its inevitable result upon the British proposals for shipbuilding in future years.

This is a story which German publicists might study with profit. One of the issues at the General Election in the United Kingdom in 1906 was the scale upon which we should maintain the Navy and Army. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gave his party a decisive lead in favour of retrenchment and reform. One of the cries raised by the Liberals was that the Unionist party had been profligate in its expenditure on the Navy and the Army, and particularly upon the former. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a conspicuously honest man—he preached what he practised. Believing that if England gave the lead to Europe and the world in the limitation of naval armaments other countries would follow her example, he abandoned the Cawdor programme, which forecasted the construction of four large armoured ships annually and other vessels in adequate proportion. In 1906 only three large armoured ships were laid down, the keel of not a single cruiser was placed in position, and only two destroyers were begun. In the following year the same number of big ships were authorised, together with only one small cruiser and five destroyers. Then, in the spring of 1908, the Admiralty submitted

to the House of Commons a programme of only two Dreadnoughts, with six small cruisers and sixteen destroyers. In the first three years of Liberal administration in this country only eight large armoured ships, seven small cruisers, and twenty-three destroyers were laid down.

How did Germany respond to this well-meant, but perhaps quixotic, action on the part of the British Government? During these three years she began ten large ships—two more than England—the same number of small cruisers, and thirteen more destroyers, and great additions were made to her *personnel*, while that of England was reduced. She did, however, more than this. Believing that the Liberal Party was more intent upon a costly programme of social reform than upon national security, the German Government introduced in 1908 a new German Navy Law, supplementing the one of 1906 adopted immediately the Liberals in this country came into power. This measure carried into effect for a period of four years the very Cawdor programme which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in his keen desire for naval economy, had abandoned as being excessive even for the greatest naval Power. This was Germany's response, not to a promise of retrenchment but to an actual and almost dangerous reduction of the British programme in three successive years.

The moral which British statesmen were bound to draw from such action was unmistakable, and in the following naval programme an effort was made to readjust the balance. Eight Dreadnoughts were laid down, together with six small cruisers, twenty destroyers, and a number of submarines. Germany was outmanœuvred. In the succeeding three years the British Government began fourteen more Dreadnoughts to ten commenced by Germany, and, in addition, they laid down seventeen small cruisers to Germany's six, and sixty destroyers to Germany's thirty-six. The reply which was made from Downing Street to the German attempt to overtake us in the construction of ships of the latest types was thus immediate and impressive.

Then Mr. Churchill came upon the scene in succession to Mr. McKenna, who had shown the highest nerve and statesmanship as First Lord of the Admiralty when Germany's refusal to limit her naval armaments was seen to be beyond doubt, and the time came to readjust the balance of naval strength which Germany, taking advantage of the attitude of the Liberal Party towards armaments, had endeavoured to turn against England. Mr. Churchill decided to adopt a new method in the endeavour to bring the rivalry in naval armament to an end. In the speech with which he introduced his first Navy Estimates in March,

1912, he laid down specific standards of naval strength, which may be thus summarised :—

(a) A 60 per cent. superiority in vessels of the Dreadnought type over the German Navy on the basis of the then existing Fleet Law "with other and higher standards for smaller vessels." He announced that "If Germany were to adhere to her existing Law, we believe that standard would, in the absence of any unexpected development in other countries, continue to be a convenient guide for the next four or five years so far as this capital class of vessel is concerned." Mr. Churchill, in making this announcement, carefully guarded himself against misrepresentation, pointing out that "every addition which Germany makes or may make to the new ships she lays down each year must accelerate the decline in the relative fighting value of our pre-Dreadnoughts, and therefore requires special measures on our part."

(b) "If we are now," Mr. Churchill added, "as it would seem, and I fear is certain, to be confronted with an addition of two ships to the German construction in the next six years—two Dreadnoughts—two ships spread over six years, we should propose to meet that addition on a higher ratio of superiority by laying down four ships in the same period, spreading them, however, conveniently over the six years so as to secure the greatest evenness in our finances."

The Admiralty, on the basis of this double standard, forecasted alternative programmes for six years—the first if no new Fleet Law were passed in Germany, and the second if a new Fleet Law were adopted. New naval legislation was, as a matter of fact, passed in Germany two months later, and we are therefore only concerned with the second alternative programme, namely, of twenty-five British ships—in the years 1912 to 1917—to the fourteen German ships provided under her amended Law of 1912.

In making this forecast of British policy, Mr. Churchill definitely stated that—

"Any retardation or reduction in German construction within certain limits will be promptly followed here, as soon as it is apparent, by large and fully proportionate reduction. . . .

"I have to say 'within certain limits,' because, of course, both Great Britain and Germany have to consider, among other things, the building of other Powers, though the lead of both those countries is at present very considerable over any other Power besides each other."

In order that there might be no misunderstanding of the offer made by the Admiralty, Mr. Churchill explained exactly how

this offer would be carried out if it were accepted by Germany for the present year—that is, for 1913–14. He proposed to drop five British Dreadnoughts if Germany dropped three. This offer was not accepted. It was interpreted apparently as a sign not of conscious strength, but of increasing weakness.

Nevertheless, with undaunted hopes Mr. Churchill made the offer in even more specific terms in his recent speech when introducing the Navy Estimates of the present year. Elaborating the forecast of British construction in the light of fuller knowledge of the naval situation, he explained that the policy of the Admiralty was as follows :—

(a) It is intended to construct twenty-five British ships to Germany's fourteen, a ratio of eighteen to ten. "The difference between these programmes and a standard of construction of two keels to one over the whole period of these six years amounts," Mr. Churchill pointed out, "to only three ships."

(b) The ship given by the Federated Malay States and the three vessels to be presented by Canada, together with the battle-cruiser *Australia*, built at the charge of the Commonwealth Government, will be regarded as additional to the British programme—"That," he added, "being the specific condition on which they were given and accepted."

(c) Two ships will be added to the British total of twenty-five "for every extra vessel laid down by Germany."

(d) Additional to this total, the First Lord finally declared, "will be any ships which we may have to build in consequence of new naval developments in the Mediterranean."

The First Lord again offered that if Germany would not lay down her fewer number of ships in any year, we would abandon our larger number. Ships in hand under former programmes would, of course, continue to advance to completion, but for one year there would be a "holiday" as regards the laying of new keels. In other words, if the proposal were adopted for the next financial year—1914–15—we should abandon our four capital ships to the two of Germany, and so on in the various classes. The scheme would not interfere with progress upon ships of earlier programmes under construction, but instead of England beginning further new vessels, representing a capital outlay of £14,000,000 or £15,000,000, and Germany a programme of £7,000,000 or £8,000,000, both countries would keep their money in their exchequers.

It might have been imagined, and Mr. Churchill was justified in thinking, that at a moment when Germany was facing a German Army Bill involving a capital outlay of £52,000,000, with a continuing charge of £9,500,000 annually, she would have

welcomed such a respite, particularly in view of the manner in which the British Fleet will, under the new Imperial *régime*, steadily increase its lead over her in the years immediately ahead. As Mr. Churchill has already explained to the House of Commons, comparisons of battle strength must now be made on a threefold basis, since "the differences between the super-Dreadnoughts, with their 13·5-inch or heavier guns, and the Dreadnoughts are no less great than those between the Dreadnoughts and the pre-Dreadnoughts." The First Lord added :—

"Surveying, then, these three classes, we find that our tail of pre-Dreadnoughts is enormously preponderant, but growing old; our middle piece comprises fourteen Dreadnoughts, sixteen if the *Australia* and *New Zealand* are counted, eighteen if the *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon* are counted, against eleven comparable German ships.

"Our head, which consists of twenty super-Dreadnoughts built and building, or twenty-one including the *Malaya*, or twenty-four if the Canadian battleships are added, would be measured against a comparable German construction at present in view of twelve super-Dreadnoughts.

"If to these totals were added on both sides the remaining ships forecasted in the programmes which I indicated last year—namely, twenty-one to the British total and twelve to the German total—we arrive at the position in 1920 of forty-one British super-Dreadnoughts built and building, or forty-five if the Canadian and Malayan ships are included, against twenty-four German super-Dreadnoughts, or a preponderance, in by far the most powerful class of vessel, which approaches two keels to one.

"Even at that date our superiority in pre-Dreadnoughts will not have wholly ceased to count, but the House will see that, as it gradually passes away, provision has been made in the Admiralty programme, which I announced to Parliament last year, for counterbalancing what I may describe as the growing obsolescence of our once powerful tail by the increasing preponderance of our still more powerful head."

The naval scales, owing to the adoption of a higher British standard of construction and to the assistance of the Dominions, is turning not in favour of, but against, Germany.

And yet Germany refused—so far as can be judged from the German Press—this sporting offer. She not only did this. Immediately an aerial programme, involving an expenditure of £2,500,000,¹ was produced as an extension of her naval programme. It is held by German naval officers that by obtaining command of the air, Britain's command of the sea can be neutralised. With an increasing weakness in super-Dreadnoughts as against the British Empire, Germany is now turning to the construction of aerial Dreadnoughts—ships of great speed, comparatively heavy gun-power, and devastating, destructive capacity owing to the loads of explosives which they can carry.

(1) Apart from a sum of over £4,000,000 to be spent on the development of the aerial services of the Army.

From the moment that Germany or any other nation secures command of the air, Britain ceases to be an island. This is a very disturbing fact. The British people cannot permit their geographical advantages to be taken from them. High-angle guns and shell-proof magazines, after the heart of Colonel Seely, are petty measures; an offensive policy, and not the weak defence of a minor European State, must be adopted. Our aerial policy must correspond to our naval policy. It has not been the custom for the British Navy to permit an enemy to come to these islands and fight; it has been our policy that whatever battles have to be fought shall be fought on the enemy's coast. Consequently for hundreds of years the peoples of these islands have not known intimately the meaning of war. Their battles have been won far away. But now airships will change this favourable condition unless we take appropriate and decisive action.

As the Admiralty once explained in a memorandum on sea-power: "The traditional rôle of the British Navy is not to act on the defensive, but to prepare to attack the force which threatens—in other words, to assume the offensive." This is the policy of safety which we have always adopted except on one occasion, when, acting on the defensive, England kept her ships in harbour, unrigged and unmanned, with the result that the Dutch came up the Medway and burnt the British ships-of-war at their moorings. As we have claimed supremacy on the sea, so if our naval expenditure is not to be wasted, to greater or less extent as the aerial arm of Germany develops, we must at all costs create an air fleet of corresponding size. We must, as Mr. Churchill has admitted, provide ourselves with "long-range airships" like those which Germany has built and is continuing to build. These ships are Dreadnoughts of the air, with guns for offensive and defensive action in the cars underneath and on the platforms above. They have a radius of action not greatly inferior to the best of our battleships, and they have more than twice the speed. They can spy out the disposition of our squadrons and flotillas, and thus handicap our admirals, since secrecy is of the essence of successful strategy. They can cruise over our naval bases, our arsenals, and our magazines, sending back intelligence by wireless telegraphy, and they can carry great quantities of explosives with which to spread disaster among us. The peril of the airship is admitted. It is no reply to provide a few high-angle guns, to distribute ammunition in many magazines instead of a few, or to adopt other measures of defensive weakness. We must build a fleet of airships of our own, and the work must be undertaken at once.

Germany has so encouraged this particular industry that she

can now construct and equip ten or twelve a year; we in this country have scoffed at the airship, and it is not certain, so backward is the industry here, that we can build a single one in a year, and it is certain that many will prove failures, and the foundation for other failures before a successful type is evolved. We have to begin very much where Count Zeppelin began in 1897; we may take less time in reaching the stage which Germany has now reached, but we are at present at a serious disadvantage. Germany has four or five firms which have dearly bought experience; we have none, unless it be Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., who may have plumbed some secrets in building the unfortunate *May Fly*—secrets which they have been unable to use.

We cannot reply to the aerial danger by developing our naval or military strength, but we must take the offensive in the air, threatening with our superior airships, in numbers proportionate to our naval strength, any potential enemy. We are now open to attack by Germany, and we must lose no time in placing ourselves in a position to retaliate. When we have asserted—as we can assert in time if we have the will, energy, and determination—our power in the air, we probably shall find that Germany will welcome a “naval holiday.” At present she believes that she holds the trump card, and therefore, defeated in the struggle for the trident of Neptune, she is devoting every effort to seize and use for her own ends the command of the air in order to neutralise our naval superiority.

Leeway there is to make up, but if instant action is taken there is no reason why we should not repeat the triumph of the submarine. We awaited developments, and then at last determined on action. A little over ten years ago we had no submarines, as we have no long-range airships to-day, while France had large flotillas; as soon as the decision to create flotillas was reached, British naval officers and British firms responded with a will, and now we have a larger number of effective submarines than any other Power, and they are more efficient. Again an emergency has arisen, and if immediate steps are taken there is no reason why we should not make as secure our command of the air as we are making secure our command of the sea, convinced that the future will show that aerial power and naval power are interdependent and inseparable. The essential point is that we must adopt in aerial matters our well-tried policy in naval matters—the bold offensive. Our airships, like our sea-ships, must be able to carry war to the enemy's frontiers and thus free us from its horrors. This is the only policy compatible with safety, and to that policy we must now bend all our splendid industrial and scientific resources if we are not to incur the risk of our naval supremacy passing from us.

EXCUBITOR.

ISABELLA II.'S LAST REVOLUTION.

ONE might have expected that Isabella's first experiences of Revolution would have taught her a lesson. They certainly were painful and humiliating experiences; and the humiliation continued even after Espartero had come to the rescue and saved the throne on the understanding that there should thenceforward be more purity on his Sovereign's domestic hearth. Not only printed, but also personal, insults had to be endured. Her mother had to be smuggled out of Madrid at the dead of night for fear lest an angry populace should pitch her into the Manzanares. Spanish gentlemen pointedly remained covered in her presence at the Italian Opera; and Garrido, in *L'Espagne contemporaine*, draws a painful picture of the scene at the first reception which she held, after the meeting of the Cortes :—

"The Deputies merely bowed to the Queen, as they would have bowed to any other woman. When she offered her hand to the first of them who presented himself, thinking that he would kiss it, he ignored the act, and left her with her hand extended : an affront which brought a crimson flush to her cheeks."

We owe to the same writer a similar picture of the scene when, after a review, General San Miguel, Inspector-General of the Militia, came with the officers of the corps to pay homage to the Queen :—

"The latter, having it in their minds that their action might be regarded as indicating loyalty, or having a political significance incompatible with the privileges of the assembly, went straight from the Palace to the houses of Espartero and O'Donnell, the representatives respectively of the people and the army, and made to the two generals the identical declaration which they had just made to Isabella."

Isabella, however, was not yet beaten. The resource of intrigue remained. Playing on the jealousies subsisting between Espartero and O'Donnell, she quickly got rid of the former. The latter obliged her by making a counter-Revolution, which practically re-established absolute government, in 1856; and then she played a characteristic trick on him, inducing him to make his exit in a huff in consequence of the reappearance at Court of Narvaez—the dandy of blood and iron, being destined this time to triumph in the character of dandy.

It was at a ball given to celebrate her birthday. She was very

fond of dancing, and she preferred partners who danced well. Narvaez was a dapper little man, who still danced admirably in spite of his advancing years; and O'Donnell was a clumsy giant who danced abominably. It seemed to O'Donnell that he was entitled, in virtue of his political position, to be the Queen's partner for the first dance, even though he could only drag her through it. Isabella, who did not want to be dragged through the dance, but to enjoy it, gave her arm to Narvaez instead. O'Donnell, being wounded in his vanity, went home and wrote out his resignation. Isabella accepted it, and Narvaez reigned in his stead.

Or, rather, Isabella reigned, making use thenceforward of Narvaez and O'Donnell alternately, enjoying the taste of the absolute power which the counter-Revolution had placed in her hands, pitting the one man against the other so capriciously that, though they both kept order and gave Spain a comparatively tranquil time, neither of them was able to establish a really stable and efficient Administration. With the result that trouble was all the time brewing: trouble which was to come to a head when they were out of the way, and weaker successors tried to govern by methods still more high-handed than theirs. For, in the meantime, new ideas had gained currency, new men had come to the front, and new parties had been consolidated.

Within the Palace there had come to the front a new favourite, who aspired to be something more than a favourite, and to take an actual part in the government of the country: one Carlos Marfori, the son of an Italian cook, who, after beginning life as a strolling-player, obtained a subordinate post in the Civil Service, and was promoted to be Governor of Madrid and Chief of the Royal Household; an upstart with a fine theatrical swagger who took his place in the Royal carriage with such an air that anyone who did not know would have supposed that he was the King, and that dapper little Don Francisco was his deferential gentleman-in-waiting. The majesty of his mien and the ostentation of his appearance, in such striking contrast with the absurdity of his origin, brought the Court scandals home even to those who were most willing to ignore them. When Isabella danced with him, she was rather obviously dancing on the edge of a volcano: a volcano whose preliminary rumblings began to be audible in the 'sixties.

They were rumblings which proceeded at once from the army and the civil population. Espartero was, indeed, too old to count any longer as a possible leader of military revolt; but his mantle, together with a double portion of his spirit, had fallen upon General Prim—another self-made man, more effectively made

than Espartero—the son of a Catalonian butcher. He had been out of the way during the troubles of 1854—attached to the staff of Omar Pacha's army in the East; and O'Donnell had since kept him out of the way by employing him in Morocco and in Mexico; but he was now home again, and accepted as “the sword” of the Progressive party—a sharper and more trusty and resolute sword than Espartero had ever been. He was to be the sword, not only of the old Progressives, but also of the new Democrats, who hung on the words of Don Emilio Castelar, orator and journalist, the son of a Cadiz tradesman, and Professor of the Philosophy of History at the University of Madrid.

Those Democrats had never counted in Spanish politics before. They had been too few in numbers and too vague in their ideals. Their numbers, however, were increasing, and Castelar had defined their ideals in a so-called *Formula of Progress*—nebulous, indeed, in some of its clauses, but precise enough in others. They demanded not merely “Equal Consideration and Respect for all Manifestations of the Human Spirit,” which might mean anything or nothing according to the rhetorical exigencies of the moment. They also wanted universal suffrage, freedom of the Press, trial by jury, the abolition of compulsory military service, &c.—a practical and concrete body of doctrine to which they attached more importance than to a mere change of *personnel* in Government offices.

Prim and the Democrats were gradually to be drawn together; and Isabella, in the meanwhile, taking neither of them seriously, continued to dance on the edge of the volcano, meaning no particular mischief, and quite unconscious of the mischief that she was doing: a spoiled child who had grown into a silly woman, and desired nothing except to be allowed to enjoy herself in her own way—to be embraced by her favourite lover, and then to receive absolution from her favourite priest. It seemed to her that these were elementary human rights, and that the Queen of Spain was the last person in the world to whom they should be denied. She could boast that the Supreme Pontiff himself did not deny them to her, since he sent her, one Epiphany, a Mystic Rose, blessed with his own hands: a distinction reserved for ladies of exalted rank whom his Holiness desired to signalise as “patterns of all feminine virtues.” Why, then, should Spain cry out against feminine courses of which the Vicar of Christ approved?

Nor would Spain have exclaimed very vehemently at the spectacle of a dissolute Court if there had been nothing else to complain of. Isabella's subjects were prepared to pardon her a good deal because she was *muy Española*—because she preferred

Spanish mantillas to French bonnets, and threw money to beggars in handfuls, without looking to see whether it was copper, or silver, or gold that she was distributing. But there were various things to which everybody except the Ministers, the courtiers, and the lovers did object: the constant interference of priests and lovers with public affairs; the mess of maladministration; the obvious imminence of national bankruptcy and the imposition of unpopular taxes to stave off the day of crises. So that the idea gained ground that it was time, as some said, to "remove traditional obstacles," and, as others put it, more brutally, to "pitch the throne out of the window"; and it came to be understood that Prim would undertake the task.

It was so clearly understood that this would happen that *The Times* sent Gallenga to Madrid to see it happen; and Gallenga called on Prim and besought him to give him what he would probably have called "the tip"—a thing which Prim, who desired "a good Press," considerably did, when he was walking in the Calle Alcala on New Year's Eve. Prim's phaeton then drove by; and Prim pulled it up with a jerk, in order that he might speak to the journalist. "We are going shooting," he said in Spanish; while his *aide-de-camp*, Milans del Bosch, leaned down and whispered in English:

"Look out for squalls; the day has come."

And then Gallenga understood that the so-called shooting-party was to be the occasion of a *pronunciamiento*.

The first *pronunciamiento*, however, missed fire. Information had leaked out and precautions had been taken. Instead of marching on Madrid, Prim had to march for the Portuguese frontier, admitting that he was beaten, but vowing that he would return and try again. O'Donnell, who was in office at the time, made light of the incident, and took no stern measures; possibly because, remembering his own performance at Vicalvaro, he was reluctant to figure in the character of Satan rebuking sin. A popular rising in Madrid in the following June was put down much more bloodily, though not bloodily enough to please the Palace; for a message came to O'Donnell to the effect that the Queen desired all the prisoners without exception to be shot, without other proof of guilt than the establishment of their identity.

One may hope that the message did not really come from her, but emanated from the favourite with whom she sinned, or the priest who was accustomed to absolve her for her sins. That is on the whole, more likely than that she had passed through terror to hysteria, and through hysteria to a cruelty which even soldiers

reproved. O'Donnell, however, accepted the message as hers, and made a reply of memorable bitterness :—

“Does not the lady understand that, if we were to shoot all the prisoners taken in arms against her, the blood would rise until it drowned her even in her boudoir?”

A retort which rankled, and presently led to such strained relations that O'Donnell stalked out of the Palace, vowing that he would never set foot in it again; while Isabella pursued him with her resentment even beyond the grave, and when he died, a disappointed man, refused to let her carriage follow the funeral.

Meanwhile Narvaez once more took office, with Gonzalez Bravo as second in command, and the *régime* of repression was intensified. The Press was gagged, and Prim's second attempt to raise the country was checked by a sufficient fusillade, while inconvenient leaders of opinion were banished to provincial places. Narvaez, however, was getting an old man; and he died, soon after O'Donnell, in April, 1868. The last words which he stammered out on his death-bed, after explaining that he had no enemies whom he need forgive, were :—“*Esto secabo*—It is finished.” He meant that, though he had not lived to go down with the ship, the ship would go down with him because he left no successor to whom he could confidently bequeath the task of saving it. All the soldiers who counted for anything had been alienated; not Prim only, but also the generals who had hustled Prim into Portugal and retaken the barracks which the Madrid mutineers had seized—Dulce, and Serrano, and Zabala, and Cordova, and others of about equal mark. Between Absolutism and Anarchy—between Isabella and expulsion—there stood only Narvaez's inadequate henchman, Gonzalez Bravo, the comic journalist.

He did his best, not lacking what some called effrontery and others nerve, to show that the civilian's little finger was thicker than the soldier's loins, and to chastise with scorpions those whom Narvaez had only chastised with whips. When Don Enriquez, the King's brother, protested against the rule of tyranny, he was deprived of his commission in the army and of his rank as an Infant of Spain. When there was reason to suspect that Serrano and certain other generals were conspiring to give Isabella's throne to her brother-in-law, the Duc de Montpensier, they were arrested and despatched, some of them to the Canaries, and others to the Balearic Islands; while Montpensier himself was deported to Portugal. But all in vain; for Prim was in London, holding the threads of several conspiracies in his hands, preparing to act on behalf of all the conspirators—fomenting revolution with the money which the Duc de Montpensier had provided.

His task was the diplomatic one of finding a formula which all the revolutionists could accept; and his formula was, in effect, the favourite phrase of old Espartero: that the will of the nation must be carried out. They would have their Revolution first; that is to say, they would pitch the throne out of the window, and then they would be guided by circumstances—summoning the Cortes, and letting the Cortes decide. That was the *modus vivendi*—a dangerous postponement, according to some critics, of an inevitable day of reckoning, but probably the chief condition precedent of any effective revolution whatsoever. It not only brought the Democrats and the various groups of Progressives together; it also brought together the men who controlled the money and the men who controlled the guns.

The Duc de Montpensier "put up" the money; and it is characteristic of him that he haggled over the amount. Prim took the money and distributed it judiciously. He is said to have assured Napoleon III., on whose benevolent attitude a good deal depended, that he was not proposing to dethrone Isabella on Montpensier's behalf; and he may well have considered that his formula, stipulating that the nation itself should determine its own destinies, covered the ground, and would suffice to dispel charges of bad faith, whatever happened. He may also have felt certain that the nation, freely consulted, would have nothing to say to Montpensier, whom it despised as a money-grubber, and had contemptuously nicknamed "the orange merchant," because of his habit of selling the vegetables grown on his estates near Seville. At all events, he committed himself to as little as possible beyond the proposition that there should be a fair field and no favour for the advocates of all solutions of the problem.

Gonzalez Bravo was aware of Prim's plots, and had a spy in his house, studying the contents of his waste-paper basket. Prim caught the spy in the act, but, instead of kicking him into the street, keep silence, and filled the waste-paper basket with misleading information. Consequently, when the hour came, he had no difficulty in getting away in disguise from Southampton to Gibraltar, and thence to Cadiz, where he joined Admiral Topete in the nick of time, that Admiral having been moved to action by Gonzalez Bravo's proposal to adjust the balance of a disgraceful budget by cutting down the expenses of the fleet.

The Admiral, in so far as he was a politician at all, was Serrano's man; and Serrano, as we have seen, was Montpensier's man. A ship had been despatched by the Admiral to fetch Serrano from the Canaries. The chief command was intended for Serrano, and a *pronunciamiento* had been drafted in Montpensier's interest; while the Admiral proposed to wait for Serrano before

acting. That was the moment at which Prim's power was put to the test. He had no wish, he said, to deprive Serrano of the chief command—he knew Serrano too well to be afraid of being overshadowed by him; but it was necessary to “pronounce” at once, and with a very different kind of manifesto: one which should make it clear that Radical Revolution was intended, and that the sovereign people would have a free hand in deciding what the ultimate issue of that Revolution should be.

So the manifesto was rewritten; and Topeto flew the revolutionary flag, and sailed into Cadiz harbour without waiting for Serrano. “Death to the Bourbons!” and “Long live General Prim!” were the shouts that greeted them. Cadiz was won; and Seville followed the example of Cadiz; and Malaga and Granada echoed the voice of Seville. The Revolution ran through Andalusia like a prairie fire; and Isabella, who had gone to San Sebastian for the sea-bathing, learnt in the twinkling of an eye that her kingdom was indeed a house of cards, and was collapsing.

It was, as the fitness of things required, in a ballroom that she received her intimation that she had danced away her throne. In place of a miraculous writing on the wall, there were sensational rumours, first questioned, but quickly confirmed: the rumour that Napoleon III., who had promised a visit of ceremony, had heard news which decided him to stay on his own side of the frontier; that the fleet was in revolt; that Cadiz was in the hands of a Provisional Government; that Prim and Serrano were leading the insurgents. Her husband and her lover, her Prime Minister and her confessor, were all with her at the time.

Her redeeming courage prompted her, as usual, to the daring course. Whether because of her experience, or in spite of it, she still believed that she could work miracles by the magnetism of her presence. There was a ship of war at anchor in the port. She would go on board at once and sail for Cadiz, convinced that she had only to coax—or perhaps to scold—in order to conquer. But that could not be. Before Isabella could give her orders, the commanders of the ships had given theirs; and the last remnant of her navy had weighed anchor and steamed away to join Topete—loyal to the service, but disloyal to the Queen. Only the detachment of engineers privileged to act as her bodyguard, together with a handful of halberdiers, remained incorruptibly true to their allegiance; and they only constituted an escort, not a fighting force.

Gonzalez Bravo's dictatorship had lasted for five months; and it was obvious that it could last no longer. He had disproved the sapient saying that “anyone can govern in a state of siege”; and we must not call him a coward for resigning his office at the

hour when the storm burst—he was merely a sensible man who sadly recognised the facts that were under his nose. It had been proved to demonstration that the soldiers would not obey a journalist; but there remained just a shadow of a chance that they would still obey a general. As a matter of fact, some of them did obey some of the generals for a little while, though not to a sufficient extent to bring about a serious civil war.

Nor must we call Gonzalez Bravo a coward because he disappeared over the French frontier without waiting for the end. He knew his own unpopularity, and recognised himself at last as an obstacle which it was necessary to remove if Isabella's few remaining chances were not to be compromised. If Isabella turned her back on him, and put a general in the journalist's place, a military dictatorship might even yet save the situation. So General Concha took Gonzalez Bravo's portfolio from him, and hurried off to Madrid, where there had been no trouble as yet. He nearly made trouble by announcing the postponement of the drawing of a lottery—an event which seems to have excited the capital far more than Topete's *pronunciamiento*; but he also hastily mustered an army of about 10,000 men under Novaliches, and put it in the field.

Isabella, intrepid as ever, declared that she too, since she could not get to Cadiz, would go to Madrid; but both Concha and her attendants at San Sebastian strained every nerve and framed every possible excuse to keep her at San Sebastian. The train service, they said, was interrupted; the route was unsafe without a larger escort than could be provided. She replied that she disbelieved them; and then the dots had to be put on the "i's." If her Majesty insisted upon coming, Concha telegraphed, then she must come—but she must come alone, or accompanied only by the Prince of the Asturias. If Marfori, that son of a cook, came with her, he would not be answerable for the consequences. The sight of Marfori was the one thing certain to inflame the Madrilenos to fury; and she must choose between Marfori and her throne. She turned for advice to Napoleon III., and he advised her to the same effect. If she sent Marfori packing she might perhaps still reign; but otherwise the end was imminent.

It is commonly said that, absorbed by her passion for romance, she cast her choice for Marfori, who boasted until his dying day that a throne had been sacrificed for his sake. The truth would seem to be that she did not choose at all, but wept, and stamped, and stormed, until the news reached her which left her no choice at all. For events were moving fast.

It was on September 8th that Topete sent the *Buenaventura* to the Canaries to pick up Serrano and the other exiled generals;

but neither Isabella nor Gonzalez Bravo had known anything about that. It was on the night of September 16th that Prim came on board Topete's flagship; on the afternoon of September 18th that Topete and Prim "pronounced"; in the evening of September 19th that Serrano and Dulce and the others joined them at Cadiz; on the morning of September 20th that Seville gave its adherence to the Cadiz programme. On the 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th Prim was engaged in rallying Malaga, Grenada, Almeria, and Cartagena respectively; while Serrano left Cordova on the 24th to march on Madrid, and was ready, on the 27th, to fight for the Bridge of Alcolea. On the 28th he fought for it.

That was the one battle, worthy to be called a battle, of this brief one-sided civil war; and chivalry alternated with savagery in the conduct of it in characteristic Spanish style. Serrano began by sending out two messengers of peace to propose fraternisation. One of them was seized and shot as a spy, while the other very nearly succeeded in arranging an armistice. Some of the loyalist troops permitted themselves to be entangled in a compromising position on the strength of their expectation that the issue would be settled by friendly agreement. When the arrangements provisionally entered into by one of the generals were repudiated by his superior, Serrano delicately permitted his opponents to withdraw from the entanglement before he opened fire. No duellist, charged only with the protection of his own life and honour, could have been more punctilious.

Then the action began, and became general. It raged all day, with no inconsiderable slaughter—the casualties numbering about eight hundred on each side, and Novaliches himself being dangerously wounded. His fall set his own men shouting, "Viva Serrano!" and his army melted away in the twilight—the majority of them lightly changing sides—leaving the passage clear and the road to Madrid open. The other tactical details are neither interesting nor important; and the real hero of the day would seem to have been neither Serrano nor Novaliches, but a certain non-combatant from Yorkshire—John Routledge, surveying engineer of the Andalusian railway line.

He was stationed at Cordova at the time, and he called for an engine, and ran it down to Alcolea, to see, as he would doubtless have said, "the fun." What he saw was furious strife, with no adequate ambulance service to help the wounded; so it seemed to him that a man of his inches—he was a true Yorkshire giant, more than six feet in height—could not do less than bear a hand, pick up the wounded, and carry them on his broad shoulders to a place of safety. Bullets were flying about, and bullets are no respecters of non-combatants; but what of that? John Routledge

had his job, and he would do it. All day long, while the men in uniform were potting at each other, his stalwart figure was seen stalking about between their volleys, clearing up the mess, as it were—carrying away the victims whom they bowled over.

Serrano saw him; for he, whatever his weaknesses, was no general who led his army from the rear. Again and again, glittering with gold lace and Stars and Orders, he met the civilian, in his sober workaday suit, discharging his self-appointed task under heavy fire, and so absorbed in it that the chance of a bullet coming his own way did not seem to occur to him. Acting on a true impulse, he took the insignia of the Order of Isabella the Catholic from his own breast, and—still under fire—pinned it to John Routledge's jacket; and John Routledge went on with his good work as before. He was so modest, it is said, that as soon as he was alone and unobserved, he removed the decoration from his jacket and stuffed it into his pocket, thinking of himself as a plain man whom gauds did not become. Then he went home, and said nothing of what had happened; and if a brother-engineer had not told the story to a newspaper correspondent, the world would never have known of it.

Meanwhile Serrano was resuming his march on Madrid, where as yet there had been no disloyal demonstration. There were still enough soldiers there to make tumult perilous; and though riots were apprehended, no riot had as yet occurred. But then came, first the vague report, and then the authentic bulletin, of Serrano's victory; and we may take our description of the scenes which next ensued from the pages of Gallenga, who witnessed them:—

"A movement in obedience to some invisible impulse urged the multitude, eager for news, towards the Gubernacion, where the Home Office and the police had their residence. The great gate was wide open, but strongly guarded by the police, with infantry troops and cannon. The windows of the ground-floor were protected by heavy iron bars; and behind these, as well as at the windows of the first-floor above, were soldiers with levelled muskets.

"A cry arose from the troops: 'Vive la Reina!' The answer from the people was: 'Viva Prim!' This last cry was re-echoed from some of the windows. In the twinkling of an eye the scene underwent a general transformation. The people moved forward at a rush. They crowded up at the barred windows; they clustered upon them like bees; they clambered up like monkeys. They reached the upper windows; they poured into the building; they were masters of it, the soldiers everywhere fraternising with them; and the officials of all ranks, dismayed, though unmolested, hastened across the court, and sneaked off at the back doors.

"From that moment Madrid was at the mob's discretion. The church bells rang a merry peal from the steeples; flags and festive drapery appeared at every window. There was a universal shaking of hands, embracing, and

shedding tears of joy. The muskets had passed from the soldiers' into the citizens' hands. At every *café* and dram-shop the vanquished were hobnobbing over full bumpers with the victors. Everywhere the royal arms, the busts, crowns, and inscriptions bearing the names or titles of the Queen were torn down, dragged in the mud, and trampled under foot. The Calle de la Reina was instantly transformed into Calle de Prim. From the inscription of the Cafe de la Princesa the syllables 'la' and 'cesa' were struck off, leaving the shop's name as 'Cafe de — Prin—,' such being the vulgar pronunciation of the popular general's name."

And then there was what, in modern London, we should call "mafficking"; and large bands of armed men were seen patrolling the streets:—

"They had battered down the doors of the police jail. They found there one Amable Escalante—a 'fantastic,' as Shakespeare would have described him—who had lately been arrested, no one well knew for what reason. They hailed him as a hero and martyr, took him to a military haberdasher's shop, they 'borrowed' a captain-general's scarf, and with it dubbed him a marshal on the spot; appointed him their commander-in-chief, and, under his guidance, they forced their way into the Arsenal and rifled its stores of 70,000 stands of arms."

Anything might have happened, yet nothing actually did happen, thanks to a drenching downpour of rain: rain which did not, indeed, occur soon enough to postpone the revolution, but was happily in time to send the revolutionists home to dry their clothes before they tired of behaving well and developed those mischievous propensities which are common to mobs on such occasions. For three nights and two days the deluge continued without cessation; and when the sun reappeared Serrano appeared with it, and the rioters had no further chance of getting out of hand.

So rapid was the transformation effected while Isabella stayed on at San Sebastian, distracted by conflicting impulses, eager to do something desperate, but not knowing what to do.

There were counsellors who whispered that, though she could no longer save herself, it was still open to her to save the dynasty. Serrano said afterwards that if at this eleventh hour she had abdicated in favour of her son, he would himself have proclaimed Alfonso XII.; but it is impossible to be sure either that his recollection of his intention was correct, or that his friend Prim would have suffered him to carry them out if he had entertained them; the two men were friends of the sort who, when they are reconciled, shake hands and become deadly enemies. It was currently said, at the very time of their reconciliation, that if Prim did not make haste and kill Serrano, then Serrano would kill Prim. Moreover, Serrano was, as we have seen, committed to the Duc de Montpensier; and Montpensier had not put up the

money for the Revolution for the purpose of crowning anyone except himself.

The speculation is idle, however ; for Isabella was in no mood to meet Serrano or anyone else half-way. In the course of a single telegram to Concha she described him and his men as "brigands," "thieves," and "assassins"; while a telegram which she received seemed to indicate that there were still grounds, however faint, for hope. General Calonge had taken Santander for her—no very difficult task, seeing that the place was only defended by about three hundred men. He had celebrated his insignificant success by distributing promotions and crosses, and promising pensions; and now he sent the message: "Be firm! Resist! Do not let the Queen depart! I am coming with three battalions." Isabella resolved to stay.

But Calonge, though he started for San Sebastian, never got there. His three battalions deserted him on the road; and there were hostile demonstrations in San Sebastian itself. In face of these facts, and of the urgent counsel of the military governor of the place, Isabella at last made up her mind to enter the train which had long stood in the station waiting for her. Her husband stepped into the carriage after her with the neat precision of a mechanical doll, followed by her lover—that son of a cook who had learnt to swagger on the boards of provincial theatres, and now made his exit in the noble style of the villain of melodrama who exclaims: "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine!"

He had the fullest right—we must not grudge it to him—to the magnificent air with which he thus strutted off the stage. Isabella's Court during those last years had been uncommonly like the Court of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein; and he, on his part, had sustained a rôle uncommonly like that of General Boum. The resemblance had been so striking, and had attracted so much attention, that Gonzalez Bravo, in the palmy days of the censorship, after suppressing a comic paper for indirectly reflecting on Isabella's personal appearance by remarking that it preferred thin women to fat ones, had forbidden the performance of *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein* at Madrid. But the performance had not ceased at the Court because it was prohibited at the theatre; and the original General Boum now made his exit, carrying off the prize. A kingdom had been sacrificed for his sake; and presently a husband was to be sacrificed for it also.

The departure, it is true, lacked some of the elements of splendour; from the strictly spectacular point of view it might even be described as shabby. If Marfori had had time to dress the part, Isabella had not. What with her tears and her lack of sleep, she had red eyes and a swollen face. Owing to her hurry

she had been unable to find her gloves. Her hat—a most unbecoming hat, it is stated—was tilted on one side; and there was an indefinable awkwardness in the bulge of her crinoline. Her appearance was not altogether that of a woman who went to her happiness, counting the world well lost for love. Her predominant emotions at the moment were doubtless those of anger and disgust. Though she had made her choice, she was furious at having been called upon to make it. Her equanimity was disconcerted by the abrupt loss of her kingdom, just as another woman's equanimity might have been disturbed by the sudden loss of her jewels; and she moved towards the French frontier with a sort of sulky waddle.

It was inelegant, no doubt; but it made little difference to Marfori's triumph. Serenity, he knew, would return like the next morning's sun, and in the meantime he could reflect proudly on the striking contrast between his fortune and that of Isabella's other lovers. They, one after the other, had disappeared in precipitate, and sometimes ignominious, fashion. If some of them, like Serrano, had been bowed out with a show of ceremony, others, like Serrano's successor, the opera-singer, had been flung out like trespassers suspected of burglarious designs. Some of them again, if rumour spoke truly, had been removed by poison administered in their coffee by the dark agents of the unscrupulous Narvaez; while others, like Puig Molto, had been sent off at a few minutes' notice, to clear the air of scandal. In the case of the strolling-player alone the scandal had been faced with brazen effrontery and an utter scorn of consequence. In short, in the picturesque language of the calling which he had once adorned, he was aboard the lugger and the girl was his: carried off under the eyes of a smilingly complaisant husband, with the benedictions of a docile priest, who could be trusted to give absolution at the word of command—the crowd kept back by a detachment of engineers and a touch of colour provided by a small escort of halberdiers.

The weak point of the scene was the lack of popular applause. The crowd did not acclaim Marfori—the crowd did not even acclaim Isabella. On the contrary, the departure took place in icy silence, San Sebastian giving in its adhesion to the Cadiz programme as soon as the train was out of sight; and if the chilly indifference of the multitude meant little to Marfori, it meant a great deal to Isabella. Her position was like that of the reckless heir to great estates who suddenly wakes up to find that he has squandered the last farthing of his inheritance. She had clung to the belief in her own popularity with subjects who spoke of her, in spite of her frivolity, as "very Spanish and every

inch a Queen"; but now her failure was patent even to herself; and it seemed to her that her punishment was heavier than she could bear. "I thought I had struck deeper root in this land," were her last bitter words as she crossed the frontier; and then she passed through hysterics to complete collapse.

The doctors administered restoratives; and she, more or less, pulled herself together when the train steamed into Biarritz, where the French Royal family were awaiting her on the platform; but that scene, too, could not but be depressing, and was even more depressing than it need have been. Isabella wept in the arms of the Empress Eugenie, who had once been a maid of honour at her Court, and to whom she could at least talk Spanish. The Prince of the Asturias and the Prince Imperial exchanged ceremonious courtesies with the awkwardness natural to their tender years. The Emperor, however, though he offered temporary hospitality in the old château of Henri IV. at Pau, did not overstep the border-line which separates politeness from cordiality; and it was hardly to be expected that he would. To have done so would have been to seem to show sympathy with the triumph of the strolling-player who stood proudly by, like a peacock spreading out its tail; and that was too much to ask from any Emperor, however fresh he might be to the Imperial purple.

So the clumsy greetings were brought to an end as soon as decency allowed; and Isabella resumed her journey to the residence assigned to her. A letter printed in the French newspaper *La Gironde* shows us what the majority of the spectators of her discomfiture said and thought:—

"The dethroned Queen" (we read) "is bitter and sarcastic when she speaks of the isolation to which she has been abandoned. The Steward Marfori, who makes an amazingly arrogant display of himself in the streets, is his royal mistress's sole confidant. The good and credulous Guipuzcoans, who used to regard the *Chroniques Scandaleuses* of the Palace as malicious calumnies launched by revolutionary hatred, avert their gaze with contempt from the melancholy spectacle which they now witness, and to which Father Claret affords the consecration of his presence."

That was in September; and it was no longer ago than the previous February that the Pope, moved by some outburst of clerical zeal, and by the pleasure which Isabella evidently took in having priests and nuns about her, had sent her that Mystic Rose, blessed by his own hands, which stamped her as being, in Papal opinion, a pattern of all feminine virtues. It cannot be denied that Pius IX. stamped himself at the same time as a prelate who was also a man of the world, endowed with a well-adjusted sense of proportion and an admirably keen appreciation of the things that matter from the clerical point of view.

Isabella, however, was not so wrapped up in either virtue or Marfori that she could as yet bring herself to accept the loss of her kingdom with Christian resignation. On the contrary, her first act was to issue a violent manifesto :—

“At the moment when I plant my feet on foreign soil, with my eyes still turned towards my native land and that of my children, I hasten to formulate before God and men a solemn and explicit protest that the force which compels me to leave my country does not affect the integrity of my right to rule over it. That right remains undiminished and uncompromised. It is not in any way affected by the acts of the revolutionary government, and is still less impaired by the resolutions of assemblies brought together under the influence of demagogic frenzy, and acting under the pressure which overbears the wills and consciences of my people.”

It was her way of announcing her intention to return if she could; but that was a branch of the subject which the revolutionists were dealing with in a popular song :—

“Los reyes que salon a Balazos
Acaro volveran :
Pero aquellos que salon a escobazos
Esos no volveran.”

Which meant that rulers expelled by the sword might sometimes fight their way back, but rulers driven out with blows from broomsticks were certain never to return.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

IN THE FOREST.

DEEP in the forest, where a glade
Holds the glad hum of afternoon,
And gives a chequered maze of shade
After the stroke and heavy swoon
Pan lays upon the world is done,
And all the creatures sleep and dream
Of hiving business in the sun—
There the man-beast of darting eye
And mottled pelt lies half agleam
And half beshadowed, spiring high
His fitful music of the reed,
Wailing lifts and moaning falls,
Far and sudden intervals.
With many a quavering long-held note,
Such as may thrill in a bird's throat
And cry his wistfulness and need
Thro' the lone wood. O lithe and fine
And supple body, man and goat!
Part rutting beast and part divine,
And all a youth in bud who feels
Unwonted blood like stinging wine
Now throb in his veins, now drug his heels,
And beckon to lie, and stretch, and turn,
And feel the faint, the itch, the burn
Of what he knows not, only this,
The passion beats, the languor steals,
And smarting is sweet, and aching bliss.

Even as the dreamer, his dream is—
The Gods inspire, the Gods fulfil!
Like moths of fitful wavering flight
Slim maidens come to ply their will:
Dryads or Oreads of the hill
In ready vesture, blue and white,
Like gossamer that, wet with dew,
Shrouds the gorse in morning light;
With rosy feet and braided hair
And girdled bosoms, and that still
And spacious gait that maidens wear
When no man sees what they may do;

One by one, in order due,
 Speechless, unminstrel'd, without heed
 Or thought but of their pastime fair;
 One by one with link'd hands
 And faces turn'd for each to read
 In each what each one understands
 But cannot tell except by look,
 They stay beside the glancing brook,
 And in the open glade they lead
 The lightfoot chorus; and one stands
 Apart and sheds her bosom's veil
 And weaves alone her happy dance,
 Winding her scarf that it may trail
 After her footprints. . . .

He askance

Keeps on their play his wary eye,
 Lengthening, crouching lest they catch
 Gleam on his hide. Slow draws his greed
 Within him to a boiling head;
 His lust burns till his tongue is dry—
 To leap, to scatter, then to snatch
 That lone adventurer. Like an ounce,
 Prone on his belly he keeps watch,
 With toes agrip of earth; one thin
 Tense cord he makes, rippling to pounce:
 So from his heels to his fierce face
 All beast of prey, he couches. Then
 Doubt takes him, and he dreams again,
 And rises to his manhood's grace,
 Stealing a-tiptoe from his lair
 As solemn as a priest new-frockt
 To stand among them. All astare,
 Arrested in the attitude
 Of sidelong head, hands interlockt,
 As frozen in their dancing mood,
 With straitened arms and lips apart
 They wait the upshot. He, aware
 Of their still beauty, stands afraid
 And doubtful. In a flash the wood
 Is emptied of them and their light.

He peers, he noses, snuffs the air,
 Searches for sign in bruised blade
 Of grass or frond of fern—lo there!

The veil abandon'd in her flight,
Like scarf of cloud or filmy shade
Cast by thin branches in the night
Across the moon. He falls to it
And leans his cheek to its warm length,
And rolls and revels in the scent
And balm it holds; but soon the fit
Passes, and leaves him close to sit
With hands to shinbones and head bent
To furry knees, while all the strength
And grace of her sings in the glade.
Full of desire and full of fears
Lest other creature need as he,
He broods upon his prey, then hears
Some little rustling in the brake,
And lifts it very tenderly
As though a sleeping child he bears;
And swift to harbour doth betake
Him and his gossamer, sets it down
Upon his leafy couch, and holds
His breath, as fearful she should wake;
And leans to her, and closer yet
Leans, urging to her, quick enfolds
Then covers—back he draws in dread
Of something holy, and instead
Stoops delicately and lays a kiss
Upon the billowing gauzy net,
And lies beside, and leans his head
Until his cheek may feel the bliss
That once it had, her bosom's bed;
And sleeps as dreamless as the dead;
And waking, wonders what this is,
So thin, so draggled, and so wet.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

HENRY OSPOVAT.

WHEN Henry Ospovat died, in January, 1909, it was even less than ordinarily to be expected that the few scattered notices written by a narrow circle of friends should be too intimate and personal in character. The sense of loss was, of course, great, but there was another thing, peculiarly insistent in Ospovat's case, that served as a check. This was the curious feeling that Ospovat just dead might be a subject only one degree less difficult to handle than Ospovat living had shown himself to be. Something of his own decreeing, perhaps not amounting to a prohibition, but still sufficient to give pause, seemed still to remain in force. So such memorials of him as did appear hid as much as they revealed—as the dropping of some painted cloth in a theatre may, while serving as a background for the scene of the moment, also give time for new arrangements behind.

But now that more than four years have passed, this temporary condition no longer obtains. The dangers of overstatement and bias that personal regard for him might have given rise to are no longer to be feared. And while in no event could the human factor have been kept out of a consideration of his art for long, the time seems to have come for a record more directly personal than any which has yet appeared. Later would not do. Memories of such things as the sequence of the events of an (outwardly) not very eventful life become blurred, and the more blurred that few at any time knew much more of Ospovat than Ospovat wished them to know. It was not that his opinions, his enthusiasms, his penetrating talk did not seem worth setting down at the time, but that procrastination intervened, and the thing was put off. He seemed, in the insurance-office sense, a "good life." The event having falsified this, it only remains to gather up what we yet may of the man of whose work a clear-sighted critic said only the other day: "It was small in bulk, yet it has already found an honoured place in our national collections; there will come a day when collectors shall fight for it—perhaps they would even now do so were any fragments to be cast into the market-place."

In themselves, those outward events of his life are quite without significance. No doubt great significances, of nationality, Faith and the like lie behind them, but those have largely to be taken for granted. He was seldom specifically communicative; it was very rarely that direct questions were put to him; it may be part of that curious inhibition of his that one is reluctant to question

others about things that, after all, do not matter; so here, as nearly as can be remembered, is the short record as he himself told it.

He was born in 1878, either at Dvinsk or "near St. Petersburg"—a vagueness, not necessarily a variance, characterised his account. He was one of the "older end" of the six or seven children of a well-to-do merchant, whose business seems to have suffered through its Russian-Hebrew master's gradually deepening absorption in the study of the Talmud. Ospovat spoke of his father's copy of his race's Sacred Writings, with its small square of text in the middle of the page becoming more and more thickly hemmed in by the notes, elucidations, emendations and alternative readings of its possessor. Ospovat himself both read and wrote Hebrew, and Judah Halevi was to him one of the world's great poets. He never appeared greatly to concern himself about the political struggles of the distressful Empire of his birth, nor to have much in common with the political refugee, who ordinarily seeks asylum here. Doubtless his mixed origin helped to explain his indifference. At Tolstoi he looked askance; he even seemed to relish the stories that told how the great revolutionary had, willy-nilly, to paint his title of "Count" upon his gateposts and of his difficulties in even partly alienating his property; and the only interest he took in political questions was when, later, he attached himself, in sympathy at least, to the Zionist Movement. His interest in Russia appears to have been even then pictorial—he spoke of the great fairs of Nijni-Novgorod and elsewhere, of Russian types, of Russian customs and home life, with occasionally a dramatic vision of landscape. It seems to have been landscape, too, that struck him when, about 1892, the whole family passed to England—the landscape of the low shores of Hull and the Humber. He spoke at that time Russian, some German, some Hebrew, but no French and no English; and, if I may overshoot myself a little, this mixture of tongues was the cause, some years later, of the most polyglot breakfast I remember ever to have had. It was at my flat in Fulham, in '98 or '99. Ospovat frequently made this his strategical base, conducting his immediate tactical operations against publishers and editors from a great number of subsidiary addresses, the discovery of which, when an urgent letter happened to come for him, was not always an easy matter. Though in the main orthodox in the observances of his Faith, Ospovat's conscience was neither of wax nor marble, and, except at the periods of the more solemn Festivals (when he always vanished for a week or two), he frequently ate *trifha*. It came to pass that, one morning, as we breakfasted together, there came a telegram for Ospovat,

announcing that a cousin, whom he had never seen, had arrived from South America and was coming straightway to call on him. Scarcely was the telegram read when there came a ring, and the cousin himself appeared. Now, our breakfast was of bacon and eggs, which Ospovat, holding his fork after a fashion peculiar to himself, was heartily enjoying. But the first thought that crossed his mind on seeing the cousin was: "I wonder if he's orthodox?" To be on the safe side, he nudged me, moved his chair slightly, and, applying himself to a piece of dry bread (he never, I may say, ate butter with any form of meat), left it to be inferred that dry bread and tea was his normal breakfast—as it was my own habit to eat bacon and eggs from two plates at once. . . . Then came the polygot part. The cousin had not one word of English, and very little French—he spoke Spanish. Ospovat had his Russian, German, Hebrew, Yiddish, and no French. I have English and some French only. So we had to make the best of what conversation was possible, and for the rest to smile and beam and nod. It was as our intercourse became less intelligible, but no less cheerful, that Ospovat had an idea. He had just illustrated for John Lane the Poems of Matthew Arnold and Shakespeare's Songs. He crossed to a shelf, took down the books, and began to show the drawings. Then appeared the beauties of the universal language of the eye. The cousin, too, understood drawings. His face shone; he sought his overcoat and, thrusting his hand into the breast pocket of it, he brought out his little contribution—a number of commercial papers, memo-heads, envelope-flaps, and so on. He was in the water-proofing business, and the things to which *he* drew *our* attention were the woodcut capes, umbrellas, hats and rubber garments of his trade. . . . But to resume.

The Ospovat family settled in Manchester, and there Henry entered the service of a printer and lithographer, learned English (at a day-school), and attended the local School of Art in the evenings. There is a story that even then his genius was recognised by the drawing-master of the day-school; it is quite possible; his drawing at that time showed no extraordinary merit. So he committed labels and trade-marks to stone or transfer-paper by day and attended the Art School in the evenings, and it was from the Art School, though outside its special curriculum and by means of the National Scholarship designed to meet such cases as his, that he passed, in 1897, to the National Art Training Schools at South Kensington for a two-years' course, after which he would be officially presumed to return to his lithographic stones and transfer paper. Although he continued to do a little work for his old firm from time to time, he himself probably never had

any such intention. He began to design book-plates. They were bad only in the sense that they were extremely ordinary. Their chief conspicuousness was that they were on a minute scale of work, while everybody else in the schools was working, slapdash fashion, at large posters.

He cut short his term at the schools. Within a year of doing so he had begun his larger and more significant life. Thenceforward to the end he became, successively, an illustrator of books, draughtsman for the magazines, art teacher (at Beckenham), book-cover designer, painter, advertisement artist and caricaturist. These are the accidentals of his short life.

To speak of its essentials brings us again to that inhibitory influence that seemed to persist so curiously after his death. An instance of this persistence is to be found in the book of drawings undertaken on his behalf early in 1909 and published only a year or so ago.¹ That Ospovat's affairs should have been left in a tangled condition was to have been foreseen; he never knew the meaning of the word "copyright" nor exactly what he sold when he sold a drawing; but any number of these complications are not enough to explain the vicissitudes of his memorial volume during the past four years. A dozen times, as one difficulty followed on the heels of another, did the patient friend who had undertaken the drudgery and the greater part of the responsibility of it say: "You'd swear he was alive yet, and carrying on just as he used to!" Complications bred themselves, as if out of a perverse life of their own. Ospovat's bodily presence could hardly have added to their number.

For he was difficult. The sharp little caricature he made of himself, with spectacles, folio, and beak-like nose, which he called "The Publishers' Pest," was at once a joke and a simple statement of fact. He quarrelled with one publisher after another, and, even when patently in the wrong, could not be made to see it. He saw from one point of view and one only—his own. Secure that few "would know the difference," he once wrecked a whole book by withdrawing a number of fine drawings rather than let them appear in the company of inferior ones, and this, apparently, because he was not allowed unlimited time and unlimited money for carrying out the work to his own exigent satisfaction. Another book—though, being the richer for it, we ought not to complain—was little better than a fraud in intent, since he undertook to do an inferior thing for which there was a demand, and actually did a superior one which nobody in particular wanted. He would show an editor, as a "sample," a trivial book-plate with

(1) *The Work of Henry Ospovat.* (London: The St. Catherine Press, Oswaldestre House, Norfolk Street, W.C.)

"litho-artist" in every line of it, and, given a commission on the strength of this, would turn in a splendid design, mendaciously swearing to his employer's face that the two things were practically identical. With an innocent countenance, he insinuated an excellence wherever he could. One of his drawings lies by me now, a thing of depth and air and richness that the finest reproduction could not do justice to—and this he palmed off as an article of commerce on the editor of a cheaply-printed half-tone magazine who paid at the rate of one guinea for three illustrations and a heading. Even then the editor wanted to keep the drawings. The fault lay, of course, in Ospovat himself. When a fine artist thinks that by merely reducing the quality of his work he can attain popularity at his pleasure, it is a bitter awakening to discover that this is not to be had by coming a rung or two down the ladder. He is up the wrong ladder. The power of gaining the ear of the public is not the same thing as genius, but it is almost as rare. Ospovat had to struggle as hard and to exercise as many tricks and wiles to attain commercialism as the ordinary commercial artist has to secure the acceptance of his exhibition picture.

And if he used editors and publishers thus, between whom and himself there existed at least a cash-nexus (though only a guinea one), what can be said of his attitude to critics, of whom he asked nothing? Here, though dead, he still holds us, so that to speak of this even now is to be dragged into the dust and strife in which his own days were passed. For intransigence was an habitual attitude with him. He would not—or might not—take things as they were. An ignorant, critical remark, whether touching him or others, was enough to set him off, and, once off . . . ! The things these critics were! Were they merely dishonest one wouldn't so much mind—but they were incapable! They obscured all in a cloud of names. If these names were foreign, with an air of the strange and gigantesque about them (as in literary criticism the simple soul shrinks back from the dreadful brandishing of Turgueneff and Dostoievsky), so much the better for the confounding of the timid truth-seeker. Never mind the plain sense; work up the fury! Ospovat also worked it up. There was not a critic in London who was not either a dealer or a dealer's instrument. There was not a selection-committee that did not know its particular work only too well. There was not a writer on art who did not throw dust in the public's eyes and apologise to the painter in private afterwards. . . . And so on. Ospovat spoke excellent English by this time. He knew all the blunt elements of abuse. When his wrath transcended these he rose to ecstasies of bitter-sweet vituperation.

Of course, he found himself at once on the horns of an obvious dilemma. He had had experience enough of art schools to be aware that these railings are the ordinary stock-in-trade of the fifteen thousand incapables (taking an average course of three years, at five thousand students a year, which, it has been estimated, is the rate at which the fountain-head of art education and its dependencies throughout the kingdom turn out qualified workers in one field or another of the arts), who, like himself, found no place waiting for them in the modern economy. He was merely swelling the common chorus of duffers and fools. These, too, girded at editors, publishers, hanging-committees, and the inartistic public. And if their girding was as feeble by the side of Ospovat's as was the rest of their productions, Ospovat was merely in this respect the last thing he wanted to be—the spokesman of inefficiency and conceit. In order to give utterance to his own strength he had to voice the futilities of countless others.

It was an awkward situation. On the one hand were the critics, on the other the artists for whom criticism as it is is quite good enough.

And there was Ospovat.

He changed from horn to horn of his dilemma. When weary of railing against the critics he railed against the artists. And, since he was a fount of smothered generosity, either party in turn became the recipient of extenuations and charities it knew not of. These again took the form of an abuse of the opposite principle. When he said of an artist, affecting to forget his name, "You know who I mean—what's his name—the fellow who paints the skies like rashers of ham," that was in its way a perverse *rapprochement* with the critics; and when he said again, "That fellow on the '—,' who knows more about the paint on a stage-beauty's face than he does about that on canvas," he was on the side of his fellow-craftsmen again. And in his passage from the one extreme to the other he encountered midway his dear foes, the editors and proprietors. "Him?" he said one day of one of these last, a newspaper nabob who had been shown his caricature of Rodin and had asked who Rodin was. "He's never heard of Rodin, I suppose; he's never heard of anybody but Tommy — and Johnnie —," the blanks consisting of the names of two merchant-princes, the advertisements of whose commodities (not sculpture) are to be found on every hoarding. So, whether he would or not, the attitude of contempt was forced on him. It was often no more than a thwarted sense of justice. It informs some, but by no means all, of his caricatures—for, when beyond words, his caricature was the outlet of his ire. In

spite of much that has been said, many of these display nothing but kindness. Many more were merely the horseplay of his wit. Examine those of Marie Lloyd and Little Tich, and you will find positive affection behind them. Only towards his foes of the moment was he a Russian Thersites.

But this tossing to and fro was ever a pain, and not always a secret one, to him. Sometimes, finding an outlet for the magnanimity of which in reality he was full, he threw himself almost touchingly on your mercy. This was especially to be seen when, sick of railing, he went out of his way in search of something to praise. He has come to me with the work of — and —, excellent fellows but quite negligible artists, and, looking up with comical wistfulness, has said: "Of course, it doesn't pretend to be much—that's what I like about it—and there is a something—I mean it's not *all* bad——." This was always an exquisite opportunity for cruelty to a soul in pain. A tone or a look, and he would positively blush. "You know what I mean," he would stammer. "I mean it's better than that idiot —, or that ass —; and he's an awfully good sort—awfully good to me—come over one Sunday and see him." One of his friends, not myself, did go over one Sunday to "see him." On Sundays "he" painted water-colours, but his occupation during the week was far, far different. Hands and faces become quickly soiled in London; Ospovat had found it convenient on his perambulations to make frequent use of a public lavatory; and his friend the water-colour painter's "goodness" to him had apparently consisted of favouritism in giving him special soap or allowing him the use of a superior towel, of which things he was the custodian. The man's occupation was not, of course (especially nowadays), any reason why he should not have been a good water-colour painter as well. The point is that, as a matter of fact, he was not.

And indeed it needs but a glance at Ospovat's work to realise the deep humanity of the man. If the chief memories of many who knew him are still of his railing, these, it is to be feared, fail to grasp his position. The world provides no niche for men of his genius, and in making one for himself he had to elbow many settled occupants, attendant servitors and established interests. Again and again he was made to feel the excessive inconvenience of his intrusion into the scheme of things as they are. Only those who know something of the vicissitudes that await a picture between the moment of its leaving its author's easel and its finding a resting-place in a public or private collection, can understand the Frenchman's saying that into such a walled and guarded fortress as art-professionalism presents it is possible to enter only

by one of two ways—to crash in like a bullet or to creep in like a pestilence. Ospovat was no creeper. He held the whole professional business, of contracts with painters, interested criticism, telephone calls and secret arrangements, in too much contempt to humble himself before it. So he stood off and mocked, and his mocking, if we may trust indications, is remembered yet. In his circumstances he may to some extent have lived in an under-world—though even the stories of his poverty may be less true than is commonly supposed if there be any foundation for the report that a little time before his death he offered to lend a needy friend £200; but in his spirit he was ever high above it all. It was sought to impose bitterness upon him, but he remained fundamentally serene.

Never was artist more generous to a fellow-artist whom he felt to be worth it. In such cases his praise, for the sheer relief he felt in it, was as excessive as his contempt was in others. And this generous upwelling, when it did appear, we knew to be the real Ospovat. He was jealous for that in art which he knew to be true. To that he was prepared to make endless sacrifices. No Christian, he yet felt in his bones that divine and splendid and unjust saying, that unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. The weakling he stripped of his last merit, and cast that merit, with himself, at the feet of the strong. What had he to do with the second-rate when the splendours of the first-rate were to be had? He spat upon artistic charities, and maintained the standard. Even personal kindness did not shake his resolution. During his student days he was befriended by the late G. F. Watts, yet he did not allow even that deep personal obligation to come between him and an estimate so stern of the veteran painter's work that of all men living probably only that painter himself would have acquiesced in it. Even Watt's glory he took away and handed over to a service he considered greater. With gifts so rich did he come to his own proper gods.

It was a lovable weakness in him that he claimed these gods as Jewish whenever he could. Rembrandt was his great Jew: Heine was a Jew; Disraeli, Spinoza, Halevi, Joachim Jews. I verily believe that it was a grief to him that by no stretch of ingenuity could he make out Beethoven to have been Jewish also. He himself had powerfully the sense of race. Any doubt on that point may be settled by a reference to his drawings. And though it is not intended to say more of his Faith here than to repeat that his attitude to it was in the main orthodox, there returns to the memory an occasion on which his attempts to provide himself with a *kosher* repast put him into an even greater em-

barrassment than had that entry of his cousin in the midst of a breakfast of bacon and eggs. Wandering about the East End one day he had bought, near Wentworth Street, some Passover cakes, "begels" (if that is the way it's spelt), and, from a tub drawn up by the pavement, a number of soused herrings. It chanced that I had friends who lived over a foundry in Osborn Street; thither I took Ospovat to tea; and the soused herrings came with us, in the pocket of Ospovat's jacket. Our hosts received us kindly—but not so kindly as did a very fat old English sheep-dog. I think this animal sniffed the herrings even before we grew warm with the room. The animal was blind, but he needed no eyes. Possibly he knew that very herring-barrel. . . . It was in vain that Ospovat, sitting at table, furtively moved the sodden packet from this pocket to that and back again, making an extraordinary figure of preoccupation as he strove to hide what he was doing from his hosts. . . . Only the Passover cakes and "begels" came westward with us that evening. The dog got the herrings.

When the ends of his art were to be served, Ospovat was as exacting of others as he was of himself. You must give, too, of your enthusiasm, of your scorn, of your whole heart. Smaller things, too, than these you might be called upon to give. In the borrowing of books, for example, he was quite without conscience. Not only did he not return them; you were lucky if he did not actually sell them back again to you. There still burn holes in my bookshelves volumes with names strange to me, parts of various "lots" Ospovat was constrained to sell from time to time. Books of my own have been thus alienated and redeemed in cash. But on the other hand, his recklessness about his own drawings was extreme. He would leave whole folios of them in the rooms of his friends and forget all about them, and goodness only knows where some of his finest drawings have not lain, accumulating dust for months on end. It was well for him that in these matters his friends were men of a better conscience than his own. He gave extravagantly; but he seems to have realised towards the end that he could not afford to do this. He refused, later, not only to give, but also to sell, and would gladly have bought back. And now he can hardly be bought at all. Many are glad to frame, not his drawings, but his prints.

For reasons connected with military service, he could not return to Russia; but he never technically naturalised himself in England. Nevertheless, he was curiously English in many of his sympathies. I think he a little envied some Englishmen that quality which for want of a better word may be described as stupidity—stupidity in the sense of thickness of skin. With a

thicker skin he might have been what he was commonly supposed to be and in reality was not—a really effective fighting machine. For a man is not that who cannot deliver a blow without himself feeling the effects of it more painfully than does his antagonist. The creation in oneself of an habitual bitterness is a heavy price to pay for the service of an ideal, and although towards the end of his days Ospovat's prospects improved, it might have become a neck-and-neck race between his coming into his own unspoiled and his retaining permanently the marks of suffering. Still, he was aware of the danger. There is no trace of the crabbed spirit in the drawings that came straight from his heart. Perhaps the caricature was a relief.

Of his work his friends have written elsewhere, and to speak of it again was no part of the present design. That design was rather to supplement, and to make, before it is too late, a record of a noble and stressful personality. It was also to correct certain prejudices in those who knew Ospovat only a little. That he might well have become the greatest of modern portrait-painters, as he did, in fact, become the greatest of caricaturists, he lived only to indicate, not to demonstrate; and a recently-written page, from which it is gathered that the frustration of this was the greatest torture of his painful deathbed, makes the present analysis, brief and imperfect as it is, the more necessary. It is not unreasonable to assume that, having that gift of clear seeing and direct setting down that is the whole of art, and having in the course of his short life done nothing but strengthen that gift, he would not quickly have lost it. From strength to strength he certainly would have gone, and would have set down ever the more simply as his vision and knowledge of Life had increased. And if the impression has been here given that his vision was concerned too often with the seamy side of that Life, and that the amenities for which he hungered never found expression, let there be set down a compliment he once paid to a lady—a compliment of which a diplomatist might have been proud.

It would have delighted Sir Joshua, that compliment, to one of whose own gracefulness it was indeed a century-later *coda*. I forget which of Sir Joshua's portraits is signed on the hem of the gown, in token that the courtly painter was the lady's most humble servant; I believe it is the Siddons: but Ospovat knew, and remembered it in the happiest of apologies. He trod one evening on a lady's dress; the lady's going forward was arrested; she turned; and then said Ospovat:

"If only it had been a signature—like Sir Joshua's!"

OLIVER ONIONS.

THE QUESTION OF DIVORCE BY CONSENT.

IN my last article on the Report of the Commission I mentioned that the Minority Report made only one substantial point, namely, the possibility of divorce for such a cause as desertion being obtained by collusion. The very word "collusion" has a disreputable sound about it, but this is only due to ecclesiastical presumptions dying hard. This particular presumption is at the moment very much alive, and the history of it should be shortly dealt with.¹

The ecclesiastical policy in regard to marriage was always to retain as tight a hold of the institution as possible; ecclesiastical control secures ecclesiastical revenue. Thus, in the Middle Ages, when the Church controlled wills, and most lawyers were in holy orders, an intestacy was considered quite as disreputable as a collusive divorce now, for the intestate had presumed to die without calling in the aid of the Church to regulate the disposition of his property.

Marriage could only be annulled with the aid of subsidies to the Church, and even marriage, after all, was principally the means of avoiding the sin of incontinence. Sin, it may be remembered, also involved ecclesiastical control and ecclesiastical revenue. It was, therefore, important not to allow more than one escape from the sin of incontinence during a lifetime, though, of course, second marriages after the death of one spouse came to be recognised in the later days of the Christian Church.

From this point of view nothing could be more undesirable than that two spouses who wanted to be free of each other, should be allowed to obtain this freedom. Separation was only granted for the guilt of one spouse, and if the other spouse subsequently committed an offence he or she lost the benefit of the separation and was forced back into cohabitation under pain of excommunication.

Putting aside ecclesiastical considerations, as Milton did, it seems difficult to see why two spouses should be irrevocably fettered if both want to get free, provided the interests of the family are properly secured. If A and B are both bad characters there is no reason to make them worse by reason of enforced cohabitation. If one is good and the other bad, the same argument

(1) It may be respectfully submitted that collusion is at present a precious monopoly of the Bar, for no arrangement between two or more learned counsel has ever to my knowledge been challenged by the King's Proctor.

applies. If both are good they will then stick together as long as it is reasonably possible. The idea of compulsion in this connection is no more than a traditional taboo, which originated in ascetic doctrines, continued for economic reasons, and is now absurdly inconsistent with the present doctrine of English law that if two spouses wish to live apart under a deed of separation they are at liberty to do so.

The whole doctrine of collusion as a bar to divorce is, therefore, merely a survival from the time when the Church, consisting of celibate priests, enjoyed the power of treating adults as children. Its only rational aspect nowadays is the fear that divorce by consent may be highly dangerous to society, whatever legal safeguards are imposed on the abuse of such a proceeding. Nevertheless, the doctrine is so far accepted by the Minority Report that the mere danger of collusion is put forward as a good reason for debarring really innocent parties (such as deserted spouses) from relief. Adultery cannot be proved when the other spouse has entirely disappeared, and desertion is generally a much more cruel offence than adultery, yet adultery (we are told) *we must have*. A certain increase in collusive adultery apparently does not matter so much as the bare possibility of collusive desertion! Lord Halifax and other clerical-minded persons have for years complained of the large amount of really collusive, but in fact successful, adultery that is caused by the existing law of divorce, yet the signatories of a clerical manifesto like the Minority Report do not shrink from the prospect of extending adultery broadcast among rich and poor.

The Majority Report ignores divorce by consent, presumably as not being in the region of practical politics, and also ignores the danger of its recommendations resulting in divorce by consent. The signatories probably felt that even a collusive desertion for three years was a sufficiently severe ordeal in itself for two unhappy spouses as well as a sufficiently severe test of their mutual aversion. With this view I agree, and I also despair of any legal recognition of divorce by consent in this country for perhaps another century. But in order to expose the absurdity of allowing the danger of collusion to obstruct the reforms proposed in the Majority Report, I think it as well to put forward the strong arguments that can be urged for divorce by consent.

In one of his novels, M. Anatole France writes about a *millennium*, in which he sketches a society where any man or woman who happened to take a passing fancy to each other, would be able to indulge it freely without having to fear awkward or permanent consequences. But if such a couple rashly decided to have a child, and subsequently decided to part again quite shortly

after the child was born, the child would not (in general) be fairly treated, even if it was financially well provided for, because it would not enjoy the care of both parents, and might possibly be deserted by both. Obviously this would not conduce to social welfare.

This little problem is at the root of all problems in marriage and divorce. The State at present declines to recognise the union of any two persons unless they bind themselves to observe a contract which they may not improbably find themselves unable to carry out. Taking the objects of marriage as defined in the Prayer Book (namely, "the procreation of children, the avoidance of fornication, and the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other"), it is clearly impossible to carry them out when one party is insane, or has been guilty of persistent cruelty or desertion, or when both parties have permanently conceived a mutual aversion from each other. Without suggesting, for the moment, precisely what the State ought to do, I begin by asking where the State ought to draw the line. It appears to me that the State is entitled to refuse legal recognition to any union except where the parties intend, in all *good faith*, to form as permanent an union with each other as human nature allows. The test of this "good faith" would be financial with the man, who would in any event undertake the financial liabilities of a husband and father, while the woman would bind herself to all the personal obligations that marriage entails as regards housekeeping and rearing children. Fortunately most unions of this kind *are* permanent and do lead to the formation of homes and families. As regards unions unrecognised by the State, it is unjust, as I think, to inflict the stigma of illegitimacy as it now exists on any children, however born, or to limit, as rigidly as the State now limits, the economic claims of such children on the parents. (I may observe, in passing, that up to now the State has done no more than give the mother, *not the child*, a claim for 5s. a week till the child is sixteen years old.) But it is not unfair to those who will not commit themselves to a permanent union, that the State should not confer the privileges and claims of married persons *as against each other* upon persons who contemplate nothing more than a strictly temporary cohabitation. The State would be far better justified in recognising concubinage, as the Roman law did, than in bothering itself with week-end unions.

It is worth formulating this principle to start with, because it seems to be completely ignored by writers like Mr. Bernard Shaw, who argue that marriage should confer no more rights on, for example, the wife of a husband who wants to abandon her without

good reason, than it confers on the woman whose lover breaks, without good reason, a promise of marriage. According to Mr. Shaw, the utmost that a wife in this position might claim would be damages against the husband, who should then be entirely free to marry another woman. Putting the boot on the other leg, a wife would be entitled at any moment to leave her husband stranded with a number of children whom she did not choose to bring up. Personally, I cannot see why the State should be troubled to recognise such flimsy arrangements, since everyone is at liberty to make them without any public or legal ceremony or contract. It is true, of course, that partners in a firm enjoy legal rights under the Partnership Act, 1890, and yet are at liberty to dissolve their partnership at any time after due notice, but a business partnership does not imply such a humanly serious undertaking as bringing up a family, and the State is at least entitled to presume an intention to bring up a family in two persons who profess a desire to be married. The State might, of course, prescribe a period of twenty or thirty years for marriage not to be dissolved without good cause, and give liberty to dissolve the marriage by notice after that period, but this would scarcely be of much practical use, since, if people succeed in living together for so long as twenty or thirty years, they are not likely to alter a habit of such long standing at the end of that time.

I hope that I have now cleared the ground for discussing the main subject of this essay, namely, whether, and under what conditions (if any), the mutual consent of the parties is a good cause for the dissolution of any marriage. At the outset of the question we are faced by the difficulty of mutuality. When a business partnership is dissolved, it is an even chance that the so-called mutuality is only the result of one partner refusing to continue in partnership with the other, so that mutual consent may ultimately imply the desire of perhaps but one partner to be quit of the bond. Applying this reasoning to marriage, we are bound to admit the same principle. The question then arises whether the spouse who wants to continue the marriage, derives any benefit from a permanent union with the other unwilling spouse. In countries where divorce by consent exists, the usual view of the Legislature appears to be that a time limit sufficiently safeguards the institution of marriage, and that if two spouses repeatedly and publicly declare for a period of, say, one or two years their desire to be free of each other, neither is likely to be harmed provided that due financial provision is made for the family. Mr. S. B. Kitchin, in his brilliant "History of Divorce," strongly advocates this view, and in support of it reminds his readers that divorce by mutual consent existed not only in ancient Rome, and the old customs

of the Germanic peoples, but exists also to-day in such countries as Norway and Sweden. The only alternative policy is for the law to compel one or other of the parties to commit such a matrimonial offence as will give grounds for a divorce or for a judicial separation maturing into a divorce.

This brings us back again to the old principle. Is divorce by mutual consent, subject to proper safeguards of financial provision and of delay, compatible with a *bonâ fide* intention or marriage in the ordinary sense of the word? The sentimental argument (stripped of religious restraints) would, of course, be all in favour of mutual consent. What possible reason can there be (Mr. Maurice Hewlett argues) for tying up two people who genuinely dislike each other? The answer is, of course, that the two spouses have duties to their children (if there are any), and that they ought, if possible, to keep up a joint household till the children are grown up. It is, therefore, desirable to keep them together until matters become so unbearable that one or other of them commits a matrimonial offence. As against this view we must recollect that such children derive but little benefit from a household embittered by conjugal disputes which frequently result in setting the children and everyone else by the ears. Again, the matrimonial offence is often committed by the party who is the less astute but (morally speaking) the less guilty. That means injustice to the individual. Finally, it seems altogether undesirable to familiarise the public with an artificial number of matrimonial offences. Such offences will always be sufficiently frequent without being artificially stimulated.

It would, therefore, seem that divorce by mutual consent tends to minimise domestic disputes, to relieve individuals whose mutual aversion gives rise to matrimonial offences, and to raise the standard of domestic morality.

Having now discussed the more abstract side of the question, I propose to deal with the historical and concrete aspects of it, and to show that divorce by mutual consent has existed in the past without dissolving the foundations of society.

As regards the history of this question it is hardly necessary to go further back than Rome, but the difficulty of discussing the question of Roman divorce is largely due to the fact that we have only the Christian historian's view of Roman society in mediæval and modern times. Mr. Joseph McCabe has done some very useful research in this matter in his "Religion of Woman" and other works. He has, to my mind, conclusively shown (1) that Roman laxity was no worse than mediæval or modern laxity, and (2) that the freedom and dignity of the Roman matron were almost entirely due to the institution of the laxer form of marriage,

which displaced the old *confarreatio* and abolished the despotic powers of the husband over her person. It could be quite as reasonably argued that Roman laxity was due to the advancement and emancipation of women as to the increased facilities for divorce, and Mommsen is equally horrified by both these developments.¹ I admit that in the Roman Empire we see much laxity accompanied by a system of divorce by consent, but I contend that this is not a case of cause and effect, but of what logicians call "concomitant variations." It is at any rate certain that we find just as much laxity in the Middle Ages under a system of so-called indissoluble marriage, and the only difference is that in the Middle Ages those who could afford to pay the necessary fees to the Church got their marriages annulled by ecclesiastics instead of making their own arrangements. Those who could not afford the fees merely ignored the ceremony of marriage. Sexual offences were, of course, reprobated and punished, though not severely, in the Ecclesiastical Courts, but confession and absolution with a slight penance were usually all that was required from the transgressor.

Thus in the proceedings of the Court of the Commissary of London in 1490 we find that the priest of the Parish committed spiritual "incest" with his goddaughter, a certain Rosa Williamson. His example was followed by another priest called John, and a man called Thomas Goose. Then a man called Henry Stocton became compromised with this dangerous lady, who was also involved in a new intrigue with one John Godwyn, though we are told he had a good-looking wife. One John Warwick then appears on the scene, and he almost killed his wife on account of his affection for Rosa Williamson. These episodes all crop up as trivial matters like the cases at a London Police Court, and there is nothing to show that Rosa Williamson's devastating career ever ended.²

Coming to more modern times, there are of course notorious periods of laxity, such as those of the Restoration and the Regency in England, or of the Court of Louis XV. in France. During these periods the institution of marriage was far better defined and much less uncertain than in the Middle Ages, yet the laxity was none the less extreme, and quite untempered by indissolubility of marriage. It is not until the French Revolution that we find the secular ideas of Selden, Grotius, Pufendorf, Leyser, and Frederick the Great growing up; finally it was Napoleon who put

(1) This view is confirmed in the excellent historical summary of this question by Mr. de Montmorency in the Appendices to the Report of the Divorce Commission.

(2) Many similar cases can be found in Hale's *Criminal Precedents*.

into practice the humane principles of Pothier and Montesquieu, and by his famous code made divorce by consent part of the law of France. Napoleon strongly believed in the institution of the family, but he maintained that young girls married out of convents and necessarily made mistakes, which, in the best interests of society, should be corrected without noise or scandal.

In our own time the principle of divorce by mutual consent is recognised in Russia, Austria (for non-Catholics), Belgium, Roumania, Norway, Portugal, Japan, and Mexico. It was recognised in Germany up to 1900. The same principle has been more indirectly admitted in the device of mutual separation, or a judicial separation obtained by one party for good reasons legally maturing into a divorce, in France, Germany, Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland.

In the British Empire and the United States neither of these principles is overtly recognised, and some sort of offence has to be committed, except in the rare cases where insanity is a cause of divorce. Just as hypocrisy is homage to virtue, so the fiction of a matrimonial offence is homage to the ideal of indissoluble marriage. The State apparently shrinks from the possible imputation of encouraging caprice and fickleness in a relationship which involves the procreation and care of children, though, in fact, the State is merely perpetuating an ecclesiastical taboo.

The whole question is likely to divide public opinion for a considerable time. I have already stated my own conclusion that divorce by mutual consent tends to minimise domestic disputes, to relieve individuals whose mutual aversion gives rise to matrimonial offences, and to raise the standard of domestic morality. There seems to me to be no historical evidence to show that divorce by mutual consent ever *caused*, or now *causes*, in those countries where it flourishes any decline in sexual morality. The principle of divorce by mutual consent involves a certain respect for human dignity and liberty which is far from fashionable in these days, but which I hope may come into fashion again. The imposition of a substantial time limit should protect the State from having to register a succession of frivolous and unworthy divorces. The lack of such a time limit was the principal defect in the Roman law. The enhanced freedom should improve the behaviour of the spouses to each other, and the abolition of any necessity for committing statutory adultery, cruelty, or desertion, should improve not only the domestic relations, but also the whole level of public morals.

The most cogent argument, however, is perhaps the question of the children. The strongest supporter of easier divorce cannot possibly deny the desirability, whenever possible, of all children

enjoying the joint care and affection of both parents. Too often death destroys this ideal, and nothing could be more hostile to it than the present law in regard to custody. A woman may often be trapped by her husband into a solitary act of adultery in circumstances where the husband's contributory guilt cannot be brought home to him. After being divorced she may *never see her own children again*; her husband can deny her all access to them. This is a disgraceful instance of legal barbarity, and if it could be abolished as a condition of having no divorce at all I should almost prefer the latter alternative.

In any case it is clear that so long as divorce is made a kind of dog-fight between the two parties, disputes concerning the children are bound to arise. Two spouses detest each other; one is bound to "sin" in order to set both free. Neither wishes to sin, and the problem for each is how best to incriminate the other. At the end of the process they are scarcely likely to be on terms that permit friendly and reasonable discussion in regard to the care of their children, although there are, of course, honourable and high-minded persons who rise superior not only to the law, but also to the squalid atmosphere that results from such a law. Two spouses who could agree to part amicably, could also make proper and reasonable arrangements for the children spending a certain time with each parent in the course of the year without being embittered by perpetual recriminations in regard to guilt and innocence. The children would be able to speak to one parent of the other, as often happens in cases of voluntary separation, without any atmosphere of reticence or mystery. One might even hope that during the probationary period of separation antecedent to divorce, absence might make the hearts of both spouses grow fonder. Anyhow, nothing could be more disastrous and tragic than the present system.

The evidence given before the Commission contains useful material scarcely referred to in either Report. Lord Gorell, in his own observations, seems to fear that it might produce effects analogous to what went on in the Roman Empire, but adds that "it might perhaps work under proper conditions to ensure deliberation and to prevent forced consents." Sir John Macdonell, after an exhaustive study of comparative legislation, advocates divorce by mutual consent subject to proper safeguards. Miss Davies and Fru Anker, of Norway, both hold that two people often behave much better if they have to retain each other's affections without relying on the coercion of a legal fetter. The same opinion was once expressed to Mr. Havelock Ellis by two East-End clergymen.

According to Fru Anker, the Norwegian law works very well. It gives divorce (a) after separation for one year when both parties want it, (b) after separation for two years when only one party

wants it, and without separation if both parties have been *de facto* separated for three years. Other opinions from different points of view strengthen the argument. Mr. Flowden, arguing from what he calls common sense, considers divorce by consent safe after a period of probationary effort to keep up the marriage tie. His view is supported by his colleague Mr. Rose. Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Swanwick agree with this opinion. Dr. Parker maintains that the better members of the working classes live together quite happily and respectably without any legal tie. Dr. Scurfield has collected a most remarkable number of what can only be called variations in quasi-matrimonial grouping. The contempt into which marriage has been brought among the poor by reason of no proper facilities for divorce, is undoubtedly the cause of this state of things, and the poor cannot be blamed. In fact, as there is no property to be affected by a legacy duty of 10 per cent., it would make no difference to them were it not that, to the undying shame of England, outdoor relief and charitable aid are frequently refused to persons living a perfectly decent and monogamous life in all essentials by reason of their being the victims of the law and technically living in sin. A particular case was cited before the Divorce Commissioners by Mr. C. W. P. Barker of such a couple being refused outdoor relief, and of the man dying through starvation, according to the verdict of the jury at the inquest. The Charity Organisation Society is alleged to be an offender in this respect, and numerous cases of hardship are referred to. A more disgraceful type of Pharisaical cruelty can scarcely be conceived.¹ Mr. Barker's evidence as to the action of Guardians in such instances, which is being followed up by a new tyranny under the Insurance Act, convicts any Ministry which does not immediately remedy this state of things, of the grossest inhumanity.

On the question of collusion, Mr. Barnard, K.C., asserts that there is a great deal of it, and that there always will be unless or until the law openly sanctions divorce by consent. Mr. Blott, a solicitor, agrees that divorce by consent might lead to collusion, but considers that this risk must be faced for the general benefit of the community. Mr. Newton Crane, an American lawyer, considers that collusion is not likely to occur when the period of desertion is as long as three years, since collusive couples will prefer to commit offences that give immediate relief.

I have closely condensed this remarkable expression of opinion by eminent experts, because I hope that the evidence will be widely read. The three volumes cost less than 15s., but they are full of highly important information to the social reformer.

(1) One is reminded of the condemnation of the lawyers in the gospel for imposing burdens which they will not lift a finger to remove.

The exemplary lives of the poor without the legal sanction which a scandalous law puts beyond their reach, at least show that the stability of the marriage tie depends on consent more than on legal coercion. This contemporary fact reinforces the historical arguments already adduced, for if irregular unions have such stability, *a fortiori* divorce by consent need not dissolve society.

On the general question of expediency, however, I go no further than Mr. Blott. Personally, I desire nothing better than to see the recommendations of the Majority Report given the force of law. Indeed, the recommendations of the Minority Report would be better than nothing. Liberals have nothing to lose if they offend the Church by giving the poor the same right of divorce as the rich, and indeed the Church may possibly not venture to protest any longer against a measure so obviously beneficial and necessary, not only to individuals, but also to society at large. Even if the Liberals did have to fight the Church, it would be on greater issues and worthier principles than emerge in regard to the disestablishment of the Welsh Church. This matter, however, ought not in any circumstances to be a party question. If in either House of Parliament there is one scrap of sincerity behind the professions of solicitude for the poor which are poured out every hour for the edification of artisan electors, divorce law reform should be taken in hand forthwith. The institutions of marriage and the family are not as safe as they were from attacks in more than one quarter, and any real statesman should protect the joints in the armour without delay. The present law has been definitely condemned by the verdict of the Royal Commission. Unless it is reformed it will fall into still deeper contempt, and open disregard of it will command the reasoned support of public opinion.

Both Houses of Parliament were ready enough to pass, in a hurry, an ill-considered measure for flogging men alleged by the police to be living on the earnings of prostitution. Now, in all the worst and genuine cases of this type the man marries the woman in order to keep her completely under his control. What relief does our law give this woman? *Ex hypothesi*, both the husband and wife have no money except what the wife makes by adultery, and after the husband has been sent to gaol the wife has no means of obtaining money for a divorce except by further adultery, which is a bar to any divorce proceedings by her, and even with money she is helpless unless she can prove adultery on the husband's part. What does *she* gain by the flogging which imparts so genial a glow of satisfaction to our moralists, who will inflict pain in the one case as eagerly as they decline to relieve it in the other?

Since my last article appeared I have received a remarkable



letter from Mr. D. A. Wilson, who was at one time a judge in Burma. He writes to me as follows :—

“In regard to the Archbishop’s allegation that no witness could tell of any country where public morality is promoted by facilities for divorce, that merely shows how defective is the evidence. In Japan marriage is more common, divorces more numerous, and venereal disease less prevalent than anywhere else ; and a similar phenomenon has been reported from China. The freedom of divorce is one of the reasons why the yellow races are tending to supplant the whites—they breed better. But I wish to furnish you with a peculiarly convincing bit of evidence, to be used at your discretion. From 1898 till 1902 I was the ‘Judge of Moulmein,’ and was greatly surprised to notice among the Indian immigrants who had been resorting to that port for half a century that most of the Hindus were either whoremongers or lived with concubines unmarried, whereas most of the Mahommedans were respectably married.

“There were the same mixtures of races in both creeds, and even in castes there was much likeness. The only explanation of the strange phenomenon which the elders ever suggested, was that marriage was either indissoluble or nearly so among the Hindus, but freedom of divorce prevailed among the Mahommedans. They said our European habit of resorting to courts for divorce was positively indecent.

“The Indians coming to Moulmein were by the mere force of circumstances set free somewhat from the opinion of neighbours which keeps up the morals of Hindus at home. So far as I have been able to ascertain, it is doubtful whether among the Indians in most of India there is any superiority of Mahommedans to Hindus in the matter of morality. But in Moulmein there was no room for doubt. I vividly recollect a respectable Hindu woman of high caste and fair standing, who said in the witness-box, in the principal court in Moulmein, before many persons, that she was not the married wife of the man she lived with, although he was the father of all her children, and she had a good family. ‘If I had married him,’ she said, ‘I would have been his servant, and could not have got rid of him. I lived with him, but he was, and remained, my servant, and gets his wages every month from me for working in the byre and going round with milk.’ All her children were illegitimate, but that seemed to her a less evil than an indissoluble marriage.”

The results of indissoluble marriage seem to be the same in the East as in the West, and our system of judicial separation is in principle quite as inhuman as the custom of widow-burning.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

THE FUTURE OF ALBANIA.

OUT of the crucible which has been seething in the flames of the Balkan War the kingdoms of the peninsula will emerge aggrandised at the expense of Turkey, and, when they have recovered from their losses on the battlefields, strengthened to take the place in the Near East of the Emperors and Sultans of Constantinople. But that is not all; Europe has taken in hand the creation of a new State, the last of those which have been built out of the fragments of the Byzantine and Turkish Empires by the skill of modern diplomatists. Albania is to be made into an autonomous State with all the blessings of Parliamentary and bureaucratic government, with its own prince and system of elections all complete. This is the last State which can be manufactured out of the ancient material of Europe, unless Austria should be partitioned, but the nationality which is to compose it is so distinct and separate from the rest of Europe, and so unlike that of the Slav races by which it is hemmed in, that its creation as an autonomous State is but the natural outcome of the logic of events. The future of Albania, this newcomer into the circle of European governments, will depend on the skill with which its boundaries are drawn. Expediency, and not strict justice, has always ruled the decisions of the Great Powers, who are the final Court of Appeal in such matters, but if a mistaken idea of what seems to be the easiest way is allowed to prevail, and if the land greed of the neighbouring States is permitted to supplant the natural and ethnical frontiers by boundaries inspired by earth-hunger, then the Near Eastern question, so far from being settled, will only be shifted to another phase, and the Slav will stand out as the oppressor of nationalities in the Balkans in place of the Turk. The Albanian comes of the oldest race in Europe, he is the descendant of the original owners of the soil, and to him the Slav, just as much as the Turk, is an intruder and a supplanter. The Slav was only overrun by the Turk; the Albanian was overrun by the Slav in addition to the Turk, and the future of Europe's latest experiment in State building depends upon the recognition of this fact.

It is said that an ingenious man of science has succeeded in manufacturing an egg without the aid of the usual hen, but with the correct chemical constituents and the familiar appearance. In every respect it is so exactly like an egg, and is so scientifically accurate in composition, that only the man who eats it doubts

of its perfect success, and recognises that there is something more, something indefinable, in an egg which is beyond outward appearance and chemical components. This triumph of Art over Nature is known as the Synthetic Egg, and there is the gravest danger lest the egg which Europe is now endeavouring to produce should be of the Synthetic variety; a State in everything but that which makes a living State, the inclusion within its boundaries of all those of the nationality. If for the sentimental satisfaction of memories of their evanescent empires of mediæval times, the Bulgar and the Serb are to be allowed to lop off the fairest portions of the too meagre heritage of the Albanians, the new State will be addled from its inception, and had far better never be brought into being. The unrest will smoulder in the Balkans ready to burst into a flame at any moment, for the Turk was the spasmodic but usually easy-going tyrant of the old school, whereas the Slav will be the tyrant of the new bureaucracy which cloaks its oppression under the pretence of legality. The Albanian who is left outside the border will be always struggling to join his brothers in the new State, and the story of the Macedonian risings will be repeated over again, and with greater justification. The future of a "synthetic" and artificial Albania can be told in one word: bloodshed.

Since the victorious march of the Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks through Thrace and Macedonia, the pretence that war was declared to free the Brothers in Macedonia has been abandoned for the frank confession of a desire for an extension of territory. There was no need to free Macedonia from the Turks—time was doing that—but each one of the three allies hastened to save as much of it as he could from his two partners in the enterprise, for it was obvious to all of them that the Young Turks had given the final blow to the Empire of Turkey in Europe. We hear nothing now of the absurd proposal to erect an autonomous Macedonia with a prince and parliament of its own. The allies have already partitioned it on paper, and the boundaries which they have drawn show the lengths to which their land-hunger has carried them. Europe has definitely decided that there shall be a principality of Albania, and the allies, even after Lule Burgas, have not dared to give a point-blank refusal. But they have drawn an Albania on the map which will shut the Albanians in to the narrow mountains and the poorest strip of seaboard, and they have advanced many plausible reasons, ethnological, geographical and historical, why the ancient race should yield its towns and lowlands to the Slav, and go starve on a ridge of sterile crags until a cheap process of extermination by hunger has made the time ripe for a final partition of the stony ground of an abortive princi-

pality. In any case, by the division of Macedonia, Albania will be shut in on the north and east by Slav States and on the south by Greece, and the scheme of the allies is to draw the boundaries so close that she will be strangled from the start.

There were three Albanias in the market for Europe to choose from. First there was the scheme of the Provisional Government of Albania under Ismail Kemal Bey of Avlona, which demands all the lands in the west of the Balkan Peninsula that are inhabited by a majority of Albanians, and were, till recently, under the rule of the Sultan. The boundary is easily followed on any map. From the Boiana it keeps to the present Montenegrin frontier on the north till it reaches the Sandjak of Novibazar south of Berane, whence it follows the course of the River Ibar to Mitrovitza, the terminus of the railway running north from Salonica. It takes in the famous plain of Kossovopolje, to which the Serbs have a sentimental claim, as it was there that the Serbian kingdom was finally defeated and the Czar Lazar slain by the Sultan Murad on June 15th, 1389. But the Albanians have also a sentimental claim to the field, for not only did a contingent of them fight against the Turks as allies of the Serbs, but Kara Mahmoud Pasha of Scutari, the semi-independent ruler of North Albania, defeated the Sultan's army there in 1786. The boundary includes the railway line as far south as Koprulu, taking in Ferizovich, where the Albanian tribes proclaimed their independence on July 15th, 1908, and Uskub, whose inhabitants are in the great majority Moslem Albanians, with about twenty-five per cent. of Bulgarians and seven per cent. of Servians. The town was taken over in April, 1912, by the Albanians from the Turkish Government, and captured by the Servian army on October 26th, last year. From Koprulu the Albanian Provisional Government's boundary runs south to the angle of the Monastir railway near Florina between lakes Presba and Ostrovo, and then strikes east, leaving out Kastoria, to a point nearly south of Lake Presba, whence it runs due south to the Greek frontier.

This attempt at the delimitation of the boundaries would no doubt be accepted by Europe if the Albanians were strong enough or popular enough to command a propaganda such as has been worked by the friends of the Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Servians, for it includes the country in which the Albanians are undoubtedly in the majority, and in which the other nationalities have only maintained themselves by the most unscrupulous religious and political intrigues. Religion is not the Albanians' strong point. They are Moslem, Orthodox and Latin, and usually opportunists, with little or no organisation. But the Greeks have a magnificent organisation which dates from the Byzantine

Empire, and ever since the Turkish occupation has wielded powers second only to those of the Sultan and the Porte. With the Greeks religion almost took the place of nationality, and Greek means, and has meant for centuries, not so much those of Hellenic birth as those of the Greek or Orthodox faith. This was the strength of the Phanariots, and the lazy tolerance of the Turks allowed the Orthodox Church to become an empire within an empire. Until comparatively recent times, Servians, Bulgarians, and South Albanians were all massed together in the European mind as Greeks, because they were under the Greek Patriarch, and it was not until modern Servia began to emerge under Kara George, who was by no means a religious leader, that the West awoke to the fact that there were other nationalities than the Greek under Turkish rule. As for the Bulgars, they were even more completely forgotten than the Serbs, though nowadays, with the armies of the Czar Ferdinand at the gates of Adrianople and Constantinople, it seems almost incredible that for centuries the Bulgarian nationality was nothing but a vague memory in Europe.

But even before the Bulgarian atrocity agitation the leading men among the Bulgarians had recognised the correct line of policy, and had realised that the Greek Church and the Patriarch at Constantinople were more powerful levers than any mere political organisation could be. Therefore they worked for the establishment of a Bulgarian Church free from the control of the Patriarch, and in 1870 the Bulgarian Exarchate was founded by the permission of the Sultan. From that date the advance of Bulgaria was rapid, owing to the establishment of churches and schools. Greece and Servia took alarm, but Servia was too late to stand in line with her two rivals. These hostile churches were the cause of the recent disturbances in Macedonia. Greeks and Bulgarians especially converted the villages with fire and sword, and in Macedonia and all along the Albanian frontier it must never be forgotten, in dealing with the boundary question, that Greek, Bulgarian and Servian mean the adherents of the Orthodox Church in those countries, and not necessarily men of those nationalities. This is where the Albanians have the disadvantage, and in addition they have the further misfortune that Moslem Albanians are always known as Turks, which most emphatically they are not. Thus, in Southern Albania statistics show that so many thousand inhabitants are Turks, and so many thousand are Greeks, whereas really the men so classified are almost all Albanians of the Moslem or Orthodox belief. This is so convenient a method of gulling Europe that it is never likely to be abandoned by those who profit by it. Occasionally race and

religion tally, but in the majority of cases what is indicated is the form of religion and not the race, and the Albanians, who have no Patriarch, no Exarch, no schools and no propaganda, suffer from their lack of organisation and of the first principles of scientific advertising.

It is thus out of the question that the boundaries of the new State will be drawn so as to include all the lands inhabited by the Albanians. Four modern kingdoms surround the territory of the descendants of the ancient Thrako-Illyrian tribes, each one hungering for a bite out of the all too poverty-stricken plains owned by the people of the hills. All four have in varying degree got the ear of Europe; all have clever spokesmen and advocates of their own and foreign countries. The Albanians, who since the coming of the Turks have given some of their most brilliant statesmen to Turkey, Italy and Greece, have to fight their own battle with the tongue and pen, weapons to which at home they are ill-accustomed. Even the powerful advocacy of Austria does not stand them in good stead, as the rest of Europe suspects that it is actuated, not so much by the principles of abstract justice as by the desire to prevent the Near East from becoming entirely Slavised. However, since Europe has decided in theory upon the creation of an autonomous Albania, the allies, who are admirable diplomatists, have adopted the less heroic policy of attempting to strangle the infant State at birth, by doing their utmost to confine it to the barren rocks and swampy seacoast which, with the possible exception of Durazzo, no one on earth covets, so wild and stern are they.

Confident in the ignorance and heedlessness of Western Europe, the allies propose to deprive Albania of all that is most distinctively Albanian. Even the birthplace of George Castriot, Scanderbeg, is not to be left to the people at whose head he defeated Pashas and Sultans for years, unaided and unsupported by Christian Europe; even the ruined Castle of Lek Dukajini, the prince who codified the ancient laws and customs of the mountains; even the homes of Ali Pasha of Yanina, and of Kara Mahmoud Pasha of Scutari, are not to be included in the official Albania if the allies can have their way. All are to be handed over to Slav or Greek, and Albania is to be made into a State in name only, shorn of everything which can enable it to live as an independent and self-governing principality. The frontier which the united intellect or cunning of the four kingdoms has devised will not take long to delimit. Hitherto the Black Drin has been considered by the most Slavophil boundary-monger to be the meanest limit of Albania to the north, and the river Kalamas to the south by the Philhellenes. But even those poor boundaries

are now considered too generous by the ambitious allies. On the north the frontier proposed by the Montenegrins starts from the Adriatic sea-coast at the mouth of the River Mati, about half-way between Alessio and Cape Rodoni, and then goes north and north-east nearly to the Drin, depriving Albania of Scutari, its northern capital, which is inhabited solely by Shkypetars, and of all the plain surrounding it; of the Malissori mountains, which are inhabited by Albanian Roman Catholic tribes and certain tribes half Roman Catholic and half Moslem; of the Moslem tribes of the Dukajini and Liuma; and of Ipek, Jacovo, and Prisrend, in all of which the Moslem Albanians are in an immense majority. Albania is thus to be deprived of the Drin, which is its principal river, and of lands in which there are but few Slavs of any sort. Montenegro does not even pretend that she went to war to liberate brother Serbs under Turkish rule, but openly declares that she would disappear as a political factor in the Balkans rather than renounce the annexation of territory inhabited by men of utterly different race and religion who have always hated the Slav even more than the Turk.

The Servians and Bulgarians are equally preposterous in their demands. They claim the entire upper and middle course of the Drin, including the watershed on the east of the mountains of Central Albania down to the mountains west of Lake Ochrida. Their suggested boundary thus cuts Albania in two, annexes districts purely Albanian or in which Shkypetars are in a majority, and deprives the new State of any outlet to the hinterland on the east. The three Slav kingdoms are agreed in lopping off the most valuable part of Albania, but when the spoil comes to be divided the momentary allies will quarrel bitterly. They all claim the right to annex Ipek, Jacovo, and Prisrend, but Servia has special claims on the latter city, as it was once the capital of the Empire of Dushan. Moreover, Bulgaria and Servia dispute not only both banks of the Drin, but also Dibra, which is about three-quarters Albanian and the rest Bulgarian; Ochrida and Presba; and Monastir, where the population is Albanian, Greek, and Bulgarian, but not Servian. If the country is taken from Albania, the valleys from Dibra to Monastir will be the scene of the coming struggle between Bulgaria and Servia, and the story of Slivnitza will be told over again. The Greeks are no less exacting than their allies. They claim Avlona; but as Italy, too, has an eye on the Albanian coast, they have drawn their provisional line from Gramala, a point on the shore half-way between Dukali and Khimara, and thence east to the fork of the River Voiussa, near Klissura, leaving Tepelen to Albania. Thence the line goes north-east by north to the proposed Servian line south-west of Lake

Ochrida, cutting off from the new State country that is purely Albanian, as well as some districts in which the population is mixed. Even if the Greek line were drawn much further to the south-east, it would still amputate territories in which the majority of the inhabitants are Albanian, but are called Greek because they belong to the Greek or Orthodox Church. A glance at the map will show that the frontier suggested by the allies confines the Albanians to the west of the mountains which form the central backbone of the country, and to the narrow strip between those mountains and the sea.

There remains the frontier proposed by Austria, which, if not generous to Albania, is at least more just than that of the allies. It is a frontier traced by more or less disinterested experts, and is a compromise between the line drawn by Ismail Kemal Bey on the one hand, and the draughtsman of the allies on the other. It follows the existing frontier on the Montenegrin border as far as a point north of Gussigne-Plava, where it makes a sudden loop to the southward to include those two places in Montenegro. But the irony of the situation in this part of the world is that while Austria very justly opposes the cession of purely Albanian districts to Montenegro, she at the same time can suggest no compensation to King Nicolas, for she even more vigorously opposes his legitimate expansion to the north in Herzegovina, which by all the principles of right and equity belongs to Montenegro. There is no difference whatever from the racial and geographical point of view between Montenegro and the Herzegovina, and Cattaro is the natural port of the little kingdom by which it was formerly owned. The King only asks for the Malissori mountains of North Albania, because he knows that as long as Austria exists he can never get Cattaro and the Herzegovina, the district from which his family and that of many of the Montenegrins originally came. From Gussigne-Plava the Austrian line runs to the north to keep Ipek, Jacovo, and Prisrend in Albania, but it leaves to the Slav the district known as Old Serbia, which is inhabited almost entirely by Albanians, and takes from the new State Kossovopolje, Ferizovich, Uskub, and all the adjacent lands. From the summit of the Shah Dag, just east of Prisrend, the proposed frontier runs almost due south between Lakes Ochrida and Presba, giving Dibra and the whole valley of the Black Drin to Albania, but omitting the districts to the east, where the Albanians are either in the majority or in a very strong minority. South of Lake Presba the line trends a little to the east, following the Albanian claim very closely, and reaches the Greek frontier slightly to the east of Mecovon, at the frontier of the present Pashaliks of Yanina and Monastir.

The Austrian scheme is doubtless the most workable of the three put forward for Europe's consideration, but the Powers, in tracing their provisional frontier, have not thought fit to adopt it. Evidently they held it more dignified to draw a line of their own; and as far as they have come to a decision they have leaned towards the Slav and against the Albanian. The boundary accepted in principle by the Powers goes a little further up the Boiana than the present frontier, and strikes inland at a stream just below Goritza, whence it divides the district of Anamalit, which is entirely Mahometan Albanian, and reaches the lake just west of Zogai. The line crosses the lake to the inlets of Kastrati and Hoti, and runs north-east to the present frontier, leaving the Hoti and Gruda tribes in Montenegro, and Kastrati, Shkreli, and Klementi in Albania. Hoti is a Roman Catholic tribe of purely Albanian origin. It has always been considered the chief of the Malissori tribes, and in wartime marched at the head of the confederation. King Nicolas has of late years taken great pains to win over this important tribe from the Turks and with considerable success, but whether it will be content to become absorbed in Montenegro, and see the Klementi and Kastrati forming part of an independent Albania, is another matter. The Gruda tribe is separated from the Hoti by the River Zem, and was formerly included in the district of Podgoritza, though it was one of the seven mountain tribes of Scutari. It is a tribe of mixed religion, two-thirds being Roman Catholics and the rest Mahometan.

As in the Austrian scheme the boundary then trends to the south and includes Gussigne and Plava in Montenegro. These places are inhabited by fanatical Mahometans, not of pure Shkypetar extraction, and Albania can well do without them. But then the boundary bends south-east, leaving out Ipek, Jacovo, and Prisrend, all of which are inhabited by a great majority of Albanians, and from a point a few miles west of Prisrend runs due south, leaving out Dibra with its mixed population of Albanians and Bulgarians, and then following the Drin to the stream Pishkupshtina, whence it follows the hilltops on the west until it strikes Lake Ochrida at Lin, near the monastery of San Nicolo. In South Albania the line will doubtless leave Yanina to Greece and drive out of the new State thousands of Albanians who are called Greeks because they belong to the Orthodox Church. From the cynical way in which large populations of Albanians are ignored and handed over to their hereditary enemies, it is obvious that the Great Powers are not over anxious to found an Albanian principality which could have a reasonable chance of success. The nascent Albania is cut down to a

minimum, and if Europe had wished to make the new State dependent on Austria or Italy, she could hardly have set about it more effectually. The only thing to be said for the scheme is that it includes Scutari and the Drin in the principality, but the thousands of Albanians who are left outside cannot be expected to acquiesce in their exclusion. There is not much future for an Albania of this sort, but the Shkypetars are a dogged race who have survived many tyrants, though so far they have only had to face death by the sword and not strangulation by the red tape of a bureaucracy. Unfortunately, the Slav is not as the Turk, and the Powers are unlikely to follow the precedent of Eastern Rumelia and permit at some future time the incorporation of Albania Irredenta in the foundling State of Europe.

Hope for the future lies in the fact that the Albanian, though a warrior and a man who prefers to go always armed, is, unlike the Montenegrin, a hard worker. Even now in Cettinge nearly all the trade and industry of the capital is in his hands, and among his own barren mountains he is a first-rate shepherd, and, where he has the opportunity and the soil, a skilful agriculturist. In the towns he excels as an artificer, armourer, and maker of fine stuffs. The Albanian *zarfs*, or coffee-cup holders, of silver filagree are celebrated all over the Near East for their beautiful and delicate workmanship, and the skill of the townsman in manufacturing and ornamenting pistols and yataghans is known to every traveller. Pistol-barrels and sword-blades inlaid with gold, and pistol- and gun-butts inlaid with silver, prove that the Albanian has not only skill but taste and artistry, and though a State cannot live on such products alone, these wares give evidence that the soul of the people is not dead within them. Prisrend is one of the great centres of Albanian gunsmiths' work, and some years ago there was still living in that town an armourer who had exhibited inlaid pistols at the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park.

The future of a State, whether of old growth or of new creation, lies in its commerce and industries, and of these Albania has little to show at present. Its commerce is next to non-existent, and its industries are of the poorest. Within the limits traced by the geographers of the Powers there is not a single line of railway, and the roads which are marked on the staff map need to be ridden over to be justly appreciated. A slight improvement has been made during the last quarter of a century, and wheeled conveyances are now to be met with in cities where their appearance would have caused a riot in the last century. Moreover, Albanians have taken to travelling in Europe to a much greater extent, and for years past the more intelligent men in the towns

have been waiting grimly and patiently for the time when their independence from Turk and Slav shall enable them to prove themselves Europeans. These men at first believed that the "Constitution" of the Young Turks was the dawn of the new era, but they were soon undeceived, and their chiefs have now got a sound and clear idea of the situation. Three lines of railway are absolutely needed. The first, from Scutari up the valley of the Drin to Prisrend, Mitrovitza, and Uskub, with a branch line running north to Jacovo, Ipek, and Novibazar, and another branch line south to Dibra and Ochrida. Secondly, a line through Central Albania from Durazzo, Elbassan, and Ochrida, to join the existing terminus at Monastir; and thirdly, a line from Yanina to the railhead at Kalabaka to join the Greek system, with extensions to Previsa, Avlona, and Monastir. These railways would thoroughly open up Albania, allow capital to be introduced to exploit her timber trade and her mineral wealth, which is said to be enormous, and would bring down the trade of the hinterland to the Adriatic ports. All these lines could not be built at once, but roads should be improved or laid down so as to allow of motor traffic, such as has been introduced into Montenegro, to begin the opening up of the country. In fact, as for some years the trade of the State will be miserably small, a service of motors will be quite sufficient for the present, and will enable a start to be made on a small scale pending the construction of the railways.

The first thing to be considered in estimating the wealth of a country is the table of imports and exports, and under Turkish rule that of Albania was negligible. Scutari, the capital of the north, exported little but a few skins and some sumach, though it was the headquarters of the silkworm industry of the district, and grows excellent tobacco and wine in the plains of the Kiri and Zadrime. Durazzo did some trade in wood and charcoal; and Previsa, which tapped South Albania as well as Northern Greece, exported cattle, charcoal, cheese, fishroes, olives and skins, and a little timber and corn was sent out from Avlona and elsewhere. Altogether it was a miserable foundation on which to build the prosperity of a nascent State. But hitherto the Albanian has been self-supporting. He has grown enough for himself, and has shown no desire and no ability to export goods of which he produces a superfluity to pay for goods which he can buy abroad more easily than he can make them at home. He has been a man of few wants, and it would no doubt be for his happiness could he be properly policed, and so be given leisure to provide for his simple necessities in the security which so far he has never enjoyed. That was at the bottom of the wish of some Albanian notables who had visited Egypt, and had noted the

great change which has been wrought there, that Great Britain could be induced to undertake the administration of the country. But the Albanians will have to shoulder their own burden, and the future of the State as a wealth-producer depends in a large degree on the proper exploitation of her timber and mineral resources. To ensure that, the mountaineers will have to relax their attitude of suspicion and defiance towards strangers, and to refrain from looking on the European who would open up the country as a robber who must be shot at the first convenient opportunity. It will take some considerable time to imbue the Shkypetar with a wholesome respect for the limited company and its promoter, but when the lesson of civilisation is learned, the minerals as yet untouched will bring fabulous prosperity to the now barren mountains.

Except in the towns and plains, where the Turks have had Vali Pashas, Mutesarrifs and Kaimakams with a plentiful backing of soldiers, the Albanians have always governed themselves, and even now the ancient laws of Lek Dukadjini, who codified the legendary tribal customs of the people, are in force in a large part of North Albania. The Turks have always played upon the divisions caused by the three religions and the many tribes, but nothing has ever denationalised the Albanian. He never describes himself as a Turk or a Greek, as so many interested foreigners do, but always as a Shkypetar. Bigoted as he too frequently is in the matter of religion, his nationality invariably has first place, and when he grasps the fact that he is a member of an independent Albanian State, he will be prouder than ever of his race. But it cannot be expected that the old divergences will disappear suddenly under the magic of a national government. It will be a great mistake to introduce at once a cast-iron European constitution with a strong central rule and a ready-made bureaucracy and police. The tribes are jealous of their independence, and will be as unwilling to surrender it to a national government as to the Turks. A federal State is what should be aimed at, a constitution more like that of Canada and Australia than that of Bulgaria or Servia. The country readily divides itself into provinces and, taking the provisional frontier of the Powers, Scutari with the Malissors and the plains of the Kiri and Zadrima would make a country or province of mixed Roman Catholic and Moslem religion; Liuma and the country near Prisrend would group into a Moslem community; the Mirdites would form a Roman Catholic province ready-made, with a prince and system of government complete; Elbassan would be the capital of Central Albania, where Moslems predominate, and Yanina, or some less important place, of South Albania, where the inhabitants are mostly of the Orthodox religion.

Scutari is the most important town, and will be found the most convenient spot for a federal capital. Setting aside their heroes of antiquity, the modern Albanians have shown in Italy and Greece that they can produce statesmen, and they have given the reigning dynasty to Egypt, so that there need be no fear that capable men will be wanting to take up the reins of government. The Prince of the country, the Duke of Urach or another, would have to be chosen from the families of European sovereigns, as the rulers of Greece, Roumania and Bulgaria were chosen, for in Albania there is no chieftain who holds the position which King Nicolas has in Montenegro, or even King Peter in Serbia. The two outstanding personalities of Albania to-day are Ismail Kemal Bey and Prenck Bib Doda Pasha, the hereditary chieftain of the Mirdites, but one is a Moslem and the other a Roman Catholic, and the choice of either of them would inevitably lead to jealousy and quarrels. Ismail Kemal Bey would naturally become the ruler of the province of Elbassan, and Prenck Bib Doda Pasha of Mirditia, where his ancestors have been acknowledged chiefs for centuries. In and near Prisrend there are several powerful Beys, whose families have, except in times of spasmodic Turkish energy, been the real rulers of the country, and from among them the local chieftain could easily be chosen. In the districts of Scutari and Yanina the same thing holds good. In both towns there are the representatives of great families which have always had much local influence, and frequently local rule, and each district would be more likely to settle down under its own chiefs and elders, making a Federal State with a discreet and tactful central government. To attempt to make a hard and fast modern principality of the loosely-knit tribes of the north and south will be deliberately to court disaster.

The greatest misfortune that has befallen Albania in modern times was the opening of the Balkan railways to Salonica, which tapped the entire trade of the country, except the narrow strip on the sea-coast. It meant stagnation to cities like Scutari, Elbassan, and Yanina, and ruin to the ports of Durazzo and Avlona. The trade of Prisrend and all the districts near, which formerly went along the Drin valley route to Scutari and Dulcigno or San Giovanni di Medua, was diverted to the railway which ran close by. The commerce of Monastir, Ochrida, and, in a less degree, of Elbassan, which found an outlet at Durazzo, was completely lost when the line was extended from Salonica to Monastir. Salonica is the great rival of the Albanian ports, but if the railway system is properly built, much of the old trade will be recovered and turned towards the Adriatic, Italy, and Trieste. Another help to trade in the interior would be the regulating of the Drin, which at present is a torrent, and a

hindrance rather than an aid to traffic. The great plain of the Zadrima, to the south and east of Scutari, will have to be taken in hand by the engineers, and properly drained by keeping the Drin, the Boiana, and the Kiri to their own river-beds. When that is done docks might be built at Alessio and San Giovanni di Medua.

Politically, Albania will require to be saved from her friends no less than guarded from her enemies. She will be surrounded by Slavs on the north and east, and by Greeks on the south, and her neighbours will do all that they can to strangle her with a view to that final partition which has been denied them now. Against these open foes Europe will be on guard, but a more insidious danger is the friendship of Austria and Italy, which, especially in the case of Austria, may easily become overburdensome. On the Italian side the danger is now small. Albania has always been most friendly with her neighbour, for Italy has generally been the refuge of exiles from the Turkish shore of the Adriatic, and many villages in South Italy are entirely of Shkypetar descent. No doubt Italy will see to it that Albania does not become an appanage of Austria, but very little help will be needed, for with the Albanian independence is life, and he has fought for it against all comers.

The natural and easiest line for the new principality to take is an understanding or alliance with Greece. At the present moment Greece is the ally of Bulgaria and Serbia, but this state of things will end when peace really begins. The Greeks and the Albanians are the only two non-Slavonic peoples south of the Danube, and they are outnumbered many times by the hordes of Slavs. If they are to exist another fifty years the kingdom of Greece and the federal principality of Albania must become allies, under the protection of Europe. The two races are kindred, they have the same hatred of the Slav, and they are equally in danger of being wiped off the map by a Big Bulgaria or a Greater Serbia. Their command of the Levant gives them a position of mastery, but only by an alliance can they get the full benefit of it, and avoid being swept away by the Slavonic races. The enemy is now no longer the Turk; for the Albanian and the Greek he is the Bulgar and the Serb; for the Bulgar and the Serb he is the Teuton. In a very few years the Near Eastern Question will resolve itself into the struggle of the Slav and the Teuton, and in an alliance with Greece Albania may have a great part to play in the future.

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THE CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

How is Mr. Lloyd George to be diagnosed? We may judge him by his faults—his liability to speak without adequate knowledge of all that relates to his subject, his intellectual limitations, his self-assertiveness bordering on audacity and recklessness, his failure to yield to the logic of facts when the time for yielding has come. Or we may judge him by his excellences—his gifts of oratory and of strategy, his power of endurance, his genius for imparting and restoring courage, his resourcefulness and his determination to keep himself in evidence and to compel the recognition of his powers. Or we may strike at the average between the two extremes by balancing up his strength and his weakness, and thus seek to frame a consistent theory of his character and genius, free from party bias or personal motive.

Of the thousand and one men who have come in contact with him, or who have carefully studied his ideas, disposition, and political achievements, every one has very marked impressions, though they all differ more or less in their estimate of the national value of his career and the quality of his statesmanship. This sharp divergence of views entertained by his fellow-countrymen as to his wisdom or unwisdom, his patriotism or want of patriotism, his conscientiousness or want of conscientiousness, is not unusual in the case of politicians who have taken such distinctive positions in the political world. This he shares, more or less, in common with men like Disraeli, Gladstone, Chamberlain, and other great Parliamentarians one might name. But there is one peculiarity about this divergence of views regarding Mr. Lloyd George. He has made different impressions upon the same people at different times. Not only have his particular qualities appealed to some and estranged others; he has attracted and repelled the same people alternately, and he continues to do so as he unfolds his ideas and develops his personality. He has been a constant source of surprise and bewilderment, causing the same people to bless and to denounce him in turns. The riddle still remains. But no body of men, whatever their opinions, or whatever may be the complexion of their political convictions, have been able to ignore or to suppress him. As Lord Lansdowne once said, "The Chancellor of the Exchequer offers a large field for criticism, not only in his Parliamentary

statements, but in his speeches out of doors." If he has not always added to the amenities, he has always added to the interest of public life; he has succeeded in making himself the perpetual talk of the political world. In some Welsh estimates of him he has been ranked with Chatham and Gladstone—greater than Gladstone in some respects. He has been classed with Burke, and more than favourably compared with all the great British statesmen during the past two centuries, because, as it is claimed, his character and principles will bear keener scrutiny and sifting than most, if not all of them. His purposes, we are told, are purer than those of Fox and Sheridan, and his tactics cleaner, more creditable, and less unscrupulous than those of Disraeli. Though these estimates are, in a large measure, the fruit of racial pride and uncontrolled emotionalism, they are not without their significance, for the reason that Mr. Lloyd George himself is not uninfluenced by them. They have emboldened him in his course of action, have fed his vanity, and they form one of the sources of the superb disregard which he has so often shown of English opinion. He studiously cultivates the good will and good opinion of his fellow-countrymen; he knows their foibles and their weaknesses, and how to mould them to his own way of thinking. Their intense devotion to him goes far to explain his lordly attitude, and his undismayed fortitude in moments of crisis and in the face of censures from without.

As to the comparison with Disraeli, there is undoubtedly a striking resemblance in some important respects. Judging them by their deliverances during the earlier years of their political career, we find the same peculiar way of looking at political questions, the same inventiveness, and the same seeming independence of their respective parties. As Disraeli had to drop a few of his old tenets when he finally made his choice, so Mr. Lloyd George found it convenient to abandon his distinctively Welsh ideas, and take his regular place in the main Liberal army, when he was advised by Sir William Harcourt to recede from his position as a free lance and prepare himself for higher things. This sudden break with the past on the part of Mr. Lloyd George was far from being a natural development. To set it down as a want of principle would be too severe a criticism. But it was mainly due to self-interested considerations and to political calculations. He was too ambitious to rest content in a private or an isolated position. He loved Wales dearly, but he loved ambition more, and he has been an arch opportunist all his life. Mr. Asquith has had to lean heavily upon him, as Lord Derby had to lean on Disraeli, and both men entered the House of

Commons at a time when their respective parties were in need of fresh blood. Indeed, this was one of the subsidiary causes that contributed to the rapid rise of both. Neither Disraeli nor Mr. Lloyd George had the advantages of a collegiate or a university training, and had to rely entirely on their own intelligence and self-confidence. The aristocracy have been as suspicious of Mr. Lloyd George as they once were of Disraeli, and he has not found it easy, any more than did Disraeli, to induce certain sections of his party to assimilate some of his ideas. Like Disraeli, Mr. Lloyd George has the innate gift of making himself agreeable, and of imparting his spirit of hopefulness to those who are politically associated with him. Both found it necessary to draw public attention to themselves. The close affinity between Disraeli's mentality and the rest of his character, which was one of the main sources of his power, is one of the characteristics that distinguishes Mr. Lloyd George. His courage has been equal to the keenness of his intellect, his will power has been equal to the enormity of the tasks that he has undertaken, and his endurance has kept pace with his emotions. Without this harmonious blend of mental powers and personal qualities it would have been impossible for him to preserve his balance, and to retain, much less increase, his influence. Thus it is that Mr. Lloyd George has been able to maintain an unshaken front in the face of overwhelming odds, and to reappear even with added strength, after every period of eclipse and apparent humiliation.

Like Disraeli, Mr. Lloyd George possesses that form of ambition that cannot afford to be too scrupulous. I would not go bail for Mr. Lloyd George's methods, to say nothing of his urbanity, in case he were contradicted or any serious attempts were made to thwart him. Defied or defeated one way, he would resort to another, and he would not be as mindful of his language as good breeding would require, or of his tactics as the traditions of public life would demand. If his old associates, and even those who had been his helpers in the days of small things, stood in his way or failed to go the whole length, he would discard them with the same agility as he would turn his face towards new friendships. He has strong intuitive powers, and he is quick to discover the persons and the opinions that may help him—to go further. He often says more than he means, but never says what he does not mean, and never dissembles for the purpose of misleading the public as to his real intentions.

It has been said of Disraeli that the "non-ratiocinative quality of his thinking was a source both of strength and of weakness." This is eminently true of Mr. Lloyd George. He reaches his conclusions through his imaginative faculties, not by any process

of hard and close reasoning. Of logic he knows but little, and when he attempts, which he seldom does, to establish his case by logic, he never scores. But if he cannot demonstrate the truth, the soundness, or the rationality of his propositions, he can make it difficult very often for his adversaries to disprove them. He has the gift of raillery, of invective, and of conciliation, that enables him to appease his opponents for the time being, or to cover them with ridicule, and to give the impression that whatever may be the defects of his own schemes, they are better than anything his critics have to offer as a substitute. When he cannot grapple with his opponents' argument, he can take refuge in irrelevancy, and switch off the discussion in some other direction. He has the capacity of exhibiting acquaintance with matters beyond his reach, and of conveying the impression that he possesses greater economic knowledge than is warranted either by his training or by his experience. This is an art that has to be cultivated, and which comes with long Parliamentary discipline. His strong note of personal assertiveness, couched in democratic language, with a touch of unction, is often made to serve the purposes of argument; it prevents unreflecting and untrained audiences from analysing him as he goes along. Like Disraeli, he has the knack of exaggerating the power of his own intelligence, and he is uncontrolled by fear either of foe or of failure. He has no more regard for the principles of political conduct than Disraeli had. He has not made for himself a reputation for accuracy. His word would not be accepted with the same readiness or confidence as the word of Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour. Not that he is wanting in the sense of right and wrong; he has a strong sense of right and wrong, notably so when he is attacking the privileged classes and vested interests. He has a stronger sense of fair play and of the propriety of language when he is attacked than when he attacks. Having won his spurs in opposition, he is the first to resent opposition. When nothing can be gained by conciliation, and he has his war-paint on, he hits hard, and is not very choice in his expressions. In criticising the action of Lord Londonderry as Minister of Education, he called him a "plucked Marquis," because, it appears, he had failed to pass an examination in college. Speaking of Mr. Brodrick, now Lord Midleton, he said, "Why, there is not a little grocery store in Cardiff that would engage Mr. Brodrick as an assistant." Vituperation, we are told, seldom succeeds, but it has succeeded in the case of Mr. Lloyd George. It served to draw attention to himself, which has been partly a necessity in his case. It served to impress his individuality upon the people.

Nothing so fascinates the masses as to see a man equal to every fortune and able to maintain himself against superior powers and superior numbers.

Like Disraeli, he has great faith in the power of words, and he has to such an extent become the victim of his own phrases and epigrammatic sentences that he more often than not looks at facts in the light of the meaning which his words have attached to them. If men are shocked by the violence of his language, he is amused, yet his nature is essentially friendly. He has great love of merry mischief, and he carries his brain in his tongue. This is part of his charm with the democracy.

His interests are more human than philosophic or literary—in men and as they relate to men's interests. He has not pursued knowledge, and what knowledge he has is of a general and a practical kind. He values it in so far as it can be made effective in practical politics. As Disraeli suffered from his Hebrew, so has Mr. Lloyd George suffered from his Welsh origin, and he has the same burning, exultant pride of race as Disraeli had. Blood is the groundwork of character and intelligence, and Mr. Lloyd George cannot be understood apart from his origin and his early environment. His most effective qualities are his Welsh qualities. He once complained in one of his speeches that he had been attacked on the ground of his nationality. Speaking at Plymouth, January 8th, 1910, he said: "My Welsh nature is my best inheritance. The crown of ignominy which some place on my head is the fact that I am a Welshman. I glory in it! I am a Welshman before everything. I am indebted to my ancestors for my love of the people. Democracy has been in our blood for twelve centuries, and it will take more than twelve centuries to have it out."

We have been asked, "Why should Mr. Lloyd George resent being called a Welshman?" Because, I presume, of the reproach that it suggests. Well he may, for, as he implies, the attributes that have given him his strength and his career its peculiar effectiveness are his Welsh attributes. By these I mean his sensitive imagination, his gift of ready and expressive speech, his humour, his reforming zeal, his intense passion, and his personal interest in religion or in the poetic side of religion, and his ardent ethical spirit. These are peculiarly Welsh qualities, and they are the qualities which Mr. Lloyd George has brought into play in the domain of British politics. The novelty and the charm of these qualities, of which he is so eloquent an exponent, greatly heightened the interest that he created. If his advent into the realm of British statesmanship taught anything, it taught, or

rather emphasised, the truth that our common Empire is Anglo-Celtic, not Anglo-Saxon. His root-power lies in a certain fund of aboriginal force—a purely Welsh force. Herein is the particular contribution of Wales to Imperial interests. It is to emphasise the ethical side of both home and foreign politics.

When we come to examine the quality and furnishing of Mr. Lloyd George's intellect, it is eminently interesting and practical. It is not an intellect that can be referred to any category, being exceptionally peculiar in its way of looking at questions, and in its method of application. So much of Mr. Lloyd George's time has been spent in attacking measures, in abusing dukes and landlords, in disturbing vested interests and existing social conditions, that many have brought themselves to believe that his intellect is purely critical, if not destructive. This is a narrow and a mistaken view. The Insurance Act alone affords ample evidence that there is a positive and a constructive side to his intellect. Whatever views may prevail as to its inferiority to the German system, from which he undoubtedly borrowed his ideas, and what differences of opinion there may be as to the manner in which it was brought into action, and rushed through the Commons, and sent to the Lords at a time when discussion was impossible, no such social scheme was ever before presented to the British public, nothing so vast and so complex. It was so complex and so altered in its form during its passage through Parliament that it is questionable whether many members really understood it, or whether Mr. Lloyd George himself had a full grasp of all the interests that were involved when it became law. The scheme will have to be amended, and as time goes on it will have to be enlarged and perfected in order to keep pace with the intricate and ever-widening movements of British industry. But the principles, character, and framework of the scheme will remain, and remain as an enduring monument to the genius and constructive ability of its author.

If Mr. Lloyd George's intellect is interesting and practical, being mainly directed to controversial and immediate issues, it is not likely to suffer from the load of learning it has to carry, for the burden of real knowledge is very light. His erudition is neither accurate nor extensive. Mr. Lloyd George has not a good acquaintance with English political philosophers, and he has had practically no opportunity of familiarising himself with the arts and the history of other nations. For the pursuit of abstract truth he has neither the taste nor the aptitude. He does not generally give the impression of being an uneducated man, but it is always clear that the range of his intellectual interest is narrow. Strict and close inquiry into historical facts is not one

of his strong points. He makes up for unreliability, for want of completeness, and for lack of appreciation of the whole phenomena of his case, by the brilliancy of his ornamentation. Such is his native shrewdness, his political sagacity, and his gift for manoeuvre that he can circumvent and ultimately defeat far weightier, abler, and more experienced, though less dexterous and less unscrupulous, statesmen than himself.

He is a direct refutation of the belief that once prevailed—a belief amounting almost to a superstition—that unless a man has been to one of our great public schools or to a university, he is unfitted to cope with great economic and political problems. Throughout the eighteenth and a great part of the nineteenth century young men of abilities who aspired to political eminence were carefully trained for their task. Most of the pre-Victorian statesmen of first rank were historically educated, though in later years a few historically ignorant men occupied prominent public positions. But the leaders on both sides have generally been versed in the history and political development of England. The problems are vaster to-day, and the facts more numerous. What is true of England is also true of the general politics of Europe, only on an infinitely larger scale. Mr. Lloyd George does not possess that knowledge of European politics which is, or ought to be, essential to a man who aspires to the highest office under the British Crown. There are many, and among them men who are not unfriendly to Mr. Lloyd George, who have uncomfortable reflections at the prospect before the country. But the English people in general to-day do not concern themselves as to what education political leaders have received, or as to the extent of their acquaintance with the historical development of their own country, or as to how far they have mastered the general politics of Europe, or are qualified by temperament and experience to handle delicate and complicated diplomatic situations. The qualities that have enabled Mr. Lloyd George to harness the democracy to his chariot are his popular qualities, and the masses have bowed to the influence which he has acquired, because they have persuaded themselves that it is deserved.

Times have changed, and the democracy of this generation does not measure a man's fitness for a prominent political position by his education, or education in its technical sense. This has its good as well as its bad side. Education is necessarily limited by the inherent nature of the educated material. Whatever environment education may create, it cannot make a "silk purse out of a sow's ear." The function of education is to cause to be expressed the potential elements inherent in the individual. Education cannot command genius, and cannot negotiate it.

Education restricts genius, so does Christianity—in certain directions. Education in itself is not a completely adequate instrument of individual or of race culture. The belief that it is rests upon the Lamarckian theory of the transmission of acquired characteristics by heredity. But the Lamarckian theory does not correspond with the broad facts. Most naturalists are agreed that the transmission of acquired qualities is unproved. It is considered possible for acquired *constitutional* changes to be transmitted, or to produce secondary effects upon the offspring. Education makes no definite contribution; it merely multiplies or divides the potentialities, and these potentialities constitute limited conditions, which no amount of education can transcend. It is when we consider the potentialities given by inheritance that we come to the root of the matter, and it is here that we touch the essence of the problem which Mr. Lloyd George presents. He owes nothing to wealth or station in life. In his youth he had no access to what is commonly called "good society"; he was not privileged to exchange views with eminent and polished men. His library was small and his means scanty. Rumour has given very interesting accounts of the fraternal loyalty, affection, and self-sacrifice by which Mr. William George—the Chancellor's brother—has contributed to the Chancellor's course of action and his rise to eminence. Mr. Lloyd George owes nothing to his early environment in the sense in which environment is here used. How, therefore, are we to account for his success? We account for it on the ground that he was born with the right material—the silver and the diamonds were there. By silver and diamonds I mean brains, the gift of eloquence, resolution, adroitness, imperturbable confidence, the power to diffuse his ideas, ambition, tenacity of purpose, a vehement individuality, that is to say, a consciousness of his own powers and a determination to assert them, and to claim his length and breadth of rights, and length and breadth of rights for his countrymen. These are priceless gifts, and when worked upon by religious influences, as was the case in his youth and early manhood, and strengthened by wise domestic surroundings, they make the possessor of such gifts invincible. The interest he has taken in Welsh religion is more than an imaginative interest, or what may be called an historical interest; it has been, and is, personal. Thus it is that his development has not been purely on intellectual lines, and that he has not been wanting in seriousness and in religious reverence.

There are several important examples one might quote in refutation of the belief that education, in the sense that education has been understood, is essential to those who aspire to be

the rulers and arbiters of the destiny of their country. Lincoln had barely six months' education; he never attended a college or university. He studied grammar by the fitful gleam of the open fire, and mastered Euclid after he had attained his majority. His library consisted of few books—the Bible, Shakespeare, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Æsop's Fables*. On such reading he founded a pure and classical style. It is related of him that he would ride fifty miles after the day's work was done to borrow a book which he wanted to read. The hearts of all nations have been touched by the career and the marvellous achievements of the man who was a common labourer, rail-splitter, clerk in a village store, deputy surveyor—for which position he qualified himself after receiving the appointment—captain in the Black Hawk War, postmaster of such an insignificant village that he jocularly said he carried the office in his hat, a member of the State Legislature, and so poor when he first entered that body that the clothes he wore and the horse he rode as he journeyed were paid for with borrowed money, and a country lawyer with a library of about twenty-two volumes when he was elected to the Presidency. He held no creed, he was not even associated with any form of religion, yet his noble character was modelled upon the Sermon on the Mount, and there was about him a strange mystery—something remote, almost supernatural. One marvels at the perfection of his style, its exquisite literary quality, its strength and simplicity, and its tremendous sweep—scriptural, instructive, free from indiscretion, pretence, and ambiguity. The speech which he delivered on that grey November day, on that bloodstained field of Gettysburg, only took three minutes to deliver, but, as an English writer said, it is the one masterpiece of the nineteenth-century oratory which will stand the classic test of time. Examples could be multiplied from the history of our own country in the case of such men as John Bright, Cobden, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Asquith, the present Prime Minister. He entered Parliament while only an ordinary "junior" at the Bar, at the age of thirty-four, and he did not take "silk" until the year 1890; and yet in 1892, without any previous experience of official life, he found himself Home Secretary! Hard work, clear thinking, and grit won the day for him at an exceptionally early age.

Mr. Asquith is not, however, such a conspicuous example as Mr. Lloyd George, and two statesmen with less affinity in character and in temperament it would be difficult to find. A comparison of the two recalls the interesting speculation of Lord Rosebery regarding the influence of temperament as affecting success in political life. The comparison which suggested this

psychological reflection was one between the two great Sir Roberts—Walpole and Peel. "Walpole," Lord Rosebery writes, "belonged to the school of the cold blood, and Peel to the warm." "This," he adds, "is perhaps the most important touchstone in the character of statesmen, and success usually is with the colder temperament." To this general conclusion there are exceptions—notably Mr. Gladstone. The rule has been again betrayed in the case of Mr. Lloyd George.

Where, therefore, are we to look for the sources of his charm and power? Not in the compass of his intellectual faculties, though within its range his intellect is a very powerful weapon; it is keen, incisive, adaptable, and highly ingenious, and its imaginative quality gives it a certain force and picturesqueness. Not in the dignity that he has added to British public life; he seems curiously deficient in this quality. Not in the literary merit of his speeches; brilliant and imaginative as many of them are, they will not be read or studied as permanent lessons of political wisdom. Some of them contain a few choice phrases which writers of distinction might well wish they had coined, but his speeches are not sufficiently weighty in thought, rich enough in their phraseology, and chastened enough to be of enduring interest. Judged by the immediate influence his speeches have exercised and the profound impression they have created, they will take first rank, but as literature they will have no value. They are too redundant, too personal, too low in level of purity and grace, and too conjectural in reasoning and in argument. Not in his guarded attitude towards ancient institutions, or the traditions of political life, or in his respect for facts, or for the interests of others. Such is the fervour of his reforming zeal that he fails to give due consideration to all the risks involved in disturbing existing social and political arrangements. Of the weak points in his character and statesmanship this probably is the gravest, and the one that gives rise to the greatest apprehension. The theories which he formed in early life regarding the place and relation of our ancient institutions, and the prejudices, even contempt, which he cherished against the landed gentry and the aristocracy in general, he has retained and cultivated even when experience ought to have taught him how untenable many of his earlier theories are.

There are secondary causes that have been no inconsiderable factors in his rapid rise to power and fame. A man of his audacity, ambition, abnormal self-confidence, and vehemence amounting almost to recklessness, a recklessness which has more than once threatened his undoing, needed a friend, and Fortune, true to her nursling, has always come to his rescue. She has

watched over him, and brought light out of darkness when the darkness seemed impenetrable. Indeed, he himself has claimed that Providence is on his side. Well he might. Again, his entrance into political life coincided with a period when his own party was in need of a man of his stamp. New forces were forging to the front, Socialism was fast issuing in despotism, the reaction against Cobdenism was making rapid headway, and the old Liberalism had become practically insolvent. The choice had to be made between Socialism and a new type of Liberalism. The measures that were discussed in the Commons when he entered it were measures that appealed to a man of his mentality and temperament, and he soon made himself indispensable to his party.

Among the primary causes is his undoubted gift of oratory. It is difficult to define what constitutes true oratory—aptness of speech, quickness of wit, wealth of imagery, humour, irony, satire, invective—all these qualities, desirable and important though they may be, are not sufficient of themselves to move audiences and to arouse men to action. An orator must touch the emotions; he must be able to convince, to convey the impression that he himself acts from conviction, and that he speaks out of the fulness of his own heart. These characteristics are the characteristics of Mr. Lloyd George's oratory—when at his best. He possesses in an eminent degree the truest index of eloquence, viz., the power of touching the emotions. Added to his gift of oratory is his supreme gift as a debater. He has an intuitive perception of the weakest point in his adversary's armour, and when he cannot prove his own case, he can make it difficult for his opponent to show that he has no case. He knows exactly what to say to disconcert his critics. He never fears to give or to accept battle, and is quick to see the political significance of any incident or movement. He has the knack of making the best and the most of every issue that may be raised, however sudden or unexpected. His capacity for feeling is very strong, and the susceptibility of his imagination is very keen, and when deeply moved he can invest his treatment and clothe his utterances with dignity and with elevation. He has the capacity of throwing the whole weight of his intense nature into the pursuit of his object, and never dismayed by opposition, never disheartened by difficulties, never at a loss for a suitable repartee, always able to switch off the main point when very hard pressed, clinging with grim tenacity to his object, even when that object seems unattainable. He is not justly free from the reproach of flattering the multitude for personal and political ends, but though a typical Celt, he knows how the English are sometimes moved

by their emotions, and he knows how to play upon their imagination by appealing to their love of liberty and justice. He realises the value of moral forces, and he knows how to appeal to them, and how to bring them into play when the necessity arises. They are the counters, as are his phrases, with which he often fights his battles. It is this gift, coupled with his intense moral earnestness, that has lifted him out of the line of a mere party leader and invested him with the glamour of a great social and political reformer.

What are the results of his actions upon the course of events in Great Britain? This is the real test of his power and place in history. How would it have been if he had not lived, or had not been associated with British politics? The results are far-reaching and in some respects momentous. British politics will never again be the same, and the historian will mark a new epoch from the date of his advent to office and power. If he did not create, he precipitated the constitutional crisis which ended the veto of the House of Lords. He has made a political issue of our national economy, created new sources of wealth by the introduction of an entirely new system of taxation, and opened up new sources of happiness for the people. He has augmented the desires of the people, and increased their dissatisfaction with their social and political environment, and he has instilled into the moral consciousness of the democracy a new ethical spirit. He has prolonged the life of the Free Trade system by discovering new sources of revenue for the nation, and he has stemmed the tide of Socialism by the adoption of a philosophy of politics lying midway between Socialism and Individualism. He has enlarged and moralised the sphere of the State over areas which had hitherto been sequestered and zealously guarded by the theory of the rights of property. He has rehabilitated Liberalism by making a new application of Liberal principles, or, as he himself would state it, by carrying Liberal principles to their logical issue. That he has a measure of greatness in him is unquestionable, for gifts rarer than the gifts of courage, or of strategy, or the possession of a penetrating and a flexible intellect are needed to enable a man to stand the long and trying test to which he has been subjected. Not only has he held his own, but he has actually strengthened his character, and has compelled his generation to judge him by a standard different from that which is ordinarily applied. How great he will become depends upon how long he will live, and what mysteries there are still concealed beneath the wizard robe of Fortune.

J. VYRNWY MORGAN.

REALISTIC DRAMA.

I.

THE modern English stage has developed mainly along the lines of realism. At the present moment it would be safe to say that the drama which is most alive, the drama which means most, both as an intellectual and as an artistic product, is that which in pieces like *Hindle Wakes*, *The New Sin*, *The Eldest Son*, *The Younger Generation*, and in most of the work of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy, is classed as Realistic. It is, relatively speaking, a modern tendency. At all events, during the first half of the nineteenth century a more artificial, fantastic, and romantic species of drama prevailed, which might, for purposes of comparison, be put under ✓ the head of dramatic idealism.

Let me attempt first of all to define these terms, Idealism and Realism. A dramatist, we will suppose, is asking himself how he shall treat human characters, and he discovers that there are at least three possible ways. He can say, in the first place, "I will paint human beings as I think they *ought* to be." In other words, he is applying, however unconsciously, a sort of ethical test to the men and women whose actions he is about to describe. He believes that it is his duty (in order, we will say, to help ordinary suffering and erring humanity) to paint certain ideals of conduct and behaviour, good and bad alike—heroes that are ideal heroes, villains that are ideal villains, heroines that are virtuous and in distress, comic men who, despite a lamentable tendency to idiotic witticisms, have a heart of gold—and all the other heterogeneous items in a romantic conception of existence.

We can imagine, however, a dramatist with a very different ideal before him. He says, "My business as an artist is to paint men as I think they *really* are," not very good, not very bad, average creatures, sometimes with good intentions, often with bad performance, meaning well and doing ill, struggling with various besetting temptations and struggling also perhaps with a heritage derived from earlier generations—above all, never heroes and never heroines, nor even thorough-going villains, not beautifully white nor preternaturally black, but (as one might phrase it) of a piebald variety. This species of dramatist works from a scientific point of view. His mode of procedure, and also such inspiration as he possesses, is mainly experimental, based

on what he has discovered—or thinks he has discovered—about humanity and its place in the world. If the first class of dramatist I am trying to describe is radiantly optimistic, the second is generally preternaturally sad, inclined to despair, teaching us that this world is not altogether a comfortable place, and that human beings are not especially agreeable to live with.

It is conceivable, however, that apart from these two classes of dramatists there yet is room for a third, a man who is neither a preacher nor a pessimist; not inspired with a moral idea nor yet inspired with a scientific idea, but a sheer artist, inspired by a purely artistic idea. He is aware that all art is an imaginative exercise, and that however he describes his *dramatis personæ* he can only do it from a personal point of view. He is not quite sure that, however scientific may be his procedure, he can ever paint men and women precisely as they are—he can only paint them as they appear to his æsthetic perceptions. He does not desire to draw any moral. He desires, it is true, to be guided by experience; but he does not give us the dry bones of scientific data. Being an artist he uses his selective capacity both as to his incidents and his characters. The latter he often makes typical rather than individual; but they will represent the inner verity of man, and not the mere external appearance. He has made the discovery, in other words, that you do not get rid of romance by calling yourself an Experimentalist or a Realist. He knows that men turn to art just because they do not want to live perpetually in a sombre, and actual, world. The world of art is something other than the world of reality, and as a dramatic artist he must make allowance for this fact.

Now here are three different types of dramatist, and, fortunately for our purpose, we can give them names. When drama, as we understand the term, began with the Greeks, that extraordinary race developed most of the types which are discoverable in the work of later men. The earliest dramatist was Æschylus, a profoundly moral and didactic playwright who painted men and women as he thought they ought to be, because he held it to be his business to justify the ways of God to humanity. That is the keynote of his *Agamemnon* and his *Prometheus Vinctus*, of most of the work which has come down to us. A great man and a real dramatist, and still more a seer, a prophet, a teacher. The third of the Greek dramatists was Euripides, who tried to draw men and women as he thought they were. I should imagine that he, like many modern men, revolted from the lofty conception of humanity as idealised by Æschylus. He had no particular moral lessons to teach, and did not want to justify the ways of God to man. On the contrary, one of his aims was

to justify the ways of men to gods, to show how unjust the gods were, how arbitrary, how poverty-stricken in idea. His men, as we see, were real men as viewed by a man of experience, his women—to the astonishment of his generation—were real women, and his general aspect was more or less pessimistic. It is a poorish sort of world, he seems to say, in which we have got to struggle, and strive, and fail, and yet make the best of it, being content that now and again, although we cannot cure the evils, we can at least help the sufferers with a little ordinary compassion and sympathy.

I have purposely omitted the second of the dramatists in Greece. Sophocles, as distinct from his compeers, was, as it seems to me, neither a moralist nor a realist, but an artist through and through, impersonal and remote—an artist in fibre, whose drama gives us the absolutely Greek point of view, a little idealised here and there no doubt. He will not extenuate, he certainly will not set down anything in malice; but he will draw real Greek types, and yet leave room for imagination and fancy and provide some sustenance for the romantic instincts.

Here is an exemplification in history of the three kinds of dramatist I have described. A man can paint human beings as he thinks they ought to be, a man can paint them as he thinks they are. The first is what we ordinarily recognise as an Idealist; the second is, undoubtedly, a Realist. If modern examples are required, there are many to choose from. Tolstoy, for instance—and especially in a play like *Resurrection*—is an Idealist and a preacher. The French dramatist Brieux in nearly the whole of his work is a tremendous moralist, believing, as he does, that it is the function of drama to attack the evils of the age, witness *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*, *Les Avariés*, and his last play, *La Femme Seule*. In his treatment, however, of these evils he is a sheer realist. Perhaps Mr. George Bernard Shaw might not altogether appreciate the society in which he finds himself, but he undoubtedly is in some aspects an idealist and a preacher. His method may be the method of realism, but he is intensely didactic, always running a tilt against the follies and hypocrisies of the age. One need only cite such pieces as *The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Major Barbara*, and for sheer undiluted idealism, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. The realistic school, as such, I shall have further opportunities of portraying. But the third species of dramatist of whom I have spoken, the man who is artist first and throughout, who exercises his faculty of selection, as every artist should, who is never a didactic moralist, any more than he is a photographer; who does not paint, so to speak, the

wrinkles and the pimples, but gives you the general meaning of the face—the Sophoclean type in short—is one for whom there is not as yet a name—except the good old name of dramatic artist. Is there, however, no modern example? Yes, assuredly. There is Shakespeare himself. He is full of romance, he has over and over again the touch of the idealist, and yet no man will tell you more about human nature and more freely give you live, vivid, and freshly-drawn types. He is quite impersonal. He never preaches ostentatiously a moral. He tells you how things happen and lets you draw your own conclusion. His object is to show you how the world reveals itself to an artist—a very high and serious artist who, with the intuition of genius, understands and knows.

Now drama follows the general movements of thought in the world, although it seems to follow them somewhat slowly. This is a point which must be elucidated if drama is to be considered as a serious art, an art in the highest sense of the term, as part of the human equipment, as much native to man as religion. We can see that up to a given time in the nineteenth century modern drama, though it may have in appearance aimed high, was quite artificial and unreal. Then about the middle and towards the close of the nineteenth century it gradually became imbued with a spirit of realism which, with few exceptions, has continued up to the present period. And what is the external history of the period thus summarily indicated? We know that the great feature of the nineteenth century, from 1850 onwards, was the extraordinary progress of science and the interpretation of nature. Everywhere it was discovered that by keeping close to the sphere of reality, by seeking to understand nature, we were able to make large progress, not only in knowledge, but also in the practical conveniences and utilities of life. If science won successes in the intellectual sphere, they were rapidly adapted to the uses of mankind, and the conquest over nature meant not only definite mental acquisition but a larger material comfort. Thus the keynote of the time was naturalism in thought, and utilitarianism in morals and social life.

It was little wonder, then, that art should, in its turn, be realistic. The other arts—painting, literature, music—can carry on their spheres of activity more or less in independence of the *Zeitgeist*; although they, too, when we look deeper, are subject in more ways than one to large contemporary influences. But the art of drama—a social art—must necessarily keep very close to the stages of evolution in social life and ethical thought. This is, of course, the meaning of Shakespeare's famous definition of acting and the actor as giving "the age and body of the time

—its form and pressure.” In the earlier portions of the nineteenth century drama might strive to be poetic, emotional; but when the reign of science began it was bound to lose some of its idealistic character and to accommodate itself to the prevalent conceptions which were, of course, realistic. In the beginnings of the present century, however, we note, here and there, signs of reaction. Even professors of science are beginning to be discontented with their most magnificent victories. When all nature has yielded up her secrets there still remain the infeasible claims of the human soul. From materialism, as such, recent years are beginning to proclaim a revolt.

But, surely, there is no question which is the correct view, at all events to us children of the nineteenth century? The problem appears to be settled. We are only concerned with reality; metaphysical idealism is pure talk and word-spinning. Let us think of all that this scientific movement has accomplished. Man acquired a new and infinitely better knowledge of nature's workings, and thus was able by technical skill, acquired in a practical school, to make all sorts of improvements directly affecting human existence, which in consequence became wonderfully enriched, accelerated, strengthened. Social problems now became of prominent interest, existing conditions of life had to be improved. The object of man was to secure universal happiness for his fellow-men. Labour was organised, the proper distribution of wealth became one of the tasks incumbent on man; life was to be made more happy. Surely, in view of all that the nineteenth century has done, the older idealistic views are but vague mists destined to disappear before the light of the sun. From this point of view realism can be our only gospel.

Unfortunately, the matter is not so easy as it seems. Idealism has certainly taken some strange shapes, shapes which we now acknowledge to be of not much value. If, for instance, the idealistic drama of the nineteenth century is represented only, let us say, by Sheridan Knowles's *Virginus*, or by Bulwer Lytton's *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*, or, for the matter of that, by Victor Hugo's *Cromwell*, then, indeed, it seems a very unreal, purely artificial, quite valueless thing, totally unconnected with life as we know it, and quite righteously doomed to perish. But Idealism is a much subtler thing than this, intimately connected with the nature of all art. We speak of the triumphs of realism. Well, has the materialism of the nineteenth century triumphed all along the line? Has the whole life of man become transformed into the material conditions which surround him? Is a man a mere instrument for doing work? Why, this work itself has turned out not to be the gloriously unselfish thing, full of

altruistic aims, which was to benefit the whole of humanity. What does work mean to the majority of our contemporaries? It means a bitter struggle for existence, a struggle between individuals, classes, and peoples, and the passions which the struggle has aroused show how every day the field of conflict is becoming wider. Is it so true, we begin to ask ourselves, that mere work absorbs the whole man? Work never develops more than a portion of human faculty; the more specialised the work, the smaller the portion. If life is no more than contact with environment, it is a singularly bare and poverty-stricken thing. Is it not clear that behind the work are sensitive beings, craving for something more than the work can give them, demanding from their work some personal compensation, even though the work itself may lose? Does not the continual striving after some definite material result or success breed a certain weariness and distaste, and afflict us with the shadow of some vaguely recognised pessimism? What is the cause of this deep-seated uneasiness? In quite simple language we can give the answer. If work no longer satisfies us, it is because it leaves the soul homeless. If the nineteenth century, which more than any other period enlarged the whole aspect of life and improved human conditions, instead of closing with a proud and jubilant note ended rather with a dissatisfied and querulous wail, there must have been some error in the type of life dominating the whole epoch. What is the error? Realism tried to get rid of the spirit of man, to prove it to be a purely derivative thing. It sought to eliminate the soul, and the soul refuses to be eliminated. The emphatic denial of the soul in its independent activity merely rouses the soul to further life, rouses it to carry on with whomsoever it recognises as its God those immortal dialogues which are the staple of all Mystical literature. And so the twentieth century began with a reaction, and examples are easily furnished. After Utilitarianism, the characteristic philosophy of the nineteenth century, arose Pragmatism, which in some of its aspects is the Ultima Thule, the last expression, of the naturalistic practical movement. But Pragmatism would now seem to have spent its force, and men read Bergson. Or, if Bergson be discredited, we turn back to a philosopher like van Eucken, who is an idealist. So, too, in Art; wearied with Realism we turn to Symbolism and Mysticism: and the curiously suggestive, symbolic theatre of Maeterlinck is studied, even in the midst of the triumphs of the school of Ibsen.¹

But the question will naturally be asked: Has all this anything

(1) *Cf. Main Currents of Modern Thought*, by Prof. Rudolf Eucken ("The Concept of Spiritual Life"). (T. Fisher Unwin. 1912.)

to do with drama? Well, let us take the matter in detail. Modern drama in England has run through three or four distinct phases. There is the kind of drama with which, let us say, Macready had to concern himself, succeeded by a very bad and infertile period in which the chief productions were either adaptations from the French or else burlesques, many of which again had a French ancestry. No touch or breath of reality came across English drama till about 1860, or rather, to be accurate, till November 14th, 1865, when a piece entitled *Society* was played at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, having as its author Tom Robertson. From that time onwards, through various illustrious names, the English drama has steadily advanced in a direction which we usually call naturalism or realism. Concurrently with this movement you will find that adaptations from Paris began to be rare. The native drama has found its feet. The largest foreign influence is that of Ibsen. None of our writers have been quite the same since they made acquaintance with the Norwegian dramatist. A different quality has come into their work.

If such be in outline the history of modern drama, you will now observe that it fits tolerably into the scheme I have propounded. There was a time when every philosopher called himself an idealist, and sometimes idealism was exceedingly vague, shadowy, and unprofitable. Then, concurrently with the birth of vigorous and triumphant science, philosophy itself turned to realism. It was the latter half of the nineteenth century which witnessed the slow and hesitating growth on the English stage of dramas of realism. The only question is whether we have not got to the end of the realistic tendency at the present time. Some of our most popular writers, it is true, boast that they have banished romance. But romance always returns. It is like nature which you can expel with a pitchfork, "*tamen usque recurret.*" The lesson which modern realistic drama teaches is singularly hard, barren, unsatisfying. In what mood does the spectator come away from *Hindle Wakes*, *The Eldest Son*, *The New Sin*, *Rutherford and Son*, and *The Younger Generation*? Does not the something within him—no matter its name, soul or spirit—feel starved? Has life nothing but the sordid struggles which some of these dramatists paint? Can anything more depressing be conceived than the dramas of Mr. Galsworthy—*Justice*, *Strife*, *The Eldest Son*? After a tragedy by Shakespeare—even after a world-ruin like *King Lear*—I know not how it is, but the spirit is uplifted, alert, passionately believing in the reality of moral ideals. Does anyone ever have such a feeling after a modern realistic drama? It is possible, therefore, that a reaction may be commencing at the present day against some of

the forms of realism which have invaded our theatre. Perhaps it may usher in a better, newer, more fruitful kind of idealism, which assuredly must be built up on experience and veritable data, but which shall find room within its scheme for unconquerable romance, for imagination, for fancy, for faith, for love—in short, for the human soul.

It was undoubtedly an uninspiring and difficult task which Macready had before him when he attempted to carry out his artistic mission. Macready, without question, had certain instincts which we should class as modern and realistic, but the material with which he had to deal, and his contemporary authors, defeated most of his efforts. He had, without doubt, his limitations, although no one who has even cursorily perused his recently published *Diaries* can question the fact that he had, in an almost tragic degree, the temperament of a sensitive and self-castigating artist. Now what was the kind of work by English authors which he found ready to his hand? I will take only two instances—Sheridan Knowles and Lytton Bulwer. James Sheridan Knowles, an Irish schoolmaster, who had also been an actor, whose father was first cousin to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, brought to Macready a tragedy called *Virginius*, widely proclaimed as a return to truth and to nature as against existing artificialities of the times. *Virginius* is an admirable example of the ordinary bourgeois drama, a bourgeois drama applied, unfortunately, to Roman tragedy. Everyone knows, of course, the story of the soldier Virginius, who killed his daughter rather than she should fall into the hands of Appius. When Shakespeare dealt with Roman plays, he made, it is true, his characters Englishmen, but he made them of heroic mould. Brutus and Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony, and the rest, are certainly not commonplace, even though one can hardly describe them as accurately drawn in accordance with their Latin types. But of all the characters of Sheridan Knowles's play, it can safely be said that they are just mediocre, bourgeois, commonplace Englishmen and Englishwomen of the times. Virginius, for instance, is an excellent father of the middle class, whom we could imagine going down to his City office every day and returning to the suburbs in the evening. Virginia, the lovely heroine, is a simpering schoolgirl—a virtuous idiot. If this is what a return to nature meant, it must be confessed that it is a kind of nature that we do not want perpetuated.¹ Douglas Jerrold was in reality a better dramatist than Sheridan Knowles, and the first act of his *Rent Day*, which was played in 1832, is a

(1) Cf. *Le Théâtre Anglais*, by A. Filon (chaps. 1 and 2), to whose admirable study of dramatic history I am much indebted.

striking piece of work. But Jerrold, though he had undoubtedly considerable originality of his own, had to bow to the public taste of the time. He wrote *Black-eyed Susan*, perhaps his greatest success, undoubtedly also his worst play. The hero is, of course, that kind of seaman beloved of melodrama, compact of virtue and noble sentiments; and the heroine, though she is born from the lower ranks, can express the most exalted sentiments in a flowing and slightly academic style. The whole piece is a mass of unlikelihoods and absurdities: a very characteristic instance, as it seems to me, of that somewhat gross and common idealism of the crowd which likes to be transported when it goes into a theatre into another region where goodness is always rewarded, vice always punished, and "the man who lifts his hand against a woman" is reprobated by the howls of the gallery gods.

There came a time when Macready, face to face with failure, felt that he must try to retrieve his fortunes in America. He wrote to young Browning. "Make a play for me," he said, "and prevent me from going to America." The play was written. It was *Strafford*. It had, I think, four representations, but the unhappy Macready was not prevented from going to America. Still, a number of men of intelligence felt it their duty to come to the help of the distressed Macready. John Forster busied himself in the matter with characteristic energy; Leigh Hunt wrote a tragedy. But, above all, Lytton Bulwer composed three pieces, all of which enjoyed a distinguished celebrity at the time, and were played, undoubtedly, to full houses. These three pieces are *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*, and it would be difficult to say which of them was furthest removed from that kind of reality to which the stage should aspire. We ought to speak, I suppose, with a certain respect of the name of Bulwer, because he was an exceedingly prolific writer, a noted novelist, poet, politician, orator, as well as a dramatist. His novels were enough to make him famous. Everyone knows something about *The Last Days of Pompeii*, or *Rienzi*, or *Ernest Maltravers*, or *The Caxtons*, or *Kenelm Chillingly*. As a dramatist he represented a sort of amalgam of different authors, without having any very precise characteristics of his own. For instance, he had some touches of Byron, as much, at all events, as a man of the world ought to have without giving offence to English respectability. He also copied Victor Hugo to a large extent—or, shall we say, was inspired by Victor Hugo? No one would pretend that his poetry was of the highest order, any more than that his historical romances were in any sense true. But he possessed a kind of windy rhetoric which pleased his generation, and he seemed to be a great figure in the annals of his time. *The Lady*

of *Lyons* is still played, I believe, sometimes in America ; it is not so very many years ago since it was played in London by Mr. Coghlan and Mrs. Langtry, and by Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Brown-Potter.

Of all species of dramatic composition, melodrama, that has to be accepted literally and is adorned with the veneer of literature, is perhaps absolutely the worst. Everyone likes melodrama. It has a frank charm, an undeniable glamour. But it must not attempt to be either literal or literary. In *The Lady of Lyons* we have great purple patches of poetry covering the bare places in an unreal melodramatic plot. None of the characters have any particular reality about them—they all ring false. Madame Deschappelles comes from the Palais Royal. Pauline, the heroine, can change her character in the course of the play, and pass from haughtiness to humility, from a stupid arrogance to an equally foolish submission, without turning a hair. And the worst element in the piece is the hero, Claud Melnotte, who is simply a villain if we take him seriously, certainly a charlatan and a cheat. Being nothing more than a simple peasant, he passes himself off as a prince, and marries under a false name a well-dowered young lady. And he talks throughout the play as though he were a model of the highest virtue ! The once-famous play *Richelieu* is in no sense better than *The Lady of Lyons*. No one for a moment would imagine that *Richelieu* is any closer to actual history than, let us say, Victor Hugo's *Cromwell*. It is all false rhetoric, as well as false history. As the French critic M. Filon once said, "It is a sort of plaster Hugo, daubed over with bad Alexander Dumas." And what shall we say of *Money*, which has had a distinguished stage history and been played by very distinguished actors and actresses ? If anyone wants to understand how the native English drama has grown within recent years, how it has come to be something worth talking about, worthy of being put side by side with the dramatic literature of France and Germany, let him take the next opportunity he can find—it may be difficult to find an opportunity—of seeing Bulwer Lytton's *Money*. It is all as dull and insincere and unreal as any drama can be ; the characters are not related to life as we know it. The piece is full of theatricality in the worst sense of that word. The hero is a prig, the heroine a lady of extraordinary refinements and such abounding conscience that she kills our sympathy in laughter. These were some of the pieces which stood for the English drama in the first half of the nineteenth century. They represent a form of idealism which was bound to be shattered at the first contact with truth. Directly it came to be understood that the stage, instead of dealing with imaginative fiction, should attempt, in

however humble a fashion, to represent actual life, all such pieces as *Virginus*, *Black-eyed Susan*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, *Money*, were swept into that limbo of oblivion from which there is no return. And the same thing would be true also of the burlesques which Henry James Byron poured forth with so prodigal a hand. Some of Tom Taylor's pieces, such as *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* and *Still Waters Run Deep*, still survive; while Dion Boucicault struck out a new and interesting variety of melodrama by his Irish pieces, such as *Colleen Bawn*, *Arrah-na-pogue*, and *The Shaughraun*. But realism, as we understand it, made its first, shy appearance only with Tom Robertson, after 1860.

In dating the tendency to realism from the first production of the Robertsonian comedy, I am quite aware that I shall not have the sympathy of many critics. As we look back from our present point of vantage, it no doubt seems obvious that Robertson's plays were anything but realistic, in the sense in which we understand the term, but in many respects extremely artificial. It was in reference to this doubtless that Matthew Arnold said that English drama, floating uneasily between heaven and earth, was "neither idealistic nor realistic, but purely fantastic." But here we must distinguish a little. In tracing the history of any movement, we must carefully keep apart the spirit which animates it from some of its admitted effects and results. It may be true that some of the plays, such as *Ours* and *School*, were utterly fantastic in character and in structure. But the thing which Robertson was aiming at, the half-realised scope of his enterprise, these are the points which ought to interest us. The truth is that we have here, almost for the first time, an effort on the part of modern English drama to achieve some originality of its own. Up to this date, for all practical purposes, the English stage was, as I have said, in entire subservience to the French stage. Adaptations of French plays, dramas, comedies, farces, even melodramas, were recognised to be the legitimate avocation of the dramatic writers in our own country. At all events, Robertson shook off this foreign bondage. He tried to do something that belonged to himself alone, and for that we owe him more gratitude than we sometimes are inclined to acknowledge.

There is also another consideration. Realism is, of course, as we have seen, a vague term. At all events, we can have a Realism in externals, as well as a Realism in internal spirit. Do not let us despise the former: it may be the beginning of better things. When the Bancrofts commenced their historic enterprise in the Prince of Wales's Theatre, they at all events gave us Realism in externals. The rooms that we saw on the stage

were real rooms properly carpeted and boxed in, a ceiling was provided, together with appropriate furniture, such as could be found in any West-end drawing-room. This, indeed, was part of the crusade which the Bancroft management was undertaking. By making their little theatre a nest of something like luxury, by being careful in the plays they produced to imitate the tone, accent, the manners, the costume of the upper classes and the upper middle classes, these reformers of the theatre were initiating an economic revolution—the beginnings of a reconciliation between society and the stage. Earlier in the nineteenth century managers were always complaining that the wealthy classes could not possibly be tempted to enter the doors of a theatre. But the Bancrofts managed to succeed where others had failed. The price of the stalls was raised to half a guinea, a daring stroke of policy which had its significant results in the fact that these stalls were always full. Society saw something which it really could recognise as part of its own daily life, and to its own surprise found itself coming to an obscure street close to the Tottenham Court Road, where it never had found itself before. This little theatre, in fact, built in a slum, became the rendezvous of aristocracy, and from this time forward it will be found that young men and young women of good position and good birth began to seek a career upon the boards. The style of acting suited them, it was so natural and easy, so devoid of all emotional excess, so quiet, so restrained—in a word, so gentlemanly, so ladylike.* But because all this, though Realism of a kind, was only a superficial Realism, the drama was not yet considered something in which the intellectual classes could find interest. Society might be reconciled to the stage, but there was still the divorce between the acted drama and the deeper thoughts of students of life. That reconciliation which we see going on in our own day had yet to come.

Probably there was no more curious or exciting an evening than the *première* of *Society*, produced on the 14th of November, 1865. *Society* is by no means a good play, nor is it characteristically Robertsonian, except in one point—Robertson's knowledge of Bohemian life. Those who were interested in the production of the play were especially afraid of the third act, in which was represented the "Owl's Roost," a more or less faithful transcript of the manners and habits of Bohemians and their clubs. For would not these same Bohemians resent such a delineation on the stage? Would they not think that Robertson had been unfaithful to his old friends and his own traditions of good fellowship? Therefore it was rather an anxious little company which commenced the performance of *Society*; and

Marie Wilton, as she then was—Lady Bancroft as she is now named—mainly responsible for the venture, is always supposed to have occupied the final minute before the curtain went up in nailing with her own hands some little piece of stage decoration which had gone awry. But the result exceeded all anticipations. The tender little scenes of lovemaking in a London square, which occupied the second act, seemed pleasantly to suggest that romance was still possible under the plane-trees, and in the midst of the fogs of our Metropolis. But it was the much-dreaded third act which made the success of the play, especially the celebrated incident of the five shillings loan. A young man going to some evening social function finds himself devoid of the necessary wherewithal to pay his cab. He asks the first Bohemian friend he meets to lend him five shillings. "My dear fellow, I have not got it; but I can easily borrow it for you." And then we see a series of attempted borrowings, each man asking his neighbour in a laughable progress of generous inclination and of admitted impecuniosity. At last someone discovers the two necessary half-crowns, and then in inverse order the precious cab fare travels from hand to hand back to the original borrower. It is supposed to have been a real incident, and perhaps was recognised as all the more laughable on that account. There is no doubt that the Bohemians, at all events, were real, for they probably all had prototypes. As to the other characters, however, they were purely fantastic. Lady Ptarmigan takes the arm of old Mr. Chodd without hesitation, although he is what we should now call a "bounder" of the first water. Lord Ptarmigan—a character which John Hare rendered illustrious—had nothing to say and had only a single trick—he dragged his chair with him wherever he went, sat down, fell asleep at once, and most of the company tumbled over his outstretched legs. Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft) was charming, as she always was, because Robertson amongst other gifts had remarkable skill in devising characters which would just suit her inimitable *espièglerie*, her sparkling personality. And Mr. Bancroft brought upon the stage a new type of languid Englishman. Sothorn, in his "Lord Dundreary," had represented an English aristocrat as an absolutely brainless idiot. When the aristocrat appeared on the boards he was generally made into a caricature of fatuous imbecility. But Mr. Bancroft—as he was then called—put before the eyes of his audience a presentable, as well as a real, specimen of a man of breeding, a little haughty and disdainful, full of absurd airs, but by no means a fool, and always good-hearted. Of course, the most notorious example of his skill was Hawtree in *Caste*, whose appearance under the humble roof of the Eccles family is so irresistibly comic.

He is so entirely a fish out of water, and yet so affably and pleasantly at home—a gentleman, in short, who is full of native kindness. Through all this series of plays, *Society*, *Ours*, *Caste*, *School*—to take the best-known representatives of the Robertsonian comedy—the characters assigned to Bancroft and his wife never varied in general form, although in unessential details they may have varied. But if we look at them as a whole we are bound to confess that these comedies, full of easy grace and pleasantry, admirably written, endowed with a certain freshness of their own, were yet rightly named of “the milk-and-water school” and “the tea-cup-and-saucer type,” more than a little fantastic and artificial.

For some twenty years after the Robertsonian drama had run its course, nothing critical or important in the direction of what we have called Realism is to be noted. Even after Robertson there was an undiminished flow of adaptations from the French. All the leading dramatists were occupied in this curiously ignoble and servile task. It was considered the *right* thing to do; at all events, from the managerial standpoint it was considered the *safe* thing to do. The French dramatists, from Scribe onwards, including Dumas *filis*, Augier, Sardou, and the rest, were held as the original patentees of a correct kind of drama. They had inherited the tradition of the “*pièce bien faite*” from Scribe, although gradually they were breaking from it. At any rate, they were models and examples, and the English theatres were in haste to borrow from them wholesale. Remember, for instance, that Mr. Sydney Grundy—who ought to have been, and afterwards proved himself to be, an original dramatist—was largely occupied with adaptations from the French, and we shall understand how the lesser fry thought it no unworthy task to transplant into alien conditions French drama, which, for the most part, was ill-suited for any such crossing of the Channel. Almost the one exception was the extremely successful adaptation of Sardou’s *Dora*, under the title *Diplomacy*, which has quite recently been revived with great success in London. It is clear, of course, that in this respect English drama was in leading-strings, and it was not until a reaction came, not until it was discovered that plays could be written on English subjects, full of English ideas which would bring money into the managerial till, that any change for the better could come about. In this noble duty of establishing a modern English stage there are three names especially prominent, although their work was essentially different: the names of Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, and Arthur Pinero. If I were dealing with the rise of

the modern English drama, I should have to say a good deal both of Grundy and of Arthur Jones. But the subject I am considering is the growth of Realism, a more special point that we must now look at again with, perhaps, an attempt at a clearer elucidation of its object and aims.

The dramatist whom we call realistic, in the first place, accepts the conditions of the time in which he works and the country which is the scene of his labours. He begins, that is to say, with the principle that England has its own way of life and action, a way of its own, not by any means the same as that of other nations. That principle, of course, cuts at the root of all foreign adaptation. Most of the French dramas are racy of the French soil. The Parisian drawing-room is not the same as the London drawing-room; the characters move and talk in different fashion.

From that we advance to another principle. Each age has its own particular problems. The journalist and historian deal with these day after day. They mark the rise of a certain tendency, the gradual development of a new state of thought and feeling, the influence of novel ideas as they affect the settled conditions of English life. Take only a simple example. There is, and has been, in England a distinct school which we call the school of Puritanism, which has set itself with a remarkable determination, sometimes from the highest motives, but other times apparently through sheer blind prejudice, against art and all its manifestations, including, of course, dramatic art. Now, here is a state of things which you certainly cannot find in Paris and France. It is indigenous with us. As soon as a dramatist begins to think it his proper duty to put on the stage actual conditions of life as it is lived by the men and women around him, he is confronted by the Puritanical objection to many of those features which illustrate the artistic career. The dramatist, we will suppose, is not inclined to take the censures of the Puritans lying down; he strikes blow for blow. Thus you get a drama like Henry Arthur Jones's *Saints and Sinners* (1884)—a serious study of provincial life as dominated by narrow evangelicalism and the fury of the zealot. The two churchwardens in the play, who are called by characteristic names, Hoggard and Prabble, represent that kind of religiosity which is only an organised hypocrisy. For if the Puritans charged art and drama with suggested infractions of the moral code, the dramatist retorts by charging the Puritans with caring for the letter of the law and forgetting its spirit, with tithing mint and anise and cummin, and overlooking the simple obligations of charity and forgiveness. But we must not be diverted by taking the instance of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, because he has never been a Realist, and never pretended for a

moment that Realism should be an ideal at which the dramatic writer ought to aim. I only refer to the play as an illustration of how the modern English drama, if it is to be vital, must deal with actual conditions of English life.

The Realist then, as such, advances to a third principle. He has already acknowledged that drama must be English, and that it must have as its subject the contemporary problems of its time. But there is something else besides. The characters of his play must not be idealised or exaggerated, or transformed in any fashion by his imagination or fancy, but must be put before us exactly as psychological analysis reveals them. Men, we discover, work not from a single motive, but from complex motives. Their duties are performed, not always owing to a sense of moral obligation, but often because they happen to coincide with self-interest. Man is three-quarters mean and only one quarter, and very occasionally, noble. Woman is not an angelic figure to be placed on a pedestal and worshipped in a sacred niche with an aureole round her head. Still less is she the purely domestic drudge, but a human creature exactly on the same level as man, acting, as he does, from conflicting motives which she hardly understands, occasionally doing things right, as he does, more often doing things wrong, as he does, with particular temptations of her own which she finds it difficult to resist.

Now directly we begin to study humanity with the aid of scientific analysis, we have to take stock of these things, to say farewell to the older conceptions of drama which made the hero or heroine prosper in the end because he or she was good, and made the villain suffer in the last act because he was bad. Further, the romantic aspects of life tend, as a consequence of this analysis, to disappear. Romance is certainly not the daily food of human beings, and it is the everyday bread of humanity which we are concerned with. Thus a mortal blow is struck at the romantic drama, say, of Victor Hugo or of Bulwer Lytton, until at last we get, in the case of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, a distinct and determined attack against all romance, as being worthless, even if it exists, and inessential to the dramatist because it does not exist. Watch the single love scene in Mr. Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island*, and you will see how carefully the author has divested it of any touch of romantic glamour or poetic grace.

A further consequence of this realistic way of regarding character is that we learn not to be afraid to call things by their right names. The older dramatist lived in a world of his own, where certain ugly facts were glossed over or forgotten, or, at all events, not emphasised. But the modern realistic playwright, believing that such reticence is foolish and wrong, will give you

the ugly facts with just their ugly names without shame. And from this point of view there is no question that Mr. Shaw's *Widowers' Houses*, produced in December, 1892, was a very remarkable instance of a modern realistic play, including also a didactic element which is never far absent from the work of Mr. Shaw. *Mrs. Warren's Profession* is, of course, another illustrative example.

Reviewing some of the features to which I have called attention, we discover at once that an exceedingly important and comprehensive influence came from the work of Henrik Ibsen, whose social dramas, produced in London, were received with undisguised hostility from 1890 onwards, but also profoundly altered the conception of drama in the minds of many English dramatists. And a date of no little significance as a prophecy of things to come is the 24th of April, 1889, when John Hare opened the new Garrick Theatre with *The Profligate*, by Pinero. It was a prophecy, I say, of things to come, because *The Profligate* as a play is in many respects an unripe piece of work, full of immaturity, if we look back to it from the later work of the same author. Nevertheless, it marks in its aims and objects, and also to some extent in its achievement, a very notable advance on anything which had been seen hitherto—an advance, I venture to think, in the direction of Realism which was consummated a good deal later, on the 27th of May, 1893, when George Alexander produced *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* at the St. James's Theatre.

W. L. COURTNEY.

(To be continued.)

A STATE MEDICAL SERVICE.¹

It is hardly necessary to point out how unsatisfactory are the present methods by which the public when ill are brought into touch with medical advice, or how unsatisfactory are the results of these methods from the point of view of national health. The private practitioner, the club doctor, the dispensary doctor, the Poor Law doctor, and now the insurance doctors, by the conditions of their employment, all have to wait till people are ill and then try to patch them up again. Meanwhile, between 75,000 and 100,000 deaths from tuberculosis take place every year, 40,000 from summer diarrhoea, 20,000 from whooping cough, and a further 20,000 from measles, whilst many of those who survive attacks of these diseases are left crippled or maimed, and become a charge upon the community. Moreover, the results of medical examination of school children, and the difficulties of recruiting sergeants to get able-bodied men for the Army, show that both children and adults are below an efficient standard of health and physique. The medical profession in the light of modern knowledge knows that this waste of life and physical degeneration are in all human probability quite preventable, and yet it can do but little to stop it.

There are some who think that these evils would be remedied by the organisation of the medical profession as a State Medical Service. It can hardly be disputed that a great army of medical men whose main duty it was to prevent disease and attack its causes would be of benefit to the nation, but it may be doubted whether the position of the medical men would be improved under a State Service. Whilst picturing difficulties which might occur with a change of system, existing evils are apt to be forgotten, and therefore it may be useful to consider briefly a few of the difficulties under which a doctor works to-day, and then see if they would be removed by altering the whole system.

In the first place, to put it with brutal frankness, every doctor is at the present time in competition with every other doctor to get *customers* for his stock-in-trade, and on his success his very bread and butter depend. Now competition to advance knowledge, to make a great discovery, to benefit one's fellow-beings, and so to live as to leave the world just a little better than one found it, is excellent, and was the inspiration of such men as Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Pasteur, Koch, and Lister; but to

(1) An Address delivered at the Medical School, Cambridge, on February 13th, 1913, Professor Sims Woodhead in the Chair.

compete for customers in the open market for the purchase of one's stock-in-trade is altogether bad. This kind of competition invariably leads, first, to cutting of prices, and next to a shoddy output, and it has done so in the medical profession. Competition for the sale of knowledge has led to a steady lowering of the reward of labour, and, to a great extent, has rendered any really first-class work quite impossible.

In the next place, every doctor is in competition with the community, for the community has to some small extent recognised its responsibility for the health of the nation, and has rightly taken on its shoulders first one thing then another. There is the Public Health Service which year by year extends its field of operation, not only for prevention, but for the treatment of disease. There is medical inspection of school children, and a gradually increasing number of school clinics for the treatment of those found to be ailing. There is an army of registered midwives legally qualified to attend uncomplicated confinements; there are a host of trained nurses attending small ailments and offering advice; there are health visitors attending to care of infants; and lastly, there are the medical benefits under the Insurance Act. All these things are most excellent in themselves, but they more or less rob general practitioners of their source of income. Doctors also have to compete against advancing knowledge, for every new discovery which stamps out or lessens the incidence of disease means a pecuniary loss to the practitioner and makes the struggle for what is left keener and keener, which in its turn lowers fees, and consequently the standard of work given in return.

From another point of view the relation of doctor to patient is hardly satisfactory. To-day he is a servant of each individual patient on his books, and consequently his success in the competitive struggle depends on many things other than a true scientific insight into the causes of disease and a knowledge of diagnosis and treatment. It even depends to some extent on the cut of his coat, the luxuriance of his motor-car, and the charm of his wife. He is not entirely free and independent. In such circumstances it is an honour to the profession that, taken as a whole, it does give disinterested advice to patients; but there are times when it is difficult to do so. It is difficult to attack the squire for his germ-breeding cottages, or the parson for his habits of life; and it is difficult to advise your most lucrative patient to leave the neighbourhood because it is unsuitable for his health. However much a doctor strives against it, his present relationship to his patients must rob him in some small degree of absolute freedom of speech and action.

Another great difficulty at the present time is that a doctor's domestic and professional expenses remain stationary, whilst his income may fluctuate considerably from year to year, according to the health of the community, and there is only too often anxiety as to whether ends will meet. With such anxiety ever present, good work becomes very difficult. In the matter, too, of rest from labour, doctors are worse off than any other section of the community. They are on duty night and day, and even in times when work is quiet they must stay at home in readiness for a call, which is perhaps less restful than being busy. An annual holiday—if possible at all—is seldom more than a fortnight, because of the expense of putting in a *locum* as well as paying for the change. For the same reason, too, it is quite impossible for them to spend a month or two from time to time at some seat of learning so as to keep their knowledge up to date, and by coming into touch with the trend of advancing thought to gain fresh interest in their work. Through the lack of opportunity for such visits, not only does the national health suffer, but many a doctor, quite capable of adding substantially to the sum of medical knowledge, is forced to let most useful material for research run waste.

Lastly, the present methods lead to a hopelessly bad distribution of doctors, bad for the nation's health and bad for the profession. Being dependent for their living on patients' payments, there is a natural tendency for doctors to gravitate towards places where higher fees can be obtained, and to avoid the working-class districts. As a result, in Hampstead there is one doctor to every 356 of the population, and in Kensington one to every 477, whereas in Shoreditch there is only one doctor to every 5,582 people, and in Bermondsey one to every 3,896.

Dr. Salter has compared Bermondsey with Hampstead in some detail, and his figures are of interest :—

	Bermondsey.	Hampstead.
Population	180,000	80,000
Doctors	82	168
Birth-rate	31	14
General Death-rate	18·6	8
Infantile Mortality Rate	157	60
Deaths from Consumption	419	48
Deaths from Epidemics	510	45
General Sickness Rate as	6 is to	1

These great differences in the health of the two communities depend on many other things besides the number of doctors in proportion to the population. There are such questions as the quantity and quality of food, the milk supply, clothes, house room and open-air spaces, but these are all matters in which the

doctor should have a very large say if any earnest attempt is to be made to deal with the health of the community. However, it is quite evident that there must be a great waste of medical ability in Hampstead for lack of opportunity to apply it, and that some of the 168 doctors must fail to make a satisfactory income, whilst in Bermondsey the number of doctors must be entirely insufficient to cope with the requirements of the population. The doctors there must be grossly underpaid for the work they are called upon to attempt, and so overworked as to be unable to put at the disposal of their patients all the recent advances of medical knowledge.

These, then, are a few of the existing evils which imperil not only the position and security of the medical profession, but also the health and physique of the nation, and it is difficult to imagine that worse ills could befall either doctors or public if organised co-operation against disease were substituted for the present unorganised competition for a living. A State Medical Service will cure all these existing evils, and, provided its foundations are well laid and its building is slow and sure, it will be possible to prevent fresh ills from creeping in, both those foreseen and those unforeseen.

The State Medical Service must be founded on the lines of, and on an equality with, the higher grades of existing civil services, and it must embrace all branches of the medical profession including dentistry, and also midwives, nurses and dispensing chemists. It might also be advisable to include the profession of veterinary surgery, as there is no longer any dividing line between health and disease in animals and health and disease in man; moreover, the health of man may be prejudiced by disease in animals. At first, probably there would be many medical practitioners with lucrative practices who would not wish to enter the State Service, and they should not be compelled to do so; at first, also, there would be many of the well-to-do public who would demand the right to seek medical advice in the capacity of private patients, and they, too, must be allowed to do so. The State Medical Service, however, must be so well organised, and the conditions of service so honourable and advantageous, that in a few years it will attract all the best men entering the profession, and, indeed, the best youths when choosing a profession. Its benefits and conveniences must be so great to the Public that no one will hesitate to take advantage of it; then with both the profession and the public satisfied, competitive private practice would before long die out, unable to hold its own against the great co-ordinated public service.

In the next place, the State Medical Service, and all matters

concerning the health of the nation, must be controlled by a special Government Department, presided over by a Minister of Public Health with a seat in the Cabinet. This Minister must be assisted by a staff of medical advisers, or by various advisory boards composed of medical men. As, at the present time, some nine-tenths of the work of the Local Government Board is connected with the health of the community, the simplest method might be for it to shed the remaining one-tenth of its work and become the Board of Health, taking over such other medical matters as are now administered by other Government Departments, and co-ordinating all the public and semi-public duties which medical men now perform. Besides the bigger medical services under the Local Government Board, such as the Poor Law and Public Health Services, there are the medical inspectors of schools under the Board of Education, the prison surgeons and factory surgeons under the Home Office, the Post Office surgeons under the Postmaster-General, and there are medical men serving under the Board of Agriculture, and men connected with the Police, the Tramways, the County Asylums, the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and with the other public bodies, and now there has come into existence a large body of medical men working under yet another authority, namely, the Insurance Commissioners; lastly, the General Medical Council itself is an excrescence of the Privy Council. Perhaps, before all else, it is necessary to establish this Board of Health as a powerful central authority to co-ordinate and control all these disjointed half-time and whole time medical services, and to prevent the waste and overlapping which now goes on. With these services co-ordinated and controlled by one central authority, and with the gradual conversion of part-time into whole-time medical officers, a partial State Medical Service would already be in existence, the main object of which would be to secure a high standard of national health. The Poor Law medical officers will then no longer patch up those whom illness has reduced to destitution, but will prevent disease and maintain health amongst the least fortunate class of the community; the medical inspectors of schools will no longer be Education officers but Health officers, whose duty it will be to promote the health and physical fitness of all school children, and not merely to sort out those whom it is a waste to educate. With health the main object of all the public medical work, instead of, as now, subsidiary to some other national or commercial interest, the Board of Health could with authority introduce fresh legislation for the eradication and prevention of disease; it could see that the Public Health Services in every county or borough were guided by the same ideals and maintained at the same standard

of efficiency; it could control the medical, dental, and nursing professions as to education and registration, and it could see that each one of these professions were complementary to all the others; it could also take over the responsibility for the training and examination of pharmaceutical chemists, and could secure the supply of pure drugs and check the advertisement of harmful drugs and quack nostrums; it could take over the central control of all hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, nursing homes, sanatoria, convalescent homes, and other such medical institutions, and could supervise their administration and accounts in the same way as is now done by the King's Hospital Fund Committee, the accumulated assets of which it should take over and administer; and, most important of all, it could promote and reward research into the nature and causation of disease and the means of its prevention and cure.

It will be very difficult to decide how far the State Medical Service and Public Health matters should be directly controlled by the Board of Health and how far by the present Local Health authorities. Many Local Councils have gradually come to take great interest and pride in the Public Health Service and have brought their arrangements to a considerable degree of perfection, and such Councils would naturally resent the usurpation of their powers by a central authority. On the other hand, some Councils lag behind and are very slow to put in force the powers entrusted to them, and these will require some form of encouragement to bring them into line with the more progressive Councils. On the whole it will probably be best to leave the administration of the Service in the hands of the County Councils, the County Borough Councils and possibly the larger non-County Borough and Urban District Councils, but in order to stimulate the laggards and at the same time keep the final control in the hands of the Board of Health, large "grants in aid" should be awarded for efficiency in maintaining a high standard of health. Another reason for adopting this plan is that it will allow of some elasticity in administration. Any Council can if it sees fit make experiments, and if the results are satisfactory other Councils can follow suit. In this connection Mr. Sidney Webb has compared the fixity and lack of any sort of progress in our prison system administered from Whitehall with the comparative success in our educational system locally administered.

Many doctors, judging from their experiences in the past, dislike the idea of working under the Local Councils, and see many difficulties from the point of view of efficient administration. They have not been well treated by the Boards of Guardians nor by the County and Borough Councils, and their advice has often been set

aside, making their position very uncomfortable. Substantial grants-in-aid, however, from the Board of Health should keep the Local Councils up to the mark, for the greater the amount of sickness and the less notice taken of the medical officers' recommendations, the less will be the grant-in-aid and the higher will be the health-rate demanded from the ratepayer. In every district, too, the chief medical officers, and perhaps the seniors in all the various branches of the Service, must be finally elected and appointed by the Board of Health, though possibly selected and recommended by the Local Councils; and in the same way they must be removable from their posts only by the action of the Board of Health. They would thus obtain security of tenure in their offices and would be free to make strong recommendations in matters concerning the health of the community independently of local prejudices or of prejudiced persons. The assistant and junior medical officers might be elected by the Councils in conjunction with the senior medical officers, who *ex officio* should have seats on the Public Health Committees. All complaints and disputes arising over medical matters should in the first place, at any rate, be heard and adjudicated by a Board of medical men.

In the next place entry to the State Medical Service, and indeed to the medical profession, should be through one portal, that is to say, there should be one State examination which all should pass as a qualifying examination. Having passed this examination, the student shall have the right to enter the State Service if there be vacancies. On entering the Service the newly qualified man should be on probation for a period of four years. For the first two years he should continue his training at various hospitals, according to the particular branch of the profession which he has selected or for which he is best adapted, and in the meanwhile he should be paid a small salary or its equivalent in board, lodging, and allowance. The next two years should in all cases be spent in general practice under a senior State general practitioner, during which time he should receive a salary equal to that received by men on entering the higher grade Civil Services.

At the end of this probationary period the student should be required to produce evidence that his work has been in every way satisfactory and to pass some suitable test. If he fail to do this his connection with the State Medical Service should terminate. If, on the other hand, he satisfies the authorities, he shall be eligible for a junior post in that branch of the Service for which he has been specially trained at a salary of £300 a year, rising by annual instalments of £25 to £400, but each rise should be conditional on a satisfactory report from the senior

medical officer of the branch in which he works. He should then be eligible for an assistant's post at a salary of £450, rising in a similar manner by instalments to £800, and finally for a senior post with a salary rising to £1,200 a year. In every area there must also be higher posts still of an administrative nature, and some, too, at the Board of Health, carrying very substantial salaries, and for these posts the best members of any branch of the Service should be eligible. In short, all members of the State Medical Service should be promoted and rewarded according to the merit of their work, and, like all other civil servants, they should be entitled to an old-age pension after giving their best years in the service of the community. Moreover, should a State doctor be stricken down in the course of his work, as so many doctors are, he should be provided for and not be compelled to send the hat round as so often happens now.

There are minor questions which will have to be settled, such as whether senior consulting physicians and surgeons should be paid more than specialists, or whether specialists again should be paid more than a general practitioner or a bacteriologist. But as the heads of all departments under a State Service will be equally valuable to the community, it would seem only fair to reward them equally, especially as the expense of the training for all the special branches will fall on the State and not on the individual, as is now the case. There is also the question whether the doctors serving in Bermondsey should receive a salary equal to those serving in Hampstead, and whether those working in rural districts should be treated in the same way as those serving in large centres of population. Again, it would seem right that, grade for grade, they should all be treated alike, for, from the national point of view, the health of all districts is equally important. Some system, however, must be devised by which a man drafted to the wilds of Dartmoor shall not be left there against his will for the rest of his life. However such details are worked out, it is important to note that the suggestions just made in no way destroy the incentive to work and in no way rob a man of initiative. There is always the ladder to climb, with salary, position, and income depending on the rung which has been reached, and we may well conceive that those who reach the top will be held in as great esteem as are now His Majesty's judges who have reached the top of the legal ladder.

In the actual working of the State Service, the hospitals, which will be administered by the Local Councils, though controlled by the Board of Health, must be made the centres of all medical activities around which every branch of the Service will be organised. The Poor Law Infirmaries must be taken over and

converted into up-to-date hospitals, and in many districts new hospitals must be built. These hospitals must be so staffed and equipped that all the latest methods for the diagnosis and treatment of disease can be put at the disposal of all. There must be a trained bacteriologist to search out the germ that is poisoning and to prepare vaccines, if vaccines are thought advisable; there must be the trained specialist to examine the blood and analyse the excreta, and there must be those at hand to make other macroscopic or microscopic examinations which may throw light on the nature or cause of the disease. There must be the best of up-to-date hospital accommodation, with all its special departments, its operating theatres, its X-ray rooms, its radium and electrical departments, equipped with all that aids in the relief of suffering. To each department one or more specialists must be attached whose services shall be free to all without the taint of pauperism and without the stigma of charity. The hospital will also be the centre round which the general practitioners will work. It is to the hospital that the sick person will send when he wants a doctor to visit him, and it is likewise to the hospital that he will send for his medicines or for the help of a nurse, should one be required. It is to the hospital that the doctor will return after visiting his patient, and, if in doubt as to the nature of the disease, he will talk it over with the necessary specialists, and if occasion require arrange for a consultation. It is to the hospital that the patient will be brought if operation be required or if proper help cannot be provided in the patient's home, and it is at the hospital the surgeon, physician or specialist, in conjunction with the general practitioner, will make every effort to restore the patient to health as quickly as possible, calling to their aid the bacteriologist, the microscopist or the radiographer, as may be necessary. It is at the hospital that the general practitioner will have his consulting rooms, to which all ailing folk may come and receive advice and treatment and in obscure cases obtain the benefit of a specialist's advice.

It is at the hospital that the medical officer of health, the sanitary inspectors and their staff will have their headquarters, and the general practitioners in their goings from and returnings to the hospital can keep the Health Guardians in close touch with all suspected cases of infectious diseases, of faulty drainage and of insanitary surroundings. And with the hospital as the centre there will be men specially trained in children's ailments and requirements who would daily visit the schools of all grades: at the schools there would be a consulting room with a nurse in attendance, so that the proper inspection and treatment of children could be satisfactorily carried out. Should grave disease be dis-

covered, the child would be brought to the centre of medical activity, namely, to the hospital, where the appropriate form of treatment could be adopted. Lastly, but by no means least, at the hospital there must be a well-equipped department for investigation and research, and the keeping of such statistics as may throw light on the causes and incidence of disease. Indeed, each hospital must be a busy hive of medical men sending out its emissaries to prevent and heal disease or bringing back the sick and wounded to restore them to health as quickly as possible by the best methods known to modern science.

In order that doctors may be free to do this efficiently, the whole medical staff must be entirely relieved of all purely clerical duties. It is absurd, as well as bad economy, to spend time and money in training men for service in perhaps the most difficult profession and then ask them to spend two, or possibly three, hours of their working day in bookkeeping and letter writing. There must be attached to every hospital a staff of bookkeepers, typists and stenographers to undertake the clerical work under the supervision of the medical men, and to assist in keeping medical and statistical records.

The hospitals must, of course, be on the telephone, and every person requiring medical help should have the right to use the nearest public call office without charge. At the hospital there should be one or more motor-cars and one or more motor ambulances in constant readiness to respond to the appeal for aid. The telephone and motor-cars obliterate distance, so each hospital might serve a fairly wide area, but in the smaller towns in out-lying districts there must be receiving stations with one or two beds for emergencies coming in from the country round. At these stations, too, there must be consulting rooms, well equipped with instruments and modern appliances, for the use of local practitioners; there must be dispensaries, and there must be the necessary number of nurses. These receiving stations must be linked up with the nearest hospital by means of the telephone, motor-cars and motor ambulances, so that medical help may be sent out, or the patient may be brought in, according to circumstances.

Instead of, as now, doctors being on duty night and day, their hours of service must be limited. They will have their hours on duty at the hospital, and they will have their hours on duty at their homes, from which they may be summoned by telephone to the hospital or to visit patients outside, but those hours must be so arranged that there shall be leisure for recreation and recuperation. As in other branches of the Civil Service, each doctor must be entitled to so many days off duty during every year,

according to his position in the Medical Service, and except in the case of great emergencies, such as the outbreak of some serious epidemic, he should be allowed to take them just as and when he likes—a day at a time, a week at a time, or a month at a time.

With hospitals distributed as has been suggested, and equipped with physicians, surgeons, and specialists, with up-to-date departments of every sort and with the general practitioners working in constant touch with these hospitals, instead of as isolated units, all doctors should, as a matter of routine, be able to keep their knowledge up to date—indeed, they can hardly do otherwise. Nevertheless, it would be advisable for all doctors—whether general practitioners or specialists—to return to some larger centre such as London, Cambridge, or Manchester, or even to visit Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, in order to see the methods there carried out. For this purpose they should be granted special education leave on full pay, and they should spend from three to six months every few years in thus acquiring additional knowledge. There might be some test as to their success in doing so and some reward to those most successful in the shape of increased salary or promotion in the Service, all of which is now carried out in the Indian Medical Service and in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Under some such system as that indicated maintenance of health and the prevention of disease would be the ambition of all. A “good” year from the doctors’ point of view would no longer be one in which epidemics had been rampant and the health of the community indifferent, because disease would no longer be a source of income, but only extra work and worry; and if the public had ever before them a special rate or income-tax for health purposes, they too would soon take a keen interest in the prevention and eradication of disease.

Under such a system, too, there could be, to all intents and purposes, absolutely free choice of doctors, if such were still desired, but it is probable that as the work of the Service became more and more specialised, as each branch worked more and more in co-operation with every other branch, and as modern methods of diagnosis and treatment became more and more extended and available to all, this desire for a “free choice of doctor” would cease to assume so great an importance amongst the public, and certainly amongst the medical profession.

In conclusion, a few words are necessary about the transition stage, always the most difficult. The very first step will be to establish the Board of Health and appoint a Minister to preside over it, and the first duty of this Board will be to co-ordinate under its control all medical matters now distributed over various

other Government Departments, and to organise all the medical men now wholly or partially serving under these departments into one State Service. In this way the present Public Health, the Poor Law, the Insurance, and the School services could be made a nucleus on which to build a complete State Medical Service. In the next place, all men recently qualified, or about to become qualified, should be invited to join the State Service. Of these, those who have already made themselves proficient in one of the many branches of the profession should be sent to some junior post under the senior men in the Service, whilst the rest should at once be trained for some definite branch of the Service. All general practitioners under the age of, say, fifty-five should also be invited to join the State Service, and the remuneration offered to them should bear some definite relation to the incomes they are now earning. Auditors should be appointed by the Board of Health to determine the net incomes of those prepared to accept service, based on the average of the last three years, and this should form the basis for negotiations. Not only must the income be taken into consideration, but also the selling value of the practice, and likewise, not only must the salary offered be considered, but the value of a pension. Several alternatives based on actuarial principles might be devised from which men could choose according to their circumstances; for instance, there might be, amongst others, the following alternatives:—

1. Full value for vested interest, but no pension.
2. Half value for vested interest, and half pension.
3. Nothing for vested interest, but full pension.
4. Nothing for vested interest and no pension, but increased salary.
5. All might have a definite pension, but salaries might be varied according as to whether full value, half value, or nothing, were paid down for the vested interest.

Lastly, consulting physicians and surgeons and specialists in all the different branches of medicine and surgery should be invited to put their services at the disposal of the Board of Health. To such as are willing to do so a choice might also be given. They might become whole-time medical officers at a definite salary with a pension, or they might become part-time medical officers either with a retaining salary and a modified fee for work done, or with no retaining salary and bigger fees for work done.

From the first the position and prestige of those entering the State Service must be jealously guarded. There must be no unfair suspicion of inferiority such as now often attaches to the parish doctor and the club doctor, but just as an officer in the

Army is honoured as a defender of his country from outside foes, so must the State Medical officer be honoured for defending his country from the devastating attacks of disease from within. With an honoured position, a regular income, the prospect of a pension, and with the hours of work regulated and the opportunity for really scientific work to attract them, part-time will be quickly replaced by whole-time medical officers, and the coming generation of medical men will be eager to enter the Service. Thus the numerical strength of the Service will rapidly increase, and before long it will be fully equipped with well-trained men in all its branches. There will then be a great army of doctors who, whilst working shoulder to shoulder to eradicate disease and obtain a high standard of national health, will nevertheless compete with each other for promotion in the Service by giving to the community their best work for the advancement of the science and art of their calling.

CHARLES A. PARKER.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE TURKISH DEFEAT.

So many superficial and irresponsible views are advanced in regard to what is alleged to have been the failure of attempts to apply the German military system to the Ottoman Army, that the writer has sought from authoritative sources a true explanation of the causes of the Turkish defeat. In this task he has been assisted by Field-Marshal von der Goltz, who supervised the work of military reorganisation in the Ottoman Empire from 1883 to 1895, and by Lieut.-General Imhoff, who, under Field-Marshal von der Goltz, was entrusted with the work of reorganising the Ottoman Artillery. To the former I am indebted for certain interesting memoranda bearing on the subject; while the latter has kindly placed at my disposal a revised copy of an article that appeared from his pen in the *Vossische Zeitung*.

It will not be denied that these statements, emanating as they do from distinguished generals whose duties brought them into close contact with Turkish military conditions, are entitled to respectful consideration. Certainly they dispose finally of the absurd argument put forward in some quarters that it is the German military system that has been on its trial in Turkey.

It is therefore unnecessary for me at this stage to say anything further in presenting these authoritative views.

BY FIELD-MARSHAL VON DER GOLTZ.

When, four years ago, the great Revolution took place in Turkey, the Press of Europe showed an exaggerated approbation of the achievements of the Young Turks—a circumstance which naturally caused the latter to indulge in a superabundance of self-esteem. To-day, when unexpected attack has been followed by signal defeat, we read in the newspapers of very little else than decay, rottenness, ruin, and so forth. Such stigma is inaccurate. I cannot here enumerate all the causes which have led to the recent reverses; but I will mention one of them because, although not hitherto brought to the public notice, it is comprehensible to civilians.

Until the year 1908 the Turkish Army consisted only of a levy of the Mohammedans, controlled by law; and these men had none of the training necessary for the recent war. Indeed, this training had been rendered impossible by reason of the fact that Abd-ul-Hamid distrusted his soldiers. The Sultan carried

this distrust to such lengths that not only were the troops deprived of rifle practice and of training under active service conditions, but drill exercise in large companies was prohibited. Even blank-fire practice was forbidden. The troops, under strict supervision, were kept within the narrow confines of their barrack-yards, where only elementary exercise in small sections was allowed.

These circumstances justified the remark of a witty Turkish courtier, who once said to me : "We are presenting to the world the strange spectacle of a whole nation of prisoners."

Only after the revolution of 1908 was it possible for steps to be taken to create an army, in the modern sense, which should be fully trained on a peace footing and yet have the usual number of Reserve, Landwehr and Landsturm.

This work was interrupted by the unfortunate mutiny of 1909. We may therefore say with truth that the period during which serious reorganisation was in progress consisted of no more than three years. It stands to reason that in three years only three classes or levies can be trained. The task was begun with great zeal and enthusiasm, but from the very outset it was rendered exceedingly difficult of accomplishment because of the serious disadvantage that, after thirty years of lethargy, the aptitude for learning was almost entirely lacking. It was true that measures were taken to remedy this state of affairs, as, for example, the formation of camps for the training of officers, where they learnt modern warfare in much the same way as do our officers in field practice. But the time at disposal was insufficient for the whole army to derive the needful benefit. A long period of tranquillity would have been necessary in order to reap the full advantages of the system. Instead, however, there was a succession of insurrections in various parts of the extensive Empire, and these again and again interrupted training. Consequent upon the triennial period of active service which obtains in the Ottoman Army, the latest reserve levy, liable to serve with the colours in the event of war, dated from the reign of Abd-ul-Hamid—that is to say, it was for the most part untrained.

Owing to the haste with which mobilisation had necessarily to be carried out, it was unavoidable that troops should be utilised merely to fill gaps and altogether irrespective of the circumstance of whether or not they had been properly trained. Accordingly, the army which we have seen vanquished by the Allies was, in reality, an army of recruits, and deficient, moreover, in officers. An army of this kind, which is to be compared to a hastily-called-up militia, may be, if properly prepared for the aim in view, a force effective for defence. That it was unequal to the task of taking the offensive against a numerically superior army which

had enjoyed twenty-seven years' preparation for war cannot be denied. And we should not forget that it was required to take the field at an unfavourable season of the year, and with the drawbacks of bad roads and insufficient commissariat and ammunition. To such a venture there could be no other end than defeat. It was altogether too premature to test the strength of the new Turkish Army in actual warfare.

At the same time, it would be an error to conclude that all is lost to Turkey. The real national strength of the Empire is derived from Anatolia. An excessively severe strain was imposed upon this strength in order that the ever-restless European provinces might be kept in subjection, and revolts fomented from abroad suppressed. In my judgment, the severance of Macedonia will in the end prove a source of strength, rather than of weakness, to Turkey. Restricted to an area wherein is concentrated her true national power, she will now be able to devote herself to her own regeneration; and it is devoutly to be hoped that she will be given the time and opportunity for accomplishing this great purpose.

BY IMHOFF PASHA.

Although at this stage it is premature to advance anything in the nature of conclusive opinion in regard to the wholly unexpected failure of the Turkish Army, I have decided, in compliance with several requests, to endeavour so far as may be possible to discover the causes that have brought about the defeat. In this connection I sincerely trust that my comrades of the Turkish Army will not allow themselves to feel hurt at anything which their old colleague may say, and that they will read into my remarks merely the wish to offer some explanation to those individuals living far from the scene of conflict as to why the famous Osman Army has failed to justify the confident hopes and expectations that were reposed in it.

The recent war in which the so-called Sick Man has been thoroughly beaten and crippled is not at all comparable with the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8. In the latter campaign the Russians were operating at a great distance from the Turkish capital; many fortresses, mountains, and rivers obstructed their advance, and they were, themselves, very slow in the development of their operations. On the other hand, in the recent campaign the enemy of the Turks was located only about 250 to 300 kilometres from Constantinople. Moreover, the Balkan States were efficiently armed, had prepared in common a carefully con-

sidered plan of operations against Turkey, and were imbued with the highest enthusiasm.

It is a well-known fact that in 1877-8 the intelligence and moral qualities of the Turkish race were the principal factors that enabled the Army to inflict, again and again, serious reverses upon the enemy, that produced the historic defence of Plevna which delayed for months the victorious march of the Russians towards Constantinople, and that, in short, were responsible for a stubborn resistance which only succumbed after a long struggle against an overwhelming enemy. These remarkable feats, it should be remembered, were accomplished notwithstanding the inferiority of the army as regards numbers, organisation, and equipment, the indifferent leadership of separate units, and the irresolute attitude of the lay Council of War. In the conduct of Turkish troops during the campaigns in Thessaly, Yemen, and Tripoli, and the rising in Albania, we find further striking evidence of their brilliant qualities. As a result of reflection upon all these important circumstances, the writer is led to ask the question: How did it happen that the Osman nation should have lived to experience so terrible a disappointment? Was the true cause to be found in the enthusiasm and the moral superiority of the enemy, or were the defects inherent in the Turkish Army alone responsible for the disaster?

It is notorious that until July, 1908, there was no such thing as a modern army in Turkey in the strict sense of the term, and that any efforts to improve military organisation under the old *régime* were looked upon as little short of a crime. The period of four years that elapsed before the outbreak of the war was obviously inadequate, even with the best of intentions, for the purpose of training an army of about a million men—a total which Turkey was in a position to provide. The very promising beginning that had been made was marred in consequence of internal and political differences, and seeds of discord were sown such as to render all further work hopeless. Moreover, the frequent risings in Albania, Syria, Arabia, and also the Tripoli war, were disturbing factors, and contributed to no small extent in rendering impossible the task of organising and training, in time of peace, an army efficient for war on a great scale. Efforts in this direction were further hampered by the dissensions that existed among the officers.

The fanatical, wild, and brave Turkish Army, which in former times constituted a homogeneous whole as regards nationality and religion, had absorbed elements having absolutely no interest in the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, and, indeed, whose sympathies were frankly on the side of the enemy. Observers

who in 1908 shed tears of joy on witnessing the fraternisation of the various nationalities with the Turks, stand aghast to-day at the swift change which has come over the scene. It must be left to one more competent than myself to describe and explain this extraordinary phenomenon. But there remains the significant fact that the change did occur. The predicted brotherhood of all the races within the Ottoman Empire has not been realised; events, indeed, have proved it to be nothing more than a dream.

While the inner coherence of the Army had already been shaken in consequence of conditions described above, the causes of the demoralisation of the officers' corps were to be attributed to an altogether different influence, an influence which arose from the circumstance that its members were entirely engrossed in politics and political strife. Proof of this statement is to be found in the fact that the junior officers no longer accorded to their seniors the consideration due to their rank. Moreover, the younger officers received promotion out of all proportion to their merits, and consequently acquired not a little influence. The lavish praise that was for some reason bestowed upon the Turkish Army produced in them an exaggerated self-esteem, so much so that many officers seriously entertained the belief that they had reached a degree of efficiency which placed them above all further teaching. Having myself been an officer upon whom devolved the duty of instructing the Turkish forces, I am filled with sorrow when I reflect that this once famous and brilliant army has, in the short space of time that has elapsed since 1909, split into various parties and factions—the Old and Young Turks quarrelling together, the Committee with its good intentions and its great defects, the Sadik movement, the secret societies, the cabal of officers identified with the political murder of Zekki Bey, the clubs and all the evil consequences arising therefrom. As a result of these pernicious influences, authority and discipline became undermined, a great gulf divided officers and men, and it was little wonder that serious work in time of peace no longer appealed to a class of men who had become what might perhaps best be described as “political officers.” We arrive, then, at the conclusion that the rein given to political passions had the effect of completely destroying that discipline so essential to the maintenance of an efficient army.

Within the last few years the authority of the Government has been greatly impaired. After the deposition of Abdul-Hamid Cabinet changes became still more frequent. The leaders of the Government, too, were continually changed, with the result that constant friction arose between Ministers and ex-Ministers. What could be more natural than that the people, responding to

the clamour of irresponsible criticism levelled at the highest officials, should lose faith in the Government! As a result of the popular agitation which ensued, whole parts of the standing army were subsequently relegated to the Reserves. No wonder, therefore, that the principle upon which State and Army had been founded was irrevocably damaged.

For the writer, an old instructing officer, the question of the inadequate training of officers and men is a somewhat delicate one to deal with. As an interested party, I shall refrain from offering any detailed criticism, and will content myself with referring to matters to which my attention has been drawn by the Press. I would, therefore, simply set forth the following points: The reserve troops were not acquainted with the handling of their weapons; the artillery did not know how to use their guns; the Rediffs were short of officers; over a quarter of the Nizam troops consisted of untrained men; the premature disbandment of the old Alajlis officers (the so-called troopers) was a mistake; while the firing of the Anatolian troops, who adhered to the old system, was ineffective. There was a great shortage of officers (altogether there were, roughly, no less than 8,000 officers' posts unfilled); the placing of men in position, and their ability when in position, were defective; and finally, the influence of foreign instructors, both in the Army and the Navy, was suppressed.

So long as the official Turkish reports concerning the engagements are not available, nothing of a definite nature can be said in regard to the alleged defects in generalship. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that in consequence of the almost total absence of manœuvres and exercises since 1909, there has been a great shortage of experienced leaders. At the same time, we should in fairness recognise the high intelligence and appreciate the merits of individual leaders. The defective organisation of the Intelligence Department, and the lack of proper facilities for transmitting orders, were faults in system to which attention must particularly be drawn. As far as the men were concerned it should be observed that they lacked neither courage nor discipline, and showed a fearless disregard of death. No blame could justly be laid upon the character of individual commanders; nor could they rightly be accused of lacking initiative. And still this crushing defeat!

Much can be explained by the fact that in the short period that elapsed since 1908 the highest officers in the General Staff had not time to prepare themselves by a thorough, or even theoretical, training for the important task which awaited them in warfare. The excessive burden of administrative work, the obsession of

politics, long absences for the suppression of internal disturbances, and last, but not least, the exclusion for many years under the old *régime* of all practical work, were sufficient reasons to explain the failure of the higher leadership.

The Press points out in its reports that firing discipline, range-finding, and employment of protection were defective, and that the artillery was badly placed. We can also find an explanation here. It is no exaggeration to say that in reality the Turkish Army has, in the strict sense of the term, never enjoyed a normal peace training. Recruiting took place at all times of the year, and manœuvres and exercises were only carried out to a very limited extent. But, above all, in any attempt to arrive at a proper understanding of the disabilities under which the Turkish Army laboured, it must not be forgotten that staff officers, colonels, and other commissioned ranks, for whose education nothing had been done for scores of years, were not likely suddenly to have acquired with the declaration of the Constitution the spiritual impulse now so necessary in the modern training of an army.

Furthermore, in reviewing recent events, emphasis must be laid upon the ill-effects produced by the rapid and altogether premature promotion of non-commissioned officers to commissioned rank, and one cannot help reflecting that had these officers retained their old *status* they would have exercised a useful and steady influence among the men at a time of great crisis.

Of all the points dealt with in the present article as bearing upon the defeat of Turkish arms, the military unpreparedness of the nation gives pause for the gloomiest reflection. This unpreparedness for war merits full analysis, for herein is to be found that factor of negation that rendered of no account the great and courageous stand made by the troops, and that led to the sorrowful and shocking events the accounts of which filled the columns of the Press of the whole world. In all quarters people are never tired of laying the burden of responsibility for Turkey's defeat upon the exterritorial distribution of troops during time of peace, defective railway communications and absence of good roads, shortcomings of administration, exterior and interior troubles, the Italian War, and the Albanian revolt, and one must concede that the difficulties arising therefrom were not inconsiderable. Foreign criticism has also reproached the Turkish authorities for their negligence in regard to hospital arrangements, the inadequate supply of ammunition, and the inefficient state of the medical service, all of which reasons are advanced as having brought about defeat in battle and accounted for the complete *déroute* with which even the most spirited Ottoman

troops were afflicted. Here I may say that I am only setting forth the opinions of experts and of officers of the Turkish Army, and that I refrain from passing my own judgment.

In consequence of the failure of the commissariat a rebellious spirit seized hold of the forces. For seven days troops at Tchorlu had as their only nourishment raw flour; there was a great shortage of ammunition, and, in fact, all supply departments failed shamefully. A state of marasmus inevitably followed this slow process of serving the Army through its various arteries. So intense was the misery that the soldiers besought the employees on the trains to give them food, but there was a veritable famine in bread. Hunger itself caused the *moral* of the Army to dwindle away. There next came a failure in the water supply. The arrangements for the supply of ammunition were, as I have said, wholly inefficient. The artillery ran short of ammunition, and ammunition trains were nowhere to be seen. Thus the men stood, as it were, with folded arms and waited for the Kismet. For example, the second army corps at Bunar Hissar were begging for ammunition, but Abdullah Pasha had neither ammunition nor food. At Kirk Kilisse thousands of Rediffs arrived on the battlefield without weapons, and as rifles had to be supplied to them after the engagement had already begun, we can well imagine the confusion that reigned.

The complete failure of the medical service has been discussed in all quarters. In most cases the wounded were not carried away from the firing line; those poor fellows who could move dragged themselves to the rear. There were few stretchers, and no wheeled ambulances. No facilities existed for the rendering of first aid; there were no field hospitals, and the few surgeons at the front were without instruments of any kind. All reports agree that the failure of supply was the principal cause that produced the demoralisation of the Rediffs. The old saying, "Hunger and thirst never defeat a Turkish soldier," has thus been terribly disproved at the expense of the Turkish Army.

Stress has been laid in some quarters upon the fact that the General Staff completely failed, that it was not capable of preparing for a modern war, and that it ignored the advice of the experts. Consequently, although in possession of a railway line it did not understand how to make use of this means of communication. As a result there were experienced great inconvenience, indiscipline, congestion and many accidents; all of which, strange to say, were caused by faults in the Turkish organisation, and were not traceable, as is customary in war, to the belligerent actions of an enemy.

We must give the individual officer his due. What could an

individual accomplish, and of what service could he be in such a state of chaos? Again I must draw the attention of the reader to the fact that all observers agree that the primary evil lay in the insufficient preparedness of the Turkish Army for mobilisation, and that this led directly to general demoralisation with its sequence, the court-martialling of officers and men, and ultimately resulted in the spread of panic and starvation, the burning of villages, the formation of bands of marauders, and also in murderous revolver attacks upon the lives of the highest commanders.

The suggestion that the artillery of the enemy was superior cannot be accepted as the truth. The field-guns of all the Powers are to-day more or less on the same level, and in actual war the variation of one centimetre in trajectory and 20-50 metres in range is quite immaterial. The best weapons are of no avail when handled by inexperienced soldiers; and the firing itself, as well as the discipline, are the only decisive factors in modern war. For example, in the Franco-Prussian War the Chassepot weapon with which the French were armed was decidedly superior to the ignition-needle weapon. Yet on this account the Prussian infantry were not placed at a disadvantage, for they were efficient in handling their guns. Herein is conveyed a serious moral to the Government of the future whose duty it will be to undertake the re-organisation of the Turkish Army. I have already stated elsewhere that a beginner in music cannot immediately, even with the best and most expensive piano, execute difficult passages and studies. Conscientious practice and fingering exercises are essential. And so in the Turkish artillery it was this very factor of diligent preparation that was absent. How often have the officers asked me to intercede with the authorities on behalf of more frequent practice in shooting; how often have I represented their wishes in the proper quarters, and how often owing to inadequate facilities have I been frustrated! It was the system, and not the officer or the soldier, that was chiefly to blame.

As I have already observed in the introduction to this article, the statements set forth by eminent German officers who were entrusted with the mission of re-organising the Ottoman Army, a task doomed from the outset to failure in consequence of circumstances beyond their control, are of supreme importance in so far as they represent the considered judgment of men whose position and knowledge afforded them privileged opportunities for observation. But it is when we seek to draw from their conclusions the lessons that may with profit be taken to heart by all States that we realise the valuable nature of the service which

Field-Marshal von der Goltz and Imhoff Pasha have rendered in placing their views before the world. Apart altogether from certain drawbacks arising out of the character and constitution of the Ottoman forces, and unlikely to be reproduced in any other army, it is plain that the causes of the Turkish failure were similar to those which, from time immemorial, have led to defeat in warfare in all countries; and which, in spite of the repeated warnings of history, will continue to accomplish the downfall of armies. All these causes, without a single exception, were directly traceable to lack of preparation and of organisation. The writer would like to refer to two particular defects, one relating to the organisation of the Turks, and the other to that of the Bulgarians. The presence of these defects exerted upon the fortunes of the campaign an influence the importance of which cannot possibly be exaggerated. When we reflect that exactly the same failings were exhibited in the Russo-Japanese campaign as recently as 1904-5, then we are in a position to appreciate what are perhaps the most striking of the many examples that the war in the Near East has afforded of the indifference of nations to the lessons of history.

The fact that the Turkish artillery was furnished with guns of German manufacture, whereas the Allies relied mainly upon weapons of French origin, aroused considerable comment, and superficial critics jumped to the conclusion that in this respect the Ottoman Army had been ill-served. General Imhoff, upon whom fell the task of re-organising the Ottoman artillery, rightly points out that the guns of all first-class Powers are practically on the same level, and that no importance is to be attached to a slight advantage in range. It is clear then that as far as this arm was concerned the Turks could blame nothing save their own inefficiency. All impartial accounts agree that the Bulgarians employed their guns with superb judgment, and that the effect of their shrapnel fire was overwhelming. Here we find some parallel with the events of the Russo-Japanese campaign. The Japanese gun was inferior in range to the Russian weapon to the extent of no less than about one thousand yards. Yet the Japanese by reason of superior efficiency consistently maintained an advantage over the enemy. They aimed, as did the Bulgarians in the recent war, at concentrating all available artillery on a selected position, whereas the Russians kept large numbers of guns in reserve, with the result that, in the words of one of the British *attachés*, they were beaten in detail and the reserve artillery only came into action to cover the retreat.

In another important respect the recent war bore resemblance to the Russo-Japanese campaign—the lack of cavalry in the

victorious army with which to follow up forces retreating in disorder. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who was present at the battle of Lule Burgas, has declared that "had more cavalry been at the disposal of the Bulgarians they could practically have walked through the lines of Tchataldja without firing a shot and taken 60,000 or 70,000 Turks as prisoners." It was, in the case of the Japanese, the lack of cavalry that deprived them of the complete fruits of victory; and one of their foremost leaders, Major-General Akiyama, expressed the opinion at the time that "one of the most important lessons of the war is that a proper proportion of thoroughly efficient and properly trained cavalry is as essential to success as the guns and other parts of the whole machinery of an army. No cheap or hastily improvised substitute can take its place." The British *attachés* with the Russian forces were moved to speculate upon what would have happened to the Russian infantry after a hard day's fight, or when retreating with their cartridges nearly exhausted, worn out with fatigue and want of food, if a well-handled body of hostile cavalry had suddenly appeared about dark and charged resolutely home. It is beyond question that both Mukden and Lule Burgas would have been converted into Sedans had the victorious armies in each case been provided with a sufficiency of cavalry with which to follow up their shattered foes. Only the lapse of a few years separated the dates of these two great battles. In spite of the fact, therefore, that the all-important lessons of the Russo-Japanese War were fresh in their minds, the Bulgarians, renowned as were the Japanese for efficiency in every other direction, failed to provide an adequate force of cavalry—an arm proved by events to be the crushing factor in warfare. Consequently, they were brought to a dead halt before the lines of Tchataldja, a circumstance that influenced to no small extent the stubborn diplomacy of the Turks in the subsequent peace negotiations. It must, however, be confessed that the cause of the insufficiency of the Bulgarian cavalry is not difficult to find. Cavalry is an expensive arm to raise and maintain, and the Bulgarians, like the Japanese, are not a wealthy race. While, therefore, the Bulgarians and the Japanese did all in their power to make victory certain, they were unable to accomplish what must be held to be the supreme aim of war—annihilation of the enemy. But although these shortcomings, resulting from inadequate financial resources, were unavoidable, a similar defect in the war preparations of wealthier nations would obviously be attended by grave consequences, and would be wholly inexcusable. The disappearance of the horse in obedience to the superior advantages of motor traction in time of peace has thus become a

matter of serious State concern. I cannot forget that an English critic who, on behalf of a leading English journal, attended the last French manœuvres, was so deeply impressed with the success attending the employment on that occasion of motor vehicles for military purposes, that he permitted himself to indulge in the bold prophecy that the days of cavalry were numbered. Even were we, for the sake of argument, to eliminate ploughed fields and ditches from our illustration, and to assume that the character of the country favoured the experiment, we could not imagine a Sedan brought about as a result of a resolute charge at dusk by a corps of motor cyclists.

For the purposes of transport, more especially in Western Europe where the roads are good, motor-propelled vehicles will, of course, fulfil a valuable function in war; but recent experience confirms in an irrefutable manner the opinion always held by authorities on higher strategy that if victory is to be rendered not merely decisive but complete, then a large force of cavalry with its convenient mobility is indispensable.

It is admitted on all sides that the Bulgarian infantry was incomparable. But the modern conditions of warfare, involving long drawn out battles over wide fronts, and conducted with that smashing strategy which has been well compared to the hammering of blows on an anvil, call for almost superhuman endurance on the part of the common soldier. The events of the campaign in Thrace demonstrated, as did the Manchurian operations, that there are limitations even to the staying-power of spartan peoples like the Bulgarians and the Japanese, imbued though both of them were with an almost fanatical zeal for the terrible work in hand. Consequently, Nazim Pasha, as was the case with Kuropatkin, made good his escape, and turned the tide of his retreating forces so as once more to present a solid front to the foe.

We have seen that while Bulgaria, like Japan, did all that was possible to secure victory, she was unable to annihilate her enemy. The lesson to be drawn from this and other circumstances connected with the recent campaign should not be forgotten by those countries having both the time and the means at their disposal to perfect their army organisation. Such a warning would appear to be superfluous were it not for the fact that it has become necessary to repeat it after each great war; and for the reason that nations, in the intervals of peace, conscious of their own untried power, and more often than not immersed in their own domestic affairs, disregard with something akin to cynicism the lessons of the past. Were they to pay heed to the teachings of Clausewitz then they would realise that it is only experience in war that counts; and were they to apply his precepts they would

not allow a sense of false pride to prevent them even going to the length of seeking to engage Bulgarian officers so that they might avail themselves of practical knowledge acquired on the field of battle in the improvement of their military systems. It is what this great master has termed habituation to war that is the one and only secret of success in war. "Habituation to war," he has said, "no General can give his army at once, and the camps of manœuvre (peace exercises) furnish but a weak substitute for it, weak in comparison with real experience in war, but not weak in relation to other armies in which the training is limited to mere mechanical exercises of routine. So to regulate the exercises in peace time as to include some of these causes of friction, that the judgment, circumspection, even resolution of the separate leaders may be brought into exercise, is of much greater consequence than those believe who do not know the thing by experience."

It is because the Bulgarians imparted to their preparatory training the reality of war that they triumphed; and it is because the Turkish forces lacked this reality in their training that they failed.

LANCELOT LAWTON.

"THE MYSTERIOUS HERMIT."

(A HISTORICAL RIDDLE.)

LAST July, by the kind hospitality of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, I had the opportunity of introducing its readers to an historical riddle of my country—I mean the heartrending story of the mysterious Princess Tarakanova.

That story, although strictly historical, was a kind of romantic fairy tale. The heroine was an adventuress. She pretended to be what she was not, and the riddle consisted only in the fathomless question—who she really was. Besides, the personality she pretended to be was of no great interest, at any rate for a foreigner. Empress Elisabeth of Russia and her epoch are too far removed from the mind of an English reader unless he has devoted himself to a special study of Russian history.

The hero of the present article is widely known by everybody, and the riddle I shall try now to solve is not an account of a touching adventure of a young woman, but a tragic, even a "Sophoclean" fate of a man, who, during at least twenty years, played one of the first parts of the great tragi-comedy called "The History," and whose contemporaries—although scarce—are still to be met.

I refer to the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, who with the Duke of Wellington and Prince von Metternich formed the trinity that hurled into an abyss the Titan, whose name was—Napoleon.

I hear already the reader saying : "Well ! what is your riddle ? Alexander I. died in the year 1825 during a journey he made in South Russia (any skilled reader would think instantly of the town Taganrog). There are many historical documents concerning his death. The story is well known."

And the reader would be probably very astonished if I should say to him in reply : "You are mistaken. Alexander I. *left the world in 1825*. But he *died* in 1864 in Siberia, under the name of the hermit Fedor Koozmich."

Such is the riddle that puzzles Russian historians and authors. It even inspired Leo Tolstoi to write a novel that, unfortunately, he did not complete.

Thus there is a question at issue : Did Alexander I. die, as the official version tells us, in 1825, in Taganrog ? Or had he the sublime moral strength to realise the dream, of which he so often

spoke, of retiring from the world, and did he finish his life as an unknown hermit in the far-away Siberia, after nearly forty years of a mysterious existence, keeping his secret to the end.

Certainly one's reason can be fascinated by admitting the possibility that a monarch, an autocrat, who had reached the highest popularity, was moved by a secret impulse of his soul, and abandoned both throne and power, and also condemned himself, not only to seclusion, but to oblivion. Yet in such a serious historical question there is no room for dreams. We must study documents and try to disentangle the truth from the fantastic legends.

Several years ago, when I first became interested in the riddle, "Alexander I.—Fedor Koozmich," and had read these documents, I said to myself: "There cannot be any doubt! This legend is a legend and nothing else." But I remembered that our great historian, a specialist in Alexander the First's epoch, N. K. Schilder, admitted the possibility of the metamorphosis of Alexander into the Siberian hermit. And that consideration stopped me from assuming the question to be settled according to my first impression, and spurred me to further investigations.

The result of these investigations I have expounded in the book I have published in Russia. My present article is a summary of that book.

The question we are dealing with can be divided into three parts: (1) Had Alexander I. the intention of abandoning the throne?

(2) If he had this intention did he give effect to it during his sojourn in Taganrog?

(3) If he did so can we identify him with the Siberian hermit, Fedor Koozmich?

I shall try now to answer these three questions.

In 1817, during a journey in Russian provinces, at a dinner given in his honour in Kieff, Alexander, when speaking about the duties of a monarch, said: "He must remain in his place as long as his physical strength allows him, after this he must resign. As for me, I feel well for the present, but in ten or fifteen years, when I shall be fifty years old, then. . . ."

In 1819, after having attended some military manœuvres, directed by his youngest brother, the Grand Duke Nicolas, he said that he was happy to see Nicolas fulfilling his duties so well, for a day will come when he will have a heavier burden to carry, and that he considered Nicolas as his successor.

In the same year, 1819, he said to his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, Viceroy of Poland, and presumptive heir to

the crown of Russia (Alexander having no children): "I must tell you, brother, that I intend to abdicate. I am tired and have no strength enough to bear the burden of the crown. I am warning you in order that you may think about what you will have to do when it will happen. . . . When the time for my abdication will come, I shall let you know and you must write then what you think about it to our mother."

The Grand Duke Constantine intended to renounce his rights, an intention that he reduced to practice. Thus are explained the above-mentioned words Alexander said to his youngest brother, Nicolas.

In 1824, when having recovered from a serious illness, Alexander said to a friend: "*Je n'aurais pas été fâché de me débarrasser de ce fardeau de la couronne qui me pèse terriblement.*"

One year later, in spring, 1825, he confided to the Prince of Orange his intention to abandon the throne. The prince was terrified and did his best to dissuade the Emperor, but did not succeed in convincing him.

Six months afterwards took place the drama of Taganrog. Alexander I. *died* and Nicolas ascended the throne of Russia. On the day of his coronation in Moscow, his wife, the Empress Alexandra, wrote in her diary the following lines: "*Gewiss werde ich beim Anblick des Volks denken, wie der selige Kaiser einst sagte, als er von seiner Abdankung sprach: et comme je me réjouirai quand je vous verrai passer et que moi dans la foule je vous crierai hurrah, en remuant mon bonnet dans les airs . . .*"

These few quotations prove enough the strong intention Alexander I. had to abandon the throne and to retire into private life, intention that was not the result of an occasional frame of mind, but—the dream of all his life.

We do not know when exactly he first began to think about it, but it is doubtless that he hatched this plan, as years slipped, and spoke openly about it the nearer he felt the moment of the conclusion approaching. The reasons of his decision are widely known: the qualms of conscience. He took part in the murder of his father, Paul I. He did not himself give the fatal stroke—certainly not! But this stroke was given with his approval, and "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten" his hand. This is the starting-point of his psychology. Add to it the mysticism that mastered him, his meetings with the famous Baroness Kruedener, his discourses with the Quakers, his admiration for the half-mad (if not entirely!) archimandrite Photius, and you will understand on what fertile soil the seeds of these qualms of conscience have been sown. Now let us pass to the second and the most important part of our subject: the drama of Taganrog.

Did Alexander fulfil his intention, or did he die, without having had the time to fulfil it?

The departure of Alexander I. to Taganrog took place on the advice of the physicians, who decided that the health of the Empress required the winter to be spent in the South; we must agree with the Prince Peter Volkonsky, who mentioning this fact in a private letter to a friend writes: "Why—Taganrog?" In matter of fact the doctors advised going "to the South of Italy, South of France, or South of Russia," and did, certainly, not think about the coast of the Azov Sea, that is renowned, till nowadays, for its snowstorms, winds, &c. Speaking of the South of Russia the doctors thought probably about Crimea, or—if a larger town was required—Odessa. Therefore we can admit that Taganrog has been chosen by Alexander himself, who visited this town in May, 1818.

Be that as it may, but it has been decided that the winter will be spent in Taganrog, and henceforth the Emperor begins to display an extraordinary restlessness: he cancels the review of the 2nd Army in the South-West, entreats the Prince Peter Volkonsky, who just came back from Paris, where he represented the Emperor at the coronation of Charles X., to accompany the Empress, and leaves for Taganrog two days only before the departure of the Empress. During the journey he does not stop anywhere, if not for a short rest, and cancels all military reviews, manœuvres, &c. He is accompanied by a quite small suite: the chief of the General Staff, Baron Diebitsch; two physicians, Sir James Wyllie and D. K. Tarassov; the "wagen-meister," Colonel Salomka, four officers, and a few servants.

The circumstances under which he left his capital are most striking.

He left the palace about three o'clock in the night, quite alone, wearing as always a military uniform, but no sword. He went straight to the St. Alexander Monastery, where the Archbishop of St. Petersburg, the prior and the monks, were waiting for him. He went speedily out of his carriage, and after having ordered the gates to be shut, stepped into the main church of the monastery. A "Te Deum" was celebrated. After the "Te Deum" he visited a hermit, who showed to him the bed in which he used to sleep: it was a coffin. Returning to his carriage, Alexander had tears in his eyes, and taking leave from the Archbishop, asked him to pray for him and his wife. When the carriage reached the gate of the town, the Emperor rose and looked for a long while backwards at the sleeping town. . . . "Was it" (writes the historian, N. K. Schilder), "a sad foreboding, inspired by the meeting with the hermit; was it a strong

decision never more to return as Emperor—who can answer to this puzzling question?"

Alexander arrived at Taganrog on the 13th (25th) of September, and ten days after arrived the Empress with her suite. It is interesting to notice that having been very ill in St. Petersburg, she arrived in good health, notwithstanding the long and exhausting journey she made. It is no secret that Alexander and his consort had nothing in common. The marriage had been an unhappy one, and although living together, each of them had his and her private life, joys and sorrows.

The arrival at Taganrog seemed to open a new era. They spent the whole time together, arranging, according to the Empress's taste, the rather modest palace. But this idyll did not last long. Alexander, who could never remain for a long time at the same place, accepted the invitation that Count Vorontzov, General-Governor of South Russia, made to him, and left Taganrog for a journey in the Crimea. During this journey he made again allusions to his dream—to retire from the world. "I shall soon remove to Crimea and live as a private man," said he once to Prince Volkonsky: "I have been on duty for twenty-five years; after such a term even a simple soldier has the right to retire."

This journey Emperor Alexander I. made to the Crimea is considered by the "official" historians as having provoked the disease, that, on his return to Taganrog, had to have a fatal issue. It is said that visiting the monastery of St. George, near Balaclava, he took a cold, that afterwards developed into typhoid, and was the very reason of his death.

The fact is that, beginning from this date—the 28th of October (9th of November), the few documents we possess dealing with the last days of Alexander and his death, contradict each other in a most extraordinary way.

Of course I cannot in this short sketch give all the details that I give in my book, but I shall try to draw the attention of the reader to the most striking passages.

These documents are the following ones:—

(1) The Diaries of Prince Peter Volkonsky, general aide-de-camp to the Emperor and his personal friend.

(2) The Diaries of Empress Elisabeth Alexeevna, wife of Alexander.

(3) Few letters written by the Empress to her mother, the Margravine of Baden, and to her mother-in-law, the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia (widow of Paul I. and mother of Alexander I.).

(4) The Diary of Sir James Wyllie, Bart., medical adviser to the Emperor.

(5) The Reminiscences of D. K. Tarassov, physician.

(6) The Official Report of Alexander's death.

(7) The Official Report of the post-mortem examination of the Emperor's body.

(8) A document written in French by an anonymous author and preserved in the State Records Office; this document is entitled: "*Histoire de la Maladie et des derniers moments de l'Empereur Alexandre, fondée sur les informations les plus authentiques.*"

By the way, this last document ends with a rather strange sentence: "*Je n'écris pas pour le public, mais pour moi et mes amis*"; this assertion, that the author tries obviously to emphasise, does not agree with the fact that the document is preserved in the State Records Office. This "*Histoire de la Maladie*" gives rather the impression of being a kind of memorandum, written to special order.

Alexander returned to Taganrog from his journey to the Crimea on the 5th (17th) of November. He had a light fever, and his stomach was upset, but there was no pain.

This is beyond all doubt. The question is whether the disease grew worse and led to a fatal issue, or . . . did the Emperor take it as a pretext for displaying the tragic performance of his "quasi-death"?

I have already said that I shall try—as far as I can do it in this short sketch—to show how little the documents we possess agree.

On the 10th of November Prince Volkonsky writes: "A syncope at 11 a.m. . . . During the whole day high temperature and semi-consciousness."

The Empress writes: "He looked amazingly well. . . . We read, spoke about a deputation he had to receive. . . . I remained with him till night."

On the same day Sir James Wyllie writes the following puzzling lines: "Beginning from the 8th (of November) I notice that something else preoccupies him much more than his recovery, and troubles his thoughts."

On the 12th Prince Volkonsky writes: "The Empress remained with him (the Emperor) the whole day. He was better towards the evening."

Histoire de la Maladie: "Le soir le redoublement de fièvre était trop violent pour ne pas pressentir le danger."

Sir James Wyllie: "As far as I can remember I wrote down to-night a prescription of a medicament to be taken to-morrow."

(The reader will kindly remember the first sentence.)

On the 14th Prince Volkonsky : "The temperature is lower. His Majesty dressed and shaved himself."

Sir James Wyllie : "I intended to give him 'acide muriatique,' but he refused as always. He said, 'Allez-vous-en !' I even wept, and seeing that he said, 'Venez, mon cher ami ! Don't be cross with me : I have reasons of my own to do so.'"

On the same day Dr. D. K. Tarassov was asked for the first time to visit the Emperor, and Alexander refusing to take any medicine, the Empress, Volkonsky and Wyllie concocted the following plot : to persuade the Emperor to receive a confessor, who should persuade His Majesty—after confession—to take the remedies the doctors wished him to take. The Empress took upon herself the task of persuading the Emperor. He agreed.

Dr. Tarassov writes in his *Reminiscences*, 15th November : "I spent the whole night beside the patient. He awoke from time to time, and recited psalms and prayers. At 5.30 a.m. he asked if the pope (Russian-orthodox priest) was there. . . . He said to the pope : 'I wish to confess my sins and to receive the Sacrament. . . . Pray confess me not as an Emperor, but as a private individual.'"

The pope was shown in. Alexander confessed and took the communion, after which the confessor (Fedotoff) besought the Emperor to refuse no longer to take medicines and to obey the doctors' prescriptions. Alexander agreed, and—as Prince Volkonsky writes in his diary—35 leeches were put on, and His Majesty did not henceforth argue against his medical advisers' orders.

Sir James Wyllie, in his Diary, agrees with Prince Volkonsky's statement, but . . . when talking, fifteen years afterwards, to an English diplomatist, Lord A. Loftus, about Alexander's death, he certified that when the leeches had been applied, the Emperor asked him as well as the Empress : "Are you satisfied now?" And, after an affirmative answer, threw all the leeches on the floor! Lord A. Loftus adds : "The death of Emperor Alexander will remain always a mystery."

On the 16th Prince Volkonsky : "The state of his health is waning, he is half conscious and does not speak."

The Empress (in a private letter to the Dowager-Empress) : "There is a decisive amelioration in his health. Wyllie himself says that it is quite satisfactory."

Dr. Tarassov : "The night was somewhat calmer and the temperature lower."

Histoire de la Maladie : "Le redoublement de fièvre entre 3 et 4 heures du matin était accompagné de tous les indices de la mort."

Sir James Wyllie mentions that during this night Prince

Volkonsky slept on his bed in order to be nearer to the Emperor. This is rather strange, as it seems that in such a moment the neighbourhood of a physician would have been of more use than that of a general aide-de-camp! But . . . let us not forget that Volkonsky was a personal friend of Alexander, and they probably had many things to talk over before Alexander's "death."

I could make many quotations, proving how little did the official documents agree, but I do not want to tire the reader.

On the 19th of November (1st of December), at 10.50 a.m., Alexander "died."

The documents—even about such an historical moment—continue to disagree, so far that we do not know who were the persons present at the bedside! Most of them say that the Empress alone was present; Sir James Wyllie says: "The Empress and myself"; other documents speak about "many persons."

By the way, let us talk for a while about these official and "incontestable" documents.

The Diary of the Empress stops suddenly on the 11th (23rd) of November, *i.e.*, eight days before the day of the final catastrophe.

Let us not forget that on this day Alexander was better, and the Empress, on the advice of Sir James Wyllie, remained the whole evening alone with her husband. What was the subject of their long conversation? Who knows?

But on the same evening, when "the Emperor was out of danger," and "Wyllie was merry," the Empress wrote in a private letter to her mother, the Margravine of Baden, the following lines: "*Où est le refuge dans cette vie? Lorsqu'on croit avoir tout arrangé pour le mieux et pouvoir le goûter, survient une épreuve inattendue qui ôte la faculté de jouir du bien dont on est entouré.*" (Where is the refuge in this life? When one thinks that one has arranged all for the best, and one is able to enjoy it, comes an unexpected trial that deprives you of the possibility of enjoying the good one has surrounded oneself with.) What does it mean? What unexpected trial did supervene? Certainly it was not the illness of her husband, illness that, according even to the official documents, was not alarming, at any rate, on the day when this letter was written.

Besides—why does the Empress's Diary stop short on this day? This Diary had been written "post factum"; that is doubtless. It was not a genuine diary, but a kind of reminiscence. There is a sentence that clearly indicates that it was written after Alexander's "death": "He looked at me . . . with the same expression that I saw afterwards in most terrible moments."

It is more than doubtful that the Empress, when writing her "post factum" diary, would stop it on the 11th of November. It ought to have a continuation. Where is this continuation? The Diary is—up to the present time—preserved in His Majesty's private library. Perhaps Nicolas I., who destroyed many documents in connection with the last years of his brother's life (including the diary of their mother, the Dowager-Empress!) has destroyed also the continuation of his sister-in-law's Diary? And why should he do that? It is widely known that he highly esteemed and was devoted to his eldest brother. Therefore we cannot admit that he wished future generations to forget Alexander. The difference between their political opinions? The desire to hide this difference? We cannot admit that either. The documents in connection with the first period of Alexander's reign, *i.e.*, the period when Alexander's political opinions at the utmost differed from Nicolas's views, these documents have not been destroyed.

I repeat—it is almost impossible to admit that the Empress stopped writing her reminiscences (or "Diary") on the 11th (23rd) of November. The continuation did certainly exist, and has been for some mysterious reason hidden from us.

And if even I am mistaken, and the Empress, for no less mysterious reason, did suddenly stop writing these reminiscences on the 11th (23rd) of November, after the long conversation *tête-à-tête* she had with her husband, what could have been this mysterious reason?

The only logical answer to this puzzling problem is to admit that the conversation the Empress had with her husband on the 11th (23rd) of November, 1825, was connected with such important matters that it either stopped the Empress from writing her Diary, or obliged Nicolas I. to destroy its continuation.

No less doubts can exist about the genuineness of Sir James Wyllie's and Prince Volkonsky's Diaries. Prince Volkonsky's Diary had been sent to the Dowager-Empress at the special request of Her Majesty on the 7th (19th) of December. The Prince sent at the same time a letter to G. T. Villamoff, secretary to the Empress, and in this letter, writing about the last days and the "death" of Alexander, he contradicts, not only the other official documents, but even his own pseudo-genuine Diary. In brief, one has the impression, when reading his letter and his Diary and comparing them, that the Diary has been written, so, to speak, "in extremis," in order to give to the Dowager-Empress—who doubtless knew the whole truth—a document for the official version of Alexander's death in Taganrog.

As for Sir James Wyllie's Diary, the sentence I have already emphasised (12th of November: "As far as I can remember . . .") is a good proof that this Diary had been also written post factum.

I regret once more that in this article I cannot give many interesting details, and am obliged to go further on without stopping at several more or less important points.

Among other official documents, as I have already mentioned, there is the report of the post-mortem examination of the Emperor's body. The most important points of this report show a quite normal state of the stomach, the guts and the spleen, ossification of the cartilages, and an adhesion of the brain's membrane to the skull.

I took several copies of this report, cancelling only the words that indicate *whose* body it was, and sent these copies to several most distinguished Russian surgeons and physicians, telling the gentlemen in private letters that it was the copy of a document found by me in my family records, and that I should be much obliged to them if they would express their opinion on the very reason of this "unknown" man's death. I suggested in my letters that the man was supposed to have died from typhoid (the "official" reason of Alexander's death).

The doctors' answers I received were no less than striking. They all denied the typhoid as having been the reason of the death, and most of them suggested that this man died from syphilis. These answers indicate clearly enough that the dead body described in the post-mortem examination report was not the body of Alexander, but that of another man: there are no traces of typhoid, and as for syphilis—if even the Emperor had at any time suffered from this disease—which is more than doubtful—all the story of his Taganrog illness does not agree with a death caused by this terrible disease.

Whose dead body could it have been? Who knows! There are several versions. The most probable is the one that says that it was the body of a soldier of the Taganrog garrison, a soldier who had a great resemblance to the Emperor. This resemblance, by the way, was obviously not very striking, for the faithful friend of Alexander, Prince Volkonsky, writing to G. T. Villamoff, advised sealing the coffin in Taganrog, and not to open it in St. Petersburg, as although the body had been embalmed "the face has very much changed." The same "change" which occurred in the Emperor's features is pointed out in several other documents.

The epilogue of this mysterious tragedy was displayed in St. Petersburg, where the body was buried on the 1st (13th) of

March, 1826, in the St. Peter-and-St. Paul Cathedral, the guns saluting and the bells announcing to the world that the great Emperor had found his last refuge.

It is interesting to notice that, before being buried, the body remained for several days in the Kazan Cathedral (in St. Petersburg) and that the Emperor Nicolas, notwithstanding the advice given to him, forbade the coffin to be opened. In doing so Alexander's successor was wrong or . . . right, perhaps, who knows! At any rate we must admit that he knew what he did, for already, a few days after the fatal date of 19th of November (1st of December), it had been bruited abroad, through all Russia, that Alexander was not dead, and that in the coffin that was carried in State procession from Taganrog, lay the body of an unknown man. This rumour was so widespread that the procession had to be protected by troops and even by artillery forces!

Now let us pass to the last episode of this extraordinary story.

In the autumn of 1836 an old man arrived on horseback at the town of Krasnonfimsk (N.E. Russia). He stopped before a blacksmith's forge and asked for his horse to be shod. The blacksmith, while executing this order, became interested in the personality of the old man, whose elegance and refinement, as well as his well-bred horse, were not in harmony with his simple peasant's clothes. He began to talk to him, trying to discover his name and the object of his journey. The old man gave very evasive answers, and the blacksmith became suspicious. Little by little a crowd surrounded the two men, and finally the traveller was brought before the chief of the police. When asked by this official, he said his name was Fedor Koozmich (*i.e.*, Theodor son of Cosmo), and refused to give any further explanations, pretending to be a vagrant. The chief of the police, struck by the manner, the wit, the speech, in short, the whole behaviour of the prisoner, denoting a man of high education and even of aristocratic extraction, almost besought him to tell the whole truth. But neither kindness nor threats could force the old man to give up his secret, and he insisted on his being a vulgar vagabond. Therefore he was treated as a vagabond, got twenty strokes of the "knout," and was exiled, with other vagabonds, to the province of Tomsk in Siberia.

He reached the place of his exile on the 26th of March (7th of April), 1837, and was sent to a Government distillery, where he remained for five years in rather unusual conditions: he was not obliged to work, and lived surrounded by the kindest attention and care from everybody, from the manager of the distillery

himself downwards. Let us not forget, by the way, that all this happened in the first half of the nineteenth century in Siberia, under the reign of Nicolas I. Even now the very name of Siberia may give you horrors when you read or think of the convicts' life in this country. Therefore we may consider it very odd the quiet and almost comfortable existence that had been allotted to an unknown old vagrant at a factory belonging to the Crown.

But this is not all. In 1842 Koozmich leaves the place of his exile and begins to journey from one village to another; he educates the peasants, he teaches them to read and to write; he gives them ideas about history, geography, agriculture; he speaks about religion, not as a fanatic, but as a real Christian and philosopher; he speaks about the rights of human beings; he teaches respect for established order, but says: "Czars and generals and bishops are men like you are."

And nobody prevents the mysterious vagabond from journeying, teaching and speaking! Is it not strange?

In the year 1849 a rich peasant builds a little house in a picturesque city on the bank of a river, near his own house, and invites the old man to come and live there. Koozmich accepts the invitation.

As soon as his fame begins to grow he has no rest from visitors, and these visitors are not only simple peasants, but bishops, noblemen, functionaries, merchants. . . . He receives them in a most kindly way, talks to them, gives advice, discusses political and social questions, but continues to remain silent as to his antecedents and his real name.

Little by little mysterious legends begin to spread over the country in connection with the old hermit. Vague in the beginning, these legends and gossips took afterwards a concrete form. Fedor Koozmich—was no one else than the Emperor Alexander I.

Who was the first to report it? How did this legend appear? How could it happen that one began to suspect the Siberian hermit of being the Emperor, dead twenty years before? There are no answers to all these questions.

I have studied all documents as well as testimonies of people who knew Koozmich, and I must confess that for me there is but very little doubt about the mysterious old man being Alexander I.

The following results of my studies have brought me to this conclusion:—

(1) Koozmich undoubtedly was a well-bred and highly educated man; he was aware—in detail—of all questions of State

and of history, especially in connection with the end of the eighteenth century and the reign of Alexander I.; he knew perfectly foreign languages; he had served in the army, or at least, had worn a uniform; he knew all about the Court life and ceremonial and high-class life in St. Petersburg.

(2) He took the oath to remain silent on his antecedents and his real name; he retired from the world in order to atone for a heavy sin that tortured him all through his life; he was very religious, not in the "clerical," but in the "mystic" meaning of the word.

(3) Not one of the testimonies of people who knew him contradicts the possibility of his being Alexander I.; on the contrary, they all seem to support this point of view, and many of them even consider it as a fact. The exterior, the figure, the height, the age, the deafness of one ear, the corns on the knees (from praying on the knees), the habit of holding the hands on the hips, the habit of receiving visitors standing and almost always the back to the light—all these signs strongly indicate a striking resemblance of Koozmich to the Emperor.

(4) Fedor Koozmich was in correspondence with many people (we do not know exactly with whom), and sometimes he used even a cypher for his correspondence; these people communicated to him all that happened in Russia, and therefore he was always aware of all political and social questions of the day. We know, for instance, for sure, that he was in correspondence with General Count Osten-Sacken (the father of the late Ambassador of Russia in Berlin), and introduced through him a young Siberian girl, whom he protected, to the Emperor Nicolas I. Osten-Sacken preserved the hermit's letters in a separate parcel, and this parcel disappeared after the Count's death, just in the same way as disappeared the documents in connection with the last years of Alexander's reign. We have to confess that if the mystery of Alexander's death was not very well concealed—the mystery of the hermit's life was! Nothing remains from Koozmich except the house where he died, and on the wall of which are hanging—as a protest against the mystery—the portraits of Alexander and the Hermit.

(5) Four persons who saw Alexander recognised him in Koozmich: two soldiers, a lady (the wife of an official), and a retired servant.

A few lines more.

Fedor Koozmich died on the 20th of January (1st of February), 1864, in a house built for him by a rich merchant (Hromoff), near Tomsk. When asked, before his death, to tell his real name, he

answered : "God knows my name," and pointing out a little bag beside his bed, "there is my secret."

In the bag were found two documents, one containing several lines of religious character (quotations from psalms and prayers), the other quite incomprehensible : sixteen words and a kind of key to a cypher, obviously the cypher he used for his secret correspondence, the whole dated 26th of March, 1837, the day of his arrival in Siberia. This document has not been deciphered up to the present.

Such is the thrilling and tragic story of Emperor Alexander I. and the Siberian hermit, Fedor Koozmich. The tombs of both are carefully preserved, and draw many visitors—I dare say even pilgrims—but in which of them has found eternal peace the victorious enemy of Napoleon . . . that is the question !

V. BARIATINSKY.

THE WIND.

A WIDE green space, and an open sky !
And the world is only the wind and I,
As we fly together over the grass,
That sings in its joy to hear us pass.
For the runnels are fresh all over the land,
And the tremulous grey gives place to the blue
That the first of her flowers may find their way
From the underworld to the light of day—
Her violets sweet and her snowdrops white.
Now the sea has a whisper'd word for the sand,
For each moment the world is made anew,
And the meadows are all astir to the light ;
But we, we were there when the world was plann'd.

For once, ere I came into mortal form,
The wind and I, we were brothers. In storm
We rushed thro' the void ; and the lightning laughed,
At its speed outpaced, to see how we quaffed
The joy of the movement everywhere !
Now we sink, like a sigh, on the breast of eve,
When the earth breathes fast at the dawn of the year ;
As she feels the step of Persephone near ;
And sweet, and soft, with a fond caress,
We waken the flowers from their dream of sleep ;
And the birds at our song begin to pair.
Yet the wild storm cry, the strain and the stress
Of recurring tides, bring the sense of the deep,
First rush of things when we were there !

FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

THE RECORD OF M. LÉPINE.

LAST February must be accounted an important month in the history of the Third French Republic. Away, after his seven years' official tenancy of the Elysée, went M. Armand Fallières to a comfortable bourgeois apartment—there, no doubt, to recall, in dressing-gown and carpet-slippers, the rare joys and successes, and the many shocks and miseries of his Septennate; and to speculate upon the destiny reserved for his successor, ninth President of the Republic, M. Raymond Poincaré. No commonplace destiny—that was certain. M. Fallières took possession of the Elysée amidst general indifference, M. Emile Loubet assumed office amongst eggs, threats, vegetable stalks, shouts of "traitor" and "bandit"; but M. Poincaré found Paris *en fête*—flags flying, hats and handkerchiefs whirling, the crowd in its Sunday best—on the day that he became Chief of the State. A vast popularity, M. Poincaré's. Exclaimed M. le Bourgeois, "At last we have got a strong man for a President! For the first time there will be a master at the Elysée." On all sides, indeed, it was agreed and exulted that M. Poincaré's election to the Presidency signified the collapse of the tradition that the Chief of the State should be a figure-head, a mere signer of documents, placed none too ceremoniously before him by his Ministers. Thus, a new *régime* had dawned. Poincaré was "going to wake things up": Poincaré was also "going to do things"—what precisely Poincaré was going to do nobody could explain; but "Vive Poincaré" was the cry of the hour, and not only in luxurious, radiant Paris, but in grim industrial centres, dull provincial towns, and remote, obscure hamlets. Such a popularity, that into the shop-windows came Poincaré Pipes, Poincaré Braces, Poincaré Walking Sticks, the Poincaré Safety Razor. Then, on restaurant menus, Consommé Poincaré—Poulet Poincaré—Omelette Poincaré. More Poincaré—smiling and bowing—on dizzy cinematograph films and in the music-hall *revues*; and gracious, the sale of Poincaré photographs in the flashy arcade of the rue de Rivoli! "Poincaré and Gaby Deslys—that's what we are selling," the shopkeepers stated. "But Poincaré is surpassing the blonde, elegant Gaby." In a word, nothing but Poincaré, only Poincaré—until the announcement that M. Lépine, Chief of the Paris Police, had tendered his resignation, that his decision to retire was "irrevocable"; and then M. Lépine leading in the photographic commerce of the rue de Rivoli, and M. Poincaré a poor second, and the blonde Mdle. Deslys a remote third. Elsewhere and everywhere, M. Lépine and his resignation superseded M. Poincaré and the New Régime as the one and only topic of conversation. For twenty years the Chief of the Police had governed his own departments of Paris with extraordinary skill. Throughout

that period he had practically lived in the streets: repressing riots, scattering criminals, dispersing Royalist conspirators, controlling fires, directing all manner of grim or poignant or delirious operations—a short, slender, insignificant-looking figure in ill-fitting clothes, a dusty “bowler” hat, and square, creaking boots. With him, a shabby umbrella or a stout, common walking stick—the latter, the only weapon he ever carried. Never more than four or five hours’ sleep: even then the telephone placed at his bedside. It was all work with M. Lépine—all energy, all courage. The most familiar figure in the streets, he soon became the most famous and most popular of State servants. Cried M. le Bourgeois, whilst out walking with his small son, “*Voilà—regarde bien—voilà Lépine!*” Every one “saluted” him, all political parties (except the Unified Socialists, who admire no one) applauded him; there was (with the same solitary exception) general rejoicing when the dusty, intrepid little Chief of the Police received the supreme distinction of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Yes: a popularity even vaster than M. Poincaré’s. Gossips remarked that it was curious that the Presidency of the one should synchronise with the resignation of the other. Critics agreed that if France had gained a strong Chief of the State, she had lost an incomparable Chief of the Police. Alarm of M. le Bourgeois, who had got to regard M. Lépine as his special protector. Once again—and for the hundredth time—M. Lépine became the hero of the hour. And, as I have already recorded, there was a rush for Lépine photographs—Lépine side and full-face, Lépine gay or severe, Lépine with Grand Cross or shabby umbrella; and a decided “slump” in Poincarés and blonde, bejewelled Gaby Deslys’ in the rue de Rivoli arcade.

Impossible, in the space at my disposal, to give more than an idea of M. Lépine’s amazing record. Born at Lyons in 1846, he is now sixty-seven years of age—a mere nothing for a Frenchman of genius. At thirty, he was already Under-Prefect of the Department of the Indre. Successively he was Prefect of the Seine-et-Oise, General Secretary of the Préfecture de Police, Governor-General of Algeria, and Chief of the Police. From a biographical dictionary that devotes pages and pages to Louis Lépine, I take the following passages, “Actif et ferme, il parvint à rétablir les relations rompues entre le Conseil Municipal de Paris et la Préfecture de Police, et opéra d’importantes réformes. . . . Nommé Gouverneur-Général de l’Algérie, il apporta en plan de grands travaux publics et de réformes. . . . Nommé Conseiller d’État, il prit de nouveau la direction de la Préfecture de Police. Il s’est occupé de refondre tous les règlements administratifs relatifs au service de la navigation et de la circulation dans Paris, et un vaste Répertoire de Police a paru sous sa direction.” Thus it will be seen that M. Lépine was always “reforming,” for ever reorganising, unfailingly “active” and “firm.” He it was who “reformed” the nervous, excitable Paris police in the delirious Dreyfus days of 1899. To their astonishment, he preached calm. “Mais oui, mais oui, mais oui, du calme,

nom d'un nom," he expostulated. "You charge the crowd for no reason. You thump the innocent bourgeois on the back, and tear off his collar. You exasperate the Latin Quarter. You are making an inferno of the boulevards. You are bringing ridicule and discredit on the force. In future, I myself shall direct operations." Dreyfus riots every day and every night—and M. Lépine in the thick of them. Short and slender, he was swept about and almost submerged by the anti-Dreyfusard mob. He lost his hat, his umbrella—but never his temper. He was to be seen swarming up lamp-posts, that he might discover the extent of the crowd and whether reinforcements of agitators were coming up side streets, and from which particular windows stones, bottles, and lighted fuses were being hurled. His orders he issued by prearranged gesticulations—not only the police, but the Municipal and Republican Guards, had been taught to understand the significance of his signals. A wave of the arm, and it meant "charge." But, it was only in desperate extremities that M. Lépine sent the crowd flying, battered and wounded. Pressure was his policy: six or seven rows of policemen advancing slowly yet heavily upon the manifestants, truncheon in hand and the formidable horses and shining helmets of the Republican Guard in the rear. When, upon a particularly tumultuous occasion, the "pressure" was resisted; and a number of boulevard kiosks were blazing and heads too were on fire; M. Lépine sought assistance from the skies. "Send me rain," he begged audibly of the heavens, "send me torrents of rain." And the heavens responded. A few minutes later the heavens sent M. Lépine thunder, lightning, and a deluge that reduced the blazing kiosks to hissing, sodden ruins; cleared the frantic boulevards; allowed police, soldiers, and even M. Lépine to go to bed—but, on the other hand, caused Jules Guérin and his fellow outlaws and conspirators against the Republic to exult wildly and grotesquely on the roof of Fort Chabrol. For Guérin was short of water. The supply had been cut off, and Guérin's only salvation was surrender or rain. And it rained: it poured and it thundered: the heavens were equally kind to rebel and Chief of the Police. Up there on the roof of conspiring Fort Chabrol assembled Guérin and his companions with baths, buckets, and basins; with jugs, glasses, and mugs; all of which speedily overflowed with the rain. Down there in the street, the soldiers in occupation of the besieged thoroughfare stared upwards, open-mouthed, at the amazing spectacle on the roof. Guérin and Company joining hands and dancing with glee amidst their multitudinous rain-catching vessels. Guérin bending perilously over the parapet and roaring forth between the explosions of thunder and the flashes of lightning—"We have got enough water for months. Tell Lépine we defy him." Another jig from Guérin et Cie. Guérin once again at the edge of the parapet, mockingly drinking the health of the soldiers below—and then emptying baths full of water into the street, and bellowing "Voilà de l'eau," and performing such delirious, dangerous antics that it was deemed

necessary to telephone an account of the scene to the Chief of the Police. "Let him dance his jigs all night in the rain—it will cool him," replied M. Lépine. "Je le connais: he is too clever to fall over the parapet." Nor did Guérin capsize. Nor yet did M. Lépine put an end to the jigs on the roof—to the rest of the Fort Chabrol farce—until Paris had been appeased by the Rennes Court Martial verdict, and the acutest stage of the anti-Dreyfusard agitation died out amidst exclamations of, "C'est fini! Quelle sacrée affaire! Quel cauchemar! Enfin, n'en parlons plus."

After the lurid autumn of 1899 came a particularly bleak, cheerless winter. So bitter was the weather that fond mothers kept their children indoors—and thus Edouard and Yvonne yawned with boredom in their nurseries, and quarrelled, and exchanged blows, and gave way to tears. "Toys are not what they used to be," complained a mother to M. Lépine. "They are stupid or vulgar, and children get tired of them." This set M. Lépine thinking. Like all Frenchmen, a lover of children, the Chief of the Police realised that the arrival of winter was a grief and a blow to Edouard and Yvonne. If they couldn't rejoice in the open, they must be enabled to rejoice in their homes; and the way of rejoicing at home is with toys. But toys—so said that mother—had deteriorated; and this grave state of affairs M. Lépine resolved to investigate. Behold him, therefore, gazing critically—officially—into the windows of toy-shops; and hear him declaring, as the result of his inspections, that the toys truly enough were old-fashioned, and vapid, and banal—poor things to play with in the nursery after the Guignol and roundabouts of the Luxembourg Gardens, and the other delights and surprises to be enjoyed in summer *en plein air*. Thus "reforms" were imperative. In a long, official circular M. Lépine informed the toy manufacturers of Paris that, with the consent of the Government and with the approval of the President of the Republic, an annual Toy Exhibition was to be held, and that prizes and diplomas would be awarded to those manufacturers who displayed the greatest originality in their work. However, not ungainly, ugly originality. "Pas de golliwogs." Messieurs les Apaches also prohibited; and a stern, official reprimand to the toy-maker in whose window M. Lépine had discovered a miniature guillotine. "Des choses aimables, gaies, pratiques, douces, humaines, humoristiques." Toys to amuse, and also to quicken Edouard and Yvonne's imagination and intellect. Well, the Paris toy-makers responded brilliantly, the first Exhibition was an overwhelming success, and to-day it has become a State Institution. Not only is there the "Prize of the President of the Republic," but M. le Président himself visits the show. Then prizes from the Presidents of the Chamber and Senate, prizes from every Cabinet Minister, prizes from the Judges of the Paris Law Courts, and more prizes from scientists, men of letters, the leading newspapers, the *haute bourgeoisie*, the *grande monde*. Thus, what an inducement for the toy manufacturers to do their utmost! This winter's Exhibition I missed—but a letter from a French father of

five informed me that it had "surpassed" itself. Continued my friend, "*Des choses épatantes, merveilleuses, inouïes!* I confess, *mon vieux*, that I go there all by myself—yes, without my five children." Thus, M. le Bourgeois (to which excellent category of society my friend belongs) goes to the Lépine Exhibition "on his own." And only a Frenchman could take pleasure in that. And only a French Chief of the Police—fancy suggesting such a thing to Scotland Yard!—could, in the midst of his grim, poignant, or delirious duties, evince so charming and tender a consideration for children as to see to it that they shall have toys "original" enough to marvel at and rejoice over during the bleak months of winter. But, inevitably, as in all admirable works, in all excellent reforms, there are drawbacks; and in this particular case, they are obvious. For instance, a whole "set" of the first act of "*Chantecler*": innumerable chicks and chickens, the Blackbird in his cage, the dog Patou in his kennel, proud, majestic Chantecler on the hedge of the farmyard, the Radiant Hen Pheasant, the lurid-eyed Night Birds, trees, haystacks, a pump . . . price 300 francs.

"Papa, do please buy me all this, immediately," screams Yvonne tremulously, passionately, her eyes shining, her cheeks aflame.

"Papa, I want all this," shouts Edouard, pointing to a vast array of soldiers, cannon, ambulances, aeroplanes, and air-ships engaged in military manoeuvres. Price 420 francs.

"But you have only five francs each to spend. For the love of heaven, be reasonable. Ah, *nom d'un nom*, all the world is looking and laughing at us," cries their unfortunate father. Scowls and sulkiness from Edouard; tears and shrill hysterics from Yvonne. When informed of these tragic scenes, M. Lépine exclaims, "The poor little dears! But what can I do? Impossible to buy a whole farmyard or an army with a piece of five francs."

After toys, let me take pictures—the incomparable Monna Lisa, who, when She vanished, disturbed even the proverbial calm of M. Lépine. All France sent him "clues." Every post brought him shoals of letters that strangely and severally denounced a Woman in a Shawl, Three Men in Blue Aprons, a Man with a Sack, a Negro with a Diamond Ring, a Turk in a Fez, and a Man Dressed as a Woman, as Monna Lisa's base abductor. In each case these singular beings were said to have been seen carrying an object of the exact dimensions of the stolen picture. Also, their demeanour "was excited," their "hands trembled" as they clutched the precious masterpiece—and they jumped into a passing cab or hurled themselves into a train just as it was steaming out of the station. "Believe me, M. le Préfet," concluded M. Lépine's incoherent informants, "believe me, I have given you an exact description of the culprit." Then, letters of abuse, threatening letters, letters from practical jokers, letters demanding interviews—all of which had (under French law) to be considered and classified. Again, telegram upon telegram, and the telephone bell always ringing.

"If I cannot speak to M. Lépine himself, I won't speak to any-

one. And then the picture will be lost for ever," stated a voice through the telephone.

"Well; what is it?" demanded M. Lépine, at last coming to the machine.

"Ecoutez-moi bien, M. le Préfet. My name is Charles Henri Durand. I am forty-seven years of age. I am a papermaker by profession. And I live on the third floor of No. 16 rue de Rome," related the voice through the telephone.

"After that, after that! Quickly! Au galop," cried M. Lépine.

"Monsieur le Préfet, my information is grave and I must not be hurried," continued the voice. "At the very hour of the theft of the picture, I was passing the Louvre. Suddenly, a man jostled me. He was carrying what was undoubtedly a picture in a sack. He hastened down a side street, casting suspicious glances about him. He was a Man with a Squint and——"

"Ah, zut," cried the Chief of the Police, hanging up the receiver.

And on the top of all this incoherency, light-headedness. Always and always, when Paris is shaken by a sensational *affaire*, some light-headed soul loses what remains of his reason. On to the Place de la Concorde came a pale-faced, wild-eyed man, with a chair. After mounting the chair, he folded his arms across his chest and broke out into a fixed, ghastly grin. As he stood motionless on his chair—always grinning—a crowd inevitably assembled; and M. Lépine appeared.

"What are you doing there?" demanded the latter.

"Hush! I am Monna Lisa," replied the Man with the Grin.

"Then at last we have found you!" exclaimed the Chief of the Police. "All France has been mourning your loss. Come with me quickly. You must return immediately to the Louvre."

"Yes, yes," assented the light-headed one, descending from his chair and confidently passing his arm under the arm of M. Lépine. "Take me home to the Louvre."

A wonderful spectacle, the Man with the Grin disappearing on the arm of the Chief of the Police; relating, as he went, that he had escaped from his frame in the Louvre in the dead of the night. A wonderful spectacle, again, was M. Lépine a night or two later, when "directing operations" at a disastrous fire on the Boulevard Sebastopol. In the sight of the crowd he struggled into oilskins; and next was to be seen stationing the engines, dragging about hose, pushing forward ladders, signalling and shouting forth encouragement and patience to the occupants of the blazing house. On this, as on all similar occasions, M. Lépine was blackened and singed when at last the fire had been mastered. But never have I beheld him so blackened, so dishevelled and battered, so courageous and capable as when he came to the rescue of the "victims" of the devastating Paris floods. Up and down the swollen, lurid river he careered in a shabby old boat. At once pleasant riverside places such as Boulogne and Surènes, he was to be found chest-deep in the turbid, yellow-green water—always signalling, always "firmly" and "actively"

"directing operations." He climbed into the upper windows of tottering, flooded houses: briskly made his way across narrow plank bridges: distributed here, there, and everywhere, blankets, medicaments, provisions—the mud and slime of the river caked hard on his oilskins. As he passed by in his boat—the most bedraggled figure in Paris—loud cries of "Vive Lépine" from the bridges and quays; and, indeed, wherever he went, M. le Préfet de Police excited respect and admiration. I see him, in top hat and frock coat, "receiving" the late King Edward VII. in the draughty Northern Station. I see him pointing out the beauties of Paris to the present Prince of Wales. I see him surrounded by the turbulent students of the Latin Quarter, whither he has been summoned to check their demonstrations against some unpopular professor. I see him examining (in the interests of the public) the clocks of motor-cabs, the cushions of railway carriages, the seating conditions in theatres, the very benches and penny chairs in the Bois de Boulogne. Finally, I see him as he is to-day: no longer Chief of the Police, but a private "citizen," established in a spacious, comfortable apartment, which, to the admiration and excitement of naïve *bourgeois* Parisians, is equipped with no fewer than Two bath-rooms.

"With two bath-rooms our admirable Lépine will have plenty to do," states M. le Bourgeois. "They are a responsibility, as well as a pleasure; but, of course, they will not prove too much for a man like Lépine." Then upspeaks a primitive soul: "One is free to bathe and free not to bathe. But to have Two bath-rooms is scandalous, and I should not have thought it of Lépine." However, in the opinion of a third critic, M. Lépine should be permitted to have ninety-nine bath-rooms if he likes. Twenty-two years Chief of the Police, he is now entitled to do as he pleases. So leave his Two Bath Rooms alone. "When a man has retired, he must have distractions with which to occupy his mind and his leisure." But if—as reported—M. Lépine loves his Pair of Bath Rooms, he loves the streets better. As in his official days, behold him here, there, and everywhere. A brawl or a fire, and there he is. Now in an omnibus, next in the underground railway, up at Montmartre, down on the boulevards—amidst exclamations of "Voilà Lépine!" and the salutes of the police. Only a private "citizen," but he is still addressed as "M. le Préfet." Merely the master of a comfortable apartment, of a Couple of Bath Rooms—but is that enough for a Frenchman of action and genius? Gossips predict that M. Lépine will next be seen in the Chamber of Deputies, or that he will help M. Georges Clemenceau to wake up the Senate—the "Palais du Sommeil." For my own part I fancy that, should a crisis arrive, the ex-Chief of the Police will be requested to "direct operations" again.

"There is a telephone in my new home," M. Lépine is reported to have said. "If the Government should want me back, it has only to ring me up."

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

THE JOY OF YOUTH:

A COMEDY.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VALLOMBROSA.

UNDER great heights, full of the murmur and sweetness of the pine, earth rolled away over undulating country, from which sunshine had soaked much colour. It billowed, tawny as the pelt of a lion, but faint green washed it fitfully where far-away vineyards stretched, and white roads cut it every way, into squares and triangles and circles, as they rose and fell and twisted, like threads tangled upon the hills. Cultivation draped rather than clothed this land. It laid no heavy garment upon earth, but spread only a shining and translucent robe between her and the sun's fierce kisses.

Here a company of cypress, dwarfed to a mere splash of darkness, crowned a knoll or stretched to mark a boundary; here solitary farms shone white and red amongst their terraces and meadows; here a hamlet, with earth-coloured walls and russet roofs, clustered in a valley, or girdled some little campanile on a hill-top; and bluer than the olives that belted each height; bluer than Arno, where she wound beneath them; bluer than the blue sky's self, earth's lover, the air lapped all and melted all together, so that the immense, intricate scene, despite its bewildering detail, wrought out league upon league to the last glimmer of remote snow, was enwrapped, caressed, impregnated by it.

But this far-flung distance of plains and hills rising to the Apennine was not more than a little wedge of the world driven in between the shoulder of high ground and the sky. Heaven, indeed, claimed three-parts of the vision, and the uplifted foreground embraced a large measure of the rest. For there a mountain towered. It ascended by successive slopes, was threaded by pathways, intersected by ravines and torrents, broken by many a crag. And the forest spread over it, tier upon tier, in strophe and antistrophe of darkness and light, in melodies of golden green to the crowns of the land, in passages that steeped the mountain with the gloom of a thundercloud. The chestnut woods thronged lower, and their leaves were scarcely unfurled; the beeches blazed to each hill crest, and firs also held their part with them; but the might and mystery of Vallombrosa homed in the pines—the pines that leapt so straight and true to their sombre canopies, that swept the slopes and glens,

rose to the high places, and drifted forward in their innumerable battalions like night itself. Generation upon generation they dwell together, from the giants that were seedlings when genius moved amid these shades, to the sprightly promise of forests to come and the infant plantations as yet no greater than the weeds whence they spring. To shadow and to shelter is their mission; to spread cool purple upon the fiery earth and shield it with their implicated wings against the hurricanes of autumn and winter's snow. Their sobriety is like the frown of dark cliffs fluted with silver, and against their level edges and precipices of close trunks the vernal green of deciduous things rolls and ceases, like a sea. The savour of them and the music of them fail not to touch a wanderer's heart-strings, for they harbour the incarnate spirit of these glades, and none may stand without tribute of joy and wonder amid their bright columns and look upward to the blue that frets their darkness, or downward to the azure earth far seen between their aisles.

Rivers flash amid the woods; leap sheer and spout their bright threads upon a precipice; linger in little basins of grey marble; vanish and murmur unseen until they twinkle out again. And the humbler folk of the forest throng these waterways, to drape them with willow and hazel, and adorn them with genista and daphne and great crucifers as white as snow; with mountain strawberry and cyclamen, saxifrage and rue. The sun-shafts find all these things, struggle through the steadfast pines to come to them, and splinter and splash into the secret places, that they may lave each little new-born gem with light. There wander also under the pines sprightly beech saplings, that make a sudden brightness as of laughter in these sombre denses.

"Like dear little babies who have toddled into a party of sad, ancient people," said Loveday.

She knelt beside Miss Annette Neill-Savage and helped Dangerfield to unpack a luncheon-basket. He had brought the party to Vallombrosa in his automobile, that he might see Loveday's emotion at the woods.

"Here Milton walked with Galileo—a hard-boiled egg, Loveday, please," said Stella presently; and between the courses of the luncheon she repeated her reflection. But when their meal was finished, to the last dry walnut and glass of sparkling wine, the lady became more speculative, and wondered how Milton liked it.

"Doubtless a holy joy to such a mind," declared Annette; while Bertram considered the speech of the two great men.

"What a fine conversation Landor would have made of them," said Loveday.

"He did," answered the artist. "But not about them in Vallombrosa. He makes Milton visit the philosopher in prison, with a monk as key-bearer. The young, fiery Milton's wrath at the old man's plight is finely done. Galileo, tintured with age, declares that the spirit of liberty wakes mad enthusiasm and leaves behind

it bitter disappointment. And there's a dramatic line, when Milton hopes the great man's sentence will be short, and he answers, 'It may be, or not, as God wills. It is for life.' There's a saying of Galileo's too. 'We may know that there are other worlds, and we may hope that they are happier.'"

"It sounds a thing one ought to read," declared Annette, and Bertram nodded.

"There's fine, implicit drama when Galileo regrets that the cell is so small for Milton's feet. You see the poet-to-be, hot with passion before this villainy, tramping like a young tiger up and down the prison, and old Galileo watching him."

He laughed suddenly.

"Another good thing! Milton, in his young scorn for all that's frozen and lifeless, says that 'an academician, a dunghill, and a worm are three sides of an equilateral triangle'!"

After luncheon Miss Neill-Savage was not ashamed to hint at a nap, and Annette, who had also walked enough, proposed to smoke a cigarette and watch over her sister. Loveday and the painter wandered away together, but when they had departed Stella did not go to sleep; instead she sighed, and said that it was all very stupid and utterly wrong.

"They're falling in love with each other as fast as two emotional creatures can," she said, "and, of course, if there's trouble, we shall be blamed for it. We have no authority, but if I had, I should certainly exercise it and take her home."

Her sister was less sentimental.

"You needn't worry," she declared. "It's harmless enough. He's not in the least in love with her, and, even if he was, he's a gentleman."

"He may be, but that's often the first thing a man forgets when——"

"He won't. She likes him better than he likes her, I fancy; but Loveday's a clever girl under her skin. In fact, her ingenuousness is rather put on. Anyway, she knows which side her bread is buttered. No sane woman would miss her destiny for the sake of a harum-scarum painter. What's somebody else's fame compared to her own as mistress of Vanestowe?"

The boy and girl did not climb far. Soon they sat down together on a stone, and she murmured of the beauty round her. Then she bade him pick flowers and gather roots to send home; and he covered himself with glory by digging up the corm of a cyclamen whose fading leaves betrayed it.

"Where there are pines there is always sweetness," said Loveday; and she made him dig up a dozen of the little seedling conifers which scattered the ground.

"I shall send them in a box to Fry," she said, "and they must be grown on. I should think they would take about two hundred years to reach their full size."

"Your great-great-grandchildren will play under them."

"What d'you think of up here?" she asked, when they fell into a silence presently.

"Of the olden time," he said. "I've just got an idea as I lighted this cigar—an idea about the ancient gods. You think of them in these high places. They were not one, but many—that's the point to consider; and another thing, they weren't separated in kind from man, only in degree. Pindar says that man and gods sprang all from the same mother, Earth; though he adds that the race of men is nought, and the 'brazen heaven abideth.' But it wasn't all one way. They even chaffed their gods sometimes, like little brothers cheek big ones; and they considered it quite reasonable that their divinities should give as well as take, and even bend to human opinion now and then. Moira was above the gods, and greater than they for that matter. The *rationale* of paganism in its bearing on human life is jolly sane. Don't you think so?"

"I'll see if I do, after you've explained," answered Loveday.

"Well, the logical mind of the Golden Age was called to build a working creed from prehistoric myth, and it evolved a pantheon that should meet the many problems and contradictions of existence. The dogma of one watchful, loving, and paternal Deity had no temptation for the Greek genius, since the events of every day and hour convinced him of its futility. No single god might rationally meet the case, but given a house of gods—a family of divinities moved by various interests, at sharp variance amongst themselves, vested with varying supernatural powers and profoundly interested in mankind and his fate; then is unfolded a most plausible theory of human life with its disabilities, contradictions, triumphs, tragic paradoxes, and appalling dilemmas from which escape there is none, and action only a choice of horrors."

"I see that."

"Granted these greater brothers and sisters of humanity and the others—those sub-celestials with human blood in their veins—then you get the whole splendid pageant of Greek and Latin mythology—rich for moralists and artists and everybody. Given that poetic basis you can explain the whole show; but with one supreme, consistent, and omnipotent Being, you can explain nothing. I'll bet Goethe felt that, and Landor and Swinburne. They were both braver than Goethe. He hedged a bit at the finish. But the old nearly always hedge."

They wandered presently where a little shrine stood beside a steep path of cobble-stones, and Bertram read a Latin inscription that told how good San Giovanni Gualberto was flung headlong by Satan over the crags to the torrent below, but found himself none the worse for the adventure.

"No doubt the great god Pan scented brimstone and waited by the waterfall, and caught the saint when he fell, and got a splendid blessing for his trouble," said Loveday.

There came mountain men passing to the valley with great bundles of brush and beechwood charcoal, which they carried upon their backs. Being questioned gravely concerning the miracle of the

saint, they confirmed it. The painter gave them each a Tuscan cigar—tobacco that he carried always for presents—and they clattered down the cobble-stones to Vallombrosa the happier for his gift.

"Francis of Assisi is my patron saint," declared Bertram, "so I beg you'll make him yours. He is a most blessed and beautiful spirit, and had blessed and beautiful ideas. The sun was his brother; death was his sister. When no longer he could see his brother shining in the heaven, he would shut his eyes and go to sleep with his sister. He of all the mystics knit man closest into the very web of nature; but he could not feel that man was the only thing that mattered among all the other wonderful things in the world. That was what I love him for. Even my heroes, the humanists, have not his poetry and fire. They think man is everybody, and I don't. The birds, and the beasts, and the strange, silent, unknowable people of the river, who never shut their eyes and whose blood is cold—Saint Francis claimed kinship and brotherhood with them all. And therefore, in his simple enthusiasm and fervour, he brought to them the very best and greatest thing that he had to bring—Jesus. It seemed to him that not a living being but must be the better for his Master's message. If ever he came here, I think his voice must have risen among these glorious trees to utter the name of Christ for them too."

"What a fairyland the world must have been to him," said Loveday. "I wish I'd lived then. A saint is just what I'm always wanting to put my faith in and reverence and trust."

"It's a far cry from St. Francis to Goethe," he answered; "and yet, of course, Goethe is more useful to-day than St. Francis. You ask for something to waken faith and reverence. He'll tell you that there are only four things to reverence: those above you, those below you, those equal with you, and—yourself. Which really is only St. Francis over again, for he loved all things, both great and small. But the highest you can reach—the faith to move mountains—is the faith in your kind. Goethe was no materialist, but no mystic either. He said that though subject to mechanical necessities, as being live creatures compacted of elements, we can yet move on another plane too, and fly, with wings that will carry us above the stars. He found that happen to himself; and so he had to chronicle it, and show that the link between temporal and eternal lies within, and that the mechanical chains don't signify a straw. The only chains that matter are those we forge ourselves."

"But you don't believe that?" she asked.

"No," he answered, "not at present. Because I have forged chains for myself. I am a monist. I chose those particular fetters because my mind finds itself most comfortable in them. You must dress your mind in some clothes, as well as your body, if you're not a savage. A thinking being must think. I might stop being a monist to-morrow; but at present there is nothing else that suits and supports my mind. For me 'free will' is one of man's supreme delusions."

"Don't begin that again. You said so before, and I said you were wrong," declared Loveday.

"Then of course I am wrong. So let your wings carry you above the stars. Reverence St. Francis and believe in yourself, for he knows that you'll never find a lovelier thing to believe in."

He paid her these sudden compliments sometimes, and they made her laugh, for they were always uttered in a tone so indifferent that any charm of statement they might possess was lost in the manner of making them.

They returned to the sisters, and found both anxious to start homeward.

"We drink tea at half-past four with friends," said Stella; and as they returned to the automobile, Annette surprised them.

"It is most beautiful here to-day—an experience to remember," she said. "But my imagination runs on to another picture. I have been trying to imagine these eternal forests, 'when the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.'"

"It would be terrible and glorious," declared Loveday.

"But not a sight you could hope to see in personal comfort, and therefore not a sight I should wish to see at all," added Annette.

Dangerfield made no comment, but henceforth, in secret with Loveday, he alluded to the younger sister as "the Apennine."

"She doesn't quote as much as you do, anyway," was her reply.

Homeward they flew, setting a trail of dust hanging a mile behind them and marking the zig-zag road.

"The patience and forbearance of the people to endure us!" cried Loveday. "I hate to think how we are choking their little windows and spoiling the very air they breathe. Who are we to dare to come among them with this foul, bellowing thing? I wonder they don't turn round and cut our tyres to pieces and block our way and silence us."

"They are meek and gentle as their own great steers," Bertram answered. "They have not reached the fighting stage yet. They don't think; they merely endure. Their time is to come."

The automobile slid downwards among the chestnut woods to the vines, where they flung tender shadows over the sun-scorched earth, and where the limpid blue of the flax and the brave lavender of the iris fields made Loveday gasp for joy.

"You want a place as big as Italy to grow flowers properly—Devonshire's too small," she said.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STUDIO.

DANGERFIELD'S villa stood in the Corso Regina Elena, but his studio was at San Miniato. Here, before five o'clock, Stella Neill-Savage and Loveday arrived, and he kept them waiting. A girl brought them upstairs, to find the painter in a long Tuscan blouse of sponge-

coloured canvas, much spattered and smeared with divers hues. He was working, and a model sat on a dais in the middle of the studio.

"Forgive me, but there are fifteen minutes more," said Bertram. "Play about; there's plenty to amuse you."

Miss Neill-Savage, slightly fluttered at the idea of being told to "play about" by a boy of six-and-twenty, settled herself upon a purple cushion in a great walnut chair of state and drew forth her fan; while Loveday, with shy glances at the model, made an excursion round the workshop.

It was a large and lofty room, lighted by a great window northward, beneath which opened a lesser window from which one might look out upon the world. A mighty view of Florence and Arno spread here, and now it shone in the mellowing colour of evening, and reminded Loveday of her first vision.

A polished stone floor belonged to the studio, and it was half-covered with faded Persian rugs and a strip of rose-coloured grass matting. The walls were a cool grey, and a great screen on wheels, at present behind the dais, had been painted of the same colour. A stove stood in one corner, and works of art were arranged with some method round the chamber. There were full-sized casts of certain Greek favourites, and in the case of the Venus of Melos, the Apoxyomenos of Lysippos, the Discobolus of Myron, and the Apollo Sauroctonos, the copies were of marble. A marble Duke of Urbino from the Sacristy, a marble Hermes of Praxiteles, and a marble Venus Victrix were also disposed on heavy pedestals, together with one or two unfamiliar statues of Bertram's special affection; and between the statues stood easels. Upon the walls were the usual studio notes—sketches in oils and chalk and charcoal, and among them hung a few framed oils by Italian painters—light, bright renderings of Tuscan scenery. A dark blue curtain fell over a doorway, and in one corner stood a pile of mingled pots—some of the rough local ware in the biscuit stage, some rich with a transparent glaze, some red and black Etruscan, some of dim green glass from Eastern tombs. A dozen bas-reliefs hung upon the walls—mostly copies of Donatello, or Greek funereal steles.

It was a workshop, but more than a workshop. The beauty of the whole, the peace of the colour and distinction of the forms had not happened by accident.

Loveday noticed a portrait of the little serving-girl. It was a half-length nude in pastel, with wonderful light glimmering over the brown skin and dark hair. There was another pastel of Arno on a grey day, winding sadly with turbid and yellow waters under naked boughs. The single smudge of a boat on the river completed the composition. Elsewhere another pastel held her—a long road stretching between broken walls, subdued and empty, but ending in a little magic passage of azure and pale amber, where sunlight broke through and found the face of a cottage. It was like an opal set in a great margin of dim pearl.

Loveday peeped behind another curtain to find a window of old stained glass. It opened upon the east of the studio, and glimmered like wine. The colours entranced her. She had seen them already in the dusty windows of the Duomo.

The painter's table, with its litter of paints and palettes and brushes, appeared to be the only untidy place in the studio.

"May I come and look at you now?" asked Loveday, and he begged her to do so.

The model was a man of venerable and dignified appearance. His silvery hair was thrown off his forehead and hung in ripples; his beard was white; and his brown face, withered brow, sunk cheek, and sad but thoughtful eyes completed a picture of noble old age.

The man was clad in a flowery robe of rose-red, from which his sleeves of white appeared. A gilt chain had been flung round his neck, and his distinguished hand—a wonder of great veins—held an old tome of leather embossed with gold.

"Jacopo is the biggest humbug in Italy," said Bertram. "He is said to have killed his wife and done all sorts of abominable things. He was left for dead at Fiesole two years ago after a brawl over a woman. But he's as tough as a crocodile and as wily as a fox."

Then in Italian he bade the model lift up his eyes, whereupon Jacopo cast a seraphic expression upon his countenance and regarded the ceiling with such rapture of pure piety that Loveday clapped her hands and gave him a lira. Jacopo was dismissed anon, and Bertram prepared to doff his blouse, but Loveday begged him to keep it on.

"I've never seen you in it before. It helps me to realise you really do work," she said. "Sometimes I can't believe you really do."

"One cannot imagine a rich artist," asserted Miss Neill-Savage. "When they work for a living they are merely artists; if they are wealthy and still make pictures, then the world feels it is rather a condescension on their part, and bows reverently and calls them brilliant amateurs, like Brabazon."

"There's always a gulf fixed between amateurs and professionals all the same," said Loveday, "however brilliant the amateur may be. Mr. Dangerfield's a professional, and always would have been. It's only an accident he's so ridiculously rich."

"I'd wish an artist ambition and perseverance, then money," he said. "The first two, of course, are vital, and the third is death without them; but given ambition, that scorches you and eats you alive, and perseverance, that makes you work to the very limit of your love and your strength, then money is an enormous advantage and priceless boon. At least, so I've found it. Hunger and necessity have produced great art, but not the greatest and purest and most perfect. The artist who needs any other goad than the inner fire burning to get out, belongs to a second order at best."

He brought them a sheaf of copies made by himself during the past five years. They were mostly of Andrea d'Agnolo and Titian.

"I went to Madrid for Titian," he told them. "But that copy of 'Sacred and Profane Love' I did, of course, in Rome."

"I read a review of your work somewhere that declared you had found a little of the secret of Venetian gold," said Miss Neill-Savage.

But he denied it.

"I didn't copy to find secrets," he said, "only to strengthen my hand and teach me patience. It did that. I used to get awfully down on my luck, and sometimes even envy the brilliant chaps who talk about pictures instead of paint them, and sit in the seats of the mighty and thunder out the law and the prophets to us poor wretches who are fighting to make things. But then I read a book of Lucian's. 'A Dream,' it's called, and the great man shows with cynical indifference what led him to give up creation proper and become a mere critic and literary trifier. Two women appear before him in his dream. One is dirty, plastered with clay, ill-clad, careworn, haggard, with hard hands and weary eyes; the other is attired in fine raiment and minces in her going. She is lovely, delicate, refined, self-possessed, and distinguished. The first woman is Art; the second, Culture; and sad-eyed, back-bent Art strives for the Syrian's soul, pleads for it, breathes the names of the giants to him—Pheidias, Polyclethus, Myron, Praxiteles. Culture meantime remarks that, when all is done and said, the artist remains a slave; that the august Pheidias himself is no more than a workman who toils with his hands and frets away his manhood and vigour and endowment of life in battering of stones. So Lucian abandons art for cheap fame and pelf, and turns from an artist's work, which is making of things, to the easier business of prattling about them. It pays better, and wants only a little practice to deceive everybody—but the artists themselves. Any fool can do it in six weeks. 'Technique,' that's the blessed word; but the men who matter laugh at it."

"I thought 'technique' really embraced everything," said Stella Neill-Savage.

"Everything and nothing, as you may understand the term," he answered. "No big man breaks his shins on technique to-day—in any art. I'm a formalist myself, and believe that you must have bones to stand up and take your place in the world. But time will decide about all the new things—as to whether they are strong enough to resist the impact of a century or so. Oscar Wilde said that 'technique is personality'—not to be taught or learned, only to be understood. Goethe, in another sense, declares frankly that technique kills art. We don't bother about the technique of the giants any more than they did themselves. Ruler Art, in fact, makes its own rules. Be an inventor and 'damn the consequences,' even if Culture damns you—as Mr. Balfour has just politely damned

modern novelists in general because they find life rather dark and difficult and scorn the line of least resistance. Great art is the lightning of genius playing over our human environment; and you can no more decide how the art is to declare itself than you can dictate where the lightning shall fall."

But the prime interest for Loveday was the painter's own pictures, and now he showed them to her. Some were finished, and all were far advanced save one.

He turned to that first—a drawing roughed in of a nude Venus.

"This is just a sketch for it, and no more. I've got everything for it but Venus herself; and as it's going to be my masterpiece, I'm in no hurry."

"Explain it," said Stella.

"Just the old subject—Venus coming ashore out of the foam. You'd say it couldn't be painted any more; but it's going to be. She'll feel earth making her lovely feet tingle in a moment. There's something from Leonidas of Tarentum in the Greek anthology that says what I mean. The maiden Venus squeezing the water out of her hair with sun-bright fingers and leaping out of her sea-mother's breast into the passion of the sunshine and the warmth and wonder and joy of earth. On the shore is an old, mellow, wise skull, a lovely colour, like the black bread the *contadini* eat. Venus says that life is beautiful. The skull says that life is short."

"You ought to have a butterfly, to say that life is not all," suggested Loveday.

"No," he answered, "I won't pretend anything I don't believe true. My girl Venus will ride on a nautilus shell that I found among the treasures at the Bargello—the colour of mother-o'-pearl."

"I shall like Botticelli's cockle-shell better," said Loveday.

"I dare say you will. I have thought a much more glorious Venus rising from the sea than I can possibly paint. We all, from the Greeks downward, dream better things than can be made of matter, just as Shakespeare thought better things than he could put into words."

"But you haven't thought a better Venus than Botticelli's?" said Loveday.

"An artist's visions are his own. You can't have a study of comparative inspirations. I wouldn't change my vision for anybody's—or my inspiration either."

"Your inspiration?"

"Yes—you've got to hear about that. But the dreams of the Greeks! Think of them. Do you suppose that Pheidias was satisfied with his Pallas Athene of gold and ivory, or the Parthenon pediments? Not he. He looked back to the dream and sighed. Think of the visions of Praxiteles stretching their hands to him through the marble—never to be rescued. The medium kills—that's the curse of art. None ever masters it. The mightiest are broken on their medium sometimes—like Ixion on his wheel."

He showed them a finished picture called "Nature regarding

Man"—a sorrowful, mighty figure brooding beside a man who slept amid evidences of destruction and death.

"Just a mother finding her naughty child tired out and sound asleep, after he's done all the mischief he can. Asleep to gather strength for more mischief," he told them.

"It's solemn, and the colour is beautiful; but it's so strange," said Loveday.

"I'll explain all some day, when you're in a patient mood," he answered.

"Is it just maternal sorrow over a failure, or sneaking, maternal pride at man's strength and power to turn everything else upside down?" asked Stella. "It might be either."

"No, I'm not so subtle," he said. "The sneaking pride is a splendid idea; but it doesn't belong to this. I picture Nature just asking herself, in a piano sort of moment, whether man was quite worth while—whether, in fact, the game of conscious intelligence was worth the awful candle that man lighted to play it by. She decides sorrowfully that it was not. She feels rather as Frankenstein felt about his monster with a mind. I think she's considering whether it won't be better to polish him off before he gets worse."

"And yet you say you're no pessimist, Mr. Dangerfield?"

"I was when I painted that. One denies no mood. Moods are the roads along which an artist's soul makes its expeditions into the unknown. This man, you see, does all things, and even lifts his hand against his mother. He defies her rules and scorns her conditions, and tears the heart out of her. So she beholds him with shuddering eyes and puzzles before the terrific problem of his future. Here's another mood. This I call 'Demeter and Abbas.'"

It was a small canvas, in which the goddess had come thirsting to her fountain, and the little boy, Abbas, was deriding her. Bertram told the sequel of the legend, and Loveday drank it in greedily.

"How delicious!" she said. "And what a dear, wicked little thing you've made him! But the great goddess ought to have had more sense of humour than to punish a tiny child so dreadfully."

"It was before she lost Persephone, perhaps," he answered. "Sorrow had not sweetened her divine soul. But goddesses—even in the melting mood—are ticklish things."

"I love the light in your pictures," declared Loveday. "It is not so sad as the subjects seem to be. One would think the sun was always setting."

"Here it has not risen," he answered, and showed her another. "That's going to London next week. I call it 'Ignorance and Terror.' Another mother and child. Ignorance is the mother of Terror, and there will be no terror in the world when Reason has banished superstition and thrown a great light through the meaning of things."

A haggard, neolithic woman sat with her baby on her lap in the

chill light before morning. The woman pointed at a formless, hideous something—tree-stump or monster; the child wept.

"When the sun rises over those mountains it will all be explained," said the artist.

"But what is the horror?" asked Loveday. "What is that ghastly, formless object you half see and half feel?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I don't know myself till the dawn is clearer. It may be a stock or stone, the sort of thing the first man made into a god or devil."

"Everybody will want to know what it is all about, and they'll say you've painted a puzzle picture," prophesied Miss Neill-Savage.

He laughed at that.

"All works of art ought to have mystery in them. Now we'll go out on to the loggia and see the picture I shall never paint but always dream about—Firenze at sunset. By the way, what do you think of this?"

It was a girl's head against a dim green light—a shadowy loveliness of hair died into the background, where olives misted under the stars, and about the bent head three fireflies hung streaking the gloom. One drew its little lamp across the darkness of her hair.

"How perfect!" cried his younger visitor. "What a joy of a girl! You didn't miss that dream, at any rate."

"Only an impression. I should like to do it again—if you'll let me," he said. "I call it 'Madonna delle Luciole.'"

"Good gracious, Loveday, it's you!" said Stella. "And you never saw it was! Or was that simple affectation?"

"I'm not like that," declared she. "Say it isn't, Bertram."

"It isn't, of course. You're a million times lovelier than that. Yet you were the model. It's painted, as it were, 'after' you, not from you. So I saw you at the Warrens before dinner that evening, when we were watching the fireflies at their *podere*—just outlined against the last of the light. It's only a note for a real picture—if you'll sit for it."

"It's an inspiration, and you'll never do it half as well again," she told him; but he assured her that with her help he would.

CHAPTER XX.

LOVEDAY TO RALEGH.

"HOTEL ATHENA,
"FIRENZE.

"MY DEAREST RALEGH,—

"I must try and give you a glimpse of the great Duomo here—one of the very noblest buildings in Italy or the world. Standing under its walls is like standing under a great cliff on a seashore—a cliff that towers up, all pencilled with delicate patterns and washed with lovely colours. One feels that it is as old as the world, and that it has faced everything that came, and made itself more and more beautiful and mellow. Time has melted its rose

and pearl and green together, and overlaid them with stains of old ripe gold, the colour of apricots. For clefts and crannies in this cliff-face are big doors and windows, which break it with deep embrasures and twisted pillars; and for sea-fowl there are the white and grey and mottled pigeons in a flock that breed here, and bask on the ledges and mouldings, and preen their wings on the heads of the stone saints. Around about is the ceaseless din and roar of traffic like a sea, for this wonderful cathedral is not separated from the life around it. Mean houses elbow it, mean tram-lines wrap it round and round with steel ribbons, whereon little gaudy red and yellow trams circle, clanging and rattling. The steel network flashes hotly in the great piazza before the cathedral, and the people surge every way—rich and poor, busy and lazy, silent and noisy. But most of them are noisy, for they really cannot go on without noise. I expect that I shall be fearfully noisy when I come home again, and want a whip to crack and a bell to jangle.

"I love to see the girls who trip about in pairs, like twin flowers on one stem. They are so pretty, so trim, and so plump—delicious little women—'husband-high,' as we say in Devon. They wear their hair up in a great mound, or sometimes braided in many a pretty fashion, and they carry their dainty heads proudly, as such beautiful little gems well may. At their belts you see a rose, or cornflower, or carnation, and they go arm in arm sometimes, and sometimes hand in hand. Then there are the soldiers, whose bright uniforms make the brilliant streets brighter yet; and—a real joy—yesterday was flower-market day, and I went and spent an hour there. Fry would have laughed at the things they had to sell; but the roses were good, and a few other plants that you do at Vane-stowe in a feeble sort of way. Here the 'half-hardies' blossom and enjoy it; not as with us, in the sulks and meagrely, as though under compulsion to do something they hated. But they don't know what a rhododendron means here—tell Fry that. I'm so sorry his seedling turned out a failure. I had such a characteristic letter from him. 'The seedling is rubbish,' he wrote, 'and Stacey's wife's baby boy has been born without feet. We are cheering each other up.' He seemed to think the catastrophes were about equal. I've written to poor Mrs. Stacey and said that very likely her baby will be wonderfully clever or something, to make up for such a fearful loss. Of course, the kind thing to do with the poor mite would be to treat it as Fry treated the rhododendron, and put it painlessly to sleep. But that's a sort of kindness I know you won't approve. Perhaps the child really will justify its existence; but can it with such a mother?

"I'm beginning to get a little of the atmosphere and spirit of this dear, wonderful place. Really, there are a great many things that would interest you about it. It is an important industrial centre, though not so strong and potent in the affairs of Italy as once it was. The river would interest you—not so much the fish, which are rather small and feeble, as a rule; but the way it brings

work and money to the poor of Florence. They are always fetching up sand and stones from it, and the supply is renewed by every flood from the mountains. Then they go out in boats and collect the deposits of the river, for which there is ceaseless demand; and in old time the Arno was the great artery of trade, too. Timber came down it in rafts, and little vessels plied for many a mile, even to the sea. The vanished folk actually invented a saint, called Gorgone, and invoked his protection at the most dangerous rapids and gorges where they worked.

"Firenze simply pulses with the new born out of the old. Her present is linked closely to her beautiful past.

"I think, though you have never taken pictures very seriously, you would do so out here. Pictures creep into your life after a time, if you care for them. There are pictures here—the ones I love best of all—that I go to see all alone sometimes; and they talk to me—they really do! I suppose it is what you feel when you go to church.

"I'm just dimly beginning to realise what Italian means. It is a wonderful tongue, and the Tuscan Italian is the most glorious live language in the world to-day—for subtlety and music and power to express the shadow of a shade of meaning. But no foreigner ever fathoms it, and only poets and artists of words can even sound the stops of the wonderful organ. There are people here, Bertram tells me, who take the same delight in a phrase, or a perfect jewel of words fitted together, as you would in a good right and left with the partridges. Italians think English rather a lumbering language, though well enough suited to our lumbering nation. I struggle away at the beginnings, and my teacher is very patient and a splendid linguist.

"And now I must stop before I bore you to death.

"We shall be here for ages yet, thank goodness; and then Stella wants to go to the Italian Lakes, and Annette, to the Swiss ones, so I don't know what will happen. Of course, I vote for Como or Maggiore.

"Your devoted

"LOVEDAY.

"P.S.—We visited Bertram's studio a few days ago. It was most interesting. He is a tremendous worker, and has wonderful ideas. He says that every picture ought to have an idea. He did a jolly head of me—all green and blue and purple and mysterious, with fireflies dancing round it—far too lovely for me. You ought to buy it! He calls it 'Madonna delle Luciole.' Get Nina to translate that for you!"

CHAPTER XXI.

ANDREA D'AGNOLO.

FLORENCE basked in the sunshine of afternoon, and the domes of her churches, swinging round in a semicircle from San Spirito to the cathedral, carried on the russet of a thousand roofs into the

sky upon their orbs. Thunderclouds hung heavy over Fiesole and cast a darkness there, but all else, to the distant hills, was full of light. Behind Monte Morello a pillar of silver cloud ascended, and the sky shone very blue. A little open chamber, perched amid the housetops opposite the uplifted platform of the Pitti, was painted blue also, so that it brought the sky colour with heightened tone down into the midst of the burning roofs that sloped away round about.

Loveday and Bertram stood on the loggia of the Pitti to rest their eyes before returning to del Sarto, for the day was sacred to that master. The morning had been spent with him at the Uffizi; and since Bertram had decided that after noon was the right and proper time to see him here, they had come, knowing no need of rest.

"They say he hasn't a soul, and belongs to the second-raters," declared the artist; "I say that he's the most perfect, pure painter we know, and nearer the Greeks than any of them; and Browning said he was perfect, too. I don't like Browning's poem, all the same. Andrea may not have been a great man, and he may have wrecked himself for the sake of that rag, his wife; but how many artists are great men? Was Raphael? Was Botticelli? You often gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles where art is born; he was a weak spirit, but a mighty painter. And if he'd married an angel instead of a harlot, it wouldn't have made any difference to his art. The oil decides the flame."

"But," Loveday said, "a flame can burn better and brighter in pure air than foul."

He could not answer that.

"Anyway, his great pictures deserve to rank with the best in the world as painting," he declared; "and the Madonna of the Harpies—it didn't want them to link him to the Greeks—is the picture that I would first have in all Firenze. And as to soul—if he had no more interest in souls than Apelles, why the deuce should he bother about them, or pretend he had? His wretched wife hadn't the germ of a soul, and, rightly or wrongly, he chose her for his fountain of beauty, so there's no more to be said."

He pointed out the "Dispute," his favourite "Assumption," and the "Deposition." The last he ranked with the Uffizi Madonna for greatness; then he wearied Loveday with his opinions, and, finding that he had done so, amused her.

"Come and see a Holy Family by Bronzino," he said. "It's very interesting, because the Mother was evidently painted from a statue—even to her hair. But the great thing in it is the sleeping Christ—a fine baby. If ever I am a father, I shall want such another as that."

"And his dear little toes curled over each other, just like a real baby!" cried Loveday, as she regarded the picture.

They admired the adorable child; then a thought entered her

mind, and as she looked at Bertram's dark skin and flashing eyes she laughed to herself.

"If ever you had a baby son, he'd not be such a fair, starry, creamy little joy as this," she said. "He'd be like—I'll show you——"

She led him elsewhere, then dropped him the ghost of a curtsy, and pointed to Caravaggio's Slumbering Cupid—the brown Love with a Puck nose and plump body, who sleeps soundly as ever baby slept, upon the downy concave of his own grey wing.

"What a live little wretch—you can hear him snore!" cried Bertram. "And what a gem of a picture. Well done, Lombardy! It's a masterpiece of chiaroscuro—a glorious baby—one of the elect."

"A little black pig compared to the other," declared Loveday.

"And you think, if I ever had a son, he'd be like that?"

"He would," she assured him. "Of course, he'd grow up handsome, and very likely win the Inter-Varsity hundred yards some day, which his father couldn't do; but he'd begin like that—without the wings."

"But his nose. No son of mine could possibly have such a nose," he pleaded.

"He might—he really might," she assured him. "The noses of children are most weird and puzzling. You never know how they're going to happen."

"Come and sit down and talk for ten minutes before they turn us out. I shan't marry—never. My child must be a love child, like Leonardo, or Giorgione—and move among fine people on the strength of his father. It's a fool's trick to marry, and the biggest fool's trick of all is to marry a handsome woman; and, of course, I couldn't marry any other sort, so there's an end of it."

"What's the matter with a handsome woman for a wife?" she asked.

"You're naturally interested; and I'll break it to you gently that everything's the matter with her. She is always the most jealous, and the hardest to please, and the cruellest. A pretty woman is like a rich one: she never learns the truth about men. It's hidden from her. Beauty is a veil that comes between her and reality, and transforms men in the eyes of the beautiful. So the poor, lovely wretches have to take us on faith; and the result naturally sours them. They are shocked when they find that the male desire for novelty is no respecter of persons, and a pretty woman wears no better than a plain one. Not so well, as a rule, because she, trusting to her beauty, has never bothered about the things that do wear. A beauty may reign a reasonable time for men; but she won't wear for the man that's won her. She must charm or resign, and it's a curious and dismal fact that a lovely woman whose charms are more than skin-deep is very rare. The converse holds true. Don't let any sane woman marry the handsome man who is going about selling his fine carcass in the best market. She'll rue

it as surely as she does it; for that sort of man is generally tinkling brass."

"Are there no exceptions?" asked Loveday.

"An exception asks the question. You'll charm the vanished Vanes when your turn comes for a corner in the family vault. You'll go among them, like Circe among the swine, and enchant their dusty bones till they rattle round you and terrify the belated traveller as he wends through the churchyard! But you're the phoenix, the pearl of price; and you're already bespoken for the master jewel in the crown of a noble baronet. There is not such another as you. So I must go my way and gather my roses where I can, and drop them when they wither."

"Rubbish!"

"So it is. My wife is Art, and, as a matter of fact, if a man's a real artist, his wife can be only a mistress at best."

She shuddered, while he talked on recklessly to shock her; but presently she caught him up.

"You speak as if there was no such thing as sin in the world," she said.

"And what then? What is sin? A stone flung at the strong by the weak—flung from behind. D'you think I recognise sin? Good heavens! where would it land me? In the bogs of remorse and the quicksands of regret and all sorts of other sticky places. There was no sin in Greece till Plato came with his 'making life one long study for death'—death, the thing that doesn't want a thought till it comes! I hate Plato. He was a traitor to Greece. He discovered the soul, and invented a hell for it. He makes ethics morbid and love disgusting. He was a Christian before Christ. Sin's an impure human invention; but strangle your mother-taught conscience, and you'll soon settle sin. Let the clean past guide you there, not the mean present—the past and your own heart, the heart that Nature put under your ribs and that Christianity calls desperately wicked. Look to those whose hearts beat right, and they'll tell you that they know crime and passion and wrath and hatred and vengeance and love—but not sin. That's a thing spawned out of Christianity—to make men all equal in the sight of God—the God who made all men unequal! Turn the gleam of philosophy on to sin, and you'll find it vanish, like a Jack-o'-lantern at the first chill touch of morning."

"You're past praying for," she said.

"I wish you were past praying," he answered.

There was a pause, and Loveday spoke again.

"If I believed half you say to me, or if I believed that you believed it, I should grow very unhappy. I wonder who has to answer for it, your father or your mother?"

"It was said that character comes from the father, brains from the mother; and though I daresay the modern experts in heredity have exploded that, it's true in my case. But, after all,

you can't sort out the heap that goes to make character and portion out the praise and blame."

"One's character is a sort of Pandora's box," suggested Loveday.

"Yes," he answered, "and you are a lucky man or woman if, after you've rummaged your character to the bottom and found what is good and what is rubbish, you can still come across a gleam of hope in your inheritance."

"Then I'm one of the lucky; and so are you," she answered.

"So far. But you're only twenty-two, or some ridiculous age, and I'm not quite twenty-seven. Is the hope merely gilt or gold? How many hope anything after they're forty?"

"Forty's nothing," declared Loveday. "Adam Fry's still hoping at seventy. Now they're coming to turn us out, so let us go and have some tea. I've promised to meet Stella and Annette."

But he would not.

"They think you see far too much of me as it is," he told her; "I read it in their accusing eyes."

CHAPTER XXII.

RALEGH TO LOVEDAY.

"VANSTONE,
"CHUDLEIGH,
"DEVON.

"MY DEAREST LOVEDAY,—

"I appreciate your picturesque descriptions of Florence, and am glad the place awakens such interest and pleasure in you.

"There is no doubt that much you say is just, and that it is the English passion for criticising that often gets us into trouble. We have to consider that, as you have the sense to do.

"There is no objection, I suppose, to your calling Dangerfield by his Christian name, though neither was there any necessity that I can see. You will know what line to take in your relations with him. The man is an outsider—to say it not unkindly. I mean that he has thrown in his lot with another order than his own, and devoted himself to other work than would have been considered proper to his social rank a few generations ago. But no doubt I am old-fashioned in my feeling that the learned professions ought to have claimed him. He is the first Dangerfield that one has heard of outside the Services or the Church.

"Life goes on steadily here, and there is hope of a good hay harvest. I am letting them have the Lower Glebe for the Agricultural Show this year. The concession has given much satisfaction, and, I hope, may help to improve relations in some directions. It was the idea of Ross, and my mother frankly disliked it; but I am glad to say she is no longer averse to the plan.

"One cannot look round with thoughtful eyes and not feel that great changes threaten England. We have given the people educa-

tion, and I fear, for some years to come, that they will find the gift a two-edged sword and wound themselves as often as they wound us. There is no doubt in my mind that the ideal form of Government is a benevolent autocracy, *i.e.*, Government for the people—not by the people, but by a sympathetic aristocracy moving on a plane of high tradition and animated by sympathy and imagination.

“But the proletariat has no kinship with high tradition, and it rejects and distrusts our sympathy. It turns to its own demagogues, and they—I do not judge their motives—spurn custom and usage, open the sluices, and are in most unseemly haste to remove their neighbours’ landmarks and ignore the differences between *meum* and *tuum*.

“In the darkness it is a source of consolation to me that the revolution will be bloodless. Providence, in Whom I trust absolutely, will order things for the best from a standpoint veiled in clouds beyond the mind of man to reach. But while granting that right will happen, because a good and just God is responsible for the progress of human affairs, we must not be supine, nor neglect to advance our own convictions, nor cease to labour for what we believe to be the right line of progress and amelioration. God helps those who help themselves. Life is profoundly interesting; but to us, of the old brigade, it is also very sad, for much is happening that runs counter to our inherited beliefs and opinions. I see men of birth around me, the very blood in whose veins is running sour under these disabilities—temperate men becoming intemperate; logical men becoming illogical; religious men beginning to doubt whether this is indeed the best of all possible worlds. A sitting of Parliament nowadays still begins with prayers; but how often it ends with curses!

“On the Bench one sees many a glimpse of the bitter class prejudice now spreading like a poisonous germ into the hearts of the poor. A man three weeks ago flung his boot at me from the dock after I had sentenced him to a week of imprisonment for breaking Farmer Burdon’s hedges and stealing roots of fern and primrose. I caught the boot rather neatly and quite disarmed the rascal. He was the first to applaud the catch; and when he was free he came to me for work!

“Your uncle is in London. He is in great trouble over Welsh Disestablishment, and the Navy, and Germany. He is walking in public processions to protest against the Government’s actions. Patrick Spedding is in Ireland fishing, and Nina is at home. She is a sensitive woman and a thinker. She feels that in the storm and stress of modern life, religion becomes more and more the one sole thing to trust to and cling to. And I am by no means sure that she is not right. But there is a strong drift away from the old simple faith of our fathers. One sees it everywhere—education again. Nine parish schoolmasters out of ten are agnostics; but they dare not say so—yet. They wait impatiently for the passing

of an Education Bill that will free them from the need of prevarication. No doubt when State and Church part company, which is only a question of time, the real value and strength of the latter will appear. At present the Church cringes in a way I much deplore. As you know, I am strongly against Disendowment; but I have reluctantly begun to suspect that Disestablishment will advance human progress not a little and really help the Church to stand alone. There is a great lack of dignity in its relations with the State at present. There is a lot of humbug about the whole thing, and responsible, agnostic statesmen (the only statesmen who count in the least are agnostics at heart unfortunately) must secretly despise the attitude of the leaders of the Church in their make-the-best-of-both-worlds policy. We sportsmen believe that we cannot run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; but it is the business of diplomatists to do so; and I suppose the Church congratulates itself on the skill with which it is managing this difficult feat. There is, however, a fearful spiritual danger, and we are losing our adherents in the country as well as the town.

"Lady Dangerfield is back from Torquay. Her portrait was mentioned in *The Times* and in *The Athenæum* as a work of great merit. She pretends not to care a rap, but is secretly very gratified, I think.

"Mr. Wicks, the dentist, has returned to Exeter, and Lady Dangerfield has set the fashion and is his patient again. Do not visit Mrs. Forbes, please, Loveday. I don't want to be un-Christian or unreasonable; and if you desire to argue about it, we can do so on your return home. For the moment, since you do not refuse a measure of obedience to your Raleigh, let it be enough that I ask you not to visit her.

"I am hoping that it will not be very long now before we hear of a date for your return.

"Give my kind regards to your friends, the Misses Neill-Savage, and

"Believe me, dearest Loveday,

"Affectionately and always yours,

"RALEGH VANE."

(*To be continued.*)

CORRESPONDENCE.

OXFORD AND THE WORKING MAN.

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—I thoroughly agree with the article by Mr. Schiller on "Oxford and the Working Man." The class of men who go to Ruskin College are not likely either to gain from, or impart to, Oxford University any benefit. If any working man's son is fitted to go to either Oxford or Cambridge, and to benefit from his stay there, he will have little difficulty now in obtaining a scholarship at one of the Colleges, and he will be received in a most friendly manner by his fellow undergraduates. He will soon settle down, and will gain, both socially and educationally, all the benefits to be derived from a university career.

The man who goes to Ruskin College will probably be much older than other undergraduates, and, neither from a social nor educational point of view will be suitable for a university career. He will not be popular with other undergraduates, and he certainly will not like them, for their views of life will not agree with his.

If his object is to qualify for the profession of a Trades' Union official he will obtain the necessary training more successfully at one of the more modern universities, such as Manchester, Birmingham, or Cardiff. It is not likely that a *bonâ-fide* working man will be able to pass any of the Oxford or Cambridge examinations with a view to taking a degree.

I have ventured to write to you as an Oxford graduate at one time much thrown in contact with the working classes.

I remain,

Yours truly,

M.A.

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—On p. 632 of your April issue Mr. Sidney Low does me the honour to quote from some remarks of mine in the Proceedings of the Eugenic Congress of last year (*Problems in Eugenics*, p. 162), and to say that I "put the case plainly" as follows:—"Evidence is accumulating and is already convincing the far-sighted that the present ordering of all civilised societies, and particularly of our own, is promoting the improvement of the human race to its degeneration, and that at a very rapid rate." This seems, however, to me to be neither "plain" nor sense, and what I really wrote was "promoting, not the improvement of the human race, but its degeneration."

I am, Sir, &c.,

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. DLVIII. NEW SERIES, JUNE 2, 1913.

THE RACIAL WAR IN THE PACIFIC: AN IMPERIAL
PERIL.

"THE problem of the new era is the problem of the New Pacific and New Asia, and the problem of the New Pacific and New Asia is that of the struggle of the white and yellow peoples for world supremacy; the vital issue of to-day . . . is the Japanese programme of Asiatic Imperialism."

A year ago, when this statement was made in a lecture in London by a public-spirited resident of British Columbia, it attracted little attention; to-day everyone who has followed the course of recent events in British Columbia, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand—not to mention California—on the one hand, and in Japan, China, and India on the other, knows that the racial question, in which Japanese, Chinese, and Indians are all more or less concerned, is becoming acute.

A state of racial war already exists in the Pacific—the new world of politics and commerce. It is a war which may split the British Empire in two. At present it is confined to diplomatic channels; but a change in its character appears inevitable unless the statesmen in Downing Street raise their eyes from the study of the chart of the North Sea and the map of the Balkans.

The problem presented by Anglo-German relations is of vital importance; we are interested to some extent in the solution of the Balkan enigma; but these are not the only problems for British statesmanship. If the Empire is an actuality—if we really believe in its future, its existence must not be forgotten between the holding of the too infrequent Imperial Conferences. We who live in the Mother Country are apt to be fascinated overmuch by the passing events in Europe—the fortunes of Montenegro or the sickness of Turkey—because they are happening close at hand, and we are tempted to attach an exaggerated

importance to the shifting of the "Balance of Power" in Europe. A matter of infinitely greater importance is the Balance of Power in the British Empire, and the British Empire is overwhelmingly Asiatic and not European. Because we live at the Empire's governmental, financial, commercial, and social centre we are prone to forget that the Empire has a circumference. If we do not determine to see the Empire whole and keep the fears, aspirations, and needs of its every section within view, we may lose some of it. The writing is on the wall.

While Europe is preoccupied with the struggle of Slav against Teuton, and British politicians are watching the changing scenes on the European continent as though no other continent existed, incidents are occurring on the other side of the world which show unmistakably that the rivalry between the white and yellow peoples is assuming dangerous proportions. While the Imperial Government is bound to Japan by a defensive alliance, the British peoples whose shores are washed by the Pacific Ocean are becoming increasingly dominated by the fear of the "yellow man" as well as of their fellow subjects of India. This fear, and not the growth of German naval armaments or uncertainty as to the future of the little Balkan States, is definitely and rapidly moulding the destinies of these Dominions on the other side of the world. As a straw indicates the direction of the wind, so numerous events of recent occurrence suggest that this anti-Asiatic movement will in a short time become the determinative factor in Imperial policy, and may eventually prove a root of action surpassing in strength the sentiment of kinship which has hitherto sufficed as an effective bond between the various sections of the Empire.

Since the anti-Japanese riots occurred in British Columbia, and the movement against this ambitious race gathered strength in Australasia, the British peoples under the Southern Cross have been rapidly reaching the conviction that the enemy which they have to fear is not Germany, or any other European Power, but Japan. They are ignorant of the political and strategic principles which govern the defences of a vast world-wide organisation like the British Empire, and, brooding over their future, their fears increase in exact proportion as the intensity of their determination to maintain their "all-white" policy strengthens. They are dominated to-day by the dread of Japan, and they believe—wrongly believe—that they are defenceless.

The first indication of this movement as a definite formative influence in Imperial politics occurred four years ago, immediately after the crisis due to Germany's naval expansion. Realising then—if only momentarily—that the primacy of the British

Fleet involved the security of every section of the Empire, the people of New Zealand, in a splendid spirit of higher patriotism, offered to contribute a large armoured ship so as to increase the main guard of the Empire on the frontiers of the Empire's potential enemy. The Governments of New South Wales and Victoria were animated by the same spirit of unity in face of a common danger, but they were checked by the action of the Commonwealth Cabinet, which decided to found a navy of its own. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, sitting his political saddle insecurely, and prompted by party motives, rejected both the policy of contribution and the policy of rapid local naval development. He decided upon equipping a few cruisers and torpedo craft for duty on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of Canada. His Government went out of office before a single keel had been laid down. This was the first chapter of events.

Towards the end of last year, Colonel James Allen, the Minister of Defence in a fresh New Zealand Government, left for England to consult with the British naval authorities. He stopped on his way to confer with the Commonwealth Ministers, and reached London determined to reverse the policy adopted by Sir Joseph Ward's administration in 1909, when a Dreadnought was offered to the Royal Navy. He gave a clear indication of his view upon naval policy, and apparently that also of his colleagues, when Mr. Churchill announced this spring the intention of the Admiralty to utilise the New Zealand battle-cruiser, the *Malaya*, now building, and the three Canadian ships as the nucleus of an Imperial Squadron, based on Gibraltar. Interviewed on the new proposal, Colonel Allen did not dispute Mr. Churchill's claim that these ships could reach any outlying part of the Empire more quickly than any other European force, but, he added, "we do not fear any European force; that is the crux of the matter." It has been reported that the New Zealand Government, having given its free consent to the battle-cruiser *New Zealand* being retained as part of the main guard of the Empire, the Minister of Defence has since expressed a desire to revoke this decision.

Colonel Allen afterwards left London for home, travelling by way of Canada. He reached this Dominion when the naval controversy was at its height between Mr. Borden's Government, pledged to the presentation of three Dreadnought ships to the Royal Navy, and the Liberal Opposition led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, pledged to the creation of a local navy. This conjunction of events apparently had a significant influence on the policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Before Colonel Allen's arrival, this statesman had declared himself in favour of the formation of two

"fleet-units," one to be stationed on the Pacific coast and the other on the Atlantic. Sir Wilfrid Laurier interpreted the term "fleet-unit" as meaning a single Dreadnought ship in association with two or three cruisers, and a few destroyers and submarines. He proposed that Canada should build, arm, man, and maintain two such "fleet-units." On May 6th, after the arrival of Colonel Allen in the Dominion, conveying the views of his own Government and the Commonwealth Administration, Sir Wilfrid Laurier addressed a mass meeting in Toronto. His speech indicated that his views had undergone considerable change; his mind by this time had become dominated by the racial problem of the Pacific. He did not reiterate his demand for a fleet-unit on the Atlantic coast of the Dominion, and his speech conveyed the impression that he had come to the conclusion that such a force was, after all, unnecessary. He remarked :—

"To the man who lives in Quebec or the Maritime Provinces the question of defence does not appeal very strongly. He lives securely. The vicinity of the British Fleet is sufficient for him. But, if you go to British Columbia, Australia, or New Zealand in the Pacific Ocean, the question of defence is one of perpetual consideration. No British subject in British Columbia, Australia, or New Zealand lives with security. The British Fleet is too far away. Squadrons have been removed. He has no protection. At Wellington, Vancouver, or Victoria there is nothing to save the country from invasion. This it is which appeals to me."

In this speech Sir Wilfrid Laurier appeared for the first time as the exponent of the Pacific Ocean—or anti-Japanese—policy favoured by the Commonwealth Government and more lately espoused by the Government of New Zealand.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier epitomised the policy of the white people of the Pacific Ocean. "Great Britain," he remarked, "in pursuance of her new naval strategy, has concentrated her fleets in home waters, whereas formerly she had vessels in every sea," and the leader of the Liberal Opposition in Canada furthermore added that it seemed to him that "defence, like charity, should begin at home."¹ These statements apparently reflect the views held by a large proportion, if not the majority, of the peoples of the over-sea Dominions. They have approached the naval problem late in the day, and are necessarily unfamiliar with the strategic basis of British naval policy. Throughout these Dominions the policy of the weak defensive—the individual local navy—is being preached, and it is generally believed by Colonial politicians that the White Ensign does not float in the outer seas in anything like the strength that it did in the past

(1) If this principle had been adopted in the past by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, what would have been Canada's fate?

because the Royal Navy is weaker than it was, and that their territories are, therefore, in peril.

There is a general impression, which some British politicians in pursuit of different ends have consistently supported, that in the past the British Navy "commanded" every sea. This is an entire misapprehension, the fallacy of which is completely exposed if we glance back to the last years of the nineteenth century, when the German Navy was a force of almost negligible importance. At that date every battleship except one small one—which was on the China station—was concentrated in European waters ready to steam outward on the first indication of trouble brewing. The main force was then stationed in the Mediterranean, that is, on the frontier of the second greatest naval Power of the world and the potential enemy of the British Empire, and a relatively small squadron of only half a dozen battleships cruised in the Channel and near the British Isles, though France was only separated from us by twenty miles. To-day the main force is contiguous to the North Sea—that is, on the frontier of what is now the second greatest naval Power of the world and the potential enemy of the British Empire, and a relatively small force is in the Mediterranean. The main guard of the Empire is not in "home waters" in order to prevent the invasion of the British Isles, but in order to be ready to defend the primary sea frontier of the British peoples. There is only one less battleship in the outer seas than there was. That single battleship was in the Far East for the simple reason that Russia and Germany were rapidly increasing their squadrons in the China Seas; no one could foretell what use Japan would make of her expanding fleet, and the horizon was becoming overcast. To-day there is not only no British, but no European battleship outside European waters. Japan is the ally of the British peoples, bound to them by a treaty which will remain operative until 1921, and which before that date will almost certainly be renewed, because it reflects Japanese needs, and, lastly, Russia is a member of the Triple Entente.

In line with these developments, the number of small craft in the Pacific has been somewhat reduced. The Admiralty withdrew a few weak ships because they were no longer required for strategic reasons, and others because they were a delusion in peace and a danger in war. The latter were recalled, not for duty in European waters, but to be broken up as useless. Every naval Power with any appreciation of the fundamental principles of naval warfare has abandoned the policy of keeping old ships of little or no fighting power—ships that could not fight and could not run away—doddering about the great ocean spaces of

the world, "showing the flag" in discreditable fashion and offering it for insult. Indeed, the construction of cruisers by all other Powers except Great Britain and Germany has practically ceased, and Germany, the second greatest naval Power in the world, has not half as many pennants flying outside the North Sea to-day as the British Fleet.

The Admiralty have adopted no "new naval strategy." The principles which underlie their action in the disposition of British men-of-war are exactly the same as those set forth in the memorandum laid before the Dominion Ministers, including Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in 1902. It was then stated that "the primary object of the British Navy is not to defend anything, but to attack the fleets of the enemy¹ and, by defeating them, to afford protection to the British Dominion's shipping and commerce." It is in accordance with this historical principle, by which the whole British Empire has been enabled to live in peace and security, that the main guard of the Empire is to-day on the frontier of the Empire's only potential enemy; instead of being in the Mediterranean it is in the North Sea. Because Canada may not so frequently see obsolescent little ships passing in and out of her Atlantic and Pacific ports, because there are fewer "bug-traps" cruising among the Pacific islands, the Dominions are not less, but far better defended than they have ever been before. Against the potential enemy—thousands of miles away from them—there is arrayed a force overwhelmingly strong, containing its ships and preventing them obtaining that freedom of the seas which would enable them to interfere with any interests of the Dominions.

Ships do not directly defend territory; they defend water areas, and British men-of-war are moved as the danger point varies. To-day the British Empire is on terms of friendship with all the nations with which formerly it was more or less at enmity, and the only difficulty of the Admiralty, after providing a fifty per cent. superiority against Germany in or near the North Sea—thus giving an assurance that no German ship will pass through the net of British defence and be able to attack the commerce or shipping or territory of any of the British peoples—is to obtain sufficient force for the secondary strategical theatres, and particularly for the Mediterranean. This sea is one of the arteries of the Empire, and it is becoming increasingly dominated by the navies of Austria and Italy, Germany's two allies. The Mediterranean is a secondary frontier of the Empire—of the Dominions as

(1) The potential enemy changes with the international situation: to-day the potential enemy is in the North Sea, to-morrow he may be in the Mediterranean, and later in the Pacific, and the ships are moved as may be necessary.

of the Mother Country—as the North Sea is the primary frontier, and it must be defended. For this purpose the Admiralty regard Dominion assistance in the shape of first-class armoured ships as essential. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Churchill, in response to a telegram from Mr. Borden, cabled :—

“I must repeat that the Canadian ships are absolutely necessary for the whole world defence of the Empire from the end of 1915 or the beginning of 1916 onwards.”

Even with the aid of the Dominion ships, the margin of strength available for the, at present, secondary sea frontiers of the Empire will remain extremely narrow, and yet, in face of these facts and despite the admitted truth that these frontiers of the British Empire are the ones which are definitely threatened, Dominion statesmen are showing an increasing disinclination to assist the Mother Country to maintain the effective defence of Imperial interests where they are imperilled, and are intent on developing local navies, consisting mainly of small cruisers and torpedo craft, which are intended to defend their territories.¹ Coming fresh to defence problems, they do not realise that armies defend land and navies seas, and that the seas are one, as the land is not, and can never be. Hence the policy of military dispersion and naval concentration, practised by all the Great Powers, and to none more essential than to us, who are essentially maritime.

What is the root explanation of this negation of the fine Imperial spirit which found expression in some of the Dominions during the naval crisis of 1909? It is apparent that Colonel Allen reflected the predominant opinion in the great Dominions when he stated that “we do not fear any European force; that is the crux of the matter.” In other words these Colonial statesmen are dominated by the “yellow peril.” Probably not one of them has a thought of making war upon Japan, but they share a feeling that Japan may sooner or later decide to take up arms against the policy of exclusion adopted towards would-be Japanese emigrants to the Pacific countries inhabited, but inhabited very sparsely, by the white man.

Everyone who is of the white race and shares the white man's ideals must sympathise with these kinsmen who are face to face with the great racial problem. They have seen Japanese emigrants settle in Queen Charlotte Islands off Vancouver and rapidly take possession not only of those islands, but of the fisheries on the coast of British Columbia; they have witnessed the settlement of 40,000 Japanese, and nearly as many Chinese, in California,

(1) Against the navy of Japan, no combined force such as Canada, Australia, and New Zealand could equip and *man* could have any chance of success in war.

where whole districts have become orientalised ; they have heard of the rapid increase of the Japanese population in the Island of Hawaii ; they know that the Japanese are swarming over the Loyalty Islands under the eyes of the Commonwealth, and they believe that they covet the vast unoccupied territories under the British flag in Australia. Wherever the Japanese emigrant settles he underbids the white man in the labour market, his family follows him to his new place of settlement, his customs and habits become predominant, and, with persistent pressure, he and his kin enlarge their boundaries, driving the white man before them.

We who live far removed from this racial problem cannot afford to ignore it, unless we are content to witness the growth of a movement which may dismember the Empire. The people in other parts of the King's dominions can hardly realise the intensity of the anti-Japanese feeling which dominates all the peoples of the white race who live on the slopes of the Pacific Ocean. Mr. F. B. Vrooman, in a lecture which he delivered before the Royal Colonial Institute in March of last year, conveyed some impression of this racial sentiment. Speaking as a native of British Columbia, Mr. Vrooman said :—

"So long as Asiatic immigration was confined to a few individuals who scattered themselves over a large area, offering competition to very little labour, except the hand-laundry, there was no particular problem. But when these people settled down in solid phalanxes of 10,000 or more at a time and place, and became undigested and indigestible lumps in the political ventricle, the case called for scientific diagnosis. This thing is happening, and in the language of periods and nations, all at once, in many quarters of the Empire. Suddenly the results of Asiatic immigration into different parts of the white world are presenting new problems to be solved.

"It is plain, too, that one of the numbers in the new Japanese world-programme is the occupation of British Columbia. Our Province is becoming Orientalised, and one of our important questions is whether it is to remain a British province or become an Oriental colony—for we have three races demanding seats in our drawing-room, as well as places at our board—the Japanese, Chinese, and East Indian.

"According to a report of the Assessment Commissioner several years ago (I have no later figures), nearly an eighth of the population of Vancouver was Oriental, with that of the New Westminster district larger. But the Orientals are practically all male adults. If they had their families with them their numbers would have been about five times as great, and this would represent permanent population ; and this would have given over half the population of Vancouver as Oriental, while giving one Oriental male adult to every three-and-a-half whites of the male adult population of the Province."

This is the experience of British Columbia, and we know from recent events what Americans who live on the Pacific coast think

of this "yellow peril," and we have lately read of the determination exhibited by the Californian legislators to stem the Japanese movement, now that Japanese brides are arriving to make homes in their midst.

Europeans may form some conception of the basis upon which the anti-Japanese feeling in the Dominions rests if they keep in view the facts as stated by Mr. Vrooman :—

"Japan will not allow a foreigner to own or even work a mine in Japan, but she unreasonably demands for the Japanese the right to work in the mines and to own and exploit the mines of Canada and the United States—one small syndicate of coolies having now possession of a copper mine in British Columbia worth nearly a million pounds. She allows no foreigner to engage in fisheries in Japanese waters, but she demands the right of the Japanese to fish American and Canadian waters; and, as a consequence, all the fisheries of British Columbia, which are 80 per cent. of the fisheries of Canada, which are the largest and most profitable in the world, are now wholly in Japanese hands, yielding 10,500 Japanese labourers from £100 to £800 a year apiece, the most of which is sent in cash to Japan, and alienated from the British Empire for ever. It is a well-known fact that Japan will not tolerate our workmen on her soil, except those skilled labourers we have been simple enough to send over to teach the Japanese how to make goods cheaper than we can make them.

"Japan is gradually taxing, or legislating, or expropriating every Western interest out of Japan, Korea and Manchuria, and as far as possible out of China, but she demands equal rights and opportunities for the Japanese workman, merchant, financier, farmer, in the business opportunities and potential wealth of the New World, and more—those safeguards and protections which the Japanese themselves cannot grant to their own people on their own soil—equal rights in the privileges of an Anglo-Saxon democracy.

"If Japan wants something on the American Continent, Canada and the United States must give it. If Canada and the United States want something in Japan, Korea or Manchuria, it is inimicable to the interests of Japan, and they cannot have it. Whatever is prejudicial to the interests or the pride of Japan must be yielded by Canadians and Americans. Whatever is prejudicial to the interests of Americans and Canadians must be accepted because of the imperious demands of Japanese pride and national interest, and the power of the Japanese warships."¹

The belief which dominates the minds of all these white people is that they are in greater peril from Japan than from Germany. As Mr. Vrooman has declared in summing up the position, in words which are echoed by the majority of the inhabitants of Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia : "The vital world-issue of to-day, now especially on the Pacific, is the Japanese programme of Asiatic Imperialism."

The racial problem is not merely the antagonism of the white man to the Japanese, but his rooted objection to the settlement in his midst of any Asiatic community, whether it come from

(1) Japan possesses a navy less than one-fourth the size of the British Fleet, and its relative strength is declining.

Japan, China, India, or Singapore.¹ It is this terror which is moulding the policy of the Dominions, and the time has come for the Imperial Government to consider what its attitude should be in face of the grave situation which is rapidly developing.

Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner in London for the Commonwealth of Australia, recently recalled that as there is a mountain range known as the Great Dividing Range in the continent to which he belongs, there is also a Great Dividing Range in the British Empire : "Under the same flag that waves over the fifteen million white subjects in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, there are in Asia and Africa three hundred and sixty millions of people who are not of our colour, who do not belong to our race, and who know nothing of our religion." The great balance of the population of the British Empire is on the Asiatic side of the Great Dividing Range. If the Imperial Government were willing to sacrifice all the fruits of the alliance with Japan, it could not forget India. "We do not always remember what a tremendous fact India is to us and to the world. In the last thirty years the people of India have increased by 61,000,000, against an increase of 5,000,000 in the self-governing Dominions and 12,500,000 in the British Isles. There are 250,000,000 acres under crop in India to-day, while Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, all told, have less than 50,000,000 of acres. In one crop—wheat—India produces 64,000,000 bushels more than the whole of the rest of the British Empire put together; that is to say, 426,000,000 bushels of wheat are produced in India every year, to say nothing of rice and the rest. The sea-borne trade of India has increased in ten years by far more than one-half, and now amounts to £260,000,000, or £60,000,000 more than the trade of Russia. India does not come begging to the rest of the Empire to buy her exports. In Great Britain she buys, I think, something like 70 per cent. of all she buys abroad, but she sells about 70 per cent. of what she produces to other nations outside the British Empire."

This statement represents only one facet of the truth. India is not only prospering commercially, but she is awakening to a sense of her importance and her rights, as the recent discussion on fiscal matters in the Legislative Council, and the speeches alike of the native members and of Sir Fleetwood Wilson revealed.

(1) The Canadian Government has put into operation a Privy Council order providing that no immigrant can land unless he come direct from his native country, and there being no direct steamship service between India and Canada the effect of this order is to prohibit further immigration of Indians. This exclusion policy directed against all Asiatics, whether from India or elsewhere, is supported in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

If Japan is to be shut out of the white man's lands, what is to be the Imperial attitude towards India?

It must be evident to all who study the course of Dominion policy that matters have reached a critical condition. The inhabitants of those sections of the British Empire which are washed by the Pacific Ocean, have been watching with close and interested attention recent events in California. Many of them have come to believe that they have more to hope from the United States—which is on the scene and looks at the problem more or less as they do—than from any influence which may be exerted by the Imperial Government. Under this impression, vastly strengthened by the cruise of the powerful Atlantic Fleet of the United States Navy, and its visit to Australian and New Zealand ports, a community of sentiment is growing between the white peoples in the Pacific under the American and British flags. In some minds in the Dominions there is already developing the idea, still it may be dim and shadowy, that the road to safety lies rather in close co-operation with the United States than in reliance upon the vague and undefined, if benevolent, intentions of the Imperial Government, worried by many little things—not forgetting the Suffragettes. While these white peoples are facing the problem which they regard as vital to their future, the Imperial Government appears to them to be absorbed in a hundred and one more or less trifling problems appertaining to the affairs of the British Isles and in the clash of policies in Europe, to the exclusion of all thought upon the major problems of the Empire which to the Dominions are very near and very real.

The possibility of war in the near future between Japan and the United States is admitted. During a recent discussion of the Japanese naval programme in Tokio, Admiral Takarabe, the vice-Minister of the Navy, justified his proposals by claiming that it was necessary "to form a fleet strong enough to beat the fleet of a certain foreign Power which the Government had principally in view in drawing up its naval programme."¹ And he dealt specifically with the naval force which Japan could concentrate "in certain waters which would form the scene of the next possible encounter in war." The reference was, of course, to the United States, the only considerable naval Power in the Pacific. On the other side of this ocean naval officers of authority, and a large section of the Press, discuss not infrequently the strength of the American Navy in contrast to that of Japan, and the probable course which hostilities with that country would take.

Has the British Government, which is responsible for India, is in alliance with Japan, and occupies the position of the only

(1) Owing to financial stringency this programme has been greatly reduced.

exponent of the foreign policy of the Empire, no advice or guidance to give in face of the new situation? It is confronted with a cleavage in the Empire. Barriers are being erected not only against Japan, but against all the Asiatic subjects of the King, and active, but quite ineffectual, measures are being taken to defend the racial frontier. This is the explanation of the defence policy which has been adopted by Australia and New Zealand, of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's bid for the votes of the electors of British Columbia, and of the anxiety with which Americans have watched the completion of the Panama Canal, which will enable the American Fleet to be concentrated more rapidly in the Pacific.

This growing anxiety of the white peoples of the Pacific is undermining every sound principle of naval strategy by which British maritime interests have hitherto been effectively defended, and yet no action is being taken. Fearing that sooner or later Japan may strike in defence of the free emigration of her subjects, Australians and New Zealanders are adopting a policy of local defence, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has become the advocate of the same policy in Canada. These white peoples are obsessed with the thought of a local peril, and they are also impressed by the balance of population which is overwhelmingly against them. Therefore they are adopting a "hedgerow" policy of defence, and are looking to the United States in increasing friendship. They have not the resources to provide a navy which could adopt the bold defensive and take station on the sea frontier of the country which they regard as their potential enemy, and their faith in the ubiquity of British sea-power to hold the lines of sea communication is waning. They are unfamiliar with those broad principles of naval policy which to the people of the British Isles are now the commonplaces of everyday thought. There is not an effective warship at any point on the western coast of the British Isles, and yet every town and village is defended. Years ago, in our innocence of the truth, we used to have coast and port guardships dotted round the British Isles. They have long since been banished in recognition of the fundamental principle that navies do not directly defend territory; their aim is to prevent the enemy securing the sea highways—that is the real invasion to be feared.

The seas are all one, and it is on this principle, and on this principle only, that a full assurance of safety can be given to every section of the British Empire. Half a century ago the movement of ships was slow and uncertain, because reliance had to be placed upon wind and sea, and the passage of information was uncertain; to-day the movement of ships and intelligence, owing to the development of steam and wireless telegraphy, is exact and rapid.

As the First Lord of the Admiralty recently pointed out, if the Imperial Squadron happened to be at Gibraltar instead of at one of the Dominion ports when war in some distant part of the Empire threatened—and every war is preceded by a period of warning and of tension—the ships could reach Halifax in five days, Quebec in six, Jamaica in nine, the South American coast in twelve, Cape Town in thirteen, Sydney in twenty-eight, New Zealand in thirty-two, and Vancouver in twenty-three. In other words, this squadron, even if it happened to be at Gibraltar when peril to British Columbia became possible, could be on the scene sooner than a Japanese squadron, and would probably reach any port in the Pacific before any other country could organise and dispatch a considerable naval force; indications of any such action would be reported to the Admiralty in ample time for effective aid to be sent.

The growing peril to Imperial unity arises from the fact that Downing Street is endeavouring to ignore the existence of Imperial problems. It is not sufficient to pooh-pooh the fears of these white peoples and to point to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the control of the British Government over Indian emigration. British Ministers owe it to themselves and to the Empire to endeavour to study the problems of the Empire from every point of view. They are not fulfilling the whole purpose of British statesmanship when they appoint a Sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence to consider the possibility of the British Isles being invaded by 5,000, 10,000, or even 70,000 men. The problem which transcends all other problems is whether it is possible for an enemy to invade and command the sea frontiers which link together the various sections of the Empire. The Government may conclude, on the highest expert authority, that the heart of the Empire is safe from an invader, and yet leave the Dominions still assailed by fears as to their position in case of attack. It is not nervousness of invasion on the part of some sections of the people of the British Isles which is shaping the future of the Empire, but the feelings of the "white" Dominions oversea. This is the aspect of Imperialism which is being ignored, but it is the aspect which is determining the thought of the oversea States and fashioning their policy; yet British statesmen remain dumb.

The time is over-passed for a conference between British Ministers and their naval and military experts on the one hand, and the responsible statesmen of the Dominions on the other. All the politicians of the Empire must strive to see the Empire whole as it is to-day, and as it will be in the future, or that Empire must inevitably cease to exist. Frequent consultation is essential to this end.

On unity of action between the oversea nations and the Mother Country depends their future and ours. British statesmen lost one empire by a disregard of their responsibilities, and we may easily lose another from the same cause. We are approaching the parting of the ways. If the British Empire is not to be run on the shoals, British politicians must realise that we are at the beginning of a new age, when great decisions must be taken fearlessly. Either we must work for a Greater Britain, which will be the most potent instrument for good in the spread of civilisation, or we must be prepared for the inevitable alternative. If we stand selfishly aside, absorbed in our own and Europe's affairs and allowing the stream of Imperial sentiment to sweep past us, the British Isles must become an insignificant factor in European affairs and of no account in world affairs. The pressure of population and of wealth in Europe must drive us into obscurity if we stand apart from our young and vigorous partners, and by ignoring their problems force them to adopt a centrifugal policy.

The cement of the British Empire must be mutual trade and co-operation in defence. Other countries have plumbed the secret of our greatness; they recognise the meaning of Raleigh's declaration: "Whosoever commands the sea commands the trade of the world; whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world and consequently the world itself." This truth, and not the suggested influence of devilish politicians or hungry armament firms, is responsible for the competition in Dreadnoughts. The struggle of the future is for markets, and, without power on the sea, markets cannot be reached and held. The younger nations comprehend that every Imperial interest depends upon sea command.

These small nations of to-day are the great nations of to-morrow; they are already the best customers for our manufactured goods. They know that their future is on the sea, and they watch with fascinated fear every development which threatens their sea communications.

Unless British statesmanship makes some move, the next stage in Imperial development may prove to be the consolidation of an Empire within the greater Empire. Already leading politicians in New Zealand, Australia, and Canada are in consultation with a view to yet closer trade relations and joint naval defence measures in the Pacific. There is no idea of disloyalty to the Imperial ideal in these local navies; there is no recognition of the waste in men and money which the attainment of the measures proposed represent; there is no understanding of the negation of true strategic principles involved. There is, however, a growing appreciation of danger, and these scattered peoples are

therefore co-operating for their own safety, thrusting on one side all the strategical lore which history has consecrated and which British naval officers to-day hold as fundamental to Imperial safety. It is no long step from an Empire within an Empire to a cleavage into two empires. This might well be the work of a moment—the result of some sudden ebullition of feeling. It is not a development which we need fear to-day when the white peoples of the Pacific are few and scattered and dependent upon us for the money required for development purposes, but the time is not far distant when they will be many and united by powerful mutual interests.

We, in the Mother Country, have a reasonable defence for the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and for the present disposition of the Fleet. But nothing is said by our statesmen in explanation or in defence. Why? It is apparently thought to be indelicate to explain these matters to the Dominions, and so the cleavage increases. The fact is that Japan, realising that she is weak and that she will continue to be weak, has "pooled" her liabilities by a treaty with the greatest naval Power of the world; we, on our part, determined to hold what we have, have increased the margin of our safety by entering into a defensive arrangement with Japan. This treaty is not so much in the interest of the people of the British Isles as in the interest of the peoples of the far Dominions. It eases the path of diplomacy in discussing racial problems, and it is impossible to see why this truth should not be boldly and officially stated in order that the inhabitants of British Columbia, Australia, and New Zealand may understand what they gain by a treaty, supported by an all-powerful British Fleet, which will preserve the peace more securely than any local navies which they, in their essential weakness, can hope to create. Nor is there surely any reason why it should not be boldly and fearlessly stated that if the ally of to-day should become the enemy of to-morrow, before such a development can occur the present dispositions of the Fleet will be altered.

Not only the inhabitants of the Dominions, but a good many persons in the United Kingdom, do not yet realise what sea-power means. As Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge has remarked, the demand that ships be so stationed that they will generally, and except when actually cruising will, be within sight of the inhabitants of a country is common enough: "nothing justifies it except the honest ignorance of those who make it; nothing explains compliance with it but the deplorable weakness of authorities who yield to it." It was not, as this officer records, by hanging about the coast of England, when there was no enemy near it, with his fleet, that Hawke or Nelson saved the country from invasion. And he adds as a former commander-in-

chief of the Australian station, that "the conditions insisted upon by the Australian Governments in the agreement formerly made with the Home Government, that a certain number of ships, in return for an annual contribution of money, should always remain in Australian waters, was in reality greatly against the interests of that part of the Empire. The Australian taxpayer was, in fact, made to insist upon being injured in return for his money. The proceeding would have been exactly paralleled by a householder who might insist that a fire engine, maintained out of rates to which he contributes, should always be kept within a few feet of his front door, and not be allowed to proceed to the end of the street to extinguish a fire threatening to extend eventually to the householder's own dwelling." Maritime defence should not begin at home, but on the probable enemy's sea frontier. The localisation of naval defence is a peril to every Dominion interest, because if these small communities, who are weak, adopt this policy, there is a danger that the British taxpayer, who pays £46,000,000 for the Navy, will copy it. As matters are, and have always been, the Admiralty distribute the fleet which is the Empire's shield so that it may most readily defeat the Empire's probable enemy, without consulting the interested views of this or that community. During the whole of the nineteenth century the main guard of every Imperial interest cruised 2,000 or 3,000 miles from the British Isles and their inhabitants acquiesced; it may be that events will be so shaped that strategy will require great British squadrons to be sent into the Pacific to the depletion of European waters. If such an eventuality occurs, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom will readily agree to such a movement unless, under the tuition of Colonial statesmen like Sir Wilfrid Laurier they have come to hold the selfish and anti-Imperial doctrine that "defence, like charity, begins at home."

Our present Imperial policy is, of course, the negation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's declaration. The whole foundation of the Empire and its future rests on the denial of such a fallacy, which if once adopted by the British taxpayer would leave the scattered peoples of the Dominions oversea at the mercy of the first enemy which cast envious eyes on their accumulating wealth.

The hour has struck for Imperial Ministers to deal with the new and menacing conditions which are developing in the Pacific, and to prove to these defenders of an "all-white" policy that they have our active sympathy and support, within the limits of our Imperial responsibilities, and that their only hope of salvation in the years ahead lies in the strength and good offices of one Empire united in allegiance to one King and defended by the might of one ubiquitous Fleet of commanding strength.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

THE PROBLEM OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY seems to have arrived at a turning point in her chequered history. The Balkan problem, which during many decades has been the most difficult and most dangerous problem of European diplomacy, is apparently about to be finally solved. Unfortunately, it seems not impossible that its place will soon be taken by the equally difficult and dangerous problem of Austria-Hungary.

There are many points of resemblance between the old problem of European Turkey and that of Austria-Hungary. European Turkey was permanently in a state of unrest. That unrest was caused by the fact that a number of crude but vigorous non-Turkish nationalities were by the right of ancient conquest held in humiliating subjection by men of somewhat higher culture who belonged to an unsympathetic and unprogressive alien race. Misgovernment and long continued unjust treatment on the part of the dominant race had created widespread dissatisfaction among the subject peoples in the Balkan Peninsula. The ruling Turks had lost much of their old fibre, of their former warlike and governmental ability, and with it much of their ancient power and prestige. The sight of a fez no longer overawed the *giaours*, and as Turkey's weakness had been clearly demonstrated by the numerous defeats which that State had suffered in war, the subject peoples readily thought of revenge, rebellion and independence. They were encouraged and incited to rise against their masters by the powerful neighbour nations of Turkey, partly because they wished to see their brothers freed from the Turkish yoke, partly because they desired to increase their territories at Turkey's cost. The great danger of the Turkish problem lay in this, that Turkey was an important factor in the European equilibrium. Therefore, the disappearance of Turkey threatened to upset the balance of power on the Continent and to involve all Europe in war.

The problem of Austria-Hungary is similar in character with that of old Turkey. It differs from the Turkish problem only in extent and degree. In Austria-Hungary, as in Turkey, the ruling race is in the minority. However, while Turkey ruled the subject nationalities by massacre, the Austro-Germans and the Hungarian Magyars observe at least the appearances of legal sanction and of ordered procedure in their equally determined policy of oppressing the subject nationalities. The Germans in

Austria and the Magyars in Hungary are in the minority. This appears from the following table :—

Population of Austria and half of Bosnia and Herzegovina.				Population of Hungary and half of Bosnia and Herzegovina.			
Germans	9,950,000	Magyars	10,051,000
Czechs	6,436,000	Roumanians	2,949,000
Poles	4,968,000	Germans	2,037,000
Ruthenians	3,519,000	Slovaks...	1,968,000
Slovenes	1,253,000	Croatians	1,833,000
Servians	1,683,000	Servians	2,006,000
Italians...	768,000	Ruthenians	473,000
Roumanians	275,000				
Magyars	11,000	Total	21,317,000
Total 28,863,000							

From the foregoing table it appears that of the 28,863,000 inhabitants of Austria only 9,950,000, or about one-third, are Germans, while of the 21,317,000 inhabitants of Hungary 10,051,000, or nearly one-half, are Magyars. In reality the number and percentage of Magyars in Hungary are considerably smaller. Their number is unduly swelled by the inclusion of nearly 1,000,000 Jews and of a very large number—perhaps 2,000,000—of non-Jewish pseudo-Magyars. In the desire of increasing the apparent strength of the Magyar race as much as possible, the Hungarian Government has taken various very effective steps. In its directions for the taking of the census it states that the mother-tongue is that language which the people “speak best and like best,” while in the census forms in the German language the mother tongue is defined as that language which is “liked best.” Thus the citizens are given an unmistakable hint that they can ingratiate themselves with the Magyar officials and manifest their patriotism by describing Magyar as their favourite language. School teachers and other non-Magyar citizens who are dependent on the good will of the official classes are pressed by those in authority to Magyarise their names. To encourage people of non-Magyar nationality to become Magyars, the fee for Magyarising a name was fixed as low as 8s., but as the demand for Magyarisation was not sufficiently brisk, the fee was reduced by the Government to 10d. For the modest sum of 10d. men called Müller, Meier, Schmidt or Itzig, can acquire sonorous, aristocratic and historic Magyar names such as Hunyadi, Tisza, Petofi or Fejervary, which attract attention and give prestige. Not unnaturally the number of the tenpenny Magyars is rapidly increasing. In consequence of the various measures which have been taken for the creation of pseudo-Magyars, the proportion of Magyars in Hungary has increased from 45 per cent. in 1900

to nearly 50 per cent. in 1910, while the percentage of all the subject nationalities has greatly declined during the same period. In reality, there are probably no more than from 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 true Magyars in Hungary.

Austria-Hungary has 50,000,000 inhabitants. Of these only 20,000,000 are, according to the latest census, Austro-Germans and Hungarian Magyars. These 20,000,000 are the ruling race. Of the remaining 30,000,000 no less than 25,000,000 are Slavs and 3,500,000 are Roumanians. In Austria-Hungary, as in ancient Turkey, the Slavs and the Roumanians are the subject races. The Slavs in Russia and in the Balkan States and the Roumanians in Roumania sympathise with their oppressed brothers in Austria-Hungary. They wish them to be free, and it is conceivable that they may endeavour to liberate them. The Balkan Wars have furnished an excellent precedent. It must also not be forgotten that Russia, the Balkan States and Roumania can profit territorially very greatly by such a policy. Roumania and Serbia can almost double their territory and their population by the acquisition of those parts of Austria-Hungary which are principally inhabited by Roumanians and Servians. The territories inhabited by Roumanians and Slavs lie in tempting proximity to the neighbour States of the Dual Monarchy. That part of Austria-Hungary which borders upon Russia proper is inhabited by 4,000,000 Russo-Ruthenians, that bordering upon Russian Poland is inhabited by 5,000,000 Poles, that bordering upon Roumania is inhabited by 3,500,000 Roumanians, that bordering upon Serbia is inhabited by 5,500,000 Servians and Serbo-Croats. The history of European Turkey may repeat itself.

The spirit of nationalism is abroad. It is no longer possible to rule harshly over men of another race. The brilliant victories of the Balkan Slavs have filled the 25,000,000 Slavs and the 3,500,000 Roumanians who dwell in Austria-Hungary with hope, courage, enthusiasm and confidence. In Austria-Hungary, as in old Turkey, the claims of nationalism, the claims of the peoples to belong to themselves and to govern themselves in their own way, following their ancient history and traditions, have come into collision with the parchment claims of racial supremacy which are advanced by their conquerors, mainly on historic grounds. The right to supremacy has sprung from the ancient right of nations to subdue and enslave weaker nations. That right is being questioned everywhere. As Austria-Hungary is an important and an indispensable part of the balance of power in Europe, it is obvious that a serious alteration in its status would destroy the delicate mechanism of the European equilibrium. It is therefore clear that the problem of Austria-Hungary is one which is of very

great importance, not only to the Dual Monarchy and its neighbours, but to the whole world.

The problem of Austria-Hungary is rendered particularly difficult by the fact that Austria-Hungary is not a single and firmly united State, but a very loose combination of two countries which differ very greatly in character and constitution. Austria has universal, equal and direct suffrage. In Hungary only one quarter of the male population is entitled to vote. Austria is a federation of eight nations which have seventeen local parliaments of their own. Hungary is an absolute oligarchy which rules arbitrarily over six peoples, and which possesses merely the outward appearances of popular and democratic government. Austria is somewhat liberally inclined and has given to the non-German nationalities not only local parliaments, but a fair amount of freedom. Hungary rules her subject nations harshly and tries to denationalise and to Magyarise them by ruthless force and violence. Therefore, Hungary may become the danger centre of the Dual Monarchy. It may become another Macedonia. Mr. Seton Watson has described the way in which the Magyars oppress the non-Magyar nations in a number of excellent books which are far too little known and to which I would herewith draw attention. I would transcribe from his book *Racial Problems* a table which shows clearly the way in which the Magyars endeavour to denationalise the non-Magyar nationalities dwelling in Hungary.

Number of Elementary Schools in Hungary.

	1869	1880	1890	1900	1905-6
Magyar Schools ...	5,819	7,342	8,994	10,464	11,742
German Schools ...	1,232	867	674	389	271
Roumanian Schools ...	2,569	2,756	2,582	2,309	2,440
Slovak Schools ...	1,822	1,716	1,115	500	241
Servian and Croatian Schools ...	252	313	351	125	165
Ruthenian Schools ...	473	393	211	76	23
Bilingual Schools ...	1,632	2,437	2,878	3,251	1,665
Total ...	13,799	15,824	16,885	17,146	16,561

The foregoing figures are taken from the official Statistical Year-books of Hungary. They show that between 1869 and 1906 the German Schools have, by continual shrinkage, been reduced from 1,232 to 271, the Slovak Schools have decreased from 1,822 to 241, the Servian and Croatian Schools have decreased from 252 to 165, the Ruthenian Schools have decreased from 473 to 23. Only the Roumanian Schools have been allowed to continue nearly undiminished.

Article 19 of the Fundamental Law of 1867 on the General Rights of the Citizens for the Kingdoms and Territories Represented in the Austrian Reichsrath states :—

"All the races of the State have equal rights, and each race has an inviolable right to preserve and foster its nationality and language.

"The equal rights of all languages customary in the country, in school, official and public life, are recognised by the State.

"In the lands in which several races dwell the institutions for public instruction must be arranged in such a way that each of the races obtains the necessary means for education in its own language, without being compelled to learn a second local language."

The provisions contained in the constitution of Hungary are similar to those in the constitution of Austria, but the text is so long and so involved that I give only a short summary. The Fundamental Law of Nationalities of 1868, the year following the Ausgleich with Austria which gave self-government to Hungary, proclaimed that in the law courts and the administration the language of the people concerned was to be used as far as possible. The churches and communes were free to use the language of their choice. In the primary schools the nationalities were to be taught in their mother tongue. Official employment was to be open to all, irrespective of race and nationality.

The wise and liberal policy of toleration, which was dictated by Deak and Eotvos, was soon abandoned. The policy of destroying the non-Magyar nations was introduced. The non-Magyar schools, especially those belonging to the Germans and the Slavs, were destroyed in order to destroy their language. The law courts employ only Magyar, even if neither plaintiff nor defendant understands that language, and only men who fully understand Magyar may serve on a jury. Hence, in a political lawsuit—according to Paragraphs 171 to 174 of the Penal Code, incitement to disobey the law, bringing parliament into contempt and speaking disrespectfully of another nationality is punishable with imprisonment up to five years—it may happen that a Slav, a Roumanian, or a German who understands neither the Magyar evidence which is brought against him, nor the Magyar defence of his lawyer, is found guilty by a frankly hostile Magyar jury. Hence public criticism of Magyar legislation by non-Magyars is exceedingly dangerous. The subject-nations are not only deprived of the right to govern and educate themselves, but they are also deprived of the right to complain aloud.

Although Article 27 of the Fundamental Law of Nationalities states expressly: "A person's nationality cannot be regarded as an obstacle to his appointment to an office or dignity in the country. On the contrary, the Government will take care that in the judicial and administrative offices of the country, especially

in the office of Lord Lieutenant, persons of the various nationalities shall as far as possible be employed who possess the necessary linguistic knowledge in a full degree and who are also otherwise qualified," the Magyars monopolise the administrative offices and parliament. Of the 392 members of the Hungarian parliament, only twenty-one are non-Magyars, although the non-Magyars form the majority of the Hungarian population. The non-Magyar nationalities are disfranchised by force and chicanery. The way in which elections are engineered is graphically and fully described by Seton Watson in his book, *Corruption and Reform in Hungary: a Study of Electoral Practice*. The electorate is, in many cases, overawed and terrorised by gendarmes and soldiers. According to *Danzers Armeezeitung* of June 6th, 1910, the 200 battalions of infantry and 126 squadrons of cavalry forming the garrison of Hungary proper did not suffice to "maintain order," which means to ensure the victory of the representatives of the government, during the Hungarian election of 1910. Therefore these troops were reinforced by troops from Lower Austria, Styria, and Moravia. The cost of the military precautions to secure the election of the Government nominees was estimated to amount to almost £800,000.

Although 2,000,000 Germans live in Hungary, and although many of these inhabit the large towns and are well-to-do and anxious to go to German theatres, there are no German theatres in Hungary, because none are tolerated. Those which existed formerly have had to be closed. In their anxiety to Magyarise Hungary, purely German towns have been given Magyar names. Hermannstadt has been turned into Nagy Szeben, Kronstadt into Brasso, Vienna into Becs. The Hungarian postal authorities return unopened letters from Austria addressed to Hermannstadt or Kronstadt, and the Austrian postal authorities return unopened letters from Hungary addressed to Becs as "unknown." The eminently just and fair-minded Mr. Geoffrey Drage wrote in his excellent book on Austria-Hungary:—

"For thirty years non-Magyars were virtually excluded from Parliament. Government members were almost invariably returned, even if bribery, and finally the brute force of the soldiery, had to be resorted to. The Magyars, in fact, have treated the non-Magyars as political helots, regarding their own interests as the common, and, indeed, the only, interests of the State. All public institutions are made instruments of Magyarisation, whether post, telegraphs, railways or law-courts; finally the hoped-for Hungarian Army is to complete the process."

The foregoing should suffice to show that the men belonging to the subject nationalities of the Dual Monarchy, and especially of its Hungarian half, have serious reasons to be dissatisfied with

their position. It is only natural that they are embittered by such treatment. It is only natural that they desire to be no longer oppressed and to receive full citizens' rights, and that the Balkan War has filled them with a new hope. It is only natural that many desire to see Austria-Hungary partitioned by her neighbour States, and that many Slavs hope that they will become supreme in Austria-Hungary and make her a Slavonic State by their superior numbers. A dangerous spirit is arising in the Dual Monarchy largely in consequence of the Balkan War, and the danger of widespread and intense popular dissatisfaction is all the greater as the two ruling races strongly dislike one another.

There is little love lost between the Austro-Germans and the Magyars. From 1526, the year in which the States comprising Austria-Hungary were brought into the possession of one crown, up to 1867, the year which gave self-government to Hungary, the Austrian Emperors tried to unify the numerous countries and nationalities over which they ruled, and to centralise their government and administration in Vienna. The centralising and unifying policy of Austria was constantly and determinedly opposed by the Hungarians, who wished to preserve their independence. During three centuries Austria tried to Germanise Hungary and to keep it in subjection, and the Hungarians retaliated by fighting and intriguing against Austria. Austria was not particular in the selection of her means for subduing the stubborn Magyars. In 1848 she broke down the Hungarian Revolution with the greatest brutality, with the assistance of a Russian army of 180,000 men and of Croatian and of Roumanian troops. Austria's misfortunes were nearly inevitably Hungary's opportunities. The Magyars often aided the Turks against Austria. In 1866, during the Prusso-Austrian War, Bismarck contemplated raising the Hungarians against Austria, and he would probably have succeeded had he undertaken it in earnest.

Hungary's hostility threatened the existence of the Dual Monarchy. Aroused to a sense of the danger, Austria gave to the Magyars self-government by means of the *Ausgleich* of 1867. Since 1867 Austria and Hungary have been two separate States, and from year to year they have drifted further asunder. Austria was torn and weakened by party dissensions, and by struggles among the nationalities represented in her Parliament. Therefore her frequently changing Ministers could not pursue a vigorous and stable policy towards Hungary. In Hungary, on the other hand, the subject nations were practically disfranchised and excluded from Parliament. Hence the Hungarian Government and Parliament could act like one man in their determination to

undermine Austria's preponderance in the Dual Monarchy, and to increase the power and influence of Hungary with a view to making their country paramount. At every opportunity Hungary asserted her independence of Austria. Count Albert Apponyi, as Minister of Education, went so far as to order that in school-books and maps the words Austro-Hungarian Monarchy should be expurgated, and be replaced by the words Hungary and Austria. Hungary is evidently working, not for unity with Austria, but for a separation. In the course of time the Hungarians extorted concession after concession from the Emperor and his feeble Government. They exasperated the Austrians by banishing the German language from Hungary, extirpating German culture, closing the German schools, and hurting and humiliating the Austrians in every way. In Hungarian school-books Austria is described as the hereditary enemy of the Magyars. The Austrians retaliated in many ways, particularly by championing the rights of the oppressed nationalities in Hungary against the ruling oligarchy.

The settlement of 1867 between Austria and Hungary established the principle of economic independence for the two halves of the Dual Monarchy. It left the door open for a complete separation. The mutual financial arrangements were concluded only for the short period of ten years, and they are renewable every ten years. Austria-Hungary is a union of two States, but it is a union at short notice. The two States conclude every ten years an agreement as to the way in which their contributions for the common expenditure of Austria-Hungary are to be shared. Austrians frequently assert that, owing to Hungary's sharp practice, Austria is compelled to pay considerably more than her equitable share. At present Austria contributes 63·6 per cent. and Hungary 36·4 per cent. to the common expenditure. It is a frequently heard saying in Austria that Hungary, though paying only 30 per cent. of the joint expenditure, enjoys 70 per cent. of the power, advantage, and prestige. That saying is clearly illustrated by the case of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Hungary contributes only 36·4 per cent. to the cost of administering these two provinces, but, having the management of the railways in Bosnia and Herzegovina, she has diverted their trade to Hungary by preventing direct railway communication with Austria and by manipulating the railway tariffs to Austria's disadvantage.

Austria and Hungary are two nations which are constantly at strife. They are painfully held together by a long and ever-lengthening chain of compromises and concessions, and especially by concessions on the part of Austria. The only connecting link between the two halves of the Dual Monarchy is the venerable

Emperor, who, at the same time, is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. His tact, his infinite patience, and his determination to preserve internal peace at any cost, have repeatedly prevented a dangerous conflict between the two States which nominally are one. The Emperor is eighty-three years old. His successor may not be able to fill his place adequately. The connecting link between Austria and Hungary is a very precarious one. The outlook for the future of the Dual Monarchy seems uncertain.

Although the two States are held together by pressure from without—Hungary knows that if it should come to a separation she could single-handed not resist the Russian Colossus—the present condition of affairs is extremely harmful to the country as a whole. In the first place, the never-ending bitter disputes among the nationalities prevent united action by the Dual Monarchy. As the car of State is simultaneously pulled hither and thither by a number of horses which constantly bite and kick each other, it makes little and very erratic progress. Therefore Austria-Hungary is one of the poorest, most illiterate, and most backward countries in Europe, notwithstanding her magnificent human and material resources. In the second place, the great differences existing between the Austro-Germans and the Magyars increase the dangers which threaten the Dual Monarchy from the subject nationalities and from the nations without. The 25,000,000 Slavs and the 3,500,000 Roumanians are at present held in check by 10,051,000 Magyars and by 9,950,000 Austro-Germans, who quarrel bitterly and continuously among themselves. Their internecine quarrels weaken Austria-Hungary as much as the quarrels between the Old and Young Turks, and between the Turks and their subject-nationalities, weakened Turkey. The divisions existing in the Empire of the Hapsburgs naturally encourage the subject-nations to make an attempt at throwing off their yoke, and they encourage undoubtedly at the same time its neighbours to speculate on its suicidal divisions and on its early downfall.

The Slavonic nations of Austria-Hungary are divided by the fact that they speak different languages, but they are united among themselves and with their brothers in Russia, Bulgaria, and Servia by the bond of Pan Slavism. Therefore Pan Slavism is very dangerous to the existence of the Dual Monarchy. It is remarkable and not generally known that Pan Slavism has grown up not on Russian, but on Austrian soil, which has proved particularly favourable to its rise and development. As a matter of fact, Austria-Hungary, not Russia, has created the Pan Slavonic movement. That movement arose not in Russia through the lust of

conquest. It was born in Austria-Hungary, and was originally a movement of revolt against oppression. Its father was the Slovak Johann Kollar, and Bohemia was its cradle. It was a movement to unite the down-trodden Czechs, Croats, and Slovaks of Austria-Hungary under the banner of a common race. Its object was to wrest greater freedom from the Austrians by combined action. The first Panslavonic Congress was held in 1848 in Prague, the capital of Bohemia. Gradually the Panslavonic idea spread to Russia, where it was taken up by Aksakov, Katkov, and others. Panslavism became in Russia what it had been in Austria, an anti-Austrian movement. It was greatly strengthened when, after the Ausgleich of 1867, which gave her her liberty, Hungary began to oppress and ill-treat her Slavs. A still stronger impetus was given to Panslavism when, after the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, Austria prevented Russia reaping the fruits of her victory, and forced millions of Slavonic Christians to remain under the Turkish yoke. Through Austria's ill-considered policy towards her own Slavs and towards the Balkan Slavs, she forced them to look to Russia for deliverance from injustice and oppression. Austria-Hungary herself made the Czar of Russia "the Czar of all the Slavs," and created among the non-Russian Slavs of Europe the hope that "all the Slavonic rivers would some day find their way into the Russian ocean."

By a mistaken policy Austria-Hungary has created the Panslavonic movement which threatens her existence, but she can easily lay the spectre by wise and timely action. Religion is a more powerful bond of union than race. The 25,000,000 Slavs of Austria-Hungary, and the Slavs of Russia, Bulgaria, and Servia do not belong to the same Church. While the Slavs in Russia, Bulgaria, and Servia are members of the Orthodox Church, practically all the Slavs in Austria-Hungary are Roman Catholics. Austria-Hungary has it in her power to divide the Slavs of Europe into an Orthodox and a Roman Catholic branch, and to place herself at the head of the Roman Catholic Slavs as the greatest Roman Catholic Slav Power, but she can do so only if she treats her Slavs justly and fairly, so that they see in Austria-Hungary, not their taskmaster, but their Fatherland.

Justice coupled with kindness attracts nations; injustice and oppression repel them. The Slavs of Austria-Hungary—the Poles alone excepted—would like to be absorbed by Russia, because they are badly treated in the Dual Monarchy and believe that they will fare better under a Russian Government. The Balkan Slavs are inclined to lean rather towards Russia than towards Austria-Hungary because the latter, animated by distrust and fear, has unceasingly endeavoured to keep them in

Turkish bondage, while Russia has striven to deliver and to raise them.

A kind and a humane policy is often the wisest policy. Russia has become the protector of the smaller Slav nations, not because she is strong, and not because her form of Government and administration is admired by the non-Russian Slavs, but because the non-Russian Slavs believe that under a Russian Government they will be allowed to govern themselves, or at least to belong to themselves, and that they will receive some kindness and justice from their rulers. The Balkan Slavs and the Slavs of Austria-Hungary will naturally gravitate towards the more tolerant Slav Power. There is a natural law of gravitation in the political as in the physical world. If Austria-Hungary should abandon her traditional policy and become tolerant, just, and generous towards the Slavs, she will at the same time kill Panslavism and establish her own greatness, peace, and security. The smaller Slavonic nations are bound to gravitate towards a just and liberal Slavonic Great Power. They are bound to gravitate either towards Russia or towards Austria-Hungary. If Austria-Hungary should become thoroughly liberal, she may not only become a united country, but her influence will extend over the whole Balkan Peninsula. If, on the other hand, Austria-Hungary should continue oppressing and persecuting the Slavs, and if Russia should become more liberal, Austria-Hungary would be doomed.

The troubles of Austria-Hungary spring, not from the fact that many different nationalities dwell in the country, but from the fact that they are dissatisfied, and her subject nationalities are dissatisfied because they are not justly and equitably treated. History, tradition, and ancient rights and privileges have made Austria-Hungary a State which is divided against itself, and the fissures run not only in one, but in several directions. Austria is divided against Hungary, and, in addition to this, Austria and Hungary are divided against themselves.

To the average Austrian and to the average Hungarian the problem of the nationalities in the Dual Monarchy appears insoluble. That problem is, indeed, insoluble as long as Austria-Hungary tries to solve it in the traditional way. Austria has tried hitherto to solve the problem by giving some self-government to the different nationalities, and by neutralising their power by setting them against each other and encouraging them to oppress each other. That was the policy which Abdul Hamid followed in Macedonia. It brought about the intervention of the Powers and eventually the Balkan War. That way lies chaos. Hungary has tried a different way. She has tried to unify her nationalities by denationalising them, and by Magyarising them

by force. That is the policy which was tried by the Young Turks. That way lies revolution. The Hungarians will probably find that it is too late in the day to keep disfranchised the larger half of the population and to denationalise it. That was perhaps possible before the existence of the Press, the post and the telegraph. The successes of the Balkan Allies have awakened the spirit of the subject nations in Hungary. The attempt of the Magyars to Magyarise by force their Slavonic and Roumanian subjects may fail as ignominiously as did the belated attempt of the Young Turks to denationalise the Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks dwelling in Turkey and to convert them into patriotic Osmanlis.

As Austria-Hungary has not succeeded in solving the problem of peacefully governing and firmly uniting men of different nationalities and of different faith, and moulding them into one nation, she should endeavour to learn from the experience of those nations which have succeeded in this task. In Canada Frenchmen and Englishmen; in South Africa, Dutchmen and Englishmen; in Switzerland, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians; and in the United States men of all nationalities live together in peace and harmony, and they have forgotten their former differences and their wars. They are happy, contented, prosperous, and progressive because they enjoy the blessings of self-government.

Vienna lives on its ancient glory. Buda-Pest dreams dreams of a future in which a Magyarised and homogeneous Hungary will be paramount in Austria-Hungary, and in which Buda-Pest will be the capital. It dreams of a Greater Hungary which will extend as far as the Alps. The feudal age is past. The age of democracy has arrived. It is no longer possible to rule by misrule with impunity, and to nationalise and to denationalise vigorous nations at will. Vienna can no longer rule Buda-Pest, but still less can Buda-Pest rule Vienna. The position of Austria-Hungary is a dangerous one. The only way to strengthen the Dual Monarchy and to ensure its permanence lies in the introduction of self-government among the nationalities and in the federation of a number of self-governing States formed, not on the basis of racial oppression, but of racial equality. Will the rulers of Austria-Hungary be far-sighted enough to initiate in time a bold, modern and democratic policy of reconstruction which will satisfy all nationalities? It must be doubted. Many leading Austrians and Hungarians live in the past. They have seen the States of Germany welded together by Bismarck by blood and iron, by the war with France, and they believe that a great and successful foreign war may have an equally beneficial result upon Austria-

Hungary. Therefore they clamour unceasingly for a bold policy of action, and they have succeeded in bringing about an enormous increase of the army and of the navy for the furtherance of an Imperial policy. Those who hope to unite and to consolidate Austria-Hungary by a policy of blood and iron argue upon a false analogy. The German States, though divided among themselves, were inhabited by men of the same race, speaking the same language, enjoying the same rights and treasuring the same ideals. They were naturally drawn towards each other. The longing for national unity had pervaded all Germany long before Bismarck began to direct Prussia's policy. It was all powerful in all circles of German society when Bismarck was a boy. No similar popular movement towards unity exists in Austria-Hungary, and it can scarcely artificially be created. The glory of a successful war would no doubt elate the ruling classes of the Dual Monarchy, but it would scarcely satisfy the ruled ones. They want liberty and fair treatment.

Lately a strong expansionist tendency has appeared in the Dual Monarchy. Apparently many leading Austrians and Hungarians would like to conquer part of the Balkan Peninsula and extend the frontiers of their country as far as Salonika. Apparently they would with a light heart increase the number of dissatisfied Slavs dwelling in Austria-Hungary by another 5,000,000 or 6,000,000.

During the Balkan War it was the settled policy of Austria-Hungary to weaken the Balkan States by hampering their expansion and by sowing discord among them. With this object in view she opposed Servia's ardent desire to acquire an outlet on the Adriatic which lies quite close to that country, but recommended her unceasingly to acquire a port on the far-off *Ægean*, to the shores of which Bulgaria laid claim. Had Servia followed Austria's advice, she would, of course, have come into collision with Bulgaria. Sheltering herself behind the Concert of Powers, Austria-Hungary demanded later on in the name of Europe that the principle of nationalities, which the Dual Monarchy has constantly trampled under foot, entitled Albania to freedom and independence. Nominally, for the sake of an independent Albania, Servia was despoiled by Austria-Hungary of Alessio, Durazzo, and Giovanni Di Medua, and Montenegro of Scutari. For the sake of a free and independent Albania the Balkan States were deprived of some of the most valuable fruits of their victories. An independent Albania was created with the object of dividing the Balkan States against each other, and it was to become a thorn in their sides.

Ever since the outbreak of the Balkan War, Austria-Hungary

has pursued with redoubled energy her traditional policy of setting State against State, nation against nation, and race against race, on the principle *Divide et Impera*. Austria's real policy in the Balkans was stated with engaging candour and clearness by her most prominent publicist, Freiherr Leopold von Chlumecky, in the *Oesterreichische Rundschau*, the leading Austrian periodical. As that important publication is practically unknown in this country, it should be mentioned that it is written and inspired by some of the most prominent active and retired statesmen of the Dual Monarchy, and that its political editor, Freiherr von Chlumecky, is an intimate friend of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the throne. Therefore the views of the *Oesterreichische Rundschau* and those of its editor are of the greatest importance. Writing in the *Oesterreichische Rundschau* on February 15th, 1913, Freiherr von Chlumecky stated in an article entitled "The Interest of Austria-Hungary and of Germany in a strong Albania" :—

"Austria-Hungary, which, during thirty years, had the privilege of constructing roads and railways in the Sanjak of Novibazar, has left them unbuilt, and has disdained to subject that not unfruitful district to its political and economic influence. We were satisfied to rely upon the power of our bayonets, and disdained the power of the locomotive. We made use only of our right to keep garrisons in the Sanjak, and discovered thirty years later that, owing to the lack of roads and railways, our military position there had become compromised. . . . The Sanjak might have acted as a wall separating Servia from Montenegro. An increase of its garrisons might possibly have prevented war with Turkey on the part of Servia and Montenegro. It would certainly have prevented the occupation of the Sanjak and of Northern Albania by Montenegrin and Servian troops.

"We have frequently pointed out in these pages that the important increase of territory which Servia will experience threatens the south-western parts of the Dual Monarchy. The seriousness of the danger should not be underestimated. The increase of the Servian army to a round half million men means an alteration of the military equilibrium disadvantageous to Austria, an alteration which will become particularly hurtful unless we succeed in separating permanently Servia from Bulgaria, and in creating in the Balkan Peninsula an efficient counterpoise against Greater Servia. In this the interests of Germany and of Austria-Hungary are identical. If the Monarchy is compelled, whenever a crisis arises, to place 500,000 men in the secondary theatre of war facing Servia, if very important military forces have to be withdrawn from the principal theatre of war for this purpose, and have to be tied up elsewhere, then the military value of the Austro-German Alliance is diminished, and the balance between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente is disturbed.

"The rights of Albania and of the Albanians, their rights to union and independence, are founded not upon a sentimental conception of abstract national and racial justice. These rights exist certainly, and the Albanians have acquired them by their brave resistance to the Turks and to the Servians. But if we wish to be candid we must confess that in this age of practical politics the national claims of the Albanians alone will not

form a sufficient inducement for Austria-Hungary and Germany to insist on the formation of an independent Albania of the greatest possible territorial extent. *We demand a strong Albania, not for the Albanians, but for ourselves, for the function of that State is to serve as a bulwark against the advance of Slavism to the Adriatic. A great Albania must be the counterpoise to a Great Serbia. It must be the bridge across which Central Europe can carry its influence over the Western Balkans, free from Slavonic interference. But these functions can only be undertaken by an Albania of great strength and vigour which promises to live.*"

The italics are in the original.

With perfect frankness the distinguished writer informs us that it has been Austria's policy to keep the Balkan States under the Turkish yoke and divided against each other, and that she has become the champion of a free and independent Albania not for altruistic reasons, but for the purpose of creating strife among the Balkan States with a view to weakening them, and especially Serbia. Similar views may be found in other issues of the *Oesterreichische Rundschau*.

By her Balkan policy Austria has sown the seed of bitterness and hatred throughout the Balkan Peninsula and among her own dissatisfied Slavs. She may some day reap a bitter harvest, and may have to pay very dearly for her cheap diplomatic successes. The unwisdom of her policy must be clear to all but those who will not see. Austria-Hungary has only one dangerous neighbour, Russia. A war between the Dual Monarchy and Russia is very possible. Therefore Austria's military preparations and her entire defensive system are planned with a view to an Austro-Russian war. Such a war will be fought either on Austrian or Russian soil, and, quite conceivably, it may be fought on Austrian territory. By her recent action in the Balkan Peninsula Austria-Hungary has made the defence of her territories in case of a Russian invasion extremely difficult. In the first place, the Dual Monarchy has gratuitously aroused the passionate hatred of the Balkan States, and especially of Serbia and Montenegro, her immediate neighbours, which, as Freiherr von Chlumecky has correctly told us, can create a dangerous diversion with 500,000 soldiers in case of an Austro-Russian war. In the second place, the Slavonic peoples of Austria-Hungary might be made to see in an invading army not an enemy, but a friend and a deliverer. When in 1866 the Prussian armies invaded Bohemia they addressed the following proclamation to the inhabitants:—

"Inhabitants of the Glorious Kingdom of Bohemia!

"In consequence of the war, which has been caused against our wishes by the Emperor of Austria, we enter your country not as enemies and conquerors, but *full of respect for your historic and national rights*. To the inhabitants, *without regard of their calling, religion, and nationality*, we bring not war and destruction, but consideration and friendship. Do

not believe, as your enemies will tell you, that we have brought about this war through lust of conquest. Austria has forced us to fight by threatening to attack us. But believe us that *we have not the slightest intention to oppose your just desire for independence and for unrestrained national development.*

"Remembering the heavy and almost unbearable burdens which the Government has placed upon you in preparing for this war, we shall not impose additional taxes, nor shall we ask you to act against your convictions. We shall respect and honour particularly your holy religion. At the same time, we shall not tolerate open resistance, and must punish severely all treasonable acts. We leave the issue of the war confidently to the Lord of Hosts. *If our just cause should prove victorious, the moment may perhaps arrive when the national aspirations of the Bohemians and Moravians may be fulfilled in the same way in which those of the Hungarians have been fulfilled, and may then Providence establish their happiness for all time.*"

If the Russians should invade the Slavonic parts of Austria-Hungary which border on Russia, they will undoubtedly act upon Bismarck's precedent and address similar proclamations to the inhabitants, and these will receive them with open arms as friends, as men of the same blood, as deliverers from Austrian absolutism. The Slavonic regiments of Austria-Hungary, which might possibly prove reliable in fighting on Russian soil, would probably refuse to fight an invading Russian army, and would very likely shoot their German and Magyar officers. In their own country the Austrian armies would be in an enemy's land. Resistance would be useless. The monarchy would fall to pieces.

The problem of Austria-Hungary may soon come up for solution. The Dual Monarchy also may be tried in the fiery furnace of war. By her recent Balkan policy Austria-Hungary has strenuously worked for the advantage of Russia and for her own undoing. She has strengthened Pan-Slavism very greatly, she has disastrously weakened the cohesion of the Dual Monarchy, and she has crippled her diplomacy and her army. A successful invasion of the country would lead not only to Austria's defeat, but to the downfall and to the dissolution of that artificial political creation. Austria-Hungary can obviously hope to hold her own against Russia only if her own Slavs and the Slavs in the Balkan Peninsula see in Austria-Hungary not a stealthy enemy and an oppressor, but a friend, a benefactor, and a protector. Therefore she should abandon her policy of ill-treating her Slavonic citizens. She should endeavour to attach them to the State by giving them freedom and self-government. She should abandon her callous policy of creating strife among the Balkan nations, and should endeavour to attach to herself the Roman Catholic Slavs within and without her borders by bonds of sympathy and affection. Only that way lies salvation.

POLITICUS.

THE DISSENSIONS AMONG THE BALKAN ALLIES.

THE failure of the London Conference and the decision of the Young Turks after their *coup d'état* to resume hostilities was regarded generally in Europe as a fatal error of judgment, and at first sight there seems ample justification for this criticism. Adrianople, Scutari and Janina have fallen ; the Gallipoli expedition carried out *auspice* Enver met with a crushing defeat, while the political divisions between the troops for one brief period at the end of March endangered the security of the Tchataldja lines and consequently of Constantinople itself. Capitulation in January, it is pointed out, would have allowed the garrisons of the three beleaguered fortresses to march out with the honours of war, so that the military prowess of the fanatics has benefited Turkey in no way. Nazim's death has been amply avenged.

All this is perfectly true. War, however, cannot be measured by the military triumphs of the moment : time and time only can cast up the full balance sheet with the complete tale of the profit and loss which a campaign has entailed, and it is possible that, when the Balkan war can be judged by the impartial verdict of posterity, its continuation may have proved a wiser step than the reasoned submission which would have earned the approval of the Powers. It must not be supposed, however, that the Young Turks possessed sufficient sagacity to foresee the strange complications which were destined to follow the collapse of Kiamil and the peace party. On the contrary there is little doubt that Enver and Fethi hoped to repeat the success which they had won in the Tripolitaine, especially since they had overrated the extent and nature of the bloody repulse of the Bulgarians from the Tchataldja lines on November 23rd. It is quite true that this success had inspired the troops with fresh spirit. The War Minister had also been able to bring up the best and most seasoned regiments from Anatolia and Syria, while the weaklings who had been largely responsible for the *débâcle* at Lule Burgas had exchanged the rifle for the spade—a weapon better suited to their tastes and capabilities. The nature of the ground of Tchataldja, however, with its rolling downs is admirably adapted for defence, but from an offensive point of view is decidedly tricky and treacherous, unless the commander is a man of the highest ability. The Bulgarians had learnt to their cost the strength of the Turkish trenches and earthworks, but they had not been idle during the armistice and had fortified their own position facing the lines

proper until they were little inferior in strength, while the men themselves were far superior in morale. To continue fighting with the hope of redeeming Turkish military prestige was a grave blunder. Accident, however, willed that the blunder should prove as disastrous, if not more so, to the allied armies.

The birth of the alliance and the course of the campaign form a page well-nigh unique in history. The confederates, whose union was cemented by nothing more solid or durable than hatred of a common enemy, had at least equipped themselves with a definite plan and had mapped out a definite partition of the spoils. The chaos and muddle which reigned in the Turkish army allowed two members of the coalition to accomplish their allotted tasks within six weeks. With almost cynical promptitude, Europe agreed to overlook the modest announcement of the allies, discounting any idea of territorial expansion as the outcome of the war. The result, as all the world knows, was the complete rout of the Turkish forces, and a wave of chauvinism throughout the peninsula. In the true style of Greek tragedy, a superfluity of good fortune brought its own punishment. That allies should fall out when the bond of a joint cause has ceased to exist is too frequent an occurrence to excite comment; that these particular associates should quarrel was practically inevitable. Centuries of bad blood, jarring interests, internecine struggles and racial and religious differences lay behind them. If the French and English armies before Sevastopol could not avoid dissensions, although they were pursuing the same goal and had the same advantage in victory, it is scarcely surprising that, as the siege of Adrianople dragged along its weary course, the Servians who were to receive no tangible reward for their labours should launch out into recriminations of their associates.

The trouble started in various paltry ways, and only assumed its present grave proportions after the armistice. Had peace been signed in January, there is little doubt that the negotiations between the allies would have been conducted in a far more conciliatory spirit. The relations, however, became more and more strained until the expulsion by the Servian authorities at Monastir of the manager of the local branch of the Bulgarian National Bank roused the greatest excitement in Sofia. The Serbs were accused of prosecuting a campaign of forcible proselytism in Macedonia, so as to strengthen their claim on the basis of nationalities to places which should by right fall within the Bulgarian sphere. About the same time the rift in the alliance widened in a new direction, as there was heavy fighting between Greek and Bulgarian regular troops at Nigrita. It is true that a commission was appointed to inquire into the causes and draw up

an elaborate code of regulations for use in towns occupied by joint armies, but the battle at Port Eleftheri proves that any recognition of the code is purely confined to official statements.

The fall of Adrianople brought the dissensions between Bulgaria and Serbia to a head. A most childish dispute was waged concerning the relative value of the work of the two forces at the assault, but the climax of folly was reached in a controversy, which, so far from being confined to the cafés and the Press, was actually aired in the *Sobranje* and *Skuptshina*, as to which side could lay claim to the distinction of having taken Shukri Pasha prisoner. A most artistic and detailed account giving the credit to a Serb cavalry officer was read to the deputies by the Servian Minister of War. This was countered from Sofia by one yet more elaborate. Finally, Shukri himself, thus combining the rôle of Paris with that of the apple of discord itself, gave the award to the Bulgarians, but whether he was actuated by an exaggerated sense of gratitude for their hospitality it is impossible to say. All that was definitely known by those present at the fall of the city was that the allied squadrons entered the town together at 9.35 a.m. The dispute itself is of little importance save as an illustration of the general tendencies, and soon gave way to the revival of the real burning question, the partition of the conquered territory.

Reference has been made to the anticipatory division. Unlike

"The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him."

of whom Harry reminded Montjoy, the French herald, before Agincourt, the anticipations of the allies were realised, but it was soon discovered that the majority of the parties concerned wished to set aside the agreement. No human document can be expected to foresee and provide against every contingency, and the *Dreibund* failed inasmuch as it had not taken into account outside interference and the possibility of even ampler gains. Roughly speaking, the course of the Maritsa had been taken as the future western frontier of a curtailed Turkey, and all the land to the south and west had been split up on a scale proportionate to the work of each member of the confederacy, the portion allotted to each embracing as far as was possible the districts where the nationality of that member predominated. Certain places were left for subsequent decision, the Tsar being appointed arbiter.

This arrangement seemed excellent on paper, and if the four Governments were able to work harmoniously might still stand. Unfortunately, as we have remarked, the second period of the

campaign has put a different complexion on affairs. Greece and Serbia argue that they have been obliged to fight for another two or three months, merely to assist Bulgaria to obtain a large slice of land which was not mentioned in the agreement, that the old equitable partition is thereby upset, and that Bulgaria is exceeding her rights and invoking a worthless document in insisting on the letter of the law. The reply of Bulgaria is that she had to bear the brunt of the fighting, that unless she had kept the main Turkish forces occupied, Serbia and Greece would have been crushed, that a contract is a contract, and that the additional gain of Eastern Thrace has nothing to do with the old agreement. There is much to be said for both sides.

Such is the dispute in general terms; when we come to the particular it will be found that the fight centres round the possession of three towns, Monastir and Prilep, which are claimed by Serbia, and Salonika, by Greece. How the Servians can have signed away Prilep, the birthplace of Marko Kralievitch, the great national hero, is a mystery, but since they have done so, it is necessary to study more closely the arguments on which they base their right of holding what they now occupy. The new Serbo-Bulgarian frontier will run from a point a little to the north-west of the Deve Bair pass, and after curving slightly eastwards by Kumanovo, will end at Lake Ochrida, though whether including Struga or not is not exactly known. Very probably strategical considerations will determine the point. One of the strongest arguments in the Servian case is the creation of the autonomous Albanian state, which deprives her of a great piece of the territory destined as her share. It is also pointed out that in proceeding to Monastir (which they were compelled to do owing to a serious Greek reverse¹ there) they were performing a task outside their own share, and that some extra reward is only fair. They do not fail to remind the Bulgarians of the immense value of their big siege guns which were lent for use against Adrianople some time in February, and, as is only too common in the Balkans, they adduce a long series of ethnical and historical proofs. These latter need not be taken seriously, since the Balkan races have a marked leaning for mediæval and other primæval claims, as if a thousand years were but as yesterday. Moreover, so complicated and sudden were the territorial changes in the past that a settlement on these grounds would be impossible. Even without this, however, the Serb contentions form a by no means weak case, for though by common law

(1) Nothing had been heard of this reverse until the Servians entered Monastir after the battle, when they discovered 12 captured Greek guns. The Greek colony were also highly alarmed.

a contract remains a contract and can be enforced, provided that there is adequate consideration and provided that neither undue influence, fraud nor coercion were employed, in equity a number of new factors which to all intents and purposes alter substantially the basis on which the contract was founded, must tend to invalidate the old agreement.

It remains to be seen, therefore, whether anything in the nature of a compromise can be effected, and if the two cabinets are not too much in the hands of the military, it is quite possible that the question could be settled on the basis of nationalities. This consideration would give Monastir to Bulgaria and Prilep to Serbia. The possession of the latter would satisfy those who are influenced by sentimental associations, while in withdrawing from Monastir, Serbia would be rid of a permanent source of trouble, for the Bulgarians have always proved themselves most stubborn enemies of any attempt at "isation." Fortunately, in M. Gueschoff the latter country possesses a statesman who is honestly desirous of peace, and though M. Paschitch certainly cannot be said to be so strenuous a pacificist, he is far too intelligent a politician to believe that another war will benefit Serbia at this moment. The danger, of course, lies with the military party in each country. The *tête exaltée* is much in evidence just now; it would be indeed strange were it not so. The Servian officers have just emerged from a conflict with great credit—a conflict of no mean order—easy though it may be for the detractors to say that the opposition was ridiculously poor. Fortune has been chary of her favours to Servian arms for some years. Slivnitsa still rankles, and the men think there could not be a better moment for wiping off that score, when they themselves are flushed with victory and their adversaries are almost exhausted. Hence they are acting on the principle of *beati possidentes* and state that nothing will induce them to retire from any town they have occupied. If they stood firm and had a reputation for obstinacy the position would be extremely grave, but happily the Servians have in the past known when to give way. They bluffed to the last possible second during the Bosnian crisis. They would die rather than retire from the Adriatic, and M. Pashitch declared himself that if he recalled the Servian troops from Scutari, his position would not be worth a moment's purchase. Yet the withdrawal took place. The incident was barely noticed in the Belgrade Press and M. Pashitch is still Premier. Similarly in each of the instances mentioned above, Serbia climbed down. At the present juncture she has every reason to court the smiles of the Powers, since it is only by good behaviour that she will obtain the loan without which the much-

needed development of her resources will be once again postponed, for no financier will invest his capital while there is the remotest chance of an imminent struggle.

The Bulgarian military party is even more powerful, and it is not encouraging to recollect that M. Todoroff, the Finance Minister, when tackled by a foreign diplomat in Sofia on the question of some very high-handed proceeding in connection with the French and Austrian post offices at Dedeagatch and with the Ottoman Public Debt at Kavalla, for which the military leaders were responsible, was obliged to confess that the Cabinet was temporarily powerless and could not force an apology from the offenders. If Savoff and Radzo Petroff repeat these methods with Serbia, compromise is little but a Utopian dream, for it will only be by an honest give and take policy that the statesmen can find a *modus operandi*. Fortunately, the money argument applies equally to Bulgaria, while the fact that she is also seriously involved with Greece, and that Roumania, despite her victory over Silistria, is none too friendly, must give even the most unregenerate pause.

Before passing on to the Salonika question, there is one aspect of Serbia's international relations which generally escapes notice. The Kingdom of Serbia is too often regarded as a negligible quantity compared with Bulgaria. Mr. Gladstone's championship of the latter state, her material prosperity, the public ignorance of the diabolical methods of the comitadji on the one side, and the sinister tragedies which stained the feud between Obrenovitch and Karageorgevitch on the other have all combined to make a very one-sided picture of the two countries. As a matter of fact, during the next decade Serbia will have more direct influence on European politics than any Balkan country except Roumania. She is a purely Slav state in the first place, and should Russia have one day to choose between Serbia or Bulgaria in a second internecine struggle, she would infallibly throw in her weight with Serbia. Bulgaria's frontier will not march with those of any great Power, now that Turkey is in decline, whereas Serbia is not only conterminous with Austria-Hungary, but in the Dual Monarchy there are more Serbs than in the Kingdom; indeed, the destinies of the Serbo-Croats are one of the great problems¹ of the immediate future. Therefore, should the two disputants be obliged to call in external advice for the settlement of their claims, Austria will be in a serious dilemma. She has worked up excellent

(1) Count Aehrenthal was so impressed with the Serbo-Croat "danger" that he was tempted to countenance the Vasitch forgeries, with the hope of so persuading the aged Emperor to order war with Serbia. The whole plot was unmasked at the notorious Friedjary trial.

relations with Bulgaria, but if she thwarts Serbia once again, especially an enlarged or victorious Serbia, she will be laying up the seeds of grave trouble in her own body.

The Salonika dispute, though it does not open out such varied issues, is probably a graver menace, partly owing to the immense value of the port, partly because the quarrel has already caused serious fighting.

The Greeks have the advantage of those "nine points of the law," possession, while it must be admitted that with the exception of the large colony of Spanish Jews, they practically monopolise the Salonika trade. Moreover, the assassination of their king has given them a sentimental reason for its retention. The Bulgarian case, on the other hand, is an extremely strong one. The place falls to them by the terms of the compact. They argue that Greece already possesses one first-rate port for her Mediterranean trade, whereas Bulgaria, if left with merely Kavalla and Dedeagatch, will have to spend enormous sums on harbour works before either port will be of any value, and even then their utility will be strangled owing to the proximity of Salonika. Ownership of the Macedonian hinterland accordingly will be a doubtful advantage, since the major portion of the trade will benefit aliens. Besides, from an administrative point of view there is little doubt that Salonika will be far more prosperous in Bulgarian hands than in Greek. Their other argument is flimsy and specious. The Bulgarians say that in securing Crete and some of the *Ægean* islands, as well as a slice of the mainland, Greece is being ludicrously overpaid for her services. In urging this point, the Bulgarians entirely overlook, or pretend to do so at any rate, the fact that Crete and the islands are the reward for her naval co-operation, and that, like Serbia, she is being curtailed of a large section of the mainland. Although the Greek fleet failed to stop the *Hamidieh* in her voyage of destruction and did not fight any brilliant engagement, she did yeoman service in preventing Turkey from bringing up her best troops by the quick oversea route at a critical juncture. If Bulgaria adduced this argument merely to show that Greece will obtain possession of yet other ports, so that Salonika becomes even more superfluous, it would carry some weight, but as the point is used at present, it is an injustice to an ally and an ungenerous refusal to face the truth.

On the culpability of either party in the fights at Nigrita and Port Eleftheri it is impossible to dwell, since the rights of the case are shrouded by a host of counter accusations, but the bitterness aroused by the engagements and the elaborate preparations made by either side cannot but render the prospects of a compromise remote. The murder of King George could not have

been more ill-timed, for his ripe judgment, shrewd common sense and remarkable foresight would have been invaluable at this crisis. He was never one to allow false pride or undue regard for appearances to prevent him from doing the best thing for his people, and it is to be feared that King Constantine, now that he has wiped away the memories of Domoko and been hailed as Constantine the Conqueror, will be tempted to try to extend his conquests and side with the extremists. M. Venizelos may be relied upon to urge the Greek delegates to abide by their bargain and allow the Bulgarians to enter into possession. His success, however, is doubtful. The Greeks are notoriously fickle and jealous in politics. It may be said of them that there is never such unanimity as when in opposition, and not always then! Venizelos' great services to his country are forgotten, and all the old leaders are combined against him. The tame cession of Salonika may very likely infuriate the people, who have always been liable to attacks of jingoism. The friendlessness of Bulgaria, her present weakened state, the memories of past outrages in that dreadful struggle which followed the Murzsteg programme, the fear of her blustering hegemony if allowed to recuperate, and the deadly spur of religious fanaticism are all motives likely to goad Greece into war. Peace may probably be said to rest on one point. Greece will hardly fight Bulgaria on her own. If Ferdinand and his ministers can come to an agreement with Servia, Bulgaria will be in a position to dictate her own terms to her quondam ally. If Enver or his friends had deliberately tried to emulate the Hamidian diplomacy and play off one people against the other, they could not have succeeded more admirably than by their determination to go on fighting. The glass of the future is dark and clouded.

SPENCER CAMPBELL.

THE UNIONIST POSITION : SURSUM CORDA.

THE events of the last few months seem to bear out the cynical dictum that that General is best who makes fewest mistakes himself and profits most by the mistakes of his adversary. The political situation has only been altered by the series of tactical errors which accompanied the postponement of the food taxes, and by the sudden depression which the Marconi revelations have effected on Ministerial fortunes. However, the object of this article is not to indulge in regrets and recriminations over the past, a form of amusement which has been far too common in the Opposition Press, but to consider how the party can best reconstitute itself and begin again the forward march which leads to the places of power. We are in the position of a victorious army which has been checked in its progressive advance by an unforeseen danger on its flank or rear, and has had in consequence to pause and to re-form itself on a new front. The result of such an operation is inevitably to create no small amount of confusion, a good deal of wrangling among the brigade and divisional commanders, a tendency to blame the commander-in-chief, and a proportionate depression among the rank and file who perceive dimly that something has gone wrong, the advance checked and a new situation created. If these difficulties are allowed to become protracted, and no successful and united forward movement once more inaugurated, the whole army loses its *moral*, and what was perhaps in its essence an accidental check may develop into a rout. From this point of view, then, it is vital, if every cause connected with Unionism is not to suffer a common and, in some cases, an irreparable damage, that the party mentality based on the Edinburgh speech should cease to be the passive acceptance of a compromise, and become the active determination to carry the banners of that compromise forward into the battle, and to ensconce them firmly on the defending heights. For this purpose there must be an end of mutual suspicion and disagreement among our own ranks, and of that there is, indeed, every sign, if no incredible act of folly, such as the attempt to plant a candidate of doubtful fiscal orthodoxy on Mid-Herts, comes to rouse once more a storm which was rapidly subsiding. But this state of passive agreement to do or think very little for fear that what you do or think may mar the appearance of party unity, though it may be better than open discord, is, I venture to say, futile as the preliminary to a return to power. It is hard to ask

the country to place much confidence in an Opposition whose constructive views get no further than the mere formula that they are agreed. There are, of course, certain critics of eminence who believed, and for all I know believe still, that this negative frame of mind must bring Unionism back into office by the automatic action of the swing of the pendulum. The whole existing position is, however, so absolutely different from that which we should have expected had we paid attention to those who preach to us that politics follow a law and precedent as unalterable as the cycle of the equinox, that it may be worth while to probe a little deeper into those realities which underlie political phenomena. The prophets who work on the law of historical average are manifestly out of court. According to their view, though it may be observed in passing that they cannot claim to go back beyond 1868, the fate and fall of the Government should either have been consummated long ago, or at least be so imminent that none could doubt the approaching event. The great "reforming" Government of Mr. Gladstone, which in six years abolished quite as many institutions as the present Government have threatened to abolish in seven, was followed, the inquirer is invited to believe, by a natural reaction induced by its very activity among the disturbed elements and interests, and as a consequence Disraeli in 1874 found himself in power. There followed, to continue the traditional view, six years of Tory activity abroad and inaction and ineptitude at home, until an enthusiastic nation could no longer bear separation between "the People's William" and office. After this, of course, they were confronted again with five years of baleful Radical activity (though it may be remarked that after the Reform Bill election in that year Liberalism only lost twenty-five seats), until 1886 saw a Conservative Government once more enjoying the confidence of a country tired of Radical enterprise. Henceforward the inevitable law of political nature shows, indeed, some astonishing variations from the normal. But this irregular continuance of a Unionist Government in power is atoned for by the cataclysmic *débâcle* of 1906, with which, as Gibbon would say, "outraged nature avenged itself."

These reflections should prove consolatory to the Opposition. The present holders of office have enjoyed their positions for more than the allotted span of Ministerial life, while their activities have certainly not been less frequent or less violent than those of their predecessors. We should be, then, in the hey-day of a great Conservative reaction, which beyond the reasonable doubt of the most optimistic of Radicals and the most pessimistic of Tories would produce an overwhelming Unionist majority if the country were consulted to-morrow. And yet somehow this

plan of life does not work out according to specification. Ministers, though they no longer possess the solid and over-towering majority of 1906, have succeeded by whatever methods in constructing a siege shelter which has as yet been bomb-proof to the assaults of an Opposition whose capture of the citadel is now some months overdue. It is arguable, though I do not say it is accurate, that the number of Unionist seats to be held at a general election next month would not be materially different from that which would have been secured if some stroke of fortune had precipitated the contest in the winter of 1908 or the spring of 1909. A scrutiny of the by-election figures would give a very colourable impression of truth to such a contention. In a word, the prophesied reaction against the Government has come out all wrong. It was most in evidence in the initial stages of Liberal power, and since the Budget election restored some kind of actuality to the relations between views in the country and representations in Parliament, that reaction, if it has not actually hung fire, has only proceeded by fits and starts. The real wave when it comes is not a thing which can be checked by minor or even by the gravest blunders. The real truth of the matter is that the swing of the pendulum is an invention of those inductive students of political affairs who witnessed in their own active lifetime 1868, 1874, 1880, and 1886. They constructed out of eighteen years' experience a universal law of politics. They brushed aside the fact that from 1848 to the first date of which they took cognisance the Whig-Liberal-Radical Coalition held office for eighteen years out of twenty, and that even during the two Conservative Ministries which formed the exception Conservatism never possessed a semblance of an independent majority in the House of Commons. They omit the fact that from the time when the Whigs who sided with William Pitt, and the Tories with whom they coalesced, took one view of European politics, and Charles James Fox took the other, the Radical Opposition only held power for eighteen months in two successive Ministries during a period of fifty years, and that after the Great War itself had finished a Tory was Prime Minister for thirteen years in succession. Finally, they omit from their calculations the fact that Liberalism only held an insecure tenure of office for three years between 1886 and 1906. In other words, the law of the alternation and succession of parties cannot be maintained by any inductive theory of political history. It is, indeed, the exception rather than the rule. But the contrary view became stereotyped among our leader-writers and politicians twenty or thirty years ago, and has been repeated ever since by their descendants with a

reiteration which does more credit to their fidelity than to their intelligence.

It is impossible, then, to rely on events rather than on action to return the Opposition to power, and recent events have made such an eventuality even more remote than it might otherwise have been.

I do not think to-day that even the most extreme believers in a purely negative Conservatism would maintain that the prospects of preserving the Union or the Welsh Church have not been seriously dashed by the internal conflict over the Tariff, and by the apathy and dissension which followed in the wake of that controversy. While the pendulum seems to have abandoned its devotees, Church and Union are in even greater danger of the slow but inevitable operation of the Parliament Act. The abandonment of the food taxes may prove, as those who advocated the abandonment protested, a valuable electoral asset in the long run, but for the moment we have had to pay a tremendously heavy price this year for potential and speculative advantages to be reaped in 1914. The cooling of the Opposition temperature at this critical moment might well result fatally in Ireland and in Wales, and the victory, when it came, be too late to avert those very disasters to avert which Preference was postponed. It is, at any rate, up to them, to use a catch-phrase, not only to refrain from placing any obstacle in the way of complete internal unity, but furthermore to make a desperate effort to galvanise the Party into some kind of joint activity. Ulster, again, which runs the risk of paying the heaviest price for the events of the last few months, is deeply concerned in assisting the Party to set its house in order and to renew the triumphs which preceded its difficulties.

But the bulk of the fighting will have to be done by the more strenuous believers in the constructive policies associated with Tariff Reform. The Tariff issue in 1903 stirred into activity all that was most formidable from the democratic standpoint in the Unionist ranks. It was no accident which made Mr. Chamberlain at once the leader of the movement for fiscal reform and by far the greatest figure on the platform that England had produced since the Midlothian campaign. From that time onwards the hold of Toryism on the people has depended on the energy with which Tariff Reform had been preached both in town and country. And since a hundred seats can never be won without a popular wave of no inconsiderable dimension, it is to the re-statement and rejuvenation of the Tariff movement that Unionism must look for any triumph greater than the stale mate of existing political forces. If, then, these forces, while paying lip-service to

the Edinburgh compact, choose in reality to sulk in their tents or confine their activities to quarrelling with their friends, they can certainly procure the passage of the Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills at the price of postponing the realisation of their own special ideals to a remote future. I cannot believe that a fit of pique can for long obscure the general judgment, not so much, perhaps, of a few extreme Preferential zealots, as of the great bulk of the Party who are firmly convinced of the value of a moderate Protectionist system to the industries of this country. *The Times* in 1884 told Lord Salisbury, at the height of the internecine struggle between Lord Randolph and his official opponents, that until the struggle was composed no alternative Government was possible, and Lord Salisbury certainly acted in accordance with the advice. Similarly to-day no alternative Government will be formed, because the nation will not elect one, unless our present difficulties are composed in a manner so real and so lasting that we shall cease to think about ourselves and have time to think about our opponents. To sum up, the more negative elements in the Unionist Party will neither save nor restore any interest they care about unless they can induce the active elements in the Party to secure them the support of the electorate, while on the other hand those same active forces will accomplish none of their own constructive ideals so long as they spend the time and the energy which should be devoted to the great popular campaign in wrangling in a half-hearted manner with those who do not possess so vigorous a zeal as themselves. It is the old story about hanging together or hanging separately. The trouble is the more absurd because there are, in practice, no distinct and organised groups such as exist in the Coalition, each standing for very distinct views and interests. The Party, after all, is composed of its constituent individual elements, and the ordinary Unionist, whether he is a Member of Parliament or not, can in nine cases out of ten not be classified under any special head. He will very likely be more interested, as the case may be, in the Home Rule issue, or the Tariff issue, in the Welsh Disestablishment struggle and Social Reform, or in the problems of Imperial Defence, but he is neither indifferent to, nor in disagreement with, the policies of his Party on those questions with which he is not primarily concerned. Anyone who walked into any Conservative Club in the country, not even excluding the House of Commons, could satisfy himself on this point in a quarter of an hour, and the *malaise* that has been afflicting the Opposition appears to be one of those mental diseases altogether alien to the historic temperament of the Tory party, and springing from causes very difficult to diagnose. Among those causes two,

perhaps, stand out prominently. The first is the failure to re-group or re-form under the instincts of long-established discipline round some single prominent leader. The second cause, and this one is probably only a by-product of the first, is the absolute disorganisation of the support for which a party generally looks in the ranks of its own newspapers.

So pressing, then, is the need of cohesion, and so small the real elements of dissidence that the Unionist leaders would be utterly condemned in the eyes of history if they failed to pull their party together and to launch it once more on the enemy. The split between Peel and Disraeli may have been inevitable. The break-up of the Liberal party in 1886 may have been unavoidable. There is to-day in the temper of the party nothing which cannot be cured with the greatest ease by the determination of the leader to lead and the resolution of the followers to follow. If neither the determination nor the resolution is come to it will not be because neither was possible, but because neither was willed. It may be heroic to fail in the face of insuperable difficulties. It is rather ignominious to be beaten because you happen to be deficient in the qualities of courage or ability or of common sense and good temper.

But the negative desire for unity is nearly useless if that unity cannot be expressed in a concrete form. To re-form on the new front will not save an army if it cannot then proceed to drive out an opponent sitting astride of its lines of communication. From what point of view, then, can the Edinburgh compact be treated? Not as something one must agree to lest worse befall, but as something one wants to have on its own merits. In the first place, that compact is in many senses in touch with the living forces of electoral reality. The Tariff issue started from the Imperial standpoint at a period when Mr. Chamberlain's great Colonial Secretaryship, and the Imperial co-operation for purposes of war which sprang out of it, had not yet exhausted their impetus. But as the controversy developed and the wave of Imperial sentiment simultaneously showed signs of reaching its high-water mark, the purely national aspect of the Tariff became increasingly dominant, as the record of Mr. Chamberlain's own speeches proves beyond contention. The reasons of this are not far to seek, nor can they be limited with any advantage to the various fluctuations which trade has undergone in the course of the last thirteen years. The real fact is that all through the last decade economic questions, mainly of a purely national character, have been forcing themselves on the attention of the masses with an insistence that there is no gainsaying. Real wages have been static since about 1900, owing to the great progressive increase in

the price of necessities and the small improvements in nominal wages. No statesman on earth, and no caucus on earth, can deflect the attention of the people from matters which are within their common knowledge and affect intimately their daily lives. One may propound the right solution or a vicious solution; one may even say that there is no solution at all; and any of these various views may secure an interested attention. What no orator can do, and what no party can do, is to talk with effect about other topics, however entrancing, when the stomachs of their audience are crying out for bread. In so far as politics have about them to-day any air of unreality, it is due to the attempt of politicians on both sides to perform this impossible feat. Such electioneering successes as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has achieved have been due to a recognition on his part of this very elementary fact. His solutions have sometimes been absurd and always ruinous, but he has been forgiven a great deal because he has been talking at least on the fringe of the subject about which the people want to hear. We have entered, then, as in the 'thirties and 'forties, on a period in which economic issues are predominant over political ones. The arguments in favour of Imperial Preference are partly economic and partly political. The arguments in favour of the General Tariff are primarily economic and always national, and in consequence they touch the heart of most of the great industrial difficulties which come more prominently to the public notice as every year passes. Mr. Bonar Law said rightly that the question of wages had become the paramount issue in this country, and, *pace* our Free Trade friends, it is impossible to touch wages without a Tariff system. The Government, indeed, found themselves last month in a peculiarly ridiculous position on Mr. Will Crooks's Minimum Wage motion in the House of Commons. Mr. J. M. Robertson was put up to talk all the old platitudes about the great sympathy of a Free Trade Government which can do nothing for his motion under Free Trade. Indeed, in the whole debate the only practical suggestions came from Unionist Members like Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Leslie Scott, who are prepared to face the wages question as one aspect of the Tariff issue. From the point of view of the intense interest which is being manifested in the industrial economy of these Islands, no amount of figures about exports and imports, no exordiums about an increase in the income tax returns, which on occasion saves the Chancellor from the Nemesis of his own faulty finance, will produce the slightest effect on the temper of the country. Liberalism, in a word, has nothing to offer which will be of any permanent value, because it has never made up its mind whether it is a national or a

cosmopolitan creed, or whether it follows Mr. Cobden or Mr. Snowden. But the Edinburgh speech, if it is taken, not as the conclusion of an internal difference, but as the starting-point for a new and more vigorous campaign, will be found to contain all the elements out of which a brilliant victory can be constructed in the future.

Before proceeding, however, to develop this theme it may be pointed out with advantage that the Industrial Tariff is not the only weapon in the armoury of Unionism. The depression born of discord, the apathy induced by a Parliament Act which puts a premium on inducing people to vote to-day what they hope may never happen to-morrow, have obscured the fact that the position in Ulster has altered in no way either for better or worse. Ulster stands exactly where she did, but the prospect that the return of a Unionist Government in time would save the United Kingdom from the horrors of a civil war has receded for the moment into the background, and in the background it will stay unless the Opposition will take the course indicated by every consideration of honour and prudence and put a term to the activities of a few fanatical mischief-makers in the constituencies and in the Press, and follow a lead which must not be refused them. Ulster will act in any case, and the Unionist party must profit by that action in any event; but it will be better for the nation, for Ulster, and the Union, that the two forces should act simultaneously than separately without a concerted agreement. In other words, a rebellion in the north will in any case break the Coalition, and 1915 would then witness Ireland, not under Home Rule, but under martial law. If this development of events can be prevented at all it can only be prevented by the progressive growth of the Conservative forces in England, Wales, and Scotland. The United Kingdom has to choose in the long run between a general election which returns the Opposition to power, and a state of affairs in Ireland which can only be described as hellish.

Every conception, both of Party self-interest and of national well-being points to the paramount necessity of restoring the fighting powers of His Majesty's Opposition to the condition they held at the time of the Blenheim Demonstration, and of increasing those powers progressively *de die in diem*. If the Party will accord to the Edinburgh pronouncement the unanimous and enthusiastic support they gave to the Blenheim speech, the two conjoined names will go down to history as the places where the Tariff was assured and the Union saved. The battle must be fought on the Industrial Tariff and on the preservation of the Act of Union, and, as a general concentrates his fighting forces on the main strategic objectives which offer the best probability

of success, so the Party should throw itself as a whole into the Ulster movement and on to the propagandist campaign for enforcing a national Tariff for the defence of the standards of life and industry within the United Kingdom. If such a campaign succeeds, as I believe it would succeed, everything else would be added to the Opposition. The Church would be saved, the Constitution could be restored, and the return of an Imperialist Government to power would for the first time for a century enable a Government pledged in principle to Preferential treatment for the self-governing Dominions to advance along that road and to choose its own ground of battle. The alternative policy is to quarrel about the Edinburgh speech on Monday, and assure each other that we are all good friends on Thursday as long as we do not speak or write on Saturday; to leave Ulster in the lurch, and to make a Civil War certain at the price of excluding ourselves from office. It remains for the Party to make their choice fairly soon or henceforward be silent.

The immediate steps to be taken are two-fold. There should be a great demonstration throughout the North of Ireland in the autumn, and that demonstration should be of a military rather than of a political character. The time for talk in the North has, in any event, passed, and the fact may with advantage be brought home to the people of the United Kingdom. "If you ask a merchant in Belfast," said one well competent to judge the other day, "for fifty pounds for political expenditure in England, he will say 'Yes.' If you ask him for fifty pounds to buy rifles he will say: 'Here is a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds.'" As this movement develops inevitably on the other side of the Channel, it must be supported, if the catastrophe is to be averted, by a movement which will throw the whole united weight of the Tory Party on to the campaign for the Industrial Tariff. We must appeal against the Government unto Cæsar, in a series of great mass meetings held in London and in all the great provincial centres for the power to deal with wages both by the Tariff and under the Tariff. While Sir Edward Carson marshals his battalions in the North, the great industrial democracies should be listening to Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Mr. F. E. Smith propounding the vital truth that no advance in the social condition of the people can be made without the Tariff, and that when the Tariff comes that advance shall be made.

The essence of the matter is that politics or statesmanship stand in the relation to each other as the means does to the end, and both are concerned with realities, and therefore, unless the political appeal is addressed to real conditions, the seed falls upon stony ground. The Ulster problem is so real that to some extent it

can be allowed to look after itself; when Ulster speaks with her enemies in the gate she will do so in a manner which there will be no mistaking. But if that eventuality is to be in any way prevented, the Unionist Party must address itself to the realities which confront its own potential electorate. The conditions to-day have not altered materially since the time described by Mr. Winston Churchill in an eloquent passage. Speaking of the early 'eighties and of the benefits conferred by an almost unbroken succession of Liberal Governments from 1848 onwards, he has told us that the *gravamen* of the accusation made by the Tory Democrats against Mr. Gladstone's penultimate Government was that if trade was free, hunger and cold were free also. Liberalism is bankrupt once more in face of the actualities of the situation. It cannot raise wages for fear that employment might vanish under competition from those very countries which, according to its own hypothesis, are groaning under the terrible disadvantages of protective tariffs. Toryism, on the other hand, is able to offer through the medium of the Tariff a real improvement in the condition of the people. Where wages are low, so low as to be under the standard of decent living, or of economic efficiency, it can show a way by which those wages can be raised without destroying the industry. The higher efficiency based on better food and better conditions of living which bigger wages would bring in their train will enable the industry to put out its products as cheaply as, if not more cheaply than, before, while the gain to the nation in health and happiness will be incalculable. The Industrial Tariff is the sure road, both from the point of view of far-sighted national statesmanship and of immediate electoral success. It is right in principle and will prove successful in practice.

If there were any section of opinion in the Party which ought to follow this line of political development to its most extreme conclusion, it is that section which expresses itself most in favour of the preservation of all the ancient landmarks of our Constitution. The democracy, as both Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Randolph Churchill knew and proved, have always been content to abide by the Constitution so long as they did not believe, and had no reason to believe, that that Constitution was being wrested unfairly to subserve interests hostile to their own. The working classes have always been the most loyal supporters of the Constitution as established in Church and State so long as due regard has been paid to their interests as perhaps the most important element in the body politic. It is, then, the essential duty of the Conservative Party to remove the causes which produce industrial unrest, and as a consequence political movements directed

against existing conditions. Mr. F. E. Smith has put the question with characteristic directness in his last book. Speaking of the undoubted evils of our present fiscal and industrial system, he says : "Which party in the State stands to lose most by their continuance? Is it not evident that the party to whom stability and content are vital is far more deeply concerned to restore happier conditions than the party which lives upon discontent and the promulgation of class hatred? A contented proletariat should be one of the first objects of enlightened Conservative policy."

I have endeavoured to prove, however ineffectually, that the interests of the Opposition and of all sections of the Opposition are one and indissoluble, and to indicate, however roughly, the methods by which the overthrow of the Government may best be secured. However wrong and faulty the argument and the conclusions may be, this at least is clear. If Ulster and the Tory democrats will not combine with the more passive school of Conservatism for a final and successful move against the Government, their hopes are writ in water and the mischief will become beyond cure. I have set down nothing in malice, nor extenuated anything. Is it not possible for the whole army to join in the united movement and to advance on the only lines which give the real promise of success? The inclination of Toryism to-day ought to be towards a forgetfulness and forgiveness of past dissensions. The attitude of its leaders should be one leading to a vigorous offensive along the whole line, and the motto both of leaders and followers can be comprised in two words : *Sursum Corda*.

CURIO.

WHY HOME RULE IS UNNECESSARY.

It will not be possible for anyone to understand why a Home Rule Bill is now a superfluous measure for Ireland unless two factors are kept in mind. The first is that the real opinion of the people of a country is not necessarily represented, and in recent years has usually been misrepresented, by the parliamentary delegates of the people and by their political organisations; and the second is that the average Irishman, far from being the visionary and dreamer that Englishmen often take him for, is one of the most practical and hard-headed persons in the world. Politics have clearly been an attraction for Irishmen ever since the Revolution that led to the flight of James II. ; but not because the Irish loved abstract theories of State organisation; not because their bent of mind made them turn to oratory and seek an outlet for it in Parliament; not because, as I have heard maintained, there is no other amusement for them in the villages and the small towns. When the Irish turned to politics they did so with a very definite purpose in view; a purpose to which they have held with a determination that was never weakened by persecution, or famine, or injustice, or wheedling. That purpose was to secure the land for the people, in the widest and most natural sense of the expression. If we glance back for a moment at earlier aspects of the Home Rule controversy, we shall, perhaps, better understand why an appeal was made to what sociologists have called political action.

The struggle in Ireland was never, at bottom, a struggle between Home Rulers and anti-Home Rulers; it was rather a battle royal between the forces representing industrialism and the forces representing agriculture. Ireland had always been an agricultural nation in the sense that France at the present day is an agricultural nation. The industrial elements in modern Ireland were superimposed from the seventeenth century onwards. The settlers on Cromwell's "plantations" could hardly expect to be warmly welcomed by a defeated people; but they were at any rate farmers, they were confined almost entirely to the north, and in a remarkably short time Ireland had settled down into a condition which might have been called, without exaggeration, harmonious and united. There was no serious enmity between the two great religious sects; and this is a point on which, in view of recent events, hardly too much stress can be laid. When, in 1778, serious tariff and other disputes of a financial nature broke out between Ireland and England, we cannot find that

the religious question, lately so prominent, was a factor taken into consideration by either side. The speeches of Grattan and Flood, whatever we may think of their ethics or their style, certainly do not give the reader the impression that Protestants and Catholics were ready to fly at one another's throats as they did twenty years later. And Thomas Davis, who, more than any other national poet, has specifically referred to the events of this time, makes it quite clear that he regarded north and south as one nation, that both sects were prepared to resist certain English encroachments on their national privileges, and that both north and south were ready to fight side by side if need were.⁷ For some very remarkable opinions on this point it will be sufficient to refer to Davis's "Celts and Saxons," "Orange and Green," and "Song of the Volunteers of 1782."

By 1798, however, the religious problem, which has ever since been associated with the Home Rule problem, had changed. The Nonconformist elements in the north were certainly more disposed to place Ireland in the hands of the French revolutionaries than the Roman Catholics in the rest of the country; and it was only when Pitt definitely refused to grant any considerable measure of relief from the disabilities under which the Catholics suffered that the lower Catholic elements of the population began the rebellion, which was looked upon with as much disfavour by the leading Catholics in Ireland as by the English Government. This revolution, nevertheless, was the beginning of a new era in Ireland. When it was over, the population was definitely divided into Catholics and Protestants, northerners and southerners, agriculturists and industrialists. The north flourished; and even the great famine interfered little with the prosperity of Ulster. The people in the rest of the country groaned under their disabilities as a persecuted sect and the miseries caused them by absentee landlordism; but, to them, the great defect of the social organisation was that it was almost impossible for them to secure possession of land, and those farmers who were fortunate enough to be masters of their soil and not merely tenants were imposed upon by the rack-renters and the parasite known as the gombeen-man.

Even when the Catholic disabilities had been removed, however, Irish agriculture suffered under free trade; and this again tended to accentuate the distinction between the prosperous industrial north and the poverty-stricken agricultural south, east, and west. While every year saw the establishment of new linen factories in Antrim, Down, Londonderry, Tyrone, and Armagh, the agricultural population was either driven into the towns or forced to emigrate—the emigrants, needless to say, carrying to other shores intense hatred of England; for they naturally looked upon the English Government as being directly responsible for their

misfortunes. But, although this state of things was bad enough, the climax came when Mr. Gladstone's Land Law Act (1881) was passed and dual ownership instituted. The principles of the Manchester school to which the Liberal Government was committed prevented it from alleviating the distress in Ireland by a State grant, and the doctrine of Free Trade prevented it from protecting Irish agriculture from foreign competition. The Land Law Act was a miserable compromise, and not merely satisfied nobody, but left the national industry of Ireland in a worse condition than ever. The profits, becoming smaller and smaller, that resulted from the exploitation of the land, were to be divided between landlord and tenant in certain proportions, the proportions to be decided by a few test cases in the Land Court—as if Irishmen, to whom agriculture has always been a vital necessity, would have been bound in any such way.

When we recollect how the Liberal Party has always represented the interests of the industrial community rather than the interests of agriculturists, we shall hardly be surprised to find that the interference of a Liberal Government in Irish matters has always resulted disastrously for agriculture. The Land Law Act of 1881 was harmful instead of beneficial, and agriculture did not begin even to show signs of life until the Ashbourne Acts were passed in 1885 and 1889. These Acts enabled the tenant to buy his holding, always provided that the landlord agreed to sell, with the aid of the State, which advanced to the tenant the amount necessary for paying the landlord in cash. The tenant then gave an undertaking to pay an instalment of four pounds a year for every £100 advanced over a period of forty-nine years. As the result of these Acts, it is noteworthy that more than 27,000 tenants became owners of their holdings in six years. Changes of a technical character were introduced by the Balfour Acts of 1891 and 1896. The landlord was paid in stock (Consols) instead of in cash; but, by the same Acts, the Congested Districts Board was empowered to purchase large farms and estates in the west, and to re-distribute them, after amalgamating with them the so-called "uneconomical holdings," in cases where the soil was too poor, or the extent of the previous holding too small, to support a family. With the decline in the value of Consols, however, negotiations for payment became difficult, and the number of applicants fell to nothing. Hence one of the most far-reaching Acts ever passed for the benefit of Irish agriculture, viz., the Wyndham Land Act of 1903.

So strong was the passion for agriculture in Ireland that the farmers did not wait for State interference or initiative. In 1902 representatives of landlords and tenants met and resolved that

dual ownership should be abolished. They discussed fully and clearly the financial means necessary to this end, with the gratifying result that a scheme was prepared and submitted to the Government for approval. The Wyndham Bill followed, and became an Act. The landlords were once more paid in cash instead of in stock, the instalments to be paid by the tenants were reduced, and compulsory purchase, instead of being confined to the West, was made general throughout the country. Under this Act nearly a quarter of a million—to be precise, 248,109—tenants became possessors of their holdings between 1903 and 1909. In the latter year the provisions of the Act were almost entirely altered by Mr. Birrell's measure. Landlords, despite the slump in Consols, were once more paid in stock instead of in money, the tenants' annual contribution was increased, and an attempt was once more made to define the respective rights of landlord and tenant as had been done in Mr. Gladstone's Act of 1881. The full effects of Mr. Birrell's Act have not yet been felt, though the applications for farms have decreased to a considerable extent; but it must not be imagined from the comparatively small agitation that the Act is at all popular. More would have been heard of it had it not been that such large numbers of tenants were enabled to take advantage of the Wyndham Act between 1903 and 1909. But why Mr. Dillon, who appears from several indications to have been the responsible party, should have shown himself so anxious to have the Wyndham Act repealed—for that was what Mr. Birrell's measure amounted to—is a much more interesting question to consider, and one that belongs to an unwritten chapter of Irish history.

Up to the 'fifties and 'sixties of last century, Irish agriculture, which had been struggling along at haphazard, began to writhe in the clutches of the middleman, and by the 'seventies and 'eighties middlemen and gombeen-men had supplanted the landlord. Farmers brought their produce to market, to sell it not to the direct purchaser or his agent, but to middlemen who had, perhaps two or three days previously, come to an agreement among themselves about the price to be paid. Furthermore, farmers were not paid in cash, or its banking equivalent, but in kind—they exchanged their bacon and butter for tea and sugar, a high price being naturally set upon the latter commodities by the middlemen with an eye to a good bargain. But the gombeen-man, that combination of trader and money-lender peculiar to Ireland, had an even worse effect on agriculture. If the farmer wanted some money to tide him over the spring until he could get his crops disposed of, the trader who bought his butter and bacon supplied him with a loan of 10 per cent. or so under onerous

conditions which almost amounted to a mortgage on all the farmer's produce, even though such produce might be twenty times the value of the loan. At one time, as Mr. G. W. Russell states in his "Co-operation and Nationality," the Cork butter merchants held all Munster in fee. "They paid the tied producer three shillings per cwt. less than the export price which the free farmers received, and graded his butter as they listed. They grew to be great and wealthy citizens, and they said Ireland was being ruined when the farmers began to build creameries of their own, and sold their butter illegitimately in the English market themselves."

That the farmers were able thus to act is due chiefly to the efforts of Sir Horace Plunkett, who has done more for Ireland in the last twenty years than all the noisy politicians at Westminster put together. Realising that the danger lay in the system which enabled the middleman to flourish at the expense of the farmer—the non-producer at the expense of the producer—Sir Horace, ably assisted by Mr. G. W. Russell (so well known to lovers of poetry as "Æ") and Mr. R. A. Anderson, founded the first co-operative creamery. It appeared a simple matter to suggest that it would be better for the farmers to combine and sell their produce direct than to let it pass through the hands of the greedy middlemen, and to-day no one in Ireland disputes the principle; but it was not an easy task to induce the farmers to join in making the scheme a success. Still, the spiritual soil was fruitful: one questions whether such a propaganda in Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon countries, present-day England, for example, would be as effective. Mr. Russell has enthralled at least one listener by his description of the obstacles which the pioneers of the movement had to overcome.

Though there were obstacles, there were successes, too. Only in some Latin or Oriental country could we find, or expect to find, a parallel to the work done by men like Russell, Plunkett, and Anderson, in the late 'eighties or early 'nineties. These men, travellers, poets, journalists; Catholics, Protestants, and pagans, gave up such comfort and luxuries as they possessed, turned their attention to the prosaic problems associated with the purchase and sale of flax, butter, bacon, eggs, and poultry, and risked their means, and often their health as well, solely in order that they might realise an ideal, in order that an agricultural country might be prevented from falling into the iron claws of industrialism, that men and women might be kept at healthy work on the land instead of being crowded into the dismal slums of the great cities and exploited by capitalists in factories which, in appearance and discipline, were worse than jails and workhouses. In short, the

pioneers of the movement which afterwards became the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society—the now well-known I.A.O.S.—worked with the zeal and fervour of apostles to keep men and women from becoming slaves.

Where pioneers have laboured so whole-heartedly, seeking no reward and finding none, it would be unfair to single out any of them for special praise. If I have laid stress on two names it is only because Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. G. W. Russell have done work which in any other country would have brought them the recognition and spiritual rewards that would alone appeal to them. They and their collaborators held meetings in every county, one might almost say in every town, in Ireland; they overcame the apathy of the people, awakened interest in their propaganda, were questioned with the persistency of cross-examining barristers, and finally established their first co-operative creamery in 1889.

Then another definite division in the social and political life of Ireland began to make itself obvious to everybody but the English electors. The co-operative societies which gradually grew up between 1889 and 1894 affected adversely only the middlemen who had been battenning on the farmers. These men looked for political assistance, and found it in the Irish Nationalist members. As time went on, it became more and more evident that the Ulster Unionist members represented, generally speaking, the industrial interests of the more or less prosperous North, and that the Nationalists represented the small tradesmen and middlemen. Where either political party did seek to alleviate the distress of the farmer, the attempt was usually and instinctively made with a view to the advantage of the middleman rather than that of the agriculturist. The opinion held, though not expressed in so many words, seemed to be that the farmers should prosper in order that the middleman might prosper with his assistance, but that it did not matter much whether the farmer prospered for the benefit of himself and his family.

By 1894 the co-operative creameries had thriven to such an extent that they outgrew the primitive organisation formed in 1889. The I.A.O.S. as we know it to-day was established in 1894, when it consisted of thirty-four societies with 1,650 members, and a turnover of £150,000. Singly, the farmers had been unable to combat the abuses of the credit system imposed upon them by the gombeen men, and unable likewise to check the abuses of the middlemen. But combined in a society, they were as powerful as workmen combined in a trade union. They were, in point of fact, much more powerful, for workmen, even when their interests are looked after by a trade union, have still no security of

tenure and no property, whereas these farmers had their land. The benefits were proportionate. Workmen's combinations have been able to benefit their members to some extent, but to a very slight extent compared with the benefits accruing to the Irish farmers after they had formed themselves into societies. They were, for example, able to secure money from the banks at low interest; they were able to buy agricultural machinery with the funds thus provided, and to hire it out to members in turn; and they were able, above all, to become their own masters when it came to buying and selling.

Two factors, then, have brought about the Ireland of the present day. One was the land policy of successive Unionist Governments, exemplified in the Ashbourne, Balfour, and Wyndham Land Acts, and the other was the founding of the I.A.O.S. in 1894. Most of the farmers have now secured control of their land, and they have organised themselves in a way that enables them to dispose of their agricultural and dairy produce to the best advantage. But the very success of these Land Acts, and of the I.A.O.S. policy, has raised a great problem for the Nationalist members. Home Rule, as I have said, was wanted for a very definite purpose: tenants wished to enter into possession of their holdings. Thanks to the various Land Acts the titles of which I have enumerated, they have been able to achieve their object without Home Rule; and on a very recent visit to Ireland I found that the subject of Home Rule, except in those circles devoted almost exclusively to political agitation, was not taken seriously, or, at any rate, was not discussed with the frenzy of twenty, or even ten, years ago. The Wyndham Act of 1903 killed this frenzy for ever. What, then, was to become of the Nationalist party, since the Unionist land policy had killed Home Rule; and what was to become of it, again, since the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society had made terrific havoc among the chief supporters of the modern Nationalist party, the middlemen and small traders? I say modern Nationalist party, because the Nationalist party of the 'eighties and 'nineties was well supported by the farmers, who believed that only through Home Rule could they obtain the control of their land. The tendency of the agricultural population now is to look on the modern Nationalists with suspicion, because it is clear to anybody that, without the support of the interests which used to wax fat on the energy of the farmers, the prestige and status of the Nationalists would sink to a very low ebb indeed.

It was Mr. John Dillon who realised before anyone else that, while the land policy of the Unionist Government was beneficial to Irish agriculture, it was likely to prove very disadvantageous

to the Irish middleman, and that the I.A.O.S. was completing the work of destruction. In 1899 the I.A.O.S. had grown to a body of 36,600 members, representing 375 societies; in 1904 there were 712 societies, with a membership of 77,000 and a turnover of nearly £1,500,000; and at the end of 1911 the affiliated societies numbered 933, with a membership of more than 100,000 and a trade turnover of £3,000,000. The I.A.O.S. is not itself a trading body, and the figures given to show the turnover represent the amount of money received by the farmers comprising the societies connected with the I.A.O.S., whose work it is to guard the interests, in Parliament and elsewhere, of the entire body of members.

When once the Irish party had realised that the country had little further use for it, advantage was taken of every means of political propaganda at its disposal. As the people as a whole showed less and less interest in Home Rule, there was more and more agitation for Home Rule on the part of their political organisations. Here, again, we can find a parallel with the trade union movement in England. Every public man now knows perfectly well that the leaders of the trade union movement, as well as the labour leaders in the House of Commons, do not represent the real political opinions of the workmen who form the organisation. Obviously, if the workmen in England actually did believe in the doctrines preached by their leaders—in a reduction of armaments, for example—they could return four hundred members to the House of Commons instead of a paltry forty. Although nearly every Irishman belongs to a political organisation of one kind or another, it does not follow that he is prepared to support the extreme utterances of his Members of Parliament who rely largely upon such organisations for their status and influence. The reason why support, often weighty support, is forthcoming for political organisations, both Unionist and Nationalist, is to be found in a direction which has very little to do with modern politics, except in Ireland.

In the I.A.O.S. and the societies affiliated with it members of both the great religious bodies work together in perfect harmony. A glance at the society's reports will show that the local committees comprise representatives of the Protestant and Catholic communities, and not infrequently clergymen of both denominations. Here in the rural districts there are no religious prejudices; but in the towns it is different. The religious tension, often hidden, but just as often breaking out in bitter displays of feeling, is strong to a degree that few Englishmen realise; and one sect is as much to blame as the other. It must not be forgotten in England, as it is certainly not forgotten in Ireland, that

the revival of agriculture in Ireland is of recent origin, and that the causes of its decline can be traced back for three or four generations. The poverty of Catholic Munster, Catholic Leinster, and Catholic Connaught was intensified and embittered by the prosperity of Protestant Ulster; while the flourishing—and I must add soulless, unimaginative, and materialistic—merchants of the North looked with mingled dread and contempt towards the crumbling South, lest Home Rule should result in more taxation for the linen manufacturers and shipbuilders of the Northern counties. The bitterness aroused by decades of misgovernment has never died out; and if the once fiery passions are now partly quenched, the embers are still smouldering, and the reputable leaders on both sides are afraid of occasional sparks.

I have said that religious feeling is strongest in the towns. This may be condensed into one word: Belfast. The real dread of "Rome Rule" which exists throughout Ulster reaches its climax in Belfast; and it is in this, the most important industrial city in Ireland, that we shall find the root of the religious bigotry that breaks out from time to time. The amenities of social life make it necessary for both sects to work together on such bodies as boards of guardians and town councils, but, apart from these instances, and the ordinary relations among business men, there is no neutral ground where the two religions can meet.

As, in the North, an autonomous Ireland has always connoted religious persecution on a scale more or less wide, it was clear to anyone who knew Ireland well that the mere mention of Home Rule when the subject was revived by the Liberal party would rouse Belfast to fury. The political propaganda of the past year or so has proved this. The demonstrations by the Unionists in Ulster gave an excuse for counter-demonstrations on the other side. The attention of the world in general has thus been directed to the rather picturesque religious agitation, and not to the more important problems of land ownership; and it is consequently difficult to secure a hearing in England for some account of the work of Sir Horace Plunkett and the I.A.O.S. The Irish party was thus enabled to oppose a plan for aiding the I.A.O.S. such as the allocation of a Government grant. Mr. Dillon again became prominent when it was recently proposed to finance the work of Sir Horace Plunkett's body to a limited extent; and, although the grant was made in the teeth of the strong opposition of the Nationalist party and Mr. T. W. Russell, vice-president of the Irish Department of Agriculture, it was offered on conditions so absurd as to call for drastic comment in *The Irish Homestead*—the organ of the I.A.O.S., edited by Mr. G. W. Russell—in the issue of April 19th last. "The full acceptance of the conditions

laid down in the Treasury letter would split the movement in twain," says an editorial note, "and the rent would be greater as years went by. . . . The only way to maintain youth, the glow, the enthusiasm, in a movement is not to accept any conditions which will hamper its free development."

To show the absurdity of the conditions attaching to the low grant of £2,000 offered by the Development Commissioners, it may be mentioned that the most objectionable clause was that which laid it down that no co-operative society organising the supply of groceries for its members was to be admitted to affiliation with the I.A.O.S., and that those which were doing so already were to be excluded henceforth. In other words, one of the most important branches of the parent body was to be broken up entirely solely in order to please the trading supporters of the Nationalist party; for the organisation of groceries is as essential for the work of the I.A.O.S. as the organisation of any purely agricultural commodity. This is a detail, but an important one, as it illustrates what extreme steps may be taken by a political party to ruin an organisation opposed to it, irrespective of the merits of that organisation, when attention is, by skilful political wirepulling, directed to religion and withdrawn from economic and social reform. It is fortunate that the only effect of the Nationalist party's interference on this occasion has been to show that the I.A.O.S. is stronger than the politicians; and that before Home Rule, as the Nationalists conceive it, can become operative there will be a powerful agricultural body to placate.

But there is no reason why Home Rule should ever again be heard of. As I have tried to show, Sir Horace Plunkett's work during the last twenty years has secured for the farmers what they expected to secure only through Home Rule. The consequence is that in the south, east, and west of Ireland Home Rule is looked upon with indifference by the people in general, and is merely forced into artificial growth and prominence by non-representative political organisations, while in the north it is looked upon with profound hostility, though for a religious rather than a political motive. In the past, cases of religious persecution have been frequent; but I think that the evidence, impartially examined, will show that the Protestants in the south and west have suffered more than the Catholics in the north—not that instances of intolerance have been wanting in Ulster. But the Protestants, still with vivid recollections of the accounts of the 1798 rebellion which have been handed down, and knowing themselves to be in a minority—the proportion of Protestants of all denominations to Catholics is approximately one to three—fear the recrudescence of persecution when they hear the words Home

Rule. It is a pity that this should be so ; it is a pity that the conception of the eminently sane, noble, and aristocratic Roman Church held in Ulster is derived from literature bearing on the misdeeds of the Inquisition three hundred years ago, from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, and from penny pamphlets about the alleged adventures of converted nuns. It is a pity that a religious hatred, comparable only to that which swept over Europe in the sixteenth century, should still exist in Ireland. These may be matters of regret to the moralist and matters of interest to the psychologist ; but the statesman must look upon them from another point of view. Parliament, in the case of Ireland above all else, must reckon with things as they are and not as they ought to be.

I emphasise this religious prejudice because it is undoubtedly stronger than is generally believed ; stronger even than the Ulster Unionist leaders have expressed it. Did they fear they might be accused of exaggeration ? In other western European countries either one sect or the other is, in general, so small as to be almost negligible. Austria, Italy, South Germany, France, and the Iberian Peninsula have an overwhelming Catholic majority ; North Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland, and England have an equally solid Protestant majority. But in Ireland the Protestant minority forms about a third of the population ; it is too small to absorb the Catholic element, and too large to be absorbed by it. As for the Catholics scattered throughout Ulster, with whose assistance many ostensibly Home Rule members are returned to the House of Commons, they simply do not count. With few exceptions, the Catholics in Ulster are literally hewers of wood and drawers of water ; and, if their votes count for something, their social and commercial influence counts for practically nothing.

Now, when we find two-thirds of the population of a country entirely indifferent to a proposed measure, and when we find the remaining third, a very influential, wealthy, and powerful third, bitterly opposed to it and definitely prepared to resist it even by force ; and, further, when we find that the measure proposed would, if passed, be likely to have an injurious effect on the agricultural life which is the life of two-thirds of the nation, we need not hesitate to suggest that the measure had better be dropped. This is the state of the Home Rule Bill. Ulster is firmly opposed to it ; and the south, east, and west are, I repeat, indifferent to it. I have not come to this conclusion without very careful investigation ; but it is a conclusion which cannot be reached by anybody who confines his study of modern Ireland to the newspapers and to political speeches.

There is, however, another weighty reason why the Home

Rule Bill should not pass, and that is that the present system of having Ireland represented at Westminster is better than any other for the religious peace of the country. Let there be no mistake about it : a parliament in Dublin would inevitably be shaken by religious faction and would still further embitter feelings which had rather be left to calm down in the course of time—a long time, it should be added. Religion in Ireland is not a perfunctory performance, but something which is as deeply ingrained in the nature of the people as it was in the people of England when martyrs were burnt at the stake in Smithfield. In short, the religion of Irishmen is of such an extreme kind that it turns to fanaticism at the least sign of interference or even criticism. Few people unacquainted with the country can well imagine the acrimony which would be aroused by even the most trivial religious debate in a Dublin Parliament on some religious question. All this is avoided when Irish representatives of both sects meet in the more tolerant atmosphere of Westminster.

I feel conscious that in this article I have given expression to the hitherto inarticulate feelings of large and very influential groups of Irishmen of all classes. Doubtless by the time these words are in print the Home Rule Bill will again be on its way to the House of Lords, sent there by a mechanical majority, largely composed of Members of Parliament who have never shown the slightest understanding of Irish affairs. But this Bill cannot come into force this year; and while it is still possible to prevent it from reaching statutory authority I sincerely hope that the beliefs which, for the sake of the welfare of my country, I have attempted to express, will be taken into consideration by English statesmen.

J. M. KENNEDY.

ARCHDALE WILSON, THE CAPTOR OF DELHI :
A REJOINDER.¹

THE story of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 has a peculiar and special fascination for those who can remember that sad time. There were no telegraph cables in those days, and it took weeks to communicate between India and this country. The tragedies that were reported, as one native regiment after another turned against us, and massacres of Europeans took place, caused the nation to hold its breath in suspense from mail to mail. The fall of Delhi was one of the first signal triumphs over the rebels, and the news of it at once relieved the terrible tension at home, and gave a ray of hope that the British Raj would yet prevail in the struggle. No wonder that after more than half a century has gone by, the details of the siege and of the capture of Delhi are still of un-failing interest, or that the heroes who held on amid disease and death, and, after months of hard work and intense anxiety gained the day at the last, are still held in high honour.

In the March number of this *Review* an article appeared under the title of "Archdale Wilson, the Captor of Delhi," by Sir William Lee Warner, G.C.S.I. Disappointment must have been felt by many who read it to find that, instead of a stirring story of the siege and capture of Delhi from the pen of this able writer, an old and well-nigh forgotten controversy had been revived in the form of a vindication of Sir Archdale Wilson.

To anyone approaching the subject for the first time it must seem passing strange that any defence should be needed on behalf of a successful general, who, after a three months' siege, captured a fortress against great odds, won the thanks of his countrymen and the approbation and rewards of his sovereign, and was created a baronet of Delhi, in order that his name might be permanently associated with that city and the strenuous siege and assault which, ending in its capture, turned the tide of victory against the mutineers.

Those, however, who are familiar with the various histories of the Indian Mutiny from Kaye and Malleon onwards, and with the biographies of the heroes of that time, are well aware that the captor of Delhi is represented as a well-meaning soldier with a good record, who, in a bad state of health, found the responsibilities of his position too heavy for him, and showed an infirmity

(1) This paper, which should have appeared in the May number, had, unfortunately, to be deferred owing to lack of space.—ED., "F.R."

of purpose which was, fortunately, counteracted by the strong men on his staff on whose shoulders he was borne to victory.

It was in the pages of this periodical, thirty years ago, that the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman, who, as a young officer, was acting Adjutant-General at the siege of Delhi, entered the lists on behalf of Sir Archdale Wilson. He pleaded that complete justice had not been done to Wilson and others in R. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, which he was then engaged in reviewing. The evidence he adduced was of a purely negative character, as perhaps it was bound to be, but the outcome of his article went to show that, although Norman was in such close touch with Wilson as a member of his staff, he was unaware why these impressions of his general's lack of strength of character should have got about, and he knew of no justification for them. He thought that much might be said to show that, under most trying circumstances and in the worst health, Wilson exercised his command with judgment, and Sir Henry Norman intimated that at some future day, perhaps, he might say it himself.

Many years passed but he did not again intervene. We are told, indeed, that his anxiety to write his views increased when, in 1897, Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* and Colonel H. M. Vibart's *Richard Baird Smith* appeared, followed shortly afterwards by my own articles in the *Dictionary of National Biography* on Baird-Smith and Sir Archdale Wilson.

All that was written during the last few years of the nineteenth century went to support the opinion of the various preceding histories as to the character of the captor of Delhi. The authors of these histories were painstaking workers who were not likely to have accepted current rumours without making strict and diligent inquiry as to their accuracy. Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, and Colonel Vibart's *Richard Baird Smith*, added confirmation to what they had already made known, and the general verdict was—to put it in a nutshell—that Wilson was not a man of any strength of character, whereas he fortunately had the services on his staff of men who were equal to all emergencies and supported him through grave crises. One of these officers, when all was over and the staff dispersed after carrying their chief to victory, humorously observed, in writing to an old friend: "Archdale Wilson was scarcely less an obstacle than the walls of the place."

In my own dictionary article on Wilson I did my best to state the two sides of the question as they presented themselves to me, making every allowance possible for the heavy responsibility resting upon the General, but I was compelled to say that

"Wilson, good soldier as he was, with all his experience and distinguished service, was not a man of remarkable strength of character, but he had with him resolute men, who supported him and upon whom he wisely relied."

Sir Henry Norman took no further step to vindicate Wilson, but before he died he communicated to his friend, Sir William Lee Warner, his views upon points at issue between him and those writers who had failed to do justice to Wilson. Sir William believes it to be his duty to the memory of both Norman and Wilson to demonstrate that the captor of Delhi was not only a gallant and successful general, which is admitted by all, but was also a man of strong character, as to which there is a considerable difference of opinion.

From a military point of view this sort of controversy is to be regretted, and when the dictionary article appeared on Sir Archdale Wilson it was hoped that it had been closed, and, as was thought, with the consent of Sir Henry Norman himself.

It seems incredible that those who claim to have Sir Archdale Wilson's interests at heart should insist on opening old sores when there is nothing new of any value to produce that would throw any fresh light upon the controversy. *Cui bono?* might well be asked.

To begin with is it not a truism that a man of strong character is one who necessarily impresses himself upon all with whom he comes in contact, and the very fact that there should be any talk of weakness, despondency, hesitation, or want of decision in a man is sufficient to show that he had failed to so impress himself upon those about him. In this sense the atmosphere of doubt as to the general's strength of character must certainly be taken into consideration in such a delicate investigation.

No doubt Sir William Lee Warner is influenced, as Sir Henry Norman was thirty years ago, by generous sentiments for the captor of Delhi, and is sincerely convinced of the conclusion at which he has arrived; for he not only gives his reasons for the step he has taken and challenges reply, but he also states why he considers that the reopening of the question is urgent. He says:—

"The appearance of a dictionary to which all students 'look for facts and dates without embroidery,' which by general consent has become a national work of the highest authority, constitutes a decisive moment in historical controversy, and if no appeal is made within reasonable time, the court of history closes its doors. Another event has recently occurred which imports urgency to the question. Delhi has become the Capital of British India, and to the historic Ridge thousands have thronged and will continue to gather, who seek for true knowledge about the fifteen weeks' Siege which commenced on the 8th June, 1857, and ended on the 21st September,

when Wilson's headquarters were moved to the Palace of Delhi. For their instruction 'short accounts' are published, and *The Siege of Delhi*, compiled by Major-General A. G. Handcock, third edition 1899, repeats the oft-told tale which Norman held to be unjust to his Chief."

For these two reasons Sir W. Lee Warner considers it "a pressing duty to the memories of Wilson and Norman, as well as a public duty, to call attention to some correspondence and facts of the highest authority, some hitherto unpublished."

Perhaps we must not take too seriously Sir W. Lee Warner's reference to the court of history, or some indication might be required as to what is a reasonable time to expect the doors to be kept open. It is to me a novel proposition that they should ever be closed, either to the admission of fresh facts or to the expulsion of pretenders wrongly admitted. In my own lifetime how has the history I learnt as a boy been rewritten! so altered is it that many personages have assumed an entirely different complexion. Sometimes this process has been called white-washing. I do not think that in the dim future, when a new edition of the *Dictionary of National Biography* is called for, there need be any fear that the editor will not, on sufficient evidence, welcome any new facts that have come to light and make any needful corrections.

With regard to the publication of guide-books for Delhi trippers, based upon standard histories, I do not know what else the compiler could have done than use such histories. Possibly he might have been well advised to have omitted controversial matter altogether.

Before examining "the correspondence and facts of the highest authority" produced, it may be well to inquire what this plea for urgency in reopening the controversy precisely means. It is no doubt true that once a false statement is floated it becomes most difficult to overtake, and it dies hard. There is an extraordinary vitality about it which no contradiction seems to weaken. For instance, the well-known statement that "Nature abhors a vacuum" is always cropping up; while no amount of correction seems to stay the continued repetition of the report that Dr. Dionysius Lardner insisted that no steam vessel could ever cross the Atlantic! False statements concerning such a delicate matter as the strength of a man's character, once set afloat, are even less likely to be caught up and annihilated without an infinite persistence.

Therefore, while Sir W. Lee Warner is logical in demanding urgency, he must be very clear that a false case has been presented. Otherwise he may find that he has only given a wider circulation to that which he wished to condemn; for such a challenge to reopen this delicate question must inevitably lead

to the restating of the facts and the reweighing of the evidence. The reversal on insufficient grounds of the verdict hitherto given would be to play with facts and to falsify history.

I am glad to find that at any rate the controversy is narrowed down to two points. On page 419 of this *Review* Sir William Lee Warner says the two counts of indictment of Wilson's conduct are : (1) that he was reluctant to order an assault, and was only goaded into it by Baird Smith, Chamberlain, and Nicholson ; (2) that on the day of the assault (September 14th, 1857) after entering Delhi he was only prevented from retiring to the Ridge by their opposition.

To these two points I propose to address myself, but first I should like to clear away some misconceptions as to the value of the fresh facts and correspondence produced.

Sir W. Lee Warner attaches, in my view, far too much importance to the use of the term "council of war." In a copy of Cave Browne's *Narrative of the Punjab and Delhi*, which was in Wilson's possession, he tells us that against the following sentence : "By midday on the 13th (September) it was clear that the crowning assault was only a question of hours. The day before a council of war had sat," Wilson had written in the margin : "No council of war ever sat under my command. Every officer and staff(?) were assembled in my tent to hear the plan of attack and to write out what each had to do." This was evidently the usual meeting of a general with his principal officers before an assault. The references to "a council of war" in the Mutiny histories, as well as in *Forty-one Years in India*, are evidently not to be taken in the strictly accurate meaning, but as referring to the meetings of a general with his staff and principal officers. A council of war in its strict meaning is a meeting of generals of independent commands who have to take combined action. Meetings of the general and his staff at Delhi would appear to have been frequent, and to have been loosely called councils of war. So that this criticism seems to be a mare's nest. In any case, the particular meeting that took place on the 12th September was some days after the question of assault had been decided, and was convened to see that all the chief officers understood their duties in the assault.

And now for a word about the letter to Sir John Lawrence quoted on pp. 421 and 422 of this *Review*. Colonel Baird Smith arrived in camp on July 3rd as Chief Engineer under Major-General Sir Henry Barnard, who died shortly after of cholera. Barnard was succeeded by Major-General Reed, who was incapacitated by illness and invalided on the 17th July. Archdale Wilson then succeeded to the command, at a time when "it was

in contemplation," says Baird Smith, "to abandon our position before Delhi, to withdraw the army to the left bank of the Jumna, and, resuming our communications with the lower provinces, to wait for reinforcements." On the day Wilson assumed command Baird Smith therefore took the opportunity to urge on Wilson in the most pressing terms the necessity of holding the grip they then had on Delhi like grim death, not receding a foot from the ground they held, and he himself undertook the responsibility of making the position on the Ridge tenable against any assault. A long discussion terminated by the general saying he was glad to have had the case placed so fully and clearly before him, and that he was determined not to move from Delhi.

The result of this interview was the letter from Wilson of the 18th July to Sir John Lawrence, reprinted in the March number, where much is made of an omission by Bosworth Smith. Whatever R. Bosworth Smith may have omitted to quote, it is clear that Baird Smith and others called especial attention to the point that the Ridge was to be held to the last. Neither does the newly produced letter of 30th July, from Wilson to the Hon. J. R. Colvin, add anything to our knowledge. In it Wilson continued firm in his resolve to hold the position on the Ridge, and reinforcements were expected under Nicholson.

I am completely puzzled by the following statement of Sir W. Lee Warner on p. 425, where he says, "At any rate, those who condemn Wilson and shield themselves behind inferences drawn from Lord Roberts's account of the 'council of war' (chapter xvii., *Forty-one Years in India*), must reconsider their opinions as they read the following extract of a letter kindly addressed to the writer of this article by Lord Roberts on 3rd December, 1911." It looks as if the writer of the article had got rather hopelessly muddled, mixing up retirement and assault. Lord Roberts says he never stated there was a council of war to discuss retirement, and felt sure that Wilson never contemplated retirement. He is speaking of the "council of war" on the 7th September, which was called to discuss the question of bombardment and assault, and no one that I am aware of has suggested that retirement from the Ridge was then on the *tapis*. The question was the early assault of the place as soon as the bombardment had done its work, and that no delay should occur when the breaches were declared "practicable." Baird Smith's project of attack, as he himself tells us, had been ready for some time in anticipation, but it was not until the 7th September that General Wilson was moved to accept it and afterwards issue his spirited address to the army. When Sir Frederick Maunsell observes that on 6th September there was

no question of assault, he has overlooked the point that the arrangements had to be made beforehand, and it is expressly stated by Baird Smith that this was so.

Having shown, I venture to think, that there is really no new matter to be discussed, I will now deal with the two counts of indictment to which Sir W. Lee Warner proposes the inquiry should be restricted : (1) reluctance to order the assault ; (2) hesitation as to holding on to, or leaving, Delhi, on the 14th September after the assault.

Incidentally, if I have space, I shall examine the relations between Wilson and his Chief Engineer.

Field-Marshal Earl Roberts was a subaltern holding a staff appointment at the siege of Delhi in 1857, and it is, therefore, with personal knowledge that he writes, in his *Forty-one Years in India*, in reference to the assault :—

“By the 6th of September all the reinforcements that could be expected, including the Siege train . . . had arrived in camp, and the time had now come when it was necessary for Wilson to determine whether Delhi was to be assaulted, or whether the attempt must be given up. . . . But Wilson had never been sanguine as to the possibility of capturing Delhi without aid from the South. . . . He now was aware that no troops could be expected from the South, and Sir John Lawrence plainly told him that he had sent him the last man from the Punjab. On the 29th August, Lawrence wrote to Wilson : ‘There seem to be very strong reasons for assaulting as soon as practicable. Every day’s delay is fraught with danger. Every day disaffection and mutiny spread. Every day adds to the danger of the native princes taking part against us.’ But Wilson did not find it easy to make up his mind to assault. He was ill. Responsibility and anxiety had told upon him. He had grown nervous and hesitating, and the longer it was delayed the more difficult the task appeared to him. . . .

“The man to whom the Commander-in-Chief first looked for counsel under these conditions—Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers—proved himself worthy of the high and responsible position in which he was placed. He, too, was ill. Naturally of a delicate constitution, the climate and exposure from which he was suffering were aggravated by a wound he had received soon after his arrival in camp. He fully appreciated the tremendous risks which an assault involved, but in his opinion they were less than those of delay. Whether convinced or not by his Chief Engineer’s arguments, Wilson accepted his advice and directed him to prepare a plan of attack.

* * * * *

“It was under these critical circumstances that a council of war was convened to decide definitely whether the assault should take place or not.

“Nicholson was not a man of many intimacies, but, as his staff officer, I had been fortunate enough to gain his friendship. I was constantly with him, and on this occasion I was sitting in his tent before he set out to attend the council. He had been talking to me in confidential terms of personal matters, and ended by telling me of his intention to take a very unusual step should the council fail to arrive at any fixed determination regarding the assault. ‘Delhi must be taken,’ he said, ‘and it is absolutely essential that this should be done at once; and if Wilson hesitates longer, I intend to propose at to-day’s meeting that he should be superseded.’ . . .

"Happily, Nicholson was not called upon to take so unusual a step. I walked with him to the headquarters camp, waited in great excitement until the council of war was over, and when Nicholson issued from the General's tent, learnt, to my intense relief, that Wilson had agreed to the assault." (I., 212-216.)

I do not know what stronger testimony could be borne to the hesitation and irresolution of the general than the indelible impression made upon this young officer by an incident so dramatic, and which is supported by the minute written by Wilson himself on the project of attack and assault, submitted by Baird Smith.

The words of this minute were as follows :—

"It is evident to me that the results of the proposed operations will be thrown on the hazard of a die; but, under the circumstances in which I am placed, I am willing to try this hazard—the more so as I cannot suggest any other plan to meet our difficulties. I cannot, however, help being of opinion that the chances of success, under such a heavy fire as the working parties will be exposed to, are anything but favourable. I yield, however, to the judgment of the Chief Engineer. A. W."

Upon the copy of this minute Baird Smith wrote :—

"This, I think everyone would allow, places on my shoulders the undivided responsibility for the results of the Siege. It would, doubtless, have lightened that burden greatly had I felt assured of the hearty support and concurrence of the General in command; but the withholding of these was no sufficient cause for hesitation, and I was too glad of even a qualified consent to immediate action to be careful as to the terms in which it was given."

On the 11th September Brigadier John Nicholson wrote to Sir John Lawrence :—

"The game is completely in our hands; we only want the player to move the pieces. Fortunately, after making all kinds of objections and obstructions, and even threatening more than once to withdraw the guns and abandon the attempt, Wilson has made everything over to the Engineers, and they alone will deserve the credit of taking Delhi. Had Wilson carried out his threat of withdrawing the guns, I was quite prepared to appeal to the army to set him aside and elect a successor. The purport of his last memorandum in reply to the Engineers ran thus: 'I disagree with the Engineer entirely: I foresee great, if not insuperable, difficulties in the plan he proposes, but as I have no other plan I yield to the remonstrances of the Chief Engineer.'"

By midnight on the 13th September, Baird Smith was able to report to General Wilson that both breaches were "practicable," and urged upon him the importance of attacking without delay. Before they separated orders were issued for the assault to be made at daybreak of the 14th.

I now come to the other count of the indictment, the hesitation of Wilson, when the assault had been made on the 14th of September, as to whether he would hold on or retire. It should

be borne in mind that the indictment is not that he made arrangements or gave any orders in the direction of retirement, but that his mind was in a state of vacillation as to what he should do.

Lord Roberts, after describing the assault, says :—

"While what I have just described was taking place, I myself was with General Wilson. Edwin Johnson and I, being no longer required with the breaching batteries, had been ordered to return to our staff duties, and we accordingly joined the General at Ludlow Castle, where he arrived shortly before the assaulting columns moved from the cover of the Kudsia bagh.

"Wilson watched the assault from the top of the house, and when he was satisfied that it had proved successful, he rode through the Kashmir Gate to the church, where he remained for the rest of the day.

"He was ill and tired out, and as the day wore on and he received discouraging reports, he became more and more anxious and depressed. He heard of Reid's failure, and of Reid himself having been severely wounded; then came the disastrous news that Nicholson had fallen, and a report (happily false) that Hope Grant and Tombs were both killed. All this greatly agitated and distressed the General, until at last he began seriously to consider the advisability of leaving the city and falling back on the Ridge.

"I was ordered to go and find out the truth of these reports, and to ascertain exactly what had happened to No. 4 column and the cavalry on our right. (I., 235.)

* * * * *

"It seemed so important to acquaint the General without delay that Hope Grant and Tombs were both alive, that the cavalry had been relieved from their exposed position, and that there was no need for further anxiety about Reid's column, that I galloped back to the church as quickly as possible.

"The news I was able to give for the moment somewhat cheered the General, but did not altogether dispel his gloomy forebodings; and the failure of Campbell's column (which just at that juncture returned to the church), the hopelessness of Nicholson's condition, and, above all, the heavy list of casualties he received later, appeared to crush all spirit and energy out of him. His dejection increased, and he became more than ever convinced that his wisest course was to withdraw from the city. He would, I think, have carried out this fatal measure, notwithstanding that every officer on his staff was utterly opposed to any retrograde movement, had it not been his good fortune to have beside him a man sufficiently bold and resolute to stimulate his flagging energies. Baird Smith's indomitable courage and determined perseverance were never more conspicuous than at that critical moment, when, though suffering intense pain from his wound, and weakened by a wasting disease, he refused to be put upon the sick list; and on Wilson appealing to him for advice as to whether he should or should not hold on to the position we had gained, the short but decisive answer, 'We *must* hold on,' was given in such a determined and uncompromising tone that it put an end to all discussion.

"Neville Chamberlain gave similar advice. Although still suffering from his wound, and only able to move about with difficulty, he had taken up his position at Hindoo Rao's house, from which he exercised, as far as his physical condition would allow, a general supervision and control over the events that took place on the right of the Ridge. He was accompanied by Daly and a very distinguished native officer of the Guides, named Khan

Sing Rosa, both of whom, like Chamberlain, were incapacitated by wounds from active duty. From the top of Hindoo Rao's house Chamberlain observed the first successes of the columns, and their subsequent checks and retirements, and it was while he was there that he received two notes from General Wilson. In the first, written after the failure of the attacks on the Jama Masjid and the Lahore Gate, the General asked for the Baluch battalion, which, at Chamberlain's request, had been sent to reinforce Reid's Column, and in it he expressed the hope that 'we shall be able to hold what we have got.' In the second note, written at four o'clock in the afternoon, the General asked whether Chamberlain 'could do anything from Hindoo Rao's house to assist,' adding, 'our numbers are frightfully reduced, and we have lost so many senior officers that the men are not under proper control; indeed, I doubt if they could be got to do anything dashing. I want your advice. If the Hindoo Rao's picquet cannot be moved, I do not think we shall be strong enough to take the city.' Chamberlain understood General Wilson's second note to imply that he contemplated withdrawing the troops from the city, and he framed his reply accordingly. In it he urged the necessity for holding on to the last. . . ." (I. 287-289.)

It so happens that in January, 1884, this interpretation of Chamberlain's reading of the second note was called in question by Colonel S. Dewé White. He wrote to the late Field Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain on the subject and received the following reply, dated Lordswood, Southampton, 24th January, 1884 :—

"I am unable to accept the view you take as to my having been under an 'erroneous impression,' and having 'drawn a hasty conclusion' with regard to the meaning of General Wilson's note to me on the afternoon of the 14th Sept. (1857).

"I understood at the time, and I still hold to the belief, that the General's note to me referred to the question as to whether, in my opinion, he should hold on to what we possessed of the city, or whether he should withdraw from it.

"In one paragraph of that note General Wilson says, 'I want your advice,' and, at the end of the note, he says, 'I have just heard that you have returned to camp, but still ask your opinion and advice.'

"If the opinion and advice asked for did not refer to withdrawal, to what other question could it have referred? The note was written about 4 p.m. It was at that time beyond dispute that our troops were exhausted, and somewhat dispirited, three of our columns of attack (exclusive of the Kashmir contingent) having failed to realise what had been expected of them.

"General Wilson uses the words: 'Our numbers are frightfully reduced, and we have lost so many senior officers that the men are not under proper control—indeed, I doubt if they could be got to do anything dashing.' Again, he says: 'If the Hindoo Rao picquet cannot be moved, I do not think we shall be strong enough to take the city.'

"I can only repeat that I replied to the General's note entirely in the sense that he had asked my opinion whether, under the existing circumstances, it was right to hold on to what we possessed of the city, or to withdraw.

"Unless the alternative of *withdrawal* was passing through General Wilson's mind when he wrote to me, what could have been his object in asking my opinion? There was assuredly no occasion why he should ask me how he could best make secure for the night the very small portion of the town

which was in our possession, and, I submit, that by no reasonable interpretation could his words be construed into that meaning. The possibility of further advance had been proved impracticable.

"Again, I would ask whether it is reasonable that had I so entirely misrepresented the meaning of General Wilson's note as to reply to it as I did, would he not have taken the earliest opportunity of correcting my error, instead of waiting, as you seem to conclude might have been the case, until I had questioned him on the subject?

"The point was certainly not one of trivial importance, and therefore not such as to be passed over by the General.

"Captain Turnbull was the aide-de-camp who brought me the note. Major (now Lieutenant-General) Daly was the only other British officer with me at the time. Both of these officers, I am convinced, understood this note in the sense I put upon it, and both these officers were aware of the nature of my reply. My right arm was then useless to me, and my answer was dictated and was given to the A.D.C. to take to the General.

"Whether Captain Turnbull is alive, I know not; but General Daly is living in the Isle of Wight.

"I am unable to say on what authority Kaye and Malleson quote Baird Smith. I only know that Baird Smith told me on my first joining Headquarters inside Delhi that General Wilson had asked his opinion in the afternoon of the 14th September as to the advisability of withdrawing from the city.

"The facts of the case, as having reference to myself, are as I have stated them to be, and I am unable to see how the evidence of others, or their opinions, or their conclusions, can in any way be held to invalidate my testimony.

"I have never said that General Wilson intended to withdraw the troops. I merely say that he asked my opinion on that point, and that Baird Smith told me that he had consulted him as to the advisability of withdrawal; beyond this, I know nothing. I will only add that General Wilson was in error in supposing that I had returned to camp; I received the note at Hindoo Rao's, which I did not leave till the evening, and then only to go and see my friend, John Nicholson. If, after the receipt of what I have now written, you still hold to the opinion expressed in your letter to me, I think I may ask that, in fairness to myself and to the memory of Baird Smith, you will publish my reply as a note to your work.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) Neville Chamberlain."

The last evidence I submit as to the hesitation of General Wilson inside Delhi on the 14th September is to be found in a letter written by Baird Smith in 1860 to quiet his wife's apprehensions as to statements depreciating his work as Chief Engineer at Delhi, and attributing it to his executive officer, Captain Alexander Taylor :—

"I think you may dismiss from your mind all sense of trouble about the injustice done to my work at Delhi. It is just as certain as that I am alive to say so, that from the day I joined, to the day I left, not a single vital act was done,¹ but under my orders and on my sole responsibility; and I know well that, but for my resolute determination, humanly speaking, there would have been no Siege of Delhi at all; and even that assault, which

(1) This, of course, refers solely to his own engineer work.—R. H. V.

gave value by its success to all the exertions that were made, would have ended in deplorable disaster, had I not withstood with effect the desire of General Wilson to withdraw the troops from the city on the failure of Brigadier Campbell's column. Nobody does heartier justice to Taylor's devotion, capacity and zeal than I do. No personal consideration would, for one moment, induce me to detract, even in the faintest degree, from them; but he was, throughout, my most able and most trusted subordinate, working wholly at my risk, and on my responsibility, in the one department entrusted to him, namely, the executive duties."

The above evidence, reproduced from the written words of Lord Roberts, Baird Smith, John Nicholson, and Wilson himself, seems conclusive as to the reluctance felt by Archdale Wilson to give orders for the attack and assault of Delhi; while the orders, when given, endeavoured to throw the onus on the Chief Engineer.

Equally cogent is the evidence of Lord Roberts, Baird Smith, and Neville Chamberlain as to the state of hesitation and indecision in which Wilson was after the assault on the 14th September, when he was doubtful if he could hold on to Delhi or would retire to the Ridge.

Space does not allow me to refer in detail to the extracts which have been published from the very interesting daily correspondence between Baird Smith at Delhi and his wife at Rurki. They are to be found in Colonel Vibart's little book, *Richard Baird Smith*. Written on the spur of the moment, without reserve, they bear valuable testimony to the good relations which, in spite of many difficulties, Baird Smith insisted on maintaining with his chief, whom he treats as a man to be pitied, humoured, and persuaded into going along the pathway marked out for him by his Chief Engineer.

The above evidence of unimpeachable witnesses, which I have adduced to prove the two counts of the indictment, suggested for discussion, must be well known to Sir W. Lee Warner, but its recapitulation may have the advantage of re-assuring those who read his article that our standard histories of the Indian Mutiny are not quite so unreliable as they have been represented to be. Sir William Lee Warner will be more interested to learn that the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman, G.C.B., having intimated that he would be pleased to give me information about Wilson and Delhi, I had a long talk with him at the Athenæum Club on the 10th November, 1898. Of this conversation I made notes at the time, and in looking over them I find that after giving me many interesting details, he allowed me to put to him some pointed questions, to which he was good enough to reply quite frankly. I asked him whether he considered Archdale Wilson a man of strong character. He

replied that from his previous record, and all that he had heard and known of him, he thought he was the best man for the command under the circumstances; that no doubt he was of an anxious temperament, and his character could not accurately be described as strong.

I next asked him his opinion of the letter from Wilson to Sir John Lawrence of the 18th July. He admitted that in this letter Wilson had given himself away, and had not added to his reputation. I further asked what he thought of Wilson's letter to Baird Smith of the 20th August. He said it must be remembered, that Wilson was in great ignorance of what was going on elsewhere, and thought if he pressed sufficiently for reinforcements they would be available. He considered the letter unwise, but that it was only intended to extract more men from the authorities.

At this interview with Sir Henry Norman I gave him a rough idea of the line I proposed to take, viz., to state each side of the controversy and give my judgment. He seemed quite satisfied. He told me he had intended writing a book about Delhi, but had been too much occupied to do so and doubted if his intention ever would be fulfilled. I never heard from Sir Henry on this subject again, and it was a surprise to me to learn that he continued to wish to reopen a controversy which I understood was closed with his consent.

In conclusion, I may say that I agree generally with the apophthegm propounded by General Sir Frederick Maunsell: "A general is to be judged by his acts and success, not by what he does not do." But to claim that therefore Sir Archdale Wilson must have been "a man of nerve and determination of character," as Sir G. W. Forrest calls him, is another thing altogether, and enough to raise the shades of Chamberlain, Nicholson, and Baird Smith in protest.

ROBT. H. VETCH, Colonel.

LORD CROMER ON DISRAELI.

MOST people have read Lord Cromer's remarkable study of Disraeli, republished from the *Spectator*. It contains passages that are full of insight. But it includes a severe—and I think an unjust—indictment. "Disraeli," Lord Cromer writes, was a "political adventurer" who "used his genius to found a political school based on extreme self-seeking opportunism. In this respect he cannot be acquitted of the charge of having contributed towards the degradation of English political life."

Lord Cromer's accusation has called forth indignant protests from Disraeli's admirers. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at that the generation which knew the Disraeli of the 'seventies should resent an account which ranked the great Tory statesman of their youth as nothing better than an unprincipled and self-seeking adventurer. I venture to think that all the most interesting passages in Lord Cromer's analysis of Disraeli's character may stand, while yet one may strongly join issue with him on his disparaging conclusion. A self-seeking adventurer and opportunist is one who lacks, or at least does not act upon, political convictions, and has no other aims besides his own personal advancement. I do not think this can possibly be said of Disraeli in the face of obvious facts. His active mind was full of views and aims quite unconnected with his personal advancement. No doubt there was an element of opportunism in his early career, and he had a passion for success. He conceived a determination which hardly anyone in his position would have ventured to conceive, that he would rise to the very top of the political ladder; and only an indomitable pluck which was not over sensitive to petty scruples could have enabled him to realise that ambition. For him to get into Parliament at all was difficult. He had to look for help where he could get it. And, agreeing with neither party, he did avail himself of assistance from members of both. Had Disraeli at the outset relied for success on nothing but the scrupulous advocacy of political ideals, he could never have become a great statesman at all. He would not have had the chance, for he would never have got to the front. Lord Cromer seems to me curiously to ignore this. He deals with Disraeli's earlier career as though it were exclusively an index, and a complete index, to his inspiring motives and ideals, quite apart from his sheer necessities. It might be so in the case of one who began political life with such advantages as William

Pitt, for whom an independent position was secure from the first. Pitt was free to concentrate his energies on public objects with little or no *arrière pensée* to personal advancement. With Disraeli it was otherwise. He had to push to the front rank. It was only after he had got there that he could adequately display his larger aims as a statesman.

But even in his early career Disraeli was not opportunist at the cost of being false to his convictions. He never for a moment pretended to endorse the views of the leaders of the Whig party, though he had friends in the rank and file. On the contrary, he consistently denounced them. His vehement personal attacks on Peel may have been largely prompted by opportunist motives. Grant Duff relates in his Diary that Disraeli excused his action to Peel's daughter on that very ground. "It was a splendid opportunity for a young man," he said. And he added: "Did you ever see a little dog bark at a big dog? I was that little dog." But while these personal assaults on Peel brought him to the front, they involved no unfaithfulness to conviction. Disraeli adhered consistently to Peel's earlier policy (in which he had concurred) of moderate Protection, of a modification of the Corn Laws as opposed to their repeal. It was Peel who changed, and not Disraeli. Thus Lord Cromer cannot in this matter justly accuse Disraeli of any desertion of political principles. He is only justified in saying that Disraeli advocated what were his genuine views in such a manner as to tell for his own advancement. To depict him as merely an opportunist is, indeed, to miss the very essence of his genius. The thorough-going opportunist is a trimmer. He is the antithesis to the man of ideas. And the author of *Coningsby* and *Sibyl* was pre-eminently a man of ideas. This, indeed, Lord Cromer elsewhere in his article to some extent recognises. But he nowhere recognises that it was to the ideas and not to opportunist methods that Disraeli mainly looked for achieving success. We are told in *Coningsby* that the second-rate man succeeds by intrigue, the first-rate man by great talents and great truths. Disraeli regarded himself as a first-rate man, and he meant to tread the first-rate man's path to success.

Lord Cromer makes the same mistake as do those who accuse indiscriminately of selfishness all who seek after their own happiness. Ambition, like the desire for happiness, is natural to man. It is hard to get away from either: but we may seek happiness either by satisfying our higher nature which prompts us to beneficence, or by purely selfish pleasure. And a statesman may gratify ambition for success by striving merely to be prominent, or to be really great. Disraeli certainly aimed at the latter.

And no mere opportunist can become a great leader of men. Lord Cromer does not exaggerate the degree of Disraeli's ambition, but he mistakes its quality.

But, moreover, Lord Cromer seems to regard as the main characteristic of Disraeli's whole career, the degree of opportunism which was a simple necessity for success at first. Yet it was by no means especially characteristic of his action after he had "arrived." An element of opportunism is found in every practical statesman. It was not more conspicuous in Dizzy in his later life than it was, for example, in Palmerston. In the great measures of his first premiership—the extension of the franchise and the removal of Jewish disabilities—his action was the reverse of opportunist in the ordinary sense. He opposed rather than fell in with the current of traditional opinion in the Tory party, and carried into effect his own long-standing convictions.

Then, again, Lord Cromer ignores the elements in his foreign policy, which, during his second tenure of highest office, lifted English statesmanship once again, as Palmerston had lifted it, above the somewhat parochial standpoint of Mr. Gladstone and of the Manchester school. Doubtless there were startling actions which were denounced by critics as theatrical. But they were often justified by the event. One of his severest critics—Grant Duff—who had laughed at Disraeli's rather sensational purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which secured for England the key to India, had the candour to admit in later years that it had proved an immense financial success.¹ When our ships appeared suddenly at the Dardanelles in 1877, and when the Indian troops were sent to Malta, people talked of a *coup de théâtre*, but the demonstration had its effect on the Russians.² The treaty of St. Stefano and the Berlin Congress were largely due to what Russia took to be signs that England was in earnest and prepared to act.

Lord Cromer's criticism on Disraeli's policy of democratic Toryism, while undoubtedly it has some force, nevertheless fails to face the crux of the question as a practical one, namely, that the alternative policy of making the Tory party dependent on the middle classes was, in the 'fifties and 'sixties, impossible. The alliance between the bulk of the middle classes and the Liberals was very closely cemented. The wage-earning class was, so to say, much more open to an offer from the Tories. This was decisive for a practical statesman, though I admit that a special alliance with the shop-keeping classes would

(1) *Out of the Past*, by Sir M. E. Grant Duff (Murray), Vol. II., p. 207.

(2) The general impression on the Continent had been that India would be a source of embarrassment in case of war. But the arrival of Indian troops in Malta set free our own troops for active service elsewhere.

in any case have been very repugnant to Disraeli's prejudices. There is, no doubt, some truth in Lord Cromer's contention that the middle class, which has a certain stake in the country, would form a more reliable support for Conservatism than the wage-earning class. The wage-earning class is the demagogue's natural prey. It has less to lose by revolution, and has less knowledge and critical power wherewith to appraise the real value of a specious promise. Radicals can always go "one better" than Conservatives in the demagogue's bids for support. But in the 'fifties and 'sixties the alliance between the middle class and the Whigs was too firm to be broken.

Mr. Monypenny's remarks on Disraeli's consistency (in the first volume of his biography) are, I think, very just. So far as ideas go, Disraeli was from first to last consistent. His faith in democracy, his reverence for traditional institutions, his dislike of the Whig oligarchy, his desire to secure a modification of the Corn Laws, but without the sacrifice of agricultural interests, his sympathy with the people before such sympathies had become fashionable—all these are visible in Disraeli's public utterances from first to last. He had not, as Mr. Monypenny happily expresses it, "the self-conscious consistency of the moral precisian"; but certain cardinal ideas possessed him, and possessed him consistently. Why then was he accused of inconsistency? Because the world is apt to measure consistency in a statesman rather by the etiquette of party allegiance which it understands than by ideas which it does not understand. Yet as Mr. Monypenny says, "A man with a perfectly consistent party record will be more likely to win distinction as a good partisan than as a great statesman. If we are to measure consistency by ideas," Mr. Monypenny continues, "Disraeli is the most consistent [among his contemporaries], and yet more than any of the others he was to suffer throughout his career from the reputation of political time-server and adventurer acquired in these early and errant years. In one sense this reputation was wholly unjust; in another it had not been unprovoked, nor, indeed, wholly undeserved. In his guiding principles and ideas he had changed far less than most of his judges and critics, but the world, which looks only to externals, saw that he had been in communication, if not in co-operation, with men at the opposite poles of politics, and drew its conclusions accordingly. He had been too eager in his desire for tangible and immediate success, too reckless in his disregard for the conventions of political life; and he had thus aroused in many a distrust which he was never wholly to allay."¹

At the same time, while I admit Mr. Monypenny's plea that

(1) *Life of Disraeli*, I., p. 277.

Disraeli was essentially consistent, it cannot be denied that his irrepressible habit of banter sometimes suggested a lower standard of political consistency than he really acted on. For example, the racy passage on party allegiance in his now forgotten novel, *The Young Duke*, which was avowedly autobiographical, must have confirmed the solemn critics in their estimate of him as a political *farceur*.

"Am I a Whig or a Tory? I forget. As for the Tories, I admire antiquity, particularly a ruin; even the relics of the Temple of Intolerance have a charm. I think I am a Tory. But then the Whigs give such good dinners, and are the most amusing. I think I am a Whig. But then the Tories are so moral, and morality is my forte; I must be a Tory. But the Whigs dress so much better; and an ill-dressed party, like an ill-dressed man, must be wrong. Yes! I am a decided Whig.

"And yet—I feel like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy.

"I think I will be a Whig and Tory alternate nights, and then both will be pleased; or I have no objection, according to the fashion of the day, to take place under a Tory ministry, provided I may vote against them."

Disraeli's political seriousness and earnestness is, I think, the true problem, not his sincerity. Sincerity is sometimes understood to mean frankness. If so, he was the most sincere of politicians. It is his own naked avowals that fame was his chief object that have put weapons into Lord Cromer's hands. Political sincerity may again mean consistency. If so, Disraeli has a strong case—stronger than that of his two chief opponents—Peel and Gladstone—each of whom can be charged with at least two famous reversals of their own policy. But sincerity may also mean depth and seriousness. How deeply and how seriously do public objects, which we genuinely desire, move us? How deep is their force as motives? Johnson denied depth of sincerity to the butcher who descanted on patriotism. "When," he remarked, "a butcher says his heart bleeds for his country, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling." How far were Disraeli's real convictions deeply serious? How far did a certain underlying cynicism accompany all his aspirations? Here we have an interesting question which cannot be answered without a study of Disraeli's very peculiar mental temperament. This has been a puzzle to the ordinary Englishmen—largely, no doubt, because of the Oriental element in it on which Lord Cromer dwells. The aims and motives of the Oriental puzzle us much as a cat puzzles us. We know when a dog is pleased and what he wants; but the emotions of a cat are often shrouded in mystery for us. Indeed, one of our poets once compared a cat to the mysterious Oriental, a bustling collie dog to the straightforward Western. But we have, moreover, to consider in Disraeli not a type—for he had many qualities dis-

tinctly English (his courage and pertinacity for example)—but a very unique individual.

The twelfth Duke of Somerset—Disraeli's old friend long before he entered the House of Commons—has left it on record that he once asked Disraeli in early years what he considered the most desirable life. Disraeli replied: "A continued grand procession from manhood to the tomb."¹ Grant Duff records in his Diaries how, at the great party given to open the Foreign Office when Disraeli was Prime Minister in the 'seventies, after handing the Princess of Wales to her carriage, he came back and saw in the hall, waiting for her own carriage, the Duchess of Somerset, who had been so kind to him in the days of his struggling youth. The whole drama of life seemed to flash upon him suddenly. He turned to her and said: "Isn't it all a play?" Life was to Disraeli always something of a drama in which he meant to play a prominent part—a pictorial procession of great men, among whom he meant to be conspicuous. He had a touch of megalomania, and a touch of the theatrical. Without for a moment saying that his conception of life was immoral, I think it is true to say that it was somewhat non-moral. While his immediate aims grew far larger and less personal after he had attained success, while he concentrated on important public objects and conceived a great policy of imperialism, his dramatic way of viewing life never left him. It was an unalterable *trait* in his mental character.

We see it plainly in the graphic accounts of his doings and triumphs contained in his early letters to his friends. As quite a lad he was sent to Abbotsford to negotiate on Murray's behalf with Lockhart and Sir Walter Scott concerning the founding of a newspaper—the *Representative*. He writes from thence with all the airs of an ambassador. The proposed journal is to be a great international power, a "mighty engine." Its writers are to include the greatest men of the day, foreigners as well as Englishmen. The delicate negotiations with Abbotsford are shrouded in mystery. The eminent personages concerned are alluded to, not by their names, but by a prearranged code. Murray is warned to stay in London, as the chief actors may find it the best diplomacy to come up quite suddenly. His friends, amused at his pose, dubbed him "the young plenipotentiary."

The letters to his sister Sarah, during his foreign tour of 1830, are, again, intensely dramatic. They evince the fascination which the mere drama of life, with its startling and picturesque incidents, had for him. To play a conspicuous part in this drama was a passion so overwhelming that at first he thirsted even for notoriety in default of fame of higher quality. We have often heard of

(1) *Disraeli*, by W. Meynell (Hutchinson), p. 185

Disraeli's extravagant dress in his early years. Perhaps few people before Mr. Monypenny's volumes appeared had realised quite how far it went; or his love of making even a momentary sensation by it and being stared at. I dwell on this fact, as I think it is really indicative of a marked and permanent feature in his character which had serious consequences. When he went for a foreign tour with his friend Meredith in 1830, the account of his performances in this line would be almost incredible, but for unquestionably authentic records. He appeared to change one fantastic dress for another almost every day. Meredith thus describes his appearance when Disraeli came to see him some time before they started on their travels: "He came up Regent Street when it was crowded, in his blue surtout, a pair of military light blue trousers, black stockings with red stripes, and shoes! 'The people,' he said, 'quite made way for me as I passed. It was like the opening of the Red Sea, which I now perfectly believe from experience. Even well-dressed people stopped to look at me.' I should think so!" adds Meredith.

On his first meeting a few days later with Lytton Bulwer at dinner in Hertford Street, his appearance was thus described by his host: "He wore green velvet trousers, a canary-coloured waistcoat, low shoes, silver buckles, lace at his wrists, and his hair in ringlets."

In the course of his wanderings he broke out into fresh extravagances. He spent part of his time at Malta in company with Mr. James Clay—afterwards a well-known member of Parliament. One week they went yachting, and Disraeli donned a fresh costume to suit the occasion, which he thus describes to his brother:—

"I have spent very agreeable hours in a yacht which Clay has hired, and in which he intends to turn pirate. The original plan was to have taken it together, but Meredith was averse to this, and we have become his passengers at a fair rate, and he drops us whenever and wherever we like. You should see me in the costume of a Greek pirate. A blood-red shirt, with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue striped jacket and trousers."

His overweening self-confidence made him think his extravagance impressive and thoroughly welcome. He assumed the languor of an *exquisite*, and gave himself the superior airs of an intellectualist who looked down on the ordinary sports of youth. He writes as follows from Malta:—

"Here the youngers do nothing but play rackets, billiards and cards, race and smoke. To govern men you must either excel them in their accomplishments or despise them. Clay does the one; I do the other; and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday at

the racket court, the ball entered and lightly struck me. I took it up, and, observing a young rifleman, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day."

Unfortunately, Sir William Gregory has left an account derived from Clay himself of the impression Disraeli made on his company, which tells a very different story :—

"When the two got into society," Sir William writes, "Disraeli made himself so hateful to the officers' mess that, while they welcomed Clay, they ceased to invite 'that damned bumptious Jew boy.'"

It seems that when he did dine with the officers he appeared in Andalusian dress, "in his *majo* jacket," writes Meredith, "white trousers, and a sash of all the colours in the rainbow. In this wonderful costume he [also] paraded all round Valetta, followed by one half of the population of the place, and, as he said, putting a complete stop to all business."

When he gets to Yanina he is intoxicated with the general splendour and colour of the costumes and the Oriental air of the place, and is prompted to don an entirely fresh costume *à la Turque*. It is all described by him in a letter to Benjamin Austen :—

"I can give you no idea in a letter of all the Pashas, and all the Silictars, and all the Agas that I have visited and have visited me; all the pipes I smoked, all the coffee I sipped, all the sweetmeats I devoured. . . . For a week I was in a scene equal to anything in the 'Arabian Nights'—such processions, such dresses, such *cortèges* of horsemen, such caravans of camels. Then the delight of being made much of by a man who was daily decapitating half the Province. Every morning we paid visits, attended reviews, and crammed ourselves with sweetmeats; every evening dancers and singers were sent to our quarters by the Vizier or some Pasha. . . ."

"I am quite a Turk, wear a turban, smoke a pipe six feet long, and squat on a divan. Mehemet Pasha told me that he did not think I was an Englishman because I walked so slow: in fact, I find the habits of this calm and luxurious people entirely agree with my own preconceived opinions of propriety and enjoyment, and I detest the Greeks more than ever. You have no idea of the rich and various costume of the Levant. When I was presented to the Grand Vizier I made up such a costume from my heterogeneous wardrobe that the Turks, who are mad on the subject of dress, were utterly astounded. . . ."

Further details of the costume are given by Meredith: "Figure to yourself," he writes to a friend, "a shirt entirely red, with silver studs as large as sixpences, green pantaloons with a velvet stripe down the sides, and a silk Albanian shawl with a long fringe of divers colours round his waist, red Turkish slippers, and, to complete all, his Spanish *majo* jacket covered with embroidery and ribbons." "Questo vestito Inglese o di fantasia?" asked a

"little Greek physician who had passed a year at Pisa in his youth." "Inglese e fantastico," was Disraeli's oracular reply.

Throughout his travels we see both his keen sense of the dramatic and his love of splendour. This could easily be illustrated at great length.

When he is in Spain he writes from Cadiz : "The white houses and the green jalousies sparkle in the sun. Figaro is in every street, Rosina in every balcony." From a score of letters in the same strain I select a quotation from one to his mother, written from Granada :—

"A Spanish lady with her fan might shame the tactics of a troop of horse. Now she unfurls it with the slow pomp and conscious elegance of a peacock. Now she flutters it with all the languor of a listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Now, in the midst of a very tornado, she closes it with a whirl which makes you start, pop! In the midst of your confusion Dolores taps you on the elbow; you turn round to listen, and Florentina pokes you in your side. Magical instrument! You know that it speaks a particular language, and gallantry requires no other mode to express its most subtle conceits or its most unreasonable demands than this slight, delicate organ. But remember, while you read, that it is not here, as in England, confined alone to your delightful sex. I also have my fan, which makes my cane extremely jealous. If you think I have grown extraordinarily effeminate, learn that in this scorching clime the soldier will not mount guard without one. Night wears on, we sit, we take a *panal*, which is as quick work as snapdragon, and far more elegant; again we stroll. Midnight clears the public walks, but few Spanish families retire till two. A solitary bachelor like myself still wanders, or still lounges on a bench in the *warm* moonlight. The last guitar dies away, the cathedral clock wakes up your reverie, you, too, seek your couch, and, amid a gentle, sweet flow of loveliness, and light, and music, and fresh air, thus dies a day in Spain."

When he gets to the East the drama heightens. A touch of the theatrical comes out in a phrase he uses in a letter to Mrs. Austen : "All was like life in a *pantomime* or an Eastern tale of enchantment."

Of course, he imagined himself as playing a central rôle in this fascinating drama of life, and his methods were marked by dramatic effects. This was apparent in his later career, as well as in his earlier struggle for place. But these effects did not ever consist in a mere skilful playing to the gallery with a view to winning applause—the course of a systematic opportunist. On the contrary, just as he irritated the officers at mess, so he later on irritated many of his constituents by his affectations and showy dress, and eventually irritated the House of Commons in his first speech by his turgid and bombastic eloquence. No doubt the resolute determination to get on made him gradually correct faults which offended those on whom his success depended. But in the first instance he was acting in the drama of life a part suited

to his own sense of what that drama should be. And thus he was dramatic in pursuing even his highest political ideals. He was making history. History was for him a scenic drama, and he cared only for its stirring pages.

His Oriental love of magnificence never woke a response in his English followers. It did not in early years contribute to his personal popularity—rather the reverse. But it had a large part in the picture of his own life which satisfied his ideal. Probably he needed for his taste appreciative sympathy from some—and he got it from Bulwer, from his wife, and, more than all, from his sister Sarah, to whom he was so devoted and who so entirely shared his own likes and dislikes. Sarah Disraeli died before her brother became Prime Minister in 1867, and pathetic is the record by Sir Philip Rose of Disraeli's reply to a word said to him on this subject. Rose lamented that Sarah had not lived to see the great day, and Disraeli, deeply affected, could only reply in a few broken words: "Ah! poor Sa, poor Sa; we've lost our audience, we've lost our audience!"

Grant Duff—not perhaps a wholly sympathetic critic, but a faithful raconteur—used to declare that Disraeli involuntarily let out the feeling he had that he was taking part in a dramatic representation by referring to Her Majesty's Government in a speech as "Her Majesty's Company."

Dramatic surprises were, of course, to the end a characteristic feature in Disraeli's policy. During the few years of his glory in the 'seventies, a stern Whig critic remarked, "Lord Beaconsfield has taken John Bull to Cremorne. The old fellow rather likes it, but there will be a morrow to the debauch." His sense of the dramatic did not desert him as the drama drew to a close. Someone asked him when he got to the House of Lords how he liked it. He replied: "I feel that I am dead, but in the Elysian fields." Lord Ronald Gower has given an account of him sitting looking into the fire in his last years, conjuring up the picture of old friends who were dead, and murmuring: "Dreams, dreams, dreams!"

With the frankness that characterised him throughout, he faced the inevitable end. As he drove with Lord Salisbury from one polling booth to another during the election of 1880, and saw that a Liberal victory was inevitable, he remarked, "What a difference age makes: to you, I suppose, all this is agreeable excitement, to me it is the end of all things."

One more word as to Disraeli's determination to succeed. Most people have heard of his shouting out to a hostile House of Commons after his first speech, "The time will come when you will hear me." Ten years earlier he had advised a friend to keep

his letters, as they would some day be worth ten guineas apiece. Most people have heard of his telling Lord Melbourne, after he had been in the House two years, that he meant to be Prime Minister. Not so many, perhaps, have heard that Lord Melbourne, who had treated the remark at the time as the vagary of an eccentric, lived to see him chosen leader of the party in 1848, and, on hearing the news, exclaimed: "By God! the fellow will do it yet." I desire, however, here to emphasise a further point. He wanted not only fame, but the sweets of fame. And he wanted them while he could enjoy them. He was an epicure in his ambition, though he would toil for his pleasures. He once said that he must get fame as a young man, and could not be satisfied with waiting for it until old age. Anyhow, he pooh-poohed the idea of posthumous fame being worth anything. When he published the first part of his only epic poem, he introduced it to the public with these words: "I am not one who finds consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity. The public will decide whether this work is to be continued and completed. If it passes its vote in the negative, I shall, without a pang, hurl my lyre to limbo."

One of his characters in *Contarini Fleming* gives utterance to the same sentiment in the following words: "A man of great energies aspires that they shall be felt in his lifetime; that his existence should be rendered more intensely vital by the constant consciousness of his multiplied and multiplying power. Is posthumous fame a substitute for all this?"

The passion for fame seems to have cost him at moments when he doubted of success all the pain that a hopeless love passion sometimes costs—if we are to take as autobiographical another passage in the same novel: "To feel the strong necessity of fame . . . with no simultaneous faith in your own power" causes "despondency for which no immortality can compensate."

This thirst for immediate results, this determination that the excitement of political fame should come at once, was, I think, illustrative of his view of life as a drama and no more. It meant a certain want of deep faith, and consequently of the deepest seriousness. There was a touch of scepticism and irony underlying his fascination in the drama. Yet his fascinated interest in it all contributed to the picturesqueness and the attractiveness of his own life. Of this I shall say more directly.

One quality he possessed which is often lacking in Englishmen—extreme frankness. Personal ambition was openly proclaimed in a famous speech as the ruling motive of his life. This out-spokenness was opposed to English virtues and to English vices alike. Most Englishmen, while they are prepared

to respect avowed ambition if it is an ambition to do great things for one's country or for the world, are not prepared to respect what seems to be mere self-seeking, still less its open avowal. But again, to this high standard among Englishmen, often corresponds what may fairly be called a vice—a touch, at all events, of hypocrisy. A Frenchman once defended it by saying, “*L’hypocrisie est l’hommage que la vice rend à la vertu.*” Many Englishmen, whose ruling passion is personal ambition in the same sense as it was with Disraeli, profess to be actuated rather by public-spirited motives which in reality have no effect on them at all. Even to themselves they will not own the truth of which they are ashamed as Disraeli did without shame. Mr. Snodgrass protested: “It was not the wine, it was the salmon.” Disraeli was destitute both of the English scruple, and of its corresponding vice. In all this the fates provided him with a most effective foil in the person of his famous antagonist—Mr. Gladstone. A great friend of Gladstone's once said to me when I had been deprecating in conversation with the great man a certain want of ambition in a character under discussion: “You must not say that to *him*; he thinks all ambition wrong.” This was certainly the antithesis to Disraeli's frank avowals.

If Disraeli often had the mannerism of his cynical indifference, Gladstone had to an intense degree the mannerism of his earnestness. And it led hostile critics to charge him with a lack of the deepest sincerity on precisely the opposite grounds from those on which Disraeli's sincerity was impugned. Mr. Monypenny has, as I have said, shown conclusively that Disraeli, in spite of untoward appearances was, nevertheless, from first to last consistent in his political views. It is difficult to maintain the same in respect of the man who began life, in Macaulay's phrase, as the “rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories,” and ended it as a Radical of the Radicals. Consistency is again not the obvious characteristic of the man who in 1882 was zealous for coercion in Ireland, and in 1885 an enthusiastic advocate of Home Rule. One who greatly admired him—the late Mr. Aubrey de Vere—was so impressed by the unexpected changes in Gladstone's policy that he compared his proceedings to the knight's moves at chess. It is not to my purpose to go further into the causes of Mr. Gladstone's political variations. Bismarck, I believe, held that his extraordinary fertility of speech was responsible for them, as it enabled him to find the best reasons for doing what party motives really prompted. “His eloquence is his bane,” Bismarck is said to have remarked, “not so much because he can persuade others of a bad case, but because he persuades himself.”

Be this as it may, Gladstone's intense mannerism of con-

scientiousness was in marked contrast to Dizzy's mannerism of cynical indifference. And his critics taxed him with talking too much of an inflexible conscience which proved so plastic, while Disraeli's critics accused him of an unscrupulousness which was naked and unashamed.

A friend of mine once told me that he had heard Gladstone's character discussed in Carlyle's presence, and someone asked Carlyle: "Do you think he really has a conscience?" Carlyle reflected, and then replied: "I think he has a conscience, but it is a very peculiar conscience. It is a conscience which moves in turn to every point in the compass. It is what I call a rotatory conscience." Labouchere, who regarded Gladstone as an out-and-out opportunist, in spite of his protestations of profound conscientiousness, is reported to have said: "I don't mind Mr. Gladstone playing with three aces up his sleeve; but I do object to his trying to persuade us that Almighty God put them there." That sayer of good things—Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York—was once listening to a conversation on Gladstone's sudden change in respect of Home Rule. Someone was professing to give an account of what he called Gladstone's method of dealing with the Irish question. "No, no," interpolated Magee, "not dealing—shuffling!"

Mr. Gladstone's earnestness in conversation, his thirst for information, his absence of pretension, had their own attractiveness, for all that might be said of his instability. And I think, too, that both Disraeli's rather cynical frankness and his love of the pictorial and dramatic had a very attractive side. Determined though he was to make his mark, he had little or no egotism. "He seldom talked of himself," is the testimony of one who saw him often in later years. His mind was objective, and not at all introspective. He looked at himself with profound interest, but from outside. There was a certain simplicity in him, and some strong and lovable feelings shine forth in him clear as crystal, as, for example, his home affections. These are conspicuous in his love for his wife, and for his sister Sarah, notwithstanding occasional histrionic expressions in his correspondence with the former. Queen Victoria, an excellent judge of men, was fascinated by him, and the following graphic word-picture of their relations, published in the *Quarterly Review* after her death, is worth citing:—

"He was never in the least shy; he did not trouble to insinuate; he said what he meant in terms the most surprising, the most unconventional; and the Queen thought that she had never in her life seen so amusing a person. He gratified her by his bold assumptions of her knowledge, she

excused his florid adulation on the ground that it was 'Oriental,' and she was pleased with the audacious way in which he broke through the ice that surrounded her. He would ask across the dinner-table, 'Madam, did Lord Melbourne ever tell your Majesty that you were not to do this or that?' and the Queen would take it as the best of jokes. Those who were present at dinner when Disraeli suddenly proposed the Queen's health as Empress of India, with a little speech as flowery as the oration of a maharajah, used to describe the pretty smiling bow, half a curtsy, which the Queen made him as he sat down. She loved the East, with all its pageantry, and all its trappings, and she accepted Disraeli as a picturesque image of it. It is still remembered how much more she used to smile in conversation with him than she did with any other of her Ministers."

Truly dramatic is the story of Disraeli's friendship with Mrs. Brydges Willyams, a Spanish Jew of the da Costa family, which belongs to a period subsequent to that as yet dealt with by Mr. Monypenny. Mrs. Willyams conceived an enthusiastic admiration for him and entreated him to meet her. Her pertinacity eventually won the day, and he kept tryst with her as she asked at the fountain in the Crystal Palace. The meeting ended in a friendship. She was rich. She was determined to help his career substantially. She left him all her fortune when she died. She devoted herself to him as long as she lived. I will quote two letters to Mrs. Willyams of the year 1862, each of which is in Disraeli's flowery and imaginative manner :—

"I am quite myself again; and as I have been drinking your magic beverage for a week, and intend to pursue it, you may fairly claim all the glory of my recovery, as a fairy cures a knight after a tournament or a battle. I have a great weakness for mutton broth, especially with that magical sprinkle which you did not forget. I shall call you in future after an old legend and a modern poem, 'The Lady of Shalott.'"

* * * * *

December 8th, 1862.

"They say the Greeks, resolved to have an English king, in consequence of the refusal of Prince Alfred to be their monarch, intend to elect Lord Stanley. If he accepts the charge, I shall lose a powerful friend and colleague. It is a dazzling adventure for the house of Stanley, but they are not an imaginative race, and I fancy they will prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon, and Lancashire to the Attic plains. It is a privilege to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events. What an error to consider it a utilitarian age! It is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down, and crowns are offered like a fairy tale; and the most powerful people in the world, male and female, a few years back were adventurers, exiles, and demireps. *Vive la bagatelle!* Adieu. D."¹

The drama of a religious service interested him more than a

(1) Quoted in Meynell's *Disraeli*.

sermon. Dean Stanley used to tell how he met Disraeli one day when he (the Dean) was going *incognito* to hear the service at Westminster Abbey. Dizzy remarking, "I like these Haroun al Raschid performances," went with him. Everyone made way for them, and for a short time Disraeli listened to the sermon, but soon began to fidget, being obviously bored. "A very remarkable discourse," he said, "but an engagement summons me. I have been deeply interested—the multitude, the lights, the surrounding darkness, the courtesy—all most remarkable. Good-bye, my dear Dean."

The contrast to Gladstone was completed by Disraeli's unfailing sense of humour. Disraeli's own consciousness of this contrast is illustrated in the following anecdote related by Lord George Hamilton in a letter to myself, from which the writer kindly allows me to quote :—

"In the Parliament of 1868 (writes Lord George) there were a number of young members on the Conservative side like myself who had been in the habit of taking a good deal of exercise. As members of Parliament we used once a week to row in an eight on the river at Maidenhead, and it was suggested that as a joke we should ask Dizzy to steer us. I went up to him and made the suggestion that if he would undertake that duty we would challenge an eight on the other side with the Prime Minister (Mr. Gladstone) as coxswain. He replied : 'All right, my dear boy, but the other damned fellow won't do it, you know.'"

I submit that so far as there is an element of truth in Lord Cromer's contention that Disraeli was not wholly a trustworthy guide in politics, the fact is due not to his being a self-seeking adventurer without principle—an unjust charge suggested in part by his own cynical avowals of his thirst for fame—but from that imaginative temperament which was in many ways so attractive. Self-seeking was not more marked in him than in many another. It did not involve a sacrifice of conviction to self-advancement. He had at the outset to choose between two parties with neither of which he agreed. A very moderate Tariff Reformer in our own day may pursue his honest aims by allying himself either with Unionist Free Traders or with Tariff Reformers. He agrees with neither. By either alliance he works against the fanatical Tariff Reformers, either as a foe from without, or as a drag on the wheel from within. He is free to be opportunist in his choice because neither alliance means sacrifice of conviction. It was not Disraeli's self-seeking opportunism which made him a not wholly safe guide ; it was rather his imaginative and dramatic way of looking at life and his love for startling effects—for green trousers in Regent Street. While imaginative genius may display itself in very remarkable intuitive insight in particular fields, its action is uncertain. It often fails in that careful attention to facts and consequences lying outside the particular

field which more systematic and prosaic methods ensure. It is too personal, and apt to be wilful. Mrs. Jellyby may have worked with great insight for the natives of Borrioboola Gha, but she was not a successful mother to Caddy. When Disraeli saw truly, indeed, he might be dramatic in his methods without doing anyone much harm. But one who is bent on being sensational may indulge his passion in other fields in which his touch is less sure, and with serious consequences. And he may neglect very necessary work which does not offer scope for his peculiar genius or interest his moody temper. Duty is often dull, and dulness was Dizzy's pet aversion. Hence a certain mistrust of Disraeli is compatible with recognition of his great qualities in some departments as a statesman. At the same time, more tangible instances of evil consequences from his peculiar temperament must be adduced than have yet been formulated, before the indictment on him becomes very damaging.

It is notorious that moral standards in public life were exceptionally high in the years that followed the European convulsions of the later eighteenth and earlier nineteenth centuries, and I do not deny that there is at present apparently an increase of adventurous and opportunist statesmanship which plays for its own hand. But the cause I would suggest is to be sought rather in the peculiar political conditions of our time than in the example of Disraeli. It is to the excesses of the present party system, and, I may add, to the excesses of modern democracy, that I venture to ascribe the undeniable fact that principle is less uncompromising and opportunism more marked in the political personages of to-day than it was with those belonging to the age of our fathers.

When party allegiance is carried to an extreme, individuality is crushed, and inflexible assertion of principle becomes far harder in practice. The call to subordinate personal convictions to party decrees is so constant that political independence becomes an impracticable attitude. It may banish a man from public life altogether. Again, when we have to gain the approval of the least educated classes before a policy can become practical politics, statesmen are almost driven to the arts of the demagogue. And this lowers the standard of political honesty. So far as the excesses of the present party system are responsible for the diminution of political principle, the remedy is to be sought, not in revolting from Disraeli's example as immoral, but in attempting to realise one of his own early dreams—the formation of a National party, the aims of which should be higher and more public-spirited than those of either of the existing political divisions.

WILFRID WARD.

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION AND THE NATION.

WE are living in a period of great and growing unrest which is even affecting the land-locked harbours of education. Primarily its causes are probably social, the results, in fact, of the political and industrial revolutions that roughly date from the time of the French Revolution. In the welter of new and old conflicting ideals every ancient institution still afloat appears to be dragging at its anchors, if it is not actually adrift. The old order seems to be everywhere either breaking down or being profoundly modified, and many of the newer ideas to which we hoped to hold fast are shown to be themselves mere working hypotheses already more or less exhausted, if not on the eve of being discarded for ideas which, we hope, though by no means certain, will prove more workable and lasting. In the midst of this spiritual and economic chaos people are beginning to see more and more clearly that education is, or ought to be, the chief lever for progress, and that those who can grasp, direct, and control this lever have to a certain extent the future and the fate of the next generation, of the England of to-morrow, in their hands. The school hitherto has perhaps concerned itself too exclusively with handing over to its *alumni* what it held to be the quintessence of the heritage of the past; but the present is knocking at its doors in a more imperious fashion than it ever has before, not only with its views on present needs, but also with its readings of the past in the light of present requirements. And so from all sides we find discontent with and criticism of the school—criticism which is often crude and misplaced, though rarely altogether unreasonable. For if the diagnosis is wrong, it does not mean that the evil is non-existent.

Leaving out the religious difficulty—a very big question it must be admitted, but one which hardly looms so largely as some ten years ago—we find that the great bulk of the criticism of the school comes from the world of business, which bears the greater part of the cost of education, and also has the greatest opportunities for testing its products. Town and country alike are vehement in their complaints. The farmer alleges that the school depopulates the countryside by exaggerating the pleasures of town life, while doing little or nothing to explain to the son of the soil the meaning or attractiveness of his surroundings. The town employer in any skilled trade asserts the school turns out a boy for which he has no use. At times criticism is directed

on to the actual subjects taught. Now it is the faulty writing that comes in for a deluge of criticism, now the indifferent spelling, now that somewhat vaguer commodity, general information. The old-fashioned person attributes every defect to the fact that the school educates the boy above his station, and the cynic adds that the only station that he seems likely to reach in the long run is the police-station. The philanthropist points out the evils of the so-called parasitical trades, of caddies and the like, and insists on the ills of street trading and other blind-alley occupations which afford a comparatively good livelihood for boys from fourteen to seventeen, but render them too old at twenty to undertake any skilled occupation.

In the higher spheres we have the mutual recriminations between the Universities and the business world, the latter professing their desire to see as many university men in their ranks as possible, the former declaring that the prospects offered are too often beggarly and inadequate. No wonder Lord Haldane, in his campaign in favour of a national system, feels the need of a drastic reorganisation of our present education. It is of happy augury, however, that after dealing with the larger generalities of education he has in his later speeches laid increasing stress on improving the standard of professional and technical skill not only of the future leaders, but of the rank and file of the forthcoming generation.

What, then, are the chief reasons for this discontent with education on the economic side? Surely they spring from the fact that our education is too general and not sufficiently vocational; that it has in the past insisted too much on the factor of preparation for life instead of *insisting as well and concurrently* on preparation for livelihood. Let us, to prevent any possible misapprehension, lay down here and now the formula that any complete system of vocational education must prepare a man to be not only a good citizen, but a producer of some sort and kind—a worker, and not a waster; a man with a calling, not a casual labourer.

Until comparatively recently the fetish of general education has held the field in England, and that for various reasons. But the fear of German competition from without, and the gradual revelations of the ills of unemployment at home, have considerably modified public opinion on the subject. We are beginning to see that the introduction of wholesale popular education in 1870 brought in an entirely new factor. Up to 1870 education, as far as the poorer classes went, was exclusively an education in the technique or tools of learning, reading, writing, and arithmetic, which enabled the comparatively limited number who

acquired that technique to find employment with more or less certainty ; while the education above was practically an education of the propertied classes, who, if necessary, could afford to keep their children in idleness until a suitable post occurred. But in the case of the hundreds of thousands and millions who leave the elementary school to-day the parents for the most part cannot support them, and they are forced at once into the market to sell what skill they possess for what it will fetch, especially as the old apprenticeship system under which technical skill could be acquired has largely broken down. The problem therefore arises of the necessity of cultivating within the school itself any latent talents and aptitudes the pupils may possess, while not neglecting, however, their training in citizenship.

But, it may be urged, the number of callings is legion, and are you going to advocate that each trade and calling should be provided with its appropriate school—a matter that is obviously impossible? Happily the great fundamental aptitudes of human ability seem to fall into a fairly limited number of categories. We have children who are distinctly literary or scientific, or who show a certain love of animals and of agricultural pursuits, or who manifest artistic talent or constructional ability. I believe, apart from the mentally defective or the precocious children of the plutocrat—grown old before their time—there are very few children who do not manifest in their play or otherwise some distinct liking or desire either for books, gardening, for animals, or for making or designing something. St. Beuve said, "In many a young man there dies a poet"; I fear that this is true as regards the desire for action and achievement in most young children. Every healthy child is a bundle of desires. If his environment is fairly favourable, one or more of these desires will develop into a proclivity or proclivities. That it does not always do so in real life is due to the fact that it gets steam-rollered out of existence by the uniformity that our large classes entail, or by the narrow traditions that dominate the school curriculum.

It has been objected that you cannot decide what a child's real aptitudes are at the age of, say, eleven to twelve, and therefore that such a differentiation is hazardous and indeed impossible. But, as a matter of fact, it is just at that age that the great bulk of literary children are shifted out of the elementary school and transferred to the secondary school. Again, if one thing is clear it is this: that any leanings towards art, or constructional ability, or love of plants and animals, manifests itself, as a rule, much more early than the literary instinct—which, generally speaking, is a secondary symptom of ability, and develops com-

paratively late. What, then, has been found practical in regard to the selection of literary candidates, should *a fortiori* prove practical in the case of those who possess artistic, agricultural, or constructional abilities. Some time ago one of my colleagues arranged with several heads of London secondary schools simple tests for distinguishing the artistic as well as the constructive-minded children from the others, and the results of the examination were most significant. In many classes the children who were low in literary ability came out near the top as far as artistic or constructional ability was concerned.

Before going further, however, it may be of interest and value to pursue still further back the historical investigations into the reasons for the widespread belief in a general education and the comparative eclipse of professional and technical education until recent times. The idea apparently dates from the Renaissance, for up to that time the mediæval universities were really technical and professional schools. Such general education as then existed merely served as a preliminary to the professional end. Bologna and Salerno were really mono-technical institutes—the one trained lawyers and the other doctors. Paris was a polytechnic preparing for law, medicine, and the Church. Latin and, later on, the Greek of Aristotle were the basal studies in all these cases, simply because it was in these languages that the lore of the doctor, the lawyer, and the churchman was embodied. They were rarely if ever studied for their own sake.

The Renaissance, which, as Mr. Stanley Leathes has pointed out, set up Greek and Latin as the gospel records of humanity and humanism, exalted thereby the human or citizen side of education, as well as the delight of research for the sake of research; for these Renaissance scholars had the blood of Columbus in their veins. The professional ideal in the Universities was further obscured in England by the fact that the leisured and aristocratic classes now began to send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge to finish off in place of the "grand tour" on the Continent, which had hitherto served, as Descartes has said, as a study of the *grand livre* of the world and mankind. Now these scions of the *classes dirigeantes* went to Oxford and Cambridge not so much to study a little Latin and less Greek (a perusal of the University programmes up to 1800 will show how often microscopic in amount was the Greek they studied, if they studied it at all), but they attended the English Universities for the sake of the social and ethical intercourse with their fellows, in order as future leaders of men to acquire an insight into that most difficult craft of all, so essential alike to the politician or the so-called county magnate—*man-craft*, the practical art of dealing

with one's fellows. And this training in mancraft, which is really the application of the science of character, has been and is still the predominant note of English education. It is the sound and undying element that underlies the case for the employment of Latin and Greek in our schools, and would make the case for their retention irresistible if there were not other alternatives possible—to wit, the mother-tongue and modern languages.

With the secondary schools more or less acting as preparatory schools to the Universities, it is not surprising that the curricula of the elementary schools should for a long time have developed as a more or less direct imitation of the secondary curriculum, especially as those who organised it were not the teachers, but "superior" persons trained and imbued in the traditions of the so-called general education, senior wranglers and first-class classics, who naturally thought there could be nothing in the world equal to the subjects in which they had distinguished themselves.

H. G. Wells once said that the modern villa with its square yard of grass in front and two yards of iron paling was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Englishman's park; those who in the early days fashioned the elementary school seem to have aimed at producing a similar Tom Thumb edition of academic education.

The fault appears to have been twofold. One did not in those days consult the teachers, to whom the greater number of improvements since introduced are primarily due. Anyone who has studied the history of industry knows how much in the way of improvement and invention is due to the actual workman, who, in the French expression, has "*la main à la pâte*." Most of the changes made were importations due to educational doctrinaires. As an overwhelmingly literary education had been found suitable for a certain number of people, it was rashly concluded that it was suitable for everybody, even if in an abbreviated and truncated form. Those children whom it did not suit were ruled out as blockheads, whether in the elementary, secondary, or University sphere; and if there was a stray Darwin or two among them, so much the worse for the Darwins.

But we have learnt by to-day that all pupils are not literary. Some are distinctively non-linguistic. To provide for such non-linguistic pupils whose talents lie in other directions we have created in many secondary schools science sides, and even engineering and commerce; while in response to various newly-discovered aptitudes we are introducing woodwork, domestic crafts, and motor training generally into the elementary school.

All this is good, but we shall have in the long run to go still further. We have got in many ways radically to change our ideas. Instead of having a sort of regulation education which we

fit like a cast-iron boot on to every child of a certain age, we have got first to measure, so to say, the child's foot and then make the boot that it requires. In a word, we have got, first and foremost, to diagnose the child's main aptitude, and then only can we decide what is best for the child. We must, in fact, first attempt to discover what is his predominant ability and bias, and then, taking carefully into account the time he is likely to remain at school, draw up for him a course of study or direct him towards a course of study that seems to meet the needs of his case.

Education, in fact, to-day *means organising the selection*.

In too many cases, in fact, education in the past has been too much a matter of natural selection. We have, as Professor Perry pointed out some time ago, set hundreds and thousands of boys down to study classics or mathematics quite irrespective of their aptitudes for the purpose of turning out a senior classic or a senior wrangler. This process is about as unscientific and as wasteful as that of Nature that creates a million salmon ova in order to produce one full-grown salmon. Future education in the interest of the State and the child must be so organised as to produce a minimum of failures, misfits, and *non-valeurs*.

But if we are to think in terms of the child, then we must ask ourselves towards what broad group of callings does he seem to incline: literary, scientific, artistic, biological, constructional; and then having discovered his bent, then and then only can we frame something like a suitable curriculum. We have, in fact, to revolutionise our ideas on curriculum. Hitherto we have attempted to estimate the value of subjects by themselves. Hence all the learned jargon about the balance of subjects. Unfortunately, owing to the encyclopædic march of knowledge, the number of cultural subjects has become legion. To try and teach them all would be like turning a child loose in a gigantic restaurant and letting him eat as much as he liked. He would, if he had an inordinate appetite for learning, speedily die of overstuffing. Obviously the only sane and sound thing to do is to draw him up a menu or dietary, and such an intellectual menu can only be scientifically drawn up when we know roughly what he wants to be. Or, in other words, we can only select subjects, we can only place an estimate on their value, when we know what type of pupil the curriculum is intended to turn out. We must, according as a pupil is going to be a lawyer, a doctor, a farmer, a sailor, or a shopkeeper, form his timetable of studies of different items and ingredients. Greek, which is living bread to the future parson, is but a stone to the future shopman. His education as a future citizen must in no wise be neglected, but the humanities, which should provide the

necessary element in his educational diet, should in his case be the mother-tongue, history, and the modern languages, not the indigestible elements of the Greek grammar—I say indigestible, for he will never get beyond them, and so they cannot fail to be largely unintelligible. What vital difference is there between mastering *λύω, λύεις, λύει*, and “fee, fie, fo, fum,” except that the former is an indispensable element in the benefit of clergy Greek that is still demanded in the older Universities?

But this does not mean that there should be no general stage of education at all. It is obvious indeed, from what has been said above, that until about twelve, when the differentiation between pupil and pupil should take place, the education must in fact be *general*. It is after that age it should become gradually professional, and, if time allows, should pass through two stages—one I would call general-professional, to show the general element predominates; and one professional-general, to indicate that the training in technique or specialisation during the last year or years becomes more intense, though the general aim should continue—*concurrently to the very end*, the ideal being that when the boy definitely leaves school, be it elementary, secondary or trades school, a polytechnic or a University, he has acquired a certain amount of technique he can sell, whether it be that of the clerk, the engineer, or the doctor. He may not in all cases, like the doctor, have completed his technical training; in the vast majority of cases, if he belongs to the working classes, he will have to complete it in the workshop or in evening classes, but he will have acquired, one hopes, enough to make his talents marketable.

The infant school and kindergarten, which are more and more feeling their way towards training children along the lines of the primitive occupations of mankind, are no doubt moving in the right direction—at least, in the eyes of all who believe that the child broadly follows the lines of discovery already traversed by the race. In the same way the modern practice of making the technical arts of reckoning, reading, and writing to spring out of the kindergarten education is no doubt equally sound. This seems to me to be the twofold value of the present motor training that has invaded the lower standards of the elementary schools. It helps to develop the muscles of the child in the way that the muscle of the race has been developed, and also helps to make the abstract arts of arithmetic and the like spring and continue to grow out of the actual concrete experience of the child, and thereby help to bridge the gap between the sense education given in the kindergarten and the more formal and rational training in the classes above. It also provides an admir-

able means of self-expression for those children whose *forte* is to express themselves in *work* and not in words, *i.e.*, those who have artistic or constructional ability. For my part, I think the ideal to be aimed at is that all children will, as far as possible, have gone through some of the five or six fundamental occupations of the race, such as the experience of the hunter, the farmer, the fisher, the woodman, and the miner—fundamental crafts on which all our arts and all our culture are based. That I admit is a long view—but the *school of Evolution* is, to my mind, the school of the future. In such a school there will be a preliminary concrete stage of actual experience, followed by a rationalising stage in which that experience will be classified and codified, and the basal sciences underlying the crafts will be discovered and studied; and finally there will be a third stage, in which the studies of the pupil will be directed towards some definite group of callings, for it must not be forgotten that no calling or profession, however technical and remote from the primitive crafts, has ever been evolved *de novo* out of nothing, but that it has been gradually developed through a succession of arts and crafts into its apparently independent position.

The whole spirit of vocational education is that the manual work and crafts with which it deals should not be taught mechanically or as a mere rule of thumb, but should be used as veritable instruments of culture. Unfortunately, with the present literary-ridden state of our education, culture has acquired a sadly restricted meaning. To the average person the word, as far as school is concerned, conjures up Latin and Greek and literature, with possibly mathematics and the fine arts. But culture as I understand it has really two distinct meanings—a general and a particular one. Latin and Greek are not in fact culture but only the vases and receptacles that contain it. Our common culture is really the ground-down, indistinguishable fossil *débris* of all inventions and discoveries, agricultural, mechanical, artistic, or moral, often as indistinguishable with regard to its original elements as the ground we tread on. It is the sum total of the socialised results of human endeavours in the agricultural, mechanical, artistic, and moral fields that has passed into general circulation.

But while there is a sort of general, basal culture, shallow or deep according to the education and upbringing of the individual, which is common to all and is diffused by the home, the school, and the religious and social environments, so there is also a special culture that is common to the training of the future lawyer, doctor, artist, or craftsman. Such a culture is only possible when the training has been an intelligent one—that is,

when the recipient has reacted on his training and has dominated his subject instead of allowing it to dominate him—is, in fact, a craftsman and not a mere hand. This can only come to pass when, to use a common expression, the training is mixed with brains, when a man knows not only the technique but can invent—when, in fact, he is master of his materials and knows not only their limitations but their possibilities. It has been said no man is master of his subject till he can joke about it, or master of his craft till he can play with it. This particular culture in the case of a doctor might manifest itself in the culture of microbes, or in the case of a cabinet-maker in a special study of timber, or in the case of a Cabinet Minister in the writing of political biography. This special culture is one of the most precious gifts a man can possess. It enables him to take a joy in his life's work instead of looking on his means of livelihood as a necessary evil, and having to find his pleasure in such "by-products" as golf or bridge.

Vocational education is everywhere gaining ground. In Germany it has produced a great development of trade schools, and even institutions of University rank like the Charlottenburg High School of Technology and the Leipzig High School of Commerce; while the continuation schools system of Munich, largely due to the initiation of Dr. Kerchensteiner, has been widely copied throughout the country.

In America it has led to a great extension of trade schools, and signs are not wanting that even the elementary schools are being affected by it. In London, apart from the polytechnic movement and the great extension of trade schools, it has led to the conversion of the higher elementary schools into central schools, to which has been given a definite bias for the preparation of the pupils for an industrial or commercial life; while the work in the infants' schools and lower grades of the elementary schools is every day becoming more concrete and constructive. We are beginning, in fact, to see that as regards the average child (the exceptional child is always a law to himself) we must lead him up to the abstract through the concrete, through sense impressions on to the rationalising stage, and that all teaching should have a concrete basis of facts and first-hand experiences to rest on. In London we have had one very striking example of the value of concrete craft-work even when imperfectly correlated with purely literary studies. In the so-called truant schools half the teaching every day is given to craft-teaching—bootmaking, tailoring, and the like. Yet the inspectors who report on the work in these and the ordinary elementary schools state that the work in an industrial school (*i.e.*, truant

school) is probably as good as that in the average Board school. Was there ever a better instance of the half being something better than the whole?

But the schools of themselves cannot deal with the question of unemployment and casual labour. It is no good giving boys aptitudes and aspirations for a skilled profession if the outside world, and employers in particular, do not do their share. It is here that the function of after-care committees, apprenticeship schemes, and labour bureaux comes in. All institutions should have their own special labour bureaux, and try by means of their old boys' clubs and other connections to build up a regular *clientèle* of employers willing to take those of the pupils who are suitable. Oxford and Cambridge have long had their labour bureaux, but they dignify them by the name of Appointments Boards. All Universities ought to have them, and if they are to be widely successful they should, I think, build up local committees composed of employers willing to give preference to University graduates when suitable vacancies occur. In London the County Council have gone a step further as far as our trade schools are concerned, and have formed Consultative Committees composed of employers and trades unions, together with representatives of the County Council, to advise on the trade schools connected with book production, tailoring, house furnishing, silver-smithing, &c. As these schools grow they will probably regulate the output and prevent any trade being overcrowded.

Such selective agencies in the long run should help to put an end to the present industrial anarchy. The present scramble for employment is really a sad waste of national energy, and the production of unskilled labourers too old at twenty is sadder still. If the school, as looks likely in the course of time, succeeds in sorting out the divers elements in the aptitude-fund of the nation, whether literary, artistic, constructional, and the like, it will perhaps lead to a re-establishment of something like the system of the ancient Guilds shorn of their objectionable features, but reviving the love of good workmanship which must necessarily come to pass when it is understood that craftsmanship is a training not merely for money-making purposes, but also for development of culture. And this again in the long run may lead to a re-stratification of society based once more on the only sound and permanent basis that is possible, a valuation of personal service to the State and the community, for no social hierarchy can ever endure for any length of time that does not rest on such a foundation, since justice or the right relations of individuals to one another is the only sure and lasting foundation of society and the State.

If then we are to have a reform of our educational system, let us hope on the positive side it will not take the form of more literary training pure and simple, but of technical training *infused with humanistic ideals*. A general education which contains within it no well-defined preparation for serving the State or the community, whether as a public man or a public servant, as a cleric or a clerk, a French professor or a French polisher, an artist or an artisan, is bound to become mainly hedonistic and selfish. Its logical product is either the idle rich or the work-shy pauper. There is a tendency to-day in some of our Universities to put a ring-fence round themselves and cut themselves off from all except already accepted forms of education. It is the genteel theory applied as a test of whether a subject or an institution is sufficiently respectable to be considered academic. One ventures to believe the idea is radically wrong. The University, when it stood in olden times as the strong tower and bulwark of knowledge against ignorance, was necessarily obliged to adopt the walled enclosure form of development. But to-day we have no need of Bastilles, and the complete University of the future will surely not only take into account the need of research and the education of the social and intellectual *élite*, but also exercise a fostering care and oversight of all *grades* and kinds of education, whether fully developed or still in the bud. Such an ideal means, on the one hand, a much closer connection between elementary education and the University to the advantage of both, and, on the other, the admission of the arts and crafts in a far more liberal fashion into the Universities. The full recognition of this *tiers état* is, in fact, a necessary step towards breaking down the barriers between the University and the business world and the community. If the University is to exercise its real spiritual hegemony, it must not merely be a power station at a distance, but its mains must bring it into touch with the whole of commercial and civic life. Any University has got to develop its diocesan or provincial ideal, in addition to the national and even imperial or œcumenical, when it exists. The political Heptarchy may still seem an idle dream, but Lord Haldane's own speeches are evidence that the idea of an educational Heptarchy is rapidly coming to the front.

And on the negative side it is to be hoped that any re-organisation will be based on a clear conception of how far overlapping is vital or injurious to further growth. Owing to the mathematical and mechanistic ideals that have more or less dominated for the last fifty years our philosophical, political, commercial, social, and even educational conceptions, we have been tempted to ignore the fact that the raw material with which our

educational administration is meant to deal are human beings and not merely machines, and are therefore creatures of growth and development, and not ready-made articles that can be turned out to sample by the gross. And the same is true of every new institution and every new type of education. It has got to go through the acorn and the sapling stage. You cannot by an administrative legerdemain, except on paper, produce a full-grown oak. You may spend money like water on bricks and mortar, but you can only develop a new type of school by years of intelligent experiment. In fact, you can only follow the law of development peculiar to all institutions, and you can only shorten the process by profiting in some cases by the experience of others. And so if there is to be progress, there must also be a certain ragged edge to every grade of education; yet it would be a deadly mistake to attempt unduly to trim the edge on the score of mere efficiency. It represents the "new wood" in education, and, after all, the fringe of progress is always somewhat untidy. Again, if education in all its grades is to be a living organism, then there must be some overlapping, reasonable in amount of course, from the grade below to the grade above in order to allow the educational sap to circulate. All grades have something to learn from the grades next to them. To shut up, therefore, the different grades of education in watertight compartments, which is the mechanical ideal, means the arrest in the flow of ideas from one grade to the others, and a certain amount of stagnation and isolation in consequence. Overlapping or the overflow from one grade of education into another is the way in which all education has originally been built up, as may be seen in the development of any system of education in a new country. The only way to determine whether overlapping is good or bad is to take every case on its merits. Each nation has its own genius for organisation, and to introduce an elaborate system of delimitations into England would be about as sensible as turning all our English gardens into formal parterres and geometrical grass-plots of the Versailles type. Our national genius is peculiarly sensitive to differences, where other nations seek after uniformity. At Berlin and Paris there is one University and no colleges; at Cambridge and Oxford there are many colleges, and each representing a certain ethos and a certain tradition. There is no undue overlapping between Pembroke and Christ Church, Oxford, and yet they lie cheek by jowl with only a thoroughfare between them. It is just this sensitiveness to differences that makes the absence of undenominational schools in single school areas a real grievance in some cases. Those who take in hand the reorganisation of English education must be always careful to look beyond the

label which is not infrequently common to institutions of very different traditions and aims. To attempt to combine such institutions is about as sapient as to propose one place of worship for Catholics and Nonconformists because the place of worship they frequent is in each case called a chapel.

To sum up, then. It is to be hoped that any scheme of national education will immensely enlarge the facilities for vocational education, and be the means of bringing the University into closer touch with the business world and the locality of which it should be the spiritual and intellectual inspiration. One thing is at least certain: we shall never gain the full confidence of the business world and the working classes till we can show that education is practical, *i.e.*, that it has an economic value; while if we are to retain the confidence of those who believe in the spiritual side of education, we must likewise hold fast to its humanistic ideals. Vocational education in its widest sense means the working out of the combination of these ideals. And again. On the negative side of national reform it is to be hoped that overlapping will be dealt with in each case on its merits, for it is often far more apparent than real. And, lastly, it should be realised that new institutions and new types of education take time to grow, and that progress is generally far more rapid when steps are taken to strengthen and improve the schools in being, which have at least bought a certain amount of experience, rather than when the more drastic course is adopted of "scrapping" them outright or replacing them by seemingly more effective institutions which, having no experience at the outset, have largely to traverse the same road of trial and error as their predecessors.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

REALISTIC DRAMA.

II.

IT was suggested at the end of my first paper that the production of *The Profligate* at the Garrick Theatre in 1889 was a significant event, and, indeed, was prophetic of the much more important occasion—the production of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in May, 1893. I shall be concerned in the present article with the progress of Realism in Drama, and with some of those pieces of Sir Arthur Pinero which were conceived and executed in a realistic vein. Those which are convenient for my purpose in this respect are *The Profligate*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *The Benefit of the Doubt*, *the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, and *Iris*. These are all realistic plays in the sense which has been already defined. The dramatist writing about his own country and his own times desires to paint not flattering portraits but veracious likenesses. He does not want to ignore the ordinary conditions, the salient characteristics of the era in which he lives. He believes it to be his business to look steadily at the social fabric, to observe the different elements of which it is composed, to note the peculiar perils which surround and enfeeble its health, and to play the part, not indeed of a reformer, for that would be too didactic an aim for an artist—or, at all events, for some artists—but of a keen, quick-witted, and occasionally sympathetic observer. And in similar fashion with regard to the personages of this drama, the playwright will seek to draw men and women, not as viewed through the spectacles of a fantastic imagination, but in their habit as they live. If he does this with a certain remorselessness, he is a Realist.

Now it is exactly this remorselessness of his which gets him into trouble with a number of different sections of our world. He is unflinching in his portrayal, and men do not like unflinching portrait-painters. They want the picture touched up by some indulgent and benevolent philanthropist. The realist refuses to play with what he deems to be the truth. At the time when the younger Dumas was writing extremely interesting though not altogether persuasive prefaces to his plays, and was particularly occupied with some of the destructive activities of modern woman—a subject which, as we are aware, attracted him strongly—he made some remarks about the things we ought to laugh at and the things we ought not to laugh at. “It is our common habit in France,” he wrote, “to laugh at serious things.” We may,

indeed, extend his observation and say that in England it is often our habit—especially in musical comedies—to laugh at serious things. But, according to Dumas, the only right attitude is to laugh at things which are not serious, and which have no pretension to be serious. When we are face to face with a grave social danger, it is a very curious sort of wisdom which dismisses such subjects with a laugh. There is, of course, a touch of pedantry in an observation like this, and there was certainly a good deal of pedantry in Dumas' didactic attitude. Nevertheless, there is solid truth beneath, which is very applicable to our modern audiences in England.

If we go back a certain number of years, to the time, for instance, when *The Profligate* was produced, or to the time when Ibsen's plays were first represented in our capital, we find that the common attitude of average people was one of shocked resentment. "The problem play" was looked at with open abhorrence, as though it were an accursed thing, revolutionary and immoral. Indeed, every serious effort made by the realist to represent life in plain, undisguised fashion was regarded, and is still regarded in many quarters, as savouring of impiety. Those who adopt such an attitude have certainly one justification. They point out that the playhouse is open to a very mixed public, of very different ages, and that it is wrong, or at all events highly injudicious to put on the stage problem plays which might be an offence to the youthful and immature. There is a further point also, which is somewhat open to controversy, but which is advanced by those who desire to keep serious discussion about life and morals away from the boards. There is all the difference, we are told, between what is read on the printed page and what is enacted before our eyes by living characters. The second is supposed to make a far deeper impression than the first, and therefore the enacted scene, if in any sense it is unpleasant, is likely to do more mischief in proportion to its vivid and lively character. It is difficult to dogmatise on a point like this, because it depends largely upon the individual whether a stronger impression is created by a story or a play. But the other point of objection proceeds on an assumption which no lover of drama can possibly concede. It assumes that a play is a mere entertainment, possessed of no serious dignity in itself, but only a sheer matter of amusement. In other words, it assumes that dramatic art is not art at all, because, directly we think of it, no art, whether painting, or sculpture, or literature, can be regulated in accordance with the age or immaturity of the public to whom it is presented. You do not ask your painter to remember that a child may look at his picture, nor do you ask

your Hardys and Merediths to remember that their pages may be perused by young and sensitive persons.

The fact is that a good deal of ambiguity surrounds the use of such words as "the immoral," as applied to stage plays and the theatre. The very same critics who object to the problem play appear to have no objection when similar subjects are treated with easy wit and from a comical standpoint by the writers of musical comedy. What is it which should strictly be called "the immoral"? Immorality consists, obviously, in putting people wrong about the relations of virtue and vice. It consists in adorning vice with seductive colours, in hiding the ugliness of the corrupt, in adopting little affectations of worldliness or wit in the effort to screen from the public gaze the real misery of a decadent civilisation. Or, again, when we have to treat with the actual conditions which obtain in this world of ours, it is plainly immoral to ignore the law of cause and effect. To pretend, for instance, that vice has no consequences, that everything can be put right, that plenary forgiveness waits on repentance and remorse, is immoral. It is possible for human creatures to forgive, and in some rare cases it is even possible for them to forget. But Nature never forgives, and no tears can wipe out the social effects of crime. To confuse the public on points like these, to present them with a false theory, is, indeed, an immoral thing. But how can it be called immoral to see some danger ahead and warn people of the enormous importance of avoiding it? How can it be immoral to observe men and women on the brink of a precipice, and to try to pull them back? The man who engages on a task like this cannot be called immoral, even though he may have to use very plain and ugly terms in acquitting himself of his disagreeable task.

This, I take it, is the defence of realism; its justification in the face of its numerous critics. There may be things to be said on the other side. Sometimes the realist may be like the satirist, and some satirists appear to have a predilection for ugly things. But that hardly touches the main centre of realism as we find it in drama. Its chief quality is to be absolutely fearless and ruthless in the exposure of all that is harmful, rotten, degrading, just as equally it should be its clear duty to set forth all that is helpful, stimulating, salutary. If realists are fonder of the first duty than the second, their excuse is that there is much necessary spade-work to be done in removing the evil before we can even hope to see the good. Besides, it is a melancholy fact that the good is, from the dramatic standpoint, not rarely the uninteresting. The true apology of the realist, however, is to be found in his passionate desire for truth—truth at all costs, his

equally passionate hatred of all hypocrisy and sham, his zeal to anchor himself on solid facts and to refuse to care whether he gives pain or discomfort to men and women who would rather live in a fool's paradise. The best part of the influence of Ibsen on the modern drama is to be found in his clear promulgation of the necessity for truth. This point we shall have an opportunity of observing presently.

In April, 1889, when *The Profligate* was produced, Ibsen's influence on English dramatists had not yet begun. Indeed, clear traces of its influence are only discoverable in 1895, when *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* was seen on the boards. But the impulse to veracity, the resolute desire to study human nature, and especially to discover the effects on that human nature of a certain course of conduct more or less deliberately and recklessly pursued—these are the signs which prove to us that Pinero's *The Profligate* was in truth a drama of realism. The real change can hardly be better seen than in the treatment of the principal character. That a human being is to a very large extent a slave of his habits is adequately recognised in the play. In other words, we see the first beginnings of the doctrine of determinism. If a man acts from motives, and if the motives are in their turn automatically suggested by a type of conduct deliberately pursued through several years, then in the case of human action we get as much certainty of sequence between cause and effect as we do in external nature. Given the antecedents, the consequents will follow. Given the motives supplied by the past life, and a man's action is inevitable. Or, to put the matter in a concrete case where its immediate pertinence is easily seen, given a vicious career, then the ordinary and habitual conduct of the man at each successive episode or incident in his life will be vicious. I lay stress on the point because here is the commencement of a scientific psychology quite as much as an illustration of realism on the stage.

Dunstan Renshaw is a profligate—not, observe, merely an ordinary "man of the world," as we call it, but one who has done definite acts which stamp his nature, especially in his relations with Janet Preece. Dunstan Renshaw falls in love with Leslie Brudenell, and in the first moments of emotional excitement and expansion he declares to his friend that the companionship of a pure woman is a revelation to him. "She seemed," he tells Murray, "to take me by the hand and to lead me out of darkness into the light." All his high-flown language is perfectly explicable in a man who had, apparently, lived on his nerves and who was capable of intense moments of feeling. But what does not follow—what, indeed, is in the highest sense

improbable—is that any radical change in character can be thus effected. Let us even suppose that such a sudden conversion were possible—which is granting a good deal more than the scientific psychologist would allow—there is always the terrible past, which is never buried but is always starting into fresh and vivid reality. How can a man like Dunstan Renshaw, merely because he marries a pure woman, wipe out his past? The past has “overtaken him,” he says in one excited utterance. “You know what my existence has been, I am in deadly fear; I dread the visit of a stranger or the sight of strange handwriting, and in my sleep I dream that I am muttering into Leslie’s ear the truth against myself.”

Of course, his past sins find him out, as his friend Murray had prophesied. The whole pitiful history of Janet Preece comes to the light, and looks all the uglier because by the use of the long arm of coincidence Leslie’s brother Wilfrid has loved Janet. Ah, you say, but the woman can forgive: Leslie is a good woman! It is true that she can forgive, but she can hardly forget; and, even if she did, how does this help Dunstan Renshaw, who finds it impossible to forget? In other words, the past cannot be obliterated by a stroke of the pen, and it is the intimate and deadly quality of all sins that they leave permanent traces on the man and woman who have committed them.

“And having tasted stolen honey
You can’t buy innocence for money.”

We can understand how new a thing in English drama was this ruthless treatment of a grave problem, when we discover that owing to the solicitations of John Hare, the only true, as well as artistic, end of this play was changed. John Hare was guided by the popular prejudice in favour of a happy ending, and he therefore besought the dramatist to soften down the terrible conclusion into something wholly unreal and artificial, which should send the spectators away in a happier frame of mind. Well, it is an old-established prejudice in theatrical audiences to desire happy endings. Even Aristotle recognised the fact. But such exhibitions of human weakness do not alter the stern facts of life; they only proclaim aloud the hopeless divergence between popular art and an art based on psychology and science. There are some problems that cannot be solved by tears or forgiveness. What sort of married life was possible for Dunstan Renshaw and Leslie? The dramatist cut the Gordian knot by making the hero kill himself, for in no other fashion probably can a dramatist bring home to those who see his plays the dreadful consequence of certain crimes. But if we

want to see what is the result of marriages of this kind, we cannot do better than turn to one of the works of the Norwegian dramatist, Ibsen. *Ghosts* is not a pleasant play, but it conveys a tremendous moral. In the course of the story we discover that Mrs. Alving's husband is a profligate of a type absolutely comparable with Dunstan Renshaw. For various reasons, including social and external decency, she determines to make the best of it and go on living with the man as if he were a sort of saint instead of a blackguard. Conventional morality requires that a wife should go on living with her husband whatever he may be guilty of—such is the moral of Pastor Manders. But it is exactly this worship of humbug and pretence which the true moralist reprobates in the severest terms. Ibsen's *Ghosts* is generally considered as a sort of sequel to Ibsen's *Doll's House*—it is equally a sequel to Pinero's *The Profligate*. Why Nora is justified in running away from her home is because in certain conditions life becomes impossible for a married pair. Why Dunstan Renshaw commits suicide is because certain sins are never forgiven or forgotten. If we choose to disregard these realities the next generation will suffer. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." The son of the profligate Councillor Alving ends by being a helpless idiot, crying for the sunshine.

It does not follow, of course, that *The Profligate* is in itself a good play, or even a good example of dramatic realism. It is worth while looking at this point for a moment, because it will throw light on our subject from another quarter. What are the obvious defects of *The Profligate*? We notice a certain crudeness in the composition and construction. If you look at the opening scene of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* you will find one of the most admirable examples that Sir Arthur Pinero has ever given us of what is technically called "exposition." The dinner party given by Aubrey Tanqueray to his friends reveals in the most natural way in the world the story in which we are to be interested, and the clever manner in which Paula is herself introduced at the end of the first act gives us a very necessary sight of the heroine who is to play so fatal a part in Aubrey Tanqueray's destiny. *The Profligate* commences with a conversation between Hugh Murray, Renshaw's friend, and Lord Dangars, which is by no means so happy. Moreover, in carrying out the intrigue there is a decided lack of naturalness, or rather of inevitableness. Every play of the sort must invoke the aid of coincidence, because in presenting a little picture, foreshortened and concentrated, of a complete and rounded-off story, the playwright must be permitted to use all the expedients which we recognise to be of the

nature of accidents. But the use of coincidence in *The Profligate* goes beyond all bounds. It is necessary, of course, that Leslie, wife of Dunstan Renshaw, should come face to face with Janet Preece, who has been her husband's victim. But the mechanism which produces this result is decidedly arbitrary, if not far-fetched. Hazard and accident play an overwhelming part. Accident brings Janet to Paddington Station at the same time as Leslie and her brother; accident decides that Leslie's school friend, Miss Stonehay, should take Janet as a travelling companion; accident, once more, brings the Stonehay family precisely to the environs of Florence, and to the villa in which the Renshaws are living; and finally, there is not so much nature as artifice in the arrangement by which Janet stays with Leslie at the villa instead of going away as she naturally would—through feelings of sheer delicacy. There is another side on which *The Profligate* is open to criticism. The danger of all realistic plays is that they are apt to tumble unaware into melodrama. I mean by melodrama an exaggeration in the drawing of character, the sacrifice of a good deal of probability in order to accentuate the situation, and a noticeable want of connection between the motives and acts of the personages involved. The character of Dunstan Renshaw shows many signs of exaggeration. His *raison d'être* in the piece is to represent a profligate and a seducer, and a man who has lived the particular life that he is supposed to have lived, and who, even on the eve of his marriage, indulges in a stupid carouse, is hardly capable of those finer shades of feeling, of remorse and self-chastisement, which he betrays towards the end of the play. So, too, Leslie's evolution is decidedly abrupt from the innocence of the earlier stage to the knowledge of life after one month's *tête-à-tête* with her husband.

How different is the masterly treatment which we come across in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*! We understand the situation from the very beginning. The characters are not exaggerated, and we see them developing before our eyes on lines which we recognise as essentially probable and true. The personality of Aubrey Tanqueray may be a little obscure here and there, but Paula is an admirable creation, whose conduct throughout is what we might have expected of a woman in such circumstances and subject to such temptations; while, as in the case of Greek tragedy, we are dimly aware from the first scene to the last of a Fate hanging over all the characters and dooming them to their eventual ruin. There is, it is true, one coincidence which may strike some observers as strange. It is the accident which brings back Ardale, the accepted lover of Ellean, into the presence of the heroine, with whom he had such close relations in the past.

Nevertheless here, as it seems to me, the coincidence is not in any sense surprising or unnatural, given the past circumstances of Paula's life and her numerous adventures before she became Mrs. Tanqueray. It is because of its supreme theatrical execution, because it gives us living figures whose dispositions and character inevitably work up to the *dénouement*, and because it does not slide over into melodrama, that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is, so far as I can judge, one of the masterpieces of the modern English stage.

For what is, or ought to be, the supreme excellence of a play which purports to deal with real events and real characters, true to the country in which they live and explicable on proper psychological grounds? I think the great test is this. Do we look upon the enacted drama as a mere spectacle, or do we find ourselves part of it? Are we merely sitting as spectators in a theatre divided from the stage by the footlights, living our own lives while the people on the boards live theirs? Or are we transported in very deed into the enacted scene, as though it were part of the life which for the time we ourselves are leading? A great play, which greatly deals with supreme issues, has the power to make us forget that we are in a theatre at all, or that there is any distinction between us and the actors. In other words, we live in the play, and do not merely look at it. But how rarely do we undergo an experience like this! Assuredly, it is impossible in plays of romance; it is equally impossible in melodramas or farces. But the supreme virtue of a drama of realism is that now and again it has this strange power of transporting us out of ourselves. The audience becomes a part of the play. Everyone, perhaps, will have his own instances to give of an experience of this kind: for myself I felt it when I first saw *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and again, to take quite a modern instance, when I saw only a few months ago *Hindle Wakes*.

This seems a fit opportunity for saying something of the predominant influence of Ibsen. I have called it predominant because it seems a mere matter of fact that since the vogue of the Norwegian dramatist most of the playwrights of England have either altered their methods or their style. But it is necessary to look at the matter a little closer, because the influence which a man exerts on the literature of another country is a somewhat intangible thing, and we are only too apt to go wrong as to its range and quality. The main influence of Ibsen has, undoubtedly, been in the direction of realism, defined in the sense in which I have all along tried to use it. Realism means above all else a devotion to the bare and explicit truth of human life and human

character, and the avoidance of all romantic or poetic devices for obscuring the main issues. No sooner had Ibsen begun to compose his social dramas than he found himself immersed in a task—evidently congenial to him—of tearing down the social conventions, exposing the social hypocrisies which disguise the face of reality and truth. Nearly every one of his social plays is an exposure of humbug of some sort. Now it is the case of some shipowner, who recklessly sends a rotten old hulk to sea for reasons purely commercial; and now it is the more intimate relationship between men and women in the married state, which seems to the dramatist to require careful analysis and elucidation. Or, again, it is the fetish of mundane respectability at which Ibsen will gird. He will show us a Pastor Manders trying to persuade Mrs. Alving to go on living with her profligate husband for the sake of external decency; or else will paint for us the character of a sincere enthusiast for the truth who wishes to purify a town's water supply, together with all the fatal consequences in his case, the loss of personal prestige, the accusations of treachery, the desertion of all his friends. These are the various themes which Ibsen takes up in *The Pillars of Society*, in *A Doll's House*, in *Ghosts*, and in *An Enemy of the People*. And then, by a sudden change of outlook, in order to prove that he cares more for truth than for theory, Ibsen writes his strange play *The Wild Duck*, the whole purport of which is to show that a fanatical devotion to truth may cause just as much injury as the studious and calculated suppression of truth. What is wrong with society is the reign of conventional ethics, supported by such interested apostles of things as they are as clergymen and business men. There are many dark corners which ought to be looked into in this matter. Nevertheless, like everything else, truth is a difficult goddess to worship, and the intoxicated fanatic who devotes himself to her cause will often do her graver harm than even the conventional liar. Such seems to be the lesson of *The Wild Duck*, albeit that it is a play which has always caused a certain searching of heart among the disciples of Ibsen. But the general impulse of striving to attain to the exact and veritable fact remains as one of the chief heritages which Ibsen communicated to the dramatic world, and it is easy to see in this respect how great has been his influence amongst modern playwrights.

I pass to another point—the question of dramatic construction. Ibsen is a master of dramatic craftsmanship. He certainly learnt some lessons in the school of Scribe in Paris, but he applied and transformed the *pièce bien faite* in his own fashion, so that, externally at all events, an Ibsen play seems to differ *toto cælo* from the ordinary pieces produced on the French stage. In some

respects Ibsen has an almost classical severity and restraint of form. His *Ghosts* is, technically, like a Greek tragedy, so sure is the progression of its incidents, so close is the interaction between cause and effect. *A Doll's House* might possibly commend itself to Euripides, although, of course, the Greek dramatist would have solved the problem in his usual fashion by introducing some god or goddess to cut the Gordian knot. A method of which Ibsen was especially fond in his plays was what has been called the retrospective method. You start your plot on the very eve of a *dénouement*, as close as you can to the tragic issue. Then you make your characters expound the past in a series of animated dialogues, so that when the conclusion is reached you have become thoroughly acquainted with the personages who bring it about.¹ Ibsen shows a wonderful skill in the fashion in which he makes the personages of the drama reveal their past actions and also themselves, to which we may add the obvious fact that his conversations themselves are conducted with a sense of actuality which makes them extraordinarily vivid. You can read a play by Ibsen with almost as much pleasurable interest as you can witness it on the stage, because there is not only something easy and natural in the sentences put into the mouths of the various characters, but there is also a distinct economy of effect. The sentences themselves have weight and importance because they so clearly lead up to the issue.

The only thing which interferes with this triumphant actuality is Ibsen's increasing tendency as he grew to his later years to use symbols and images, sometimes of a very vague and elusive character. The symbol of the Wild Duck is comparatively easy, for it very fairly indicates both the character and the fate of the girl heroine, Hedwig. In *The Lady from the Sea* we have advanced a step further in the symbolic direction. After all, the Wild Duck was a mere symbol, subordinate to the plot itself, but in *The Lady from the Sea* the idea of the play itself is wholly symbolic. The problem of married life is not discussed as it had been, for instance, in *A Doll's House*, but is merged in a sort of allegory suggestive of the romance of love. Plays like *Rosmersholm* and *Hedda Gabler* belong to the earlier type, but when we come to *The Master Builder* and *Little Eyolf*, and especially to the last, *When We Dead Awaken*, symbolism is once more in full swing; and, indeed, in *When We Dead Awaken* it represents, or perhaps disguises, a definite weakening in dramatic power. According to the French critic, M. Filon, however, it is just this symbolism or allegorical element in Ibsen which makes him congenial to Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic tastes,

(1) Mr. Bernard Shaw uses this method in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*.

while it renders it much more difficult for Parisian audiences and the Latin races to understand him. There is, undoubtedly, a strong strain of mysticism in all Northern peoples, Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Anglo-Saxon, but in the representations of Ibsen's plays in England I have never been able to detect that Ibsen owes such popularity as he has gained to his mystical elements. As a matter of fact, he never has been popular in the widest sense in England, and certainly the performance of plays like *A Master Builder* and *Little Eyolf* has not enabled English spectators to welcome Ibsen as akin to them in essence and spirit. Obviously, too, the symbolic tendency interferes in no slight measure with the realistic tendency which belongs to the best work of Ibsen. Symbolism may be valuable inasmuch as it suggests that realism is by no means the last word in dramatic art, but it is not a phase in the great Norwegian's work which has lent itself to much successful imitation on the part of his followers and admirers.

There is another aspect of Ibsen's work, however, which deserves attention, especially as connected with modern movements in social and intellectual life.¹ I refer to the extraordinary prominence which he has given to women in his dramas, and especially to women as representing the individualistic idea as against State action or collectivism. Ibsen, undoubtedly, thought, as most of his social dramas prove, that all State action, as such, whether exercised through a compact majority or through police or other agencies, is entirely harmful and crippling because it puts chains upon the individual. As against society the individual is always right. Now, who are the great individualists? Women, undoubtedly, who not only attack problems in their own fashion, but instinctively resist the pressure of laws imposed upon them, as it seems to their intelligence, in an entirely arbitrary manner. Hence the importance of women in Ibsen's plays, and hence, too, the idea, for which, indeed, there is a good deal to be said, that Ibsen was the great feminist writer, doing more for the cause of women both as poet and artist than any thinker had done before him. It is not quite certain, however, whether the Norwegian dramatist really liked this identification of his views with those of the ordinary feminist platform. He certainly did not keenly support any women's movements, and, apparently, he was annoyed that his play *A Doll's House* should have been interpreted as a tract for feminism. But it remains true that to women he assigned all the virtues the possession of which he denied to men. The love of truth, a clear perception of what is reasonable, a fine dose of enthusiasm, immense energy, all these

(1) Cf. *Henrik Ibsen. A Critical Study*, by R. Ellis Roberts (Martin Secker), a book of no little value to the student of drama.

things are attributed to women in his plays, whereas, on the contrary, the men exhibit the mean vices—stupidity, selfishness, sometimes cowardice, sometimes also rascality and a reckless greed. There are exceptions, of course. Hedda Gabler is a woman entirely devoid of conscience, while Dr. Stockmann is a fine example of the well-meaning moralist who pursues his love of truth even though society be shattered. So, too, Dr. Wangel is a husband entirely praiseworthy, but I know of hardly any other husband in the Ibsenite drama of whom the same thing can be said. The women, I say, have all the virtues, or, at all events, all the virtues from the point of view of the Norwegian dramatist. Many examples occur. There is Nora, for instance, in *A Doll's House*, who cannot endure a married life which is not founded on respect for individual duties, as against her husband Torvald, who only desires to hush up scandal. Or there is Rebecca in *Rosmersholm*, a far finer character than the unhappy Rosmer, much braver and more resolute in her determination to save her soul through love. Or in *The Master Builder*, while Solness seems only inspired by the single idea that somehow or other he must keep back the advancing tide of the younger generation, Hilda is inspired by a much more healthy ambition in trying to restore to Solness his earlier dreams. Or, once more, in the last of the Ibsen plays, *When We Dead Awaken*, it is Irene who has truth and right on her side, as against the egotist Rubek, who only desires to make use of human personalities in the selfish pursuit of art for art's sake.

As we review these and many other instances we see that to Ibsen woman is not only the born anarchist, but that she is also justified in her anarchical views. The world is poisoned because everyone is contented with outworn social and ethical conventions. Women refuse to be blinded by the dust of these antique superstitions; they are on the side of freedom, independence, self-realisation, the only ideals at which human life ought to aim, the only ideals which Ibsen, at all events, chooses to glorify. Of course, Ibsen was very one-sided in views of this kind. The progress of humanity depends on two movements which must go on side by side. One is the impulse towards change; the other is the steady drag towards stability. To prevent a given social state from petrification there must be constant revolts, a continuous series of fresh and lively efforts to strike out new paths. But in order that a social state may exist at all, the newer impulses must be harmonised with the older structure. Order is as necessary for the world as progress. Ibsen's ideal of self-realisation, if carried to its logical results, means the destruction of stability for the sake of a few hare-brained individuals. Nor yet is self-

realisation to be distinguished in the last resort from a greedy and assertive selfishness.

In his influence on the world of drama, however, Ibsen's fondness not only for drawing women but for endowing them with energetic qualities has played no small part in the evolution of feminist ideas. In all modern realistic work, whether you take it in the plays of Pinero or of George Bernard Shaw, the woman has attained a prominence and importance far removed from the older dramatic conception of women either as a toy or as a goddess or an idol to be worshipped in a shrine. None of us in this modern generation are likely to forget either Mr. Shaw's *Candida* or the same dramatist's *Ann Whitefield*. The first is to me, I confess, a somewhat enigmatic personage. You will remember what *Candida*, the excellent wife of an excellent clergyman, dared to do in the play bearing her name. She knows that she is loved by her clergyman husband; she is also aware that she is the object of a fantastic adoration on the part of a young poet, Eugene Marchbanks. She daringly puts lover and husband to the test, and says that whoever is the weaker and needs her most will have her for the future. She plays this cruel game, although she knows that her stupid common-place self-opinionated husband—who, by the way, is a very successful clergyman—adores her, and that her namby-pamby sentimental febrile lover puts her on a pinnacle as being much too great for her commonplace surroundings. Of course, the dramatist gets out of his difficulty by explaining to us that the Rev. James Morell was in reality the weaker man who needed *Candida* most of all, and so all comes right in the end. But whether we are for this reason to forgive the wife, or whether she is acting as all women act in similar circumstances, are questions which the mere man finds it difficult to answer. Mr. Shaw's heroines are not always pleasant people, with the exception, of course, of Lady Cecily Waynflete in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. Some of them are of the hard huntress type, like *Ann Whitefield* in *Man and Superman*, who runs down her quarry with magnificent persistence and success. *Barbara* is a subtle conception, subtle and interesting, but her creator does not improve her character as the play proceeds. To compare the women of Mr. Shaw with the women of Ibsen would be an interesting topic, but one for which, unfortunately, I have no space.

The women of Sir Arthur Pinero are very carefully drawn, and in this perhaps, once again, we can see the influence, consciously or unconsciously, exercised by Ibsen. I have already referred to Leslie Brudenell in *The Profligate*, and to Paula in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. I have yet to deal with the heroine of *The*

Benefit of the Doubt, with *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, and with *Iris*. With regard to Agnes Ebbsmith, interesting character as she undoubtedly is, there is perhaps less to be said because the play in which she appears is not so carefully wrought, or at all events is not so successful as the others of which mention has been made. Still, the character of Agnes Ebbsmith raises several most curious problems which are worth studying, quite apart from the success or want of success of the play called by her name. There is a strange tragedy about the woman. She is full of independence and spirit, and without any doubt she wanted to be the companion, friend, and fellow-worker of Lucas Cleeve, with whom she had elected to live. Perhaps Lucas Cleeve himself thought at one time that life was possible both for him and for Agnes on the high platonic plane of companionship and *camaraderie*. But because Lucas is a half-baked creature, or rather because he is merely the ordinary man, *l'homme moyen sensuel*, the experiment is a failure. Agnes is forced, deliberately, to appeal to his senses and lower nature in order to fortify his constancy.

I turn to *The Benefit of the Doubt* and to *Iris*. Both the heroines of these plays are, from an ordinary masculine standpoint, worthless, and almost contemptible. Yet, on the contrary, thanks to Pinero's art, we are only too ready to forgive them both. We make excuses for them; we say that circumstances were too strong, that their positions were unendurable, that their sins ought to be forgiven. Here is Theo Fraser in *The Benefit of the Doubt*. She is married to a hard, dour Scotsman, Fraser of Locheen, who will wear kilts at the dinner table, and insists on having his deplorable bagpipes played on every occasion. Well, it is not fair to a sensitive woman, on whose nerves these things act with terrible force. So she flies for refuge to Jack Allingham, and there is a scandal, an action for divorce, and the judge gives her the benefit of the doubt. Now, mark what ensues. Fraser, not being an absolute ass, says that they must go abroad in order to get over the malevolence of spiteful tongues. He wants to hush up scandal like Torvald in *A Doll's House*. Theo resolutely refuses to do anything of the kind, and says, on the contrary, that the situation must be faced, and that they must remain in town. She may have been right in principle, but the sequel proves that she was wrong in fact. Upset by her husband's arguments, she goes once more to Jack Allingham in a half-fainting condition; she drinks champagne on an empty stomach, and, not to put too fine a point on it, she gets intoxicated. In this condition she implores Jack Allingham to run away with her. Not a nice woman this, and yet, upon my soul, the dramatist makes us

forgive her! Apparently he forgives her himself, for he lets her fall into the hands of the wife of a worthy bishop, who is going to spread her immaculate reputation over Theo's peccadilloes and gradually restore her in the public credit. I am always wondering why this fine play, *The Benefit of the Doubt*, has never been revived. I suppose we must wait until the National Theatre is established before we can hope to see it again. The first and second acts are masterpieces.

But let us continue with *Iris*. Iris Bellamy, according to her own account, is more sinned against than sinning. She is left a widow at a very early age, with a certain fortune, which she is to resign if she marries again. Round her are at least three men—Croker Harrington (who perhaps does not count, for he is a faithful, dog-like creature); Laurence Trenwith, an impecunious young man, with whom she is sincerely in love; and the Mephistopheles of the piece, Frederick Maldonado, a hard, wealthy, masterful financier. Now, Iris cannot be straight with any of these. She cannot make up her mind to live in poverty abroad with Laurence Trenwith. Poor Croker hardly enters into her calculations. Suddenly she is herself confronted with poverty, owing to the ill-doings of a rascally attorney; and this is Maldonado's chance. He leaves a cheque-book with her, and she makes use of it. He prepares a beautifully furnished flat for her, leaving the key with her, and eventually she drifts into accepting it. Then Trenwith returns, and she tells him the whole story, expecting him to forgive her. Immensely hurt at his refusal to have anything to do with her, both hurt and surprised, she is left to Maldonado's mercy; and because he has discovered the intrigue between Iris and Trenwith, she is finally driven out into the streets. You will say that she is punished, and terribly punished. It is quite true. The point is that we are genuinely sorry for her. And yet could there be a more worthless woman? Was she wicked, or merely weak? We really cannot say. Perhaps she was what Paula was originally before she commenced her career as a courtesan. But the case stands as it does with Sophy Fullgarney in *The Gay Lord Quex*, whom the hero very justly describes as a cat which scratches the hand that tries to pet it. Yet Sophy Fullgarney becomes in the sequel a quite estimable character, although she is a mean, despicable spy. And Iris, too, lives in our memory, although she is quite non-moral, perhaps even basely immoral. Need I add the instance of Paula Tanqueray? Did she ever love Aubrey Tanqueray? I think not. I think she only cared for comfort, for the satisfaction of living in a proper home, of being respected as a legitimate wife. She betrays her husband at every point. Capriciousness is the least

of her vices. She asks her disreputable friends to stay with her. Even if she had won the love of her step-daughter, Ellean, it is doubtful if she would have known what to do with it. And yet—and yet—we are more than a little inclined to forgive Paula Tanqueray, although she had absolutely ruined a good man, and brought positive agony to his daughter. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil"; that is the dramatist's lesson. Or perhaps it is only an illustration of the famous text, "To know all is to pardon all." Pinero has made us understand his women, and though our judgment and our commonsense rebel, we are sympathetically interested in them, and inclined to grant them plenary absolution.

We have yet to see how the progress of realism in drama has manifested itself among our latest contemporary writers, and especially among such dramatists as Mr. George Bernard Shaw—who is in some respects perhaps too fantastic to be called a realist—Mr. St. John Hankin, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Stanley Houghton. I hope hereafter to find an opportunity of dealing with some of the most modern developments. In the present instance it seemed worth while to spend some little time over a period, which means more perhaps to the middle-aged man than it does to the more youthful of our contemporaries, and especially over the work of Sir Arthur Pinero, whom this present age, a little fickle and oblivious of what has been done in the past, has begun somewhat ungratefully to disparage.

But before I end, I must go back to a point which was alluded to in my first paper, and which indeed is suggested by movements that are going on all round us, both in literary and dramatic art. We have been living under the tyranny of realism for some years past, and in some respects I think the dominion of realistic modes of thought has become an obsession. If I confine myself to what realism means in drama, I should say that its tendency is to lead us straight to pessimism, to that characteristically sombre and gloomy pessimism which has invaded foreign literatures even more than our own, and of which the Russian literature affords us admirable specimens. Why should realism lead to pessimism? The answer is quite simple, and also instructive. The realistic treatment of human character lays stress on the individual, his rights, his claims, his sorrows, his passions, all that he demands of life and all that life seems to deny him. Now, despite the teaching of Ibsen, the individual is not always right as against society, nor does ultimate wisdom reside with the minority as against the majority. The individual

by himself is a weak and feeble thing, and the enumeration of his particular grievances distorts the proper perspective of human existence in general and depreciates the average health and sanity of the social state. Reflecting on his personal woes, the individual naturally becomes a pessimist; or, if we may put it in another way, selfishness, a narrow absorbing egotism, is the root of all evil. At all events our realists, both in literature and in drama, exhaust themselves in denouncing the injustice and the hopelessness of human life, because they persist in taking the standpoint of the acutely sensitive individual instead of regarding such matters from an objective or world standpoint.

One of the best ways of trying to discover the tendencies of a particular movement amongst ourselves is to see what is happening in foreign literatures. The Russian literature is very apt for this purpose, and, as we are aware, modern Russian literature has been not incorrectly described as "pessimism devoid of humour." I will not take such well-known writers as Tolstoy, Gorky, Dostoieffsky. I will only mention one of the modern novelists, Artzybascheff. His most recent novel, entitled *At the Utmost Limit*, has no other theme than to portray the black night, the utter and irremediable senselessness of all earthly existence, and to suggest suicide as the only panacea for human ill. Nevertheless, what is happening even in Russia, the home of pessimism? There is a school of younger writers who, in reaction from this state of things, might almost be described as optimists. Something of the same sort has been happening among ourselves.

There are only two ways of waking from the nightmare of realism when pushed to its extreme of egotistic mania. One is the way of symbolism, the way of dreams. You may tell yourself that the only means to discover the mystery of the universe, and to reconcile the contradictions and disorders of life, is to shut your eyes to the ordinary world and throw the reins on the neck of imagination and fancy, living in the mystic's paradise, finding an ideal happiness in a world within the four walls of human consciousness. That is what Maeterlinck does in some of his plays. Many hints of the same kind of thing are to be found in Ibsen, who, as his life progressed, grew to be more and more fond of symbols. In a certain fashion also the Celtic mode of thought of Yeats and other writers of the Irish school affords another illustration. Mysticism then is one of the modes of reaction, which come easy to some dreaming minds, a mysticism which may be ascetic or may be sensuous, but which is at all events wholly imaginative. I am not sure that it is the more hopeful or the more effective path to lead us out of our swamp of despair.

There is another way. You may choose not to ignore the evils

of life, but you may study them, just as the physician and the surgeon study all the morbid growths of mental and corporeal life. By a close study of the dreadful foe you may in the end master the secret of his destructive power, and, perchance, you may come upon this discovery, that the evils of life do not flow from the nature of things, but from human blindness, from human selfishness, from precisely that lack of cohesion amongst the various members of the human family which alone can raise them to higher levels of culture and happiness. If men were more sensitive to each other's feelings, if they could understand one another better, they would cease to deplore their own sufferings and find that life in the larger sense, a corporate life of consenting human individualities, contains within itself potentialities of real happiness. *La joie de vivre*, which is extinguished by narrow egotism, may burst out afresh in altruistic aims, in the efforts of a community to purge itself of its maladies, in its resolute concerted striving towards an exalted goal. Quite elementary and simple things, like pity, and affection, and love, supply us with materials, not for wailing and misery, but for a rich contentment and a serene peace. And so from the realism of dreadful facts we get to the idealism of simple emotions, the discovery that man is not by nature depraved, but by nature good and filled with the joy of life, finding in love and human service the satisfaction alike of his heart and his head. Perhaps before that morrow dawns man must needs pass through the valley of the shadow of doubt and despair. But he may win the happy secret at last, and, if I may judge once more from the tendencies of Russian literature, and from the work especially of the young writer Alexis Remizoff, it is thus that we may find the path towards our future deliverance. We shall not be untrue to life; we shall not close our eyes to the existence of evil; but having once grappled with the malady of pessimistic selfishness we shall discover how the idealism of simple things can, as though by magic, make us healthful and sane.

W. L. COURTNEY.

(To be continued.)

MR. MASEFIELD'S POETRY

NOT until events have assumed their place in history is it possible to see them in proper perspective or to appreciate their true significance. But it is commonly felt, and there would seem every evidence to foster the belief, that as a nation we are passing through an unprecedented revolution.

During the last two decades the old order has been consistently yielding place to the new in every department of man's thought and activity. The spread of science, the growth of popular education, and the resultant advance of democracy have been busily working upon the plastic life of society, moulding it, with alarming precision, into the new shapes which are manifesting themselves, firm and fixed, to-day. Old standards have been ruthlessly torn into shreds by impetuous hands; new beacon lights have begun to glow upon the horizon, and new war-cries to echo from the house-tops. Science and education, hand in hand, the former weeding out the tares of superstition and the latter carrying with her the seed of a new assurance, have ploughed deep into the national mind, and from the furrow there has sprung an all-conquering demand for freedom in life and thought.

There is, perhaps, no better thermometer for gauging any change in the national temperature than the literary thermometer; and the new movement in literature of which the last twenty years have seen the birth is the clear reflection of the new aspirations that are stirring the heart of the country. Poetry, the intensest self-expression of man's aspirations, was, of course, especially bound to feel the spark. Tennyson, as it has been truly said by Mr. Gosse, kept poetry stable throughout an entire generation. No sooner was Tennyson's influence removed, however, than poetry began to grow restive, and with a sudden outburst of preciosity to adventure into hitherto unexplored regions. England was just beginning to emerge from the shadow of Puritanism under which she had sat for so many years, and poetry began, instantaneously and automatically, to fret against the bars of Puritanism in which, too, her independent, though hitherto shy spirit, had been cramped. The great Victorian poets, one can imagine, would have scoffed at the charge of Puritanism. But we are only just beginning to realise how completely Puritanism had wormed her great tentacles into almost every nerve and fibre of the nation's being. And if the great

Victorian poets were not Puritanical in their outlook upon life, they were certainly Puritanical in their attitude towards their art. Just as, for instance, a Puritanical parent might guard his child, preferring him to lead a life of narrow seclusion and to forgo the greater glories that he might win upon a wider field, because of the inevitably greater temptations to excess which the wider field must always afford—so exactly the Victorian poets guarded their Muse. They were inordinately timorous for her safety. She must be allowed to run no risks. "Thus far, and no farther," must always be her guiding principle. And so, sometimes consciously, but more often, perhaps, unconsciously, they held her captive and made her always more or less exclusive. How little they dreamt (as how little does the too fond and fearful parent often dream!) that as soon as their backs were turned their child, so carefully cabined, would break forth into revolt and secure for herself the full and free light of heaven which it is the rightful heritage of every man and woman, and of every spirit and movement, to enjoy. The nation, however, has at last decided that in life it is better to take the risks, and to have the freedom; and poetry has similarly resolved that no portion of her inheritance shall be denied her.

This spirit of revolt against old traditions first found expression, of course, in Mr. Kipling; it discovered fertile soil in John Davidson; more and more it has animated a host of lesser minds; and its latest and consummate product is Mr. John Masefield. Tennyson, no doubt, would have looked askance at Mr. Masefield, and the new movement has not unnaturally been treated with suspicion by worshippers of the old fire. To recognise a new movement, they consider, were inevitably to betray the old. They have not yet realised the possibility, to say nothing of the imperative necessity, of keeping, and cherishing as fondly as they are able, all that is best in the old, and combining with it what is best in the new; and it was only to be expected that the advent of a poet bearing so clearly as Mr. Masefield the hall-mark of the new should be made the occasion for a fresh clamour of dissension.

And, surely enough, when Mr. Masefield's poem, "The Everlasting Mercy," appeared in the pages of a contemporary, the water in the kettle of controversy began at once to bubble uneasily. A few critics rushed forth to place Mr. Masefield upon a pedestal the height of which must have made him dizzy; but many others came armed with sword and shield against him, denying him any claim whatever to the title of poet. The eternal question as to what does and does not constitute poetry was dragged forth again into the critical market-place, and for many

weeks a none too dignified warfare was waged around it with somewhat blunt and rusty weapons. And, as it has always happened when an analysis of the nature of poetry has been attempted by force of reasoning, the result of the warfare was nothing. It only proved that, glibly as it has often been repeated, the fact has not yet been realised that poetry can only be approached and estimated in terms of the emotions. Poetry may be best compared, perhaps, as Mr. Gilbert Chesterton has compared something or other, it matters not what, to the breeze that blows the trees. We are the trees; the leaves are our senses; and poetry is the unfettered wind which, blowing where it listeth, sweeps in upon the leaves, setting the whole forest of our emotions swaying and rustling. And yet how many of us, as Mr. Chesterton says, act upon the principle that it is the leaves that should make the wind! And, applying the metaphor, it may be taken as an impeccable rule that when it is the leaves that make the wind, then we have no genuine poetry. We have only genuine poetry when the wind does truly rush in and shake the leaves. It may come gently as a zephyr of spring, or wildly as a gale of autumn. It may come as we have seen it come a thousand times, or as we have never seen it before. But so long as it does come, then we have genuine poetry. Yet, if only it come with a smack in it a little different from what they are accustomed to, you have a whole band of critics prepared to deny the wind itself.

Once more, however, the captains and the kings of controversy have departed into the oblivion of the newspaper files, and the poetry of Mr. Masefield remains. Now, therefore, that the air is a little cleared and cooled, it may not be uninteresting to attempt a reconsideration of the three long poems with which Mr. Masefield has entered into the public eye, especially in their relation to the new movement in poetry of which they are such admirable examples. And, to begin with, the main thing to be observed about this new movement as illustrated by Mr. Masefield's work is not the fact that poetry has succeeded in breaking away from such firmly-rooted traditions at all, but that it has broken away from the old bondage completely, with one indomitable outburst of determination, so that it will never be possible again for that old bondage to reclaim it. Until recently poetry was content, as a general rule, to gather her grain where that grain was apparent and easily to be gathered. Now, however, she is wakening to the realisation that it is no less her purpose to seek the grain in, and to winnow it from, the chaff. She has learnt that, the human soul being a more complicated affair than even she had suspected, the finest grain is often mingled with the coarsest chaff; and she is resolved that there is no aspect of

human life or thought or emotion, there is no field, however forbidding in appearance (and how typically Victorian were the nineteenth-century poets in their attitude towards appearances!) that shall escape her thrashing machine. In a word, she will not hesitate to trail her garments in the thickest dust, if so be that from that dust she may redeem some smallest gem.

The danger of the new movement will at once be apparent. The danger is that, while the true poet will delve in the dust for the sake of the gem, the false poet, who is always with us, will take the opportunities thus opened to him for plying his muck-rake in the dust for the sake of the dust itself. The danger is a real one, and it will have to be faced. But, after all, it is not so great as might at first sight be imagined. That it exists is clearly proved by the mass of wire-drawn subtleties (which are neither poetry nor prose, nor anything else whatsoever to which it is possible to apply a name) that it has already produced. But dust, like water, has a way of finding its own level; and verse in which there does not breathe the living spirit of poetry very quickly, as a rule, sinks into eternal oblivion. Unfortunately, Mr. Masefield himself, in two at least of his three poems, falls a prey now and then to the obvious temptation. He is not always content with getting to the naked heart of things, as it is of the essence of his purpose to do; and occasionally he gives us, in consequence, touches of inexcusable coarseness, which will bring the blush to modest cheeks. Such infringements of reasonable restraint are, however, rare; and the fact remains that when everything has been said that can be said in demerit of Mr. Masefield—and in passing it must be added that he sometimes falls into an unmusical slough of despond—his poetry triumphs over it all, and triumphs conspicuously well. To return to our metaphor of the wind and the trees, it may be said to triumph over the few impurities which it contains, just as the air that blows across Hampstead Heath may be said to triumph over the London smoke and dust with which it is laden. In either case, the air is not unpolluted, but remains, nevertheless, marvellously fresh and healthy. To deny the sun because of the spot upon it were absurd, and to condemn a complete poem because you must condemn a few passages of it were equally absurd. Mr. Masefield shows us here and there the pitfalls which beset the new movement; but his work, taken as a whole, is sterling proof of what the new movement is capable of achieving.

Take, for instance, "The Widow in the Bye-Street,"¹ which, though withheld for some time from publication, was the first of the three poems to be written. Here we have the story of an old

(1) Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d. net.

weeks a none too dignified warfare was waged around it with somewhat blunt and rusty weapons. And, as it has always happened when an analysis of the nature of poetry has been attempted by force of reasoning, the result of the warfare was nothing. It only proved that, glibly as it has often been repeated, the fact has not yet been realised that poetry can only be approached and estimated in terms of the emotions. Poetry may be best compared, perhaps, as Mr. Gilbert Chesterton has compared something or other, it matters not what, to the breeze that blows the trees. We are the trees; the leaves are our senses; and poetry is the unfettered wind which, blowing where it listeth, sweeps in upon the leaves, setting the whole forest of our emotions swaying and rustling. And yet how many of us, as Mr. Chesterton says, act upon the principle that it is the leaves that should make the wind! And, applying the metaphor, it may be taken as an impeccable rule that when it is the leaves that make the wind, then we have no genuine poetry. We have only genuine poetry when the wind does truly rush in and shake the leaves. It may come gently as a zephyr of spring, or wildly as a gale of autumn. It may come as we have seen it come a thousand times, or as we have never seen it before. But so long as it does come, then we have genuine poetry. Yet, if only it come with a smack in it a little different from what they are accustomed to, you have a whole band of critics prepared to deny the wind itself.

Once more, however, the captains and the kings of controversy have departed into the oblivion of the newspaper files, and the poetry of Mr. Masefield remains. Now, therefore, that the air is a little cleared and cooled, it may not be uninteresting to attempt a reconsideration of the three long poems with which Mr. Masefield has entered into the public eye, especially in their relation to the new movement in poetry of which they are such admirable examples. And, to begin with, the main thing to be observed about this new movement as illustrated by Mr. Masefield's work is not the fact that poetry has succeeded in breaking away from such firmly-rooted traditions at all, but that it has broken away from the old bondage completely, with one indomitable outburst of determination, so that it will never be possible again for that old bondage to reclaim it. Until recently poetry was content, as a general rule, to gather her grain where that grain was apparent and easily to be gathered. Now, however, she is wakening to the realisation that it is no less her purpose to seek the grain in, and to winnow it from, the chaff. She has learnt that, the human soul being a more complicated affair than even she had suspected, the finest grain is often mingled with the coarsest chaff; and she is resolved that there is no aspect of

human life or thought or emotion, there is no field, however forbidding in appearance (and how typically Victorian were the nineteenth-century poets in their attitude towards appearances!) that shall escape her thrashing machine. In a word, she will not hesitate to trail her garments in the thickest dust, if so be that from that dust she may redeem some smallest gem.

The danger of the new movement will at once be apparent. The danger is that, while the true poet will delve in the dust for the sake of the gem, the false poet, who is always with us, will take the opportunities thus opened to him for plying his muck-rake in the dust for the sake of the dust itself. The danger is a real one, and it will have to be faced. But, after all, it is not so great as might at first sight be imagined. That it exists is clearly proved by the mass of wire-drawn subtleties (which are neither poetry nor prose, nor anything else whatsoever to which it is possible to apply a name) that it has already produced. But dust, like water, has a way of finding its own level; and verse in which there does not breathe the living spirit of poetry very quickly, as a rule, sinks into eternal oblivion. Unfortunately, Mr. Masefield himself, in two at least of his three poems, falls a prey now and then to the obvious temptation. He is not always content with getting to the naked heart of things, as it is of the essence of his purpose to do; and occasionally he gives us, in consequence, touches of inexcusable coarseness, which will bring the blush to modest cheeks. Such infringements of reasonable restraint are, however, rare; and the fact remains that when everything has been said that can be said in demerit of Mr. Masefield—and in passing it must be added that he sometimes falls into an unmusical slough of despond—his poetry triumphs over it all, and triumphs conspicuously well. To return to our metaphor of the wind and the trees, it may be said to triumph over the few impurities which it contains, just as the air that blows across Hampstead Heath may be said to triumph over the London smoke and dust with which it is laden. In either case, the air is not unpolluted, but remains, nevertheless, marvellously fresh and healthy. To deny the sun because of the spot upon it were absurd, and to condemn a complete poem because you must condemn a few passages of it were equally absurd. Mr. Masefield shows us here and there the pitfalls which beset the new movement; but his work, taken as a whole, is sterling proof of what the new movement is capable of achieving.

Take, for instance, "The Widow in the Bye-Street,"¹ which, though withheld for some time from publication, was the first of the three poems to be written. Here we have the story of an old

(1) Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d. net.

woman who earns a precarious livelihood by stitching shrouds for the big undertaker of a Shropshire country-town, and who sacrifices her very food and clothing for her only son. The son comes under evil influences, and is brought through sensuality and jealousy to murder and the gallows, leaving the widow a harmless, pathetic lunatic. Mr. Masefield has, let it be admitted, a slight tendency to caricature; but in its essence his story is true, and is one of no uncommon occurrence. It is one, however, which the Victorian poets would have regarded with dismay, and would have relegated to a place quite outside the pale of art. They might have been a little more generously disposed towards ("Dauber,"¹ which relates the history of a farmer's son, who, seized with a passionate ambition to paint the sea, embarks upon a vessel as ship's painter with a view to studying the ocean "from the inside." Exiled as he is, of course, among common sailors, his ambition is early nipped in the bud; his canvases are destroyed by ruthless hands; ridicule and abuse are lavished upon him; and, being wholly unfit for the rough work of a ship, he is taunted for being a coward. Against the gibes that are showered upon him his manhood revolts; he makes one desperate effort to prove his courage, and falling from the mast-head during the height of a storm, he perishes upon the deck below.) But if the poets of an earlier generation might have regarded the story with a more lenient eye, they would certainly have shrunk from such treatment of it as this:—

"Just by the round-house door as it grew dark
The boatswain caught the Dauber with 'Now, you.
Till now I've spared you, damn you, now you hark
I've just had hell for what you didn't do.
I'll have you broke and sent among the crew
If you get me more trouble by a particle.
Don't you forget, you daubing useless article.

'You thing, you twice-laid thing from Port Mahon.'
Then came the cook's 'Is that the Dauber there?
Why don't you leave them stinking paints alone?
They stink the house out, poisoning all the air,
Just take them out.' 'Where to?' 'I don't care where.
I won't have stinking paints here.' From their plates
'That's right; wet paint breeds fever,' growled his mates.

He took his still wet drawings from the berth
And climbed the ladder to the deck-house top,
Beneath, the noisy half-deck rang with mirth,
For two ship's boys were putting on the strop.
One, clambering up to let the skylight drop,
Saw him and scuttled down and whispered 'Sammy,
Here's Dauber mooning on the deck-house, dammy.'"

(1) William Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net.

And no less certainly would they have protested against the following passage from "The Widow in the Bye-Street," which describes the visit of mother and son to the village fair, where the son first falls into the snare of Eve, beautiful, licentious, sensual, eager as a tigress for prey :—

"All of the side shows of the fair are lighted,
Flares and bright lights, and brassy cymbals clanging,
'Beginning now' and 'Everyone's invited,'
Shatter the pauses of the organ's whanging,
The Oldest Show on Earth and the Last Hanging,
'The Murder in the Red Barn,' with real blood,
The rifles crack, the Sally shy-sticks thud.

Anna walked slowly homewards with her prey,
Holding old tottering mother's weight upon her,
And pouring in sweet poison on the way
Of 'Such a pleasure, ma'am, and such an honour,'
And 'One's so safe with such a son to con her
Through all the noises and through all the press,
Boys daredn't squirt tormenters on her dress.'

At mother's door they stop to say 'Good-night.'
And mother must go in to set the table.
Anna pretended that she felt a fright
To go alone through all the merry babel :
'My friends are waiting at "The Cain and Abel,"
Just down the other side of Market Square,
It'd be a mercy if you'd set me there.'

So Jimmy came, while mother went inside;
Anna has got her victim in her clutch.
Jimmy, all blushing, glad to be her guide,
Thrilled by her scent, and trembling at her touch.
She was all white and dark, and said not much;
She sighed, to hint that pleasure's grave was dug,
And smiled within to see him such a mug."

Now, while it would surely be impossible for anyone not to appreciate such brilliant workmanship—the level of which, allowing for the occasional lapses of which we have already spoken, Mr. Masefield maintains very consistently throughout the three poems—no one with any understanding would describe these passages in themselves as poetry of a high order. They were never intended to be, and Mr. Masefield would himself be the first to refute any claim urging that they were. But it must be repeated that a poem cannot be fairly judged except as a whole, and it is the great injustice of which critics of the older school are guilty that they confine their attention almost entirely to such passages, ignoring the fact that the very purpose of them is to lend a double force and emphasis to the more tender and mellow and beautiful passages with which Mr. Masefield's work

is so richly sprinkled. The following quotation will serve as an illustration :—

"Guilty. Thumbs down. No hope. The judge passed sentence :
 ' A frantic, passionate youth, unfit for life,
 A fitting time afforded for repentance,
 Then certain justice with a pitiless knife.
 For her who, but for him, had been a wife,
 Pity. For her who bore him, pity. (Cheers.)
 The jury were exempt for seven years.'

All bowed; the Judge passed to the robing-room,
 Dismissed his clerks, disrobed, and knelt and prayed
 As was his custom after passing doom,
 Doom upon life, upon the thing not made.
 ' O God, who made us out of dust, and laid
 Thee in us bright, to lead us to the truth,
 O God, have pity upon this poor youth.

Show him Thy grace, O God, before he die;
 Shine in his heart; have mercy upon me,
 Who deal the laws men make to travel by
 Under the sun upon the path to Thee;
 O God, Thou knowest I'm as blind as he,
 As blind, as frantic, not so single, worse,
 Only Thy pity spared me from the curse.

Thy pity and Thy mercy, God, did save,
 Thy bounteous gifts, not any grace of mine,
 From all the pitfalls leading to the grave,
 From all the death-feasts with the husks and swine.
 God, who hast given me all things, now make shine
 Bright in this sinner's heart that he may see.
 God, take this poor boy's spirit back to Thee.'"

Not only are these last three stanzas remarkable for their technique, and not only in themselves are they undeniably poetry, but, following suddenly upon a number of verses in which, with almost brutality of descriptive power, Mr. Masefield has pictured the whole barbaric ceremony of a murder trial and the passing of the death sentence, they come with an intensity which it would be simply impossible for them otherwise to possess; and, coming thus, they carry all before them. And this is only one of many instances which clamour for citation, and show how, not only by his daring in choosing a story outwardly repulsive, but nevertheless uncommonly rich in those elements of humanity and sympathy and dramatic irony—the grain which it is the purpose of true poetry to gather—but also by his equal daring in his method of treating the story, Mr. Masefield reaps a harvest infinitely greater than any that was ever capable of being reaped by the more exclusive and tenderly guarded Muse of the preceding generation. Both in "The Widow in the Bye-Street" and in

"Dauber," whole systems of nerves in the great and complicated organism of the soul which have hitherto lain unresponsive tingle into life; and surely the means is justified by the end.

But it is in "The Everlasting Mercy"¹ that we see the supreme fruit thus far of the new movement. In "The Widow in the Bye-Street" and "Dauber," Mr. Masefield has given us "remarkable" poems, which are destined to live as such; but in "The Everlasting Mercy" he has given us "a great" poem. Here we have the no less true or engrossing story of the blackguard of a Gloucestershire village who commences his downhill career in poaching, which he cannot even do in a sportsmanlike spirit; who continues it in prize-fighting to defend a lie, and who descends through nearly every depth of sensuality and inebriety until at length the inherent goodness which from time to time manifests itself even in such a man is awakened by a Quaker lady into an overwhelming flood of emotion that "converts" him. But not only does Mr. Masefield here show us how every ounce of gold may be extracted from the dust, but he shows us how the very dust itself may be transformed into gold. He takes the coarsest threads of realism and weaves them through some magician's loom into the finest fabric of spirituality. His story is only the story that may be heard at any street-corner where the Salvation Army musters. The man in the street, however, only sees the outward and cruder aspects of the change that often comes suddenly into a fellow-man's life, transforming it from evil into good. But Mr. Masefield, with true poetic genius, sees the inside; and what has been a matter for mild ridicule, sometimes upon the part even of the most cultured, he lifts upon the wings of interpretation into a thing of ethereal beauty. We may quote three passages to illustrate the transformation in process. Firstly, we have the raw material:—

"By Dead Man's Thorn, while setting wires,
Who should come up but Billy Myers,
A friend of mine, who used to be
As black a sprig of hell as me,
With whom I'd planned, to save encroachin',
Which fields and coverts each should poach in.
Now when he saw me set my snare—
He tells me 'Get to hell from there.
This field is mine,' he says, 'by right;
If you poach here, there'll be a fight.
Out now,' he says, 'and leave your wire—
It's mine.'

'It ain't.'

'You put.'

'You liar.'

(1) Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d. net.

' You closly put.'
 ' You bloody liar.'
 ' This is my field.'
 ' This is my wire.'
 ' I'm ruler here.'
 ' You ain't.'
 ' I am.'
 ' I'll fight you for it.'
 ' Right, by damn.' "

Secondly, we see the raw material caught into the magician's loom :—

" From three long hours of gin and smokes,
 And two girls' breath and fifteen blokes,
 A warmish night, and windows shut,
 The room stank like a fox's gut.
 The heat and smell and drinking deep
 Began to stun the gang to sleep.
 Some fell downstairs to sleep on the mat,
 Some snored it sodden where they sat.
 Dick Twot had lost a tooth and wept,
 But all the drunken others slept.
 Jane slept beside me in the chair,
 And I got up—I wanted air.

I opened window wide and leaned
 Out of that pigstye of the fiend
 And felt a cool wind go like grace
 About the sleeping market-place.
 The clock struck three, and sweetly, slowly,
 The bells chimed Holy, Holy, Holy;
 And in a second's pause there fell
 The cold note of the chapel bell,
 And then a cock crew, flapping wings,
 And summat made me think of things."

And here is a typical example of the finished article :—

" O Christ who holds the open gate,
 O Christ who drives the furrow straight,
 O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
 Of holy white birds flying after,
 Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
 And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,
 The young green corn divinely springing,
 The young green corn forever singing;
 And when the field is fresh and fair
 Thy blessed feet shall glitter there,
 And we will walk the weeded field,
 And tell the golden harvest's yield,
 The corn that makes the holy bread
 By which the soul of man is fed,
 The holy bread, the food unpriced,
 Thy everlasting mercy, Christ."

Better than any amount of comment these quotations will show the effects which the new poetry is able to produce. Again, it may be admitted that in itself the first passage is not poetry of a high order, although, even so, we do not believe those who call it prose merely cut up into lengths, which they themselves could have dictated to a typewriter a great deal better had only they had the necessary leisure. But, without it, the beautiful and tender contrast which creeps suddenly into the middle of the second passage would be impossible; and never before, surely, have the first tappings of good against the door of evil been more perfectly suggested. Similarly, without the first passage, the whole of the last portion of the poem, exquisite as it is in itself, would not have been, as in Mr. Masefield's hands it becomes, the supreme expression of the supreme miracle of life. For where in the whole of literature will you find more admirably captured than in the closing pages of "The Everlasting Mercy" the emotions of a man who has suddenly felt something "break inside his brain," and who knows that the past with all its shame and horror has for ever fallen from him, as he goes forth along the open road, while through the mist the sun comes up with the infinite promise of a new day, and the sound of an early plough upon the hillside, and the song of the first lark soaring into the silent heavens, and even the very noise of a railway engine shunting, are blended into one glorious symphony of regeneration?

And if it be another test of true poetry that it sends the reader out along life's common road, refreshed and with new hope towards the dawn, then by this test also the author of "The Everlasting Mercy" is a great poet; and surely it is time that those critics who would deny to such vital literature its rightful honours should pull down their narrow barns of vision, and build greater.

In considering Mr. Masefield's work as it interprets the motives and methods of the new movement in poetry, it has been necessary to omit a consideration of certain of Mr. Masefield's more individualistic features. Much might be said, for instance, of the unrivalled passages of pastoral poetry which "The Widow in the Bye-Street" contains, or of the equally unrivalled manner in which in "Dauber" Mr. Masefield captures the spirit of the sea, which he knows and understands probably better than any man living. There is one thing which must be noted, however, in conclusion. In a day when most books of poetry issue still-born from the press, Mr. Masefield has immediately gained what is, for a poet, a large public. This fact has brought a sort of contemptuous joy into the enemy's camp, as clearly indicating Mr. Masefield's failure. Obviously, it is

argued, Mr. Masefield's work is not appealing to lovers of poetry, but is being read by that coarse-grained public which is always swept off its feet by any form of novelty. Mrs. Katharine Tynan, bewailing some little time ago in *Public Opinion* the death of letters, voices this attitude. "It is an indication of the times," she says, "that the new poets, like John Masefield, take the world by the throat. The kingdom is for the violent, and the violent carry it away."

Not only, however, is this an ungracious attitude, but it has nothing to support it. Mr. Masefield's success is due to the fact that there has been a large public eagerly hungry for poetry, but a public not willing to be beguiled by the drawing-room melodisings or the artificial extravagances which are all that recent years have had to offer. There has been a large public impatient for a poet who should prove his art to be not merely artifice, but something robust and something vital in its relation to life; and it is an encouraging sign that now that poet has arrived he has not come unregarded.

But success always brings its risk. Mr. Masefield's readers will unquestionably ask for more. Will he be able to give it them; or, if not, will he be strong enough to refuse? So far, to return yet again to our old metaphor, the wind has surely shaken the trees. But the wind cannot always do so, and when the wind fails for a while will Mr. Masefield try to make the trees create the wind? He has a felicity of technique which might prove dangerous. It is to be hoped it will never prove fatal. Mr. Masefield would always be the master of verse; but the mastery of poetry no man ever yet had, or will have. Poetry must always have the mastery of man.

GILBERT THOMAS.

EVOLUTION IN HUMAN SOCIETY.

THE popular mind is slow to take up new ideas, but when it has once assimilated them, it holds them tenaciously. So it not unfrequently happens that the heresies of one age become the superstitions of the next; and notions which were at first received with scoffing incredulity, end by becoming dogmas which it is counted heterodox to question. This is pretty much what has happened in the case of the theory of evolution, or of what, in a vague way, may be called Darwinism. When first propounded, it aroused, in much the same way as did formerly the Copernican theory, the fiercest opposition; now, however, it has won such complete acceptance that it has entered, so to speak, into the very fibre of the thoughts and language of civilised man. Such phrases as "the struggle for existence," the "survival of the fittest," "natural selection," and the like, are on everybody's lips; they are constantly made use of in discussing the moral, political and social problems which so importunately obtrude themselves upon our notice. In considering such questions as those of individualism, socialism, population and national defence, for example, much is said about the theory of evolution and its applicability to human society. It is hardly questionable, indeed, that the general acceptance of Darwinism has induced a view of life, an outlook on affairs, a standpoint which are novel. There has arisen a sort of anti-humanitarian, even a fatalistic, way of regarding the destiny of man. Physical science, it is believed, has given its verdict in favour of violence and brute force; it is idle therefore, so it is argued, to endeavour to promote the finer feelings. Gentleness, humility, the sense of justice are, from this point of view, not so much virtues as symptoms of weakness and degeneracy. Natural selection, it is asserted, will go its passionless way, and, whether we wish it or not, the stronger will survive. Blessed are the strong, for they shall destroy the weak. That the race is only to the swift and the battle to the strong; that man's life and actions are ruled by inexorable laws which it is futile to endeavour to resist—this is the kind of mental attitude which the acceptance of Darwinism has caused very widely to prevail. The holding of such a creed cannot be without its influence upon conduct. Nor do the consequences end here. For the theory has penetrated into the region of high politics. It is, for instance, not too much to say that it has gone far to make popular a conception of the State which Bismarck, not

altogether unsuccessfully, tried to realise. Man, it is now fashionable to hold, exists for the State, and not the State for the man. And so the individual withers and the State is more and more. In the competitive struggle between nations, safety, it is asserted, can be secured only by realising this ideal. Now, it is precisely from this doctrine that the demand for extending the sphere of government interference and regulation is immediately derived; and from it, too, springs the conception of a nation as a self-contained unit—as “a moral, organised, masculine personality,” to use the phrase of a German political philosopher. The reaction towards Protection and militarism, the growth of armaments, are among the fruits of this conception of the world as a place of international struggle where only the strongest nation can survive. The various rulers of the world, whatever views in the abstract they may hold, are in practice driven more and more to act upon the theory.

The importance of the questions raised can hardly be over-estimated. How far, then, and in what ways, it may be pertinently asked, does the law of natural selection really operate in human society? Now, in the first place, in endeavouring to supply an answer, it cannot be too carefully borne in mind that in trying to extend and apply biological conceptions to the sphere of sociology great caution is required. There lurks considerable danger in a premature attempt to formulate a higher order of facts in the terms of a lower order of facts. Such a proceeding, if hereafter proved to be unwarrantable, can do nothing but impede the advance of scientific knowledge. It is important, therefore, to inquire whether the laws relating to the animal organism hold good also in the social organism; whether, in short, the biological conditions of man considered merely as an animal are also the conditions of groups of human beings acting together in society. That the laws and conditions are the same in both cases seems a plausible conclusion. The analogy between the physical organism and the social organism at first sight seems sufficiently close to warrant such a deduction, though the argument of analogy by itself can never amount to proof. But however that may be, it is unquestionable that it is tacitly assumed by many persons that such a thing as a social organism may exist, living its own life in exactly the same way as any individual animal; and it is in considering the question of the struggle and competition among races, nations, and States that this view is usually most distinctly pushed into the foreground. In the struggle and competition, again, between the individual members of a State the question may be asked: Does the same law of natural selection hold among men which holds apparently

throughout the remainder of the organic world? There are many who talk and write as if they thought so, and, as used to be said of Lord Holland, of Holland House fame, look on their fellow-creatures more in the way of a naturalist than of a brother. In a word, there is a widely-prevailing notion that men, whether considered as individual units, or as bound together in society, are, in exactly the same way as all other living organisms, subject to the same evolutionary laws. It will therefore, perhaps, be useful to inquire what ground there is for this belief, and how far it is justified by facts.

There are, to begin with, some important distinctions which in discussions of this kind are too often forgotten or allowed to drop out of sight. There is, for instance, the far-reaching difference between the animal organism and the social organism which was pointed out by Spencer: namely, that whereas the animal organism has one sentient centre, in the social organism there are many sentient centres—a difference from which he drew the individualist conclusion that “the units can no longer be regarded as existing for the benefit of the aggregate.” Mr. Galton indicated the same thing when he observed that whereas the life of an animal is conscious and the elements upon which that life is based are unconscious, exactly the reverse is true of the corporate life of a body of men in society. And yet this important difference is constantly neglected. Much confusion, moreover, has arisen from the failure to perceive that the struggle for existence among human beings may take place in at least three different ways. There is the struggle between man and the external world, organic and inorganic; there is the struggle between individual persons, and the struggle between corporate societies, whether we call them races, nations or States. Yet these various forms of struggle are frequently confounded; nor is the precise character of the conflict in each case properly apprehended.

Take, for instance, the case of the struggle between individual persons for the maintenance of life and for the propagation of the species. It is commonly assumed that such a struggle is of just the same character as that which obtains among the lower animal creation. How profound, however, the difference is between the two cases will become apparent from the following considerations.

In the first place the struggle for existence among human beings does not, as a rule, arise from the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. Malthus thought it did, but subsequent events have shown him to be wrong. It seems nearly certain that the habitable portion of the earth could maintain a very much larger population than it actually does; and there

seems to be no reason why, with adequate channels of distribution, the supply of the means of subsistence should not be equal to the demands made upon it. This, broadly speaking, would remain true, even though in particular localities there should be a temporary scarcity. From this point of view the struggle for existence among men cannot be called severe.¹ As a matter of fact, indeed, while the human population on the whole increases, the supply of food increases even more. Far otherwise is it in the animal world, if left to itself and unaffected by human interference. Most truly Nature is red in tooth and claw. "One pair in the new generation," says Sir E. Ray Lankester, "only one pair survive for every parental pair. Animal population does not increase. Locally, and from time to time owing to exceptional changes, a species may multiply here and decrease there."² But, broadly speaking, an identical number is maintained.

The second great distinction between the struggle in the animal world and that of man lies in this evident fact, that whereas human beings can to a very large extent modify their own environment, animals cannot. This difference at once raises man to an entirely different plane. Nay, more, it is not only in his power to change his own surroundings, but he can often modify those of the lower orders of creation at his will, and even mould their species by an artificial process of selection. The stock-breeder takes, so to speak, the work out of Nature's hands, and does it for his own purpose considerably better. Heine, in his jesting way, said that we ought to be very careful how we choose our own parents. What we cannot, however, do for ourselves, we can sometimes do for the lower animals.

It needs only to have these distinctions pointed out to recognise their profound and far-reaching importance. But this is not all. It is certain that, whereas the greater number of human beings succumb sooner or later to some form of disease, the end in the animal world comes usually in other ways. Cold, hunger, the assaults of enemies, deal unceasingly their deadly blows. In wild nature the animal is usually cut off in infancy or in its prime, a few only lingering on to what is, relatively speaking, a period of old age. But it is an old age which, again, is different from that

(1) It has been calculated that during the nineteenth century the European population of the world rose from 170,000,000 to 500,000,000; and that by the end of another century this number may rise further to from 1,500,000,000 to 2,000,000,000. During the nineteenth century the Anglo-American population rose from 20,000,000 to 150,000,000. (*Kidd's Principles of Western Civilization*.)

It was calculated by Mr. Greg that Europe could maintain as many as 500,000,000 persons easily without inconvenience, instead of the actual number of 270,000,000. (*Greg's Enigmas of Life*; Appendix. Edition 1891.)

(2) Sir E. Ray Lankester's *The Kingdom of Man*.

of man. For prolonged duration of life is of importance only relatively to the species, and the struggle for existence among the lower creation being intense, old age, so far from being of use to the species, may be positively harmful. The old members may become merely an incumbrance. But in the case of man, the survival of the old not only secures protection for the young over a protracted period, but provides for storing up the accumulations of experience. The mystical lore that comes in the evening of life is made available for use.

It is upon the failure to perceive the distinctions which have just been pointed out that a vast structure of inaccurate and confused argumentation has been built up. There is the common idea, for example, that civilised nations—and the British nation in particular—are, so to speak, destroying themselves by interfering with the law of natural selection. It is asserted that, under present conditions, it is not the fittest who are able to survive, but, on the contrary, the least fit; the fact being apparently forgotten that what is meant by “fittest” is not the strongest, but that which is most in harmony with environment. And it may well be that the common conception of what is “fittest” may turn out to be wrong. Again, there is the widely-prevailing belief that in order to maintain the process of selection in a state in vigorous and salutary operation, it is necessary to keep up a high rate of increase of population; or, at any rate, that the decline of the birth-rate is an evil. Lower the rate of increase, it is argued, and you diminish the potentiality of selection. There are, however, good grounds for doubting whether such a result is likely to occur. There is the capital fact, for instance, that lessened fertility tends to accompany increased intellectual capacity. It appears to be well established that the maintenance of the individual life and the propagation of the race vary inversely, or, in other words, that the species with the shortest and most uncertain lives have the greater number of offspring; in a word, that individuation and reproduction are antagonistic. If this be so, it is only natural to anticipate that a diminishing birth-rate is likely to be a constant phenomenon among the more highly-civilised races. Moreover, in popular discussions upon human selection, the moral factor is not given its true value. It was not for nothing, as Darwin long ago pointed out, that mankind was endowed with comparatively small physical strength and means of self-defence. If our ancestors had possessed greater brute force and ferocity, the individual would have been able to defend himself much more easily without assistance, the social habits would have remained undeveloped, and the higher mental and moral qualities would not to the same extent have been acquired. So, in the end, the weak have been enabled to

confound the strong. Man's safety, in short, depends upon the intensity of his social instincts; morality is but the developed form of tribal habit, and moral conduct is nothing less than social conduct, just as immoral conduct is directly anti-social. Society, indeed, might be described as morality embodied. Whereas, therefore, amongst inferior creatures the survival of the fittest is the outcome of aggressive competition, among mankind it is rather the outcome of non-aggressive competition. From this limited competition, indeed, the human notion of justice is derived.¹

The struggle for existence, then, among men is not necessarily and solely related to numbers or to the means of subsistence. Whether the decline in the birth-rate—now so marked a feature in many civilised communities—is the evil that it is alleged to be, will of course depend very much upon its causes. But observation goes to show that, as a general rule, such a decline goes hand in hand with high wages and the spread of education. If it be an evil, it must at least be admitted that it is accompanied by mitigating circumstances. It is, moreover, to be anticipated that an improved social organisation would be likely to put a still further check upon the growth of population. For, as a result of better social conditions, it is to be expected that the period of marriage will be postponed; that fewer women will—as they often now do—marry rather from necessity than choice; and that there will be a diminishing mortality amongst men, thus rectifying the present disparity in numbers of the sexes. A declining birth-rate may, therefore, be the direct consequence of the fact that a civilised community is fundamentally a moral institution, that it is based upon altruistic motives, and that it increasingly depends for its success upon a high development of intellectual capacity.

From considerations such as these, persons who are inclined to take a pessimistic outlook may, perhaps, though not without reluctance, derive some consolation. But, on the other hand, they will point to facts and tendencies which they will regard as affording ample grounds for their dejection. They will maintain, for instance, that our humanitarian policy of keeping alive the feeble must tend to check the elimination of the unfit, and so lead to the gradual deterioration of the race. It would be far

(1) It has been calculated that the total income of the people of the United Kingdom amounts to £1,700,000,000, and that of this sum nearly one-half is spent by the rich, who are estimated at about 5,000,000; or, in other words, that about one-eighth of the population spend about half of the produce of the labour of the whole population. If the state of society in this country was one of aggressive competition merely, it seems scarcely likely that seven-eighths of the population would continue to assent to this very unequal distribution. (See Urwick's *Luxury and Waste of Life*.)

better, so it is argued, that the feeble should be allowed to perish and die. Reasoners of this type distrust all attempts to place a velvet glove upon the iron hand of Nature. But is there reasonable ground for this distrust? Burke has spoken somewhere of a wise and salutary neglect through which a generous Nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection. But the neglect of the feeble, the sick and the dependent can scarcely have been that of which the great political philosopher was thinking. So far from increased humanitarianism being likely to cause a deterioration of the race, it may be fairly argued that the probability is quite the other way. The prevention of a high rate of infantile mortality, for instance, can hardly be said to be an unwarrantable interference with the order of Nature; many weaklings require only proper nourishment to be made strong; natural selection, if allowed to go its own way, may carry off the strong together with the feeble; even the physically incapable may be endowed with some qualities useful to the race. In order to preserve the fit, it is not necessary to destroy the unfit. It is, indeed, not too much to say that the community most sensitive to altruistic motives is likely in the long run to prevail. For social evolution is at bottom an ethical process; its end is the survival of those who are ethically the best; its aim not so much the survival of the fittest as the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It is scarcely to be doubted that increased humanity—denounced by some as sickly and sentimental humanitarianism—though it may to some extent be antagonistic to physical improvement, does tend to enlarge morality. And it is hardly less certain that the races which are the most advanced morally have the best chance of surviving in the stress of competition.

There is not much reason, therefore, for thinking that the increase of humanitarian feeling need cause ground for pessimism. But, putting this question aside, there are not a few who take alarm at the alleged check on the reproductive fertility of the abler and better educated classes, and the relatively larger increase of the less able and less educated. Professor Ridgeway, for example, at a meeting of the British Association, strongly insisted on the doctrine that it was the duty of the statesman to act something like a stock-breeder, and he declared that this duty was entirely disregarded. This class of thinkers affirm, moreover, that the persistent immigration of the rural population into the towns is gradually bringing about much physical deterioration of the race :—

*"Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
 Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
 Nos nequiores, mox daturos
 Progeniem vitiosiore."*

That the first danger is a real one can hardly be denied. It is certain that mankind may by its own acts discourage the multiplication of the best stocks ; and that the lower orders of society do at present tend to grow more rapidly than the middle and upper classes is pretty well established. But, on the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that there is a considerable process of absorption of the lower into the middle class constantly going on, and that there is an incalculable spontaneity in the appearance of genius or of extraordinary talent. They are no monopoly of any class or order of society. Whether, again, town life is really so injurious as it is commonly supposed to be, is still a matter of dispute. In any case, the extent of the injury will to a great degree depend upon the answer to the much-debated problem of the inheritance or non-inheritance of acquired characters. For if we are to conclude that such characters are not acquired, then it follows that the evil effects of town life upon individuals will not descend to their posterity. Nor is this all ; for it has been contended with some show of reason that a race not merely of town-dwellers, but even of slum-dwellers, who would be immune to the effects of their surroundings, might in course of time be evolved ; and that to place individuals to live in too favourable conditions would defeat its own ends by reducing to a minimum the elimination of the unfit. There is, indeed, much to be said for Weismann's view that civilisation can never lead to the utter deterioration of mankind, because the moment it begins to be injurious to the individual in the struggle for existence, natural selection will step in and prevent further decay.

At the beginning of this article I ventured to assert that the popular acceptance of Darwinism had tended to induce a prevalent feeling of pessimistic fatalism. This feeling, I went on to maintain, was largely due to inaccurate notions about the actual character of the struggle for existence and of natural selection in human society. Pessimistic views, it has been shown, have been based upon observations made with regard to the decline of the birth-rate, increased humanitarianism, the relatively larger growth of the lower classes, and the immigration of the rural population into the towns. That this pessimistic feeling is unwarranted and due to a failure to perceive all the factors, especially the ethical factor, in human evolution, I have endeavoured very briefly to point out. My remarks refer, however, only to the struggle between individual persons, and I now pass on to that between the various States and nations.

If the struggle for existence among individual persons differs in some important points from that which obtains in the animal creation, much more does it differ from the struggle among

civilised States. A social organism, as we have seen, is a totally different thing from a physiological organism. And yet in common talk people speak of international conflict, as if it were a mere phase of the struggle for existence. It is again to the failure to perceive the difference between the two cases that the origin of a whole group of erroneous views must be ascribed. It is argued, for example, that war is necessary for the maintenance of a healthy competition, and in accordance with this view, preparedness for war is made almost the sole test of national efficiency. A certain feeling of apprehension, moreover, is provoked by a widely-spread but unwarrantable belief that a nation's life is like a man's, and that it must go through the three periods of youth, middle age and senile decay. A full-grown nation must, it is imagined, sooner or later enter upon the last melancholy stage. All human power, writes Cardinal Newman, for example, has its termination sooner or later; States rise and fall; the very causes which lead to the greatness of civilised communities, at length by continuing become their ruin. The analogy, however, between national and human life is a false one; for bodies politic do not die of senility, but of violence or disease. Decay in their structure is no part of an inevitable order. Yet for want of this perception there has arisen a common idea that the British nation, because it is one of the oldest civilised States, must probably by this time be entering on the inevitable period of decadence; and people fancy that they see around them signs of the beginning of the end. Sir W. Gilbert writes in one of his comic operas of

"The idiot, who praises with enthusiastic tone,
Every century but this, and every country but his own."

Croakers of this kind, indeed, are by no means unknown in England. Yet there is no real ground for thinking that the English nation need ever grow old, much less die. It may be endowed with the gift of perpetual youth.

It is not infrequently said that international war is a necessary factor in human progress, and that, if it were abolished, nations would sink into slothfulness, luxury and decay. There, again, there seems to be little ground for this discouraging conclusion. Diminution in national power, whether absolute or relative, is not in itself a sign of decadence; nor is the struggle for existence among nations necessarily concluded in favour of the biggest and the strongest. It is admitted that war is the crudest form of international struggle, and that it has no real equivalence in that simple removal by death of the unfit and the survival and reproduction of the fit, which is the outcome of natural selection. Napoleon, it is said, permanently lowered the stature of the

French nation by his decimating wars; and it is quite possible that an exaggerated militarism might lay burdens on society which would end by causing that very deterioration which it is the supposed result of war to prevent. Putting war aside, there is no form of struggle left except that of commercial competition. Yet, properly regarded, international trade is beneficial to all who participate in it, and the prosperity of each reacts to the prosperity of all. There is, therefore, clearly no analogy between the international struggle and the struggle in the animal creation. The question whether a nation is likely to endure or to decline seems to depend rather upon a different class of considerations altogether. Civilisation involves a continuous change of environment, or the imposing of new conditions, which may have one of two results. Either it may modify a nation which is pliant enough, or it may destroy it if it be too unyielding. It is quite possible that a nation may grow incapable of keeping pace with the demands which civilisation makes upon it. Whether this fate is likely to overtake any particular State must in the last resort depend upon its own nature and the character of its organism. It is here, doubtless, that there lies the explanation of the fact that some primitive races melt away before the breath of civilisation. In a word, it is in a kind of innate incapacity to meet the more complex conditions of a changing environment that the cause of national decadence is probably to be found. No one, however, would be bold enough to assert that the British people are, in a greater degree than other nations, showing signs of inability to cope with the stress of civilisation.

Much of the prevalent pessimism about the future of mankind and of the British people has, I have endeavoured to show, arisen from inaccurate and superficial views about the course of evolution in human society. Some of the conclusions arrived at are, to say the least of them, scarcely warranted by the facts. Pope's famous saying that "whatever is, is right," though it has been roundly denounced, may in a sense be true. For, after all, there is good ground for thinking that there is a continuously increasing harmony between the tenantry of the earth and their environment. Individuals, even nations, may perish, but the end may be perfection. And so we may say with Browning :—

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

THE FIRST PERSIAN FEMINIST.

THE present Woman's Movement is a tree grown now to such dimensions that its branches extend to the remotest lands where men and women live in any kind of ordered community. The roots strike deep down into the very hearts of the mothers of the race, and spread beneath the surface of life, wide as the fruit-bearing branches overhead.

But this tree has been of slow growth, so slow that the roots were already strong and ineradicable before even a green shoot appeared. Unnoticed, unheeded, often trodden under foot, were these first green shoots, but again and yet again the indomitable life in the roots put forth new growth and always with renewed vigour, until now, in every land the women are awakening from their age-long sleep. Even in the most reactionary countries they are beginning to stir and shake off the apathy bred of hopeless centuries behind high walls, barred windows, and veils. It needed but a match to set fire to the smouldering spirit of revolt, the outraged sense of justice, the bitter suffering, physical and mental, of crushed and mutilated womanhood all the world over. A little glimmer of education, an accidental glimpse of some other woman belonging to a more civilised country, a picture, a song, or a modern novel from France or England, any one of these has proved enough to set the woman behind her grilled window thinking, thinking till her heart was stirred within her and the fire kindled.

The Indian woman, her body crippled by child-bearing before she has herself emerged from childhood; the Chinese woman hobbling on her poor crushed feet; the veiled and Purdahed women of Turkey, Persia, Egypt, whose minds have been crushed like the Chinese feet; the sweated, underfed European women debarred from the rights of citizenship and many even more vital rights; all are forming into one great united army, not for the avenging of their wrongs or the punishment of man—the score against him they leave to be settled by that inevitable old lady, Mrs. Bedone-byasyoudid, when he enters her domain—but for the freeing, not only of herself, but of Man; he, who, in crippling her, his other half, has crippled himself and his son after him. The Woman has at length realised, though Man still fails to do so, that the human race can no more run with one leg than the bird fly with one wing. Once awakened, she will never sleep that drugged

sleep again, for enough of her window has been opened to let in a ray of sunlight and a breath of the fresh, life-giving air.

But this great awakening has, like all other onward and upward struggles of the race, claimed its sad toll of martyrs, and among these no name deserves to stand higher than that of Qurratu'l'Ain, the Persian woman.

Born about the year 1820, Qurratu'l'Ain was married young to a Mahometan priest, Muhammed, whose father, like her own, also belonged to the priesthood. From her youth up she was therefore enclosed, not only by the high walls of the woman's quarters, but by a mental wall of the strictest orthodoxy and tradition.

But Qurratu'l'Ain was gifted not only with exceptional beauty, but with intellectual gifts and a quality of mind which refused to be bent and moulded by external influences, however strongly they gripped her. There are some plants of such vital essence that they will grow in a dungeon and push up a stone slab in order to reach the light.

The barred windows of Qurratu'l'Ain's chamber, the high walls of her garden, and the still more impassable barriers of religion and ancient custom, all alike gave way before the spiritual force of her personality. Even before her marriage she achieved much from which her countrywomen were debarred, few of them being able to read or write. For her father, who was both fond and proud of her, seeing hers was no ordinary intellect easy to hold down in the narrow groove allotted to women, permitted her great concessions in respect to books and teachers, with the result that Qurratu'l'Ain became a scholar of no mean order and a writer of verse showing great poetic gift.

She was twenty-eight and the mother of two children when that happened which changed the world for Qurratu'l'Ain. At heart she had always rebelled against the condition of her countrywomen, but believing, in accordance with the teaching of her religion, that this evil condition was decreed by Allah, she had tried to stifle the protesting voice within her and had forced herself to submit in silence.

But one memorable day, while staying with relations at Kerbala, she heard a new message from Allah. Standing with her young sister Fatima behind a curtained window overlooking the courtyard of the big house, Qurratu'l'Ain listened to a voice. Who the speaker was she did not know, but he was addressing a crowd of men who sat in a circle round him listening intently.

His mission was not only to Persia, but to all the world, proclaiming the universal brotherhood of mankind; the unity of all religions as having but one centre, God the Father of all; and the

absolute equality of the sexes, sons and daughters alike of God. Religion, said this new teacher, must evolve with the needs of man, the message of Truth could never be final, the esoteric law alone being eternal, the exoteric law changeable and mutable even as man himself.

Qurratu'l'Ain, behind her barred window, felt her soul stirred to the very depths of being; like a winged creature from the chrysalis, her spirit shook off the old bonds and fetters and came forth into the light, conscious of her divine nature and the wings which could bear her to Heaven.

That the preacher was the messenger of Allah she recognised beyond any shadow of doubt, for he made all dark and perplexing things clear to her. He brought the Water of Life for which her soul had so long been athirst; he opened the doors of her dim prison house and she rose up and knew herself free in a world which might be flooded with joy and beauty if only men would receive the Truth. No more war, no more race-hatred—no more sex slavery and oppression. For Woman was to be free. Allah had so created and ordained her, man alone had willed it otherwise for his own lust and to the irreparable injury of the child as well as the mother.

This was the message of Mirza Muhammed Ali, called by his followers the Bab, or Gate, for it was he to whom Qurratu'l'Ain had listened that day at Kerbala.

The Bab commenced his mission about the year 1844. The foundation of the new doctrine had been laid, however, as early as the seventeenth century by Mulla Sadra, the philosophical teacher of the Shaikhis, the immediate progenitors of the Babists. His bitterest foes from the first were the all-powerful priests of Islam, but the disciples of the Bab increased only the more in number and in fervour with the persecution directed against them. "By the martyr's blood the tree must be watered before it can grow strong," said the Bab.

Through one of her uncles who had become a follower of the Bab, Qurratu'l'Ain learnt more of the new religion. With his assistance she obtained some of the written teaching and corresponded with the Master. On one occasion she even managed to hold a conversation with him. The Bab discerned in her from the first a rare spirit, and a powerful acquisition to him in his work, and the eloquence and personal charm which not even her barred windows and veil could effectually hide, made him eagerly welcome this new disciple. He told her that hers was the voice which was to rouse her sister women, preaching to them the gospel of freedom and light, that she must henceforth

devote herself to this work, for it was Allah Himself who had called her.

All that was noble and heroic in the soul of Qurratu'l'Ain responded to his appeal. The Bab had handed her the torch, and she joyfully accepted the task of bearing it to her down-trodden sisters.

Inspired by this ideal, she began at once teaching what she had learnt to the women around her. They listened at first in doubtful wonder, which slowly turned to wondering joy, as Qurratu'l'Ain's glowing words, coined red-hot from her heart, found the way straight to their own.

Everywhere she spoke she gained converts. It did not occur to her at first that a teaching of such lofty beauty could excite the wrath and bitterness of any true servant of Allah. But she had a rude awakening on her return to her husband's house at Quaswin. Hitherto Muhammed had found Qurratu'l'Ain a model wife. In spite of her rather unnecessary intellectual gifts, she had shown herself always obedient and submissive to his will.

But now here ~~was a lamentable change~~. No longer was the approval of her lord and master the touchstone of all her actions, the final appeal in all questions of right or wrong. Allah, and His Spirit as revealed within her own heart, was the supreme court to which she now appealed, just as though a mere female woman could have direct access to the Highest even as a God-created male. The soul of the priestly husband was filled with righteous indignation.

It soon became evident that the evil had not even stopped here. The wife whose ideas and affections had hitherto been decorously bounded by the four walls of her own home, now spoke and acted as though all men and women held a place in her heart as brothers and sisters. Nor did she even restrict this sentiment to her own countrymen, but preached a universal brotherhood extending all over the world. Muhammed had, of course, heard of the mad Bab and his highly undesirable teaching, but little had he thought to come up against him in his own well-ordered home. The poor man was staggered, bewildered, and beside himself with wrath.

Qurratu'l'Ain, when reprimanded, instead of, as formerly, showing humility and repentance for her errors, became only the more earnest in holding to them, and even endeavoured to persuade her husband to accept the monstrously evolutionary doctrines of the Bab, and to co-operate with her in spreading them far and wide.

Muhammed silenced her sternly, and gave her the choice between restoration to his favour on resuming her right mind as an orthodox Mahometan wife, and the disgrace of divorce, which would involve separation from her beloved children.

Qurratu'l'Ain replied that she needs must choose the latter, though it should tear her heart in twain; Allah had called her through His Prophet, and she dare not disregard His voice. Then the heart of Muhammed became as stone towards this woman he had once loved sincerely in his limited way, but who now dared openly to defy and disobey him. He divorced her, and, from his point of view, being as he was a consistent Mahometan priest, he could not do otherwise. Qurratu'l'Ain went back to her father, Haji Mulla Salih, whose more easy-going outlook on life did not oblige his living up to his religious principles in the severely logical manner of his son-in-law. Salih appears to have felt, in truth, a sneaking admiration and sympathy for the offender and her unorthodox ways. This sentiment, however, he kept to himself, for his daughter was, while in his house, practically under detention, all Bābis being regarded with suspicion, and their leader now in the prison from which death alone was to release him.

Qurratu'l'Ain, though her sphere of activity was thus perforce limited, never ceased preaching and teaching the new Doctrine to all those with whom she came in touch. This she continued to do till an event occurred which caused the smouldering hatred of the Mahometan priests to flame up into active persecution of the followers of the Bab. Mulla Tagi, the father-in-law of Qurratu'l'Ain, was assassinated by a crazy fanatic who, unfortunately, had joined himself to the Bābis. Though he at once confessed and declared he alone was responsible for the crime, four other Bābis were arrested as accomplices, and, after being tortured, were executed.

This was the signal for a fierce persecution, led by the priests. Wherever the hated Bābis were to be found they were handed over to be first tortured and then either killed or imprisoned under conditions of renewed suffering.

The Bab, who knew his own days were now numbered, sent word to his followers to be of good cheer, for soon another and a greater prophet than himself would come forward as their leader, one for whom he had but paved the way. That other was to be Baha U'llah, already a distinguished follower and teacher of the Babi doctrines.

Meanwhile it was rumoured that Qurratu'l'Ain had secretly instigated her father-in-law's murder, and though no one seriously believed it, her father's house became no longer safe for her, and her presence there a danger to her people. So in accordance with orders received from Baha U'llah, she silently left her home one night while all the household slept, with the aid of a rope scaled the city wall and joined a faithful follower who had chariot and horses in waiting for her. They travelled to Badasht, where

Baha U'llah was holding a great assembly of the Bâbis encamped outside the city.

It was while here that Qurratu'l'Ain made her first definite public appearance, and once and for ever cast aside the symbolic veil, a step requiring, even for one of her undaunted spirit, exceptional courage, the courage which is ready to face not only martyrdom of the body but that of mind and spirit. She realised that even those who loved her best might misjudge and misinterpret this violation of ancient custom, but also that, "Courage being the mother of all the virtues," Love itself is unworthy the name unless mothered by this strong-hearted goddess. The Bab had come to break down prison bars, cast away veils, and let in the light; his faithful followers must not shirk the fight.

* * * * *

In the camp of the Bâbis a great meeting was being held. At the door of her tent Qurratu'l'Ain listened, absorbed in thought. Her uncle Ali, he who had so helped her in the past, arose and spoke :—

"Let us arise," he cried, "out of our graves of superstition and egotism. Let us go forth into the world proclaiming far and wide the love of God, the brotherhood of mankind, the equality and freedom of woman, for the day of Resurrection is at hand and the trumpet shall sound."

Suddenly Qurratu'l'Ain stepped into their midst, and, throwing aside her veil, she addressed the astonished assembly, turning her fair face full on them as she cried :—

"Yes, my brothers, the trumpet shall sound; it is sounding to-day, it is my voice. The day of Resurrection is here, a new era commences, the Quran is completed. Even as I fling away from henceforth my veil, so I conjure you fling away the old bonds and chains that have bound you. Arise and open the prison doors of the women of your land, living in slavery of body and soul. I proclaim to them this day their Resurrection."

But men who would have heartily assented to all she said of woman's equality and man's brotherhood, could not consent to this first revolutionary step, the casting aside of the woman's veil. The wife of a Mahometan priest, showing her naked face unabashed and unashamed at a public meeting, outraged these worthy Persians as greatly as the English Suffragist outrages her British brothers when she lifts up her voice at a public meeting in "question time." Strangely illogical is the working of the human mind! Even these enlightened and progressive Bâbis, who had arrived at the point of accepting and teaching the absolute equality of the two halves of the human race, experienced

a shock of revulsion at the first sight of their theory converted into practical action.

A murmur of disapprobation and outraged feeling ran through the camp, striking a chill to the heart of the woman so confidently appealing to her "brothers." But the faithful uncle Ali stood by her loyally, and presently Baha U'llah appeared from his tent where he had been lying sick, and ordered that the Quran be read describing the Day of Resurrection. He then proclaimed authoritatively that the voice of Qurratu'l'Ain was, indeed, the trumpet which should sound, and bade all heed her words, arise and cast away their feeble fears, their hindering superstitions.

The result was that though those of finer metal rallied round Qurratu'l'Ain, many of the weaker brethren left the camp. The Bab, hearing in his prison of the event and of the scandals which now attacked the fair name of Qurratu'l'Ain, sent word that from henceforth she should be named Tahira, "the Pure," so that no man calling himself a Babi should dare reproach her.

From this time began Qurratu'l'Ain's active public life. Throughout the length and breadth of the land she went teaching and preaching as though she bore a charmed life. In spite of the persecution still going on more or less everywhere in Persia, the only attempt at this time made to silence her ended in failure for her enemies. She was taken before the Shah and accused of dangerous and unorthodox propaganda. But called on to curse, the royal personage, like the prophet of old, turned round and blest, remarking that he liked the look of the culprit and telling the prosecutors to "let her alone."

Much discomforted they withdrew and Qurratu'l'Ain continued her mission, going from village to village, attended by a small band of devoted followers and enjoying absolute liberty.

On one occasion she even entered the mosque at Kerman after prayer had concluded and addressed the worshippers. She possessed an extraordinary power of drawing to her men and women of all classes; scholars, mystics, and peasants alike were stirred and convinced by her words. Yet her beauty and wisdom drew them not so much to herself personally as to the Creator and Author of all beauty and wisdom.

"She is sent of Allah." This was the verdict wherever Qurratu'l'Ain was heard. They seemed to recognise her influence as purely spiritual. Her fame grew, and many of the Persian grandees received her as a welcome guest in their houses. For two years this went on, and then the priests who had been watching and biding their time, found their opportunity.

An attempt was made on the life of the Shah. In spite of evidence to the contrary, the guilty man was accused of being a

follower of the Bab, and this was the signal for a violent renewal of persecution and slaughter of the Babis. The imprisoned Bab himself was taken out, hung on a wall, and shot, while thousands of his disciples met with a far less merciful fate, being put to every imaginable torture before death released them.

Qurratu'l'Ain was at first merely deprived of liberty and detained in the house of a Governor, where she soon made her influence felt among his women folk. But this mild form of detention did not satisfy the implacable priests, and before long they procured her removal to prison.

Qurratu'l'Ain faced whatever befell her with a perfect serenity, looking forward to death as the Gate of Life. From this time till the hour of her death, some two years later, little is known of her except vague rumours. One thing only is certain, that even in the darkest dungeon her dauntless spirit burned bright and steadfast. Hardened ruffians sent to her cell to torture and insult her came out, it is reported, protesting they could not do this thing, they dare not lay hands on such an one. Others left her, the tears streaming from eyes unknown to weep, declaring she was a saint and spake such words as made all things changed for them from that day forth.

At last the people clamoured so loudly for their beloved lady's release that it was decided to do away with her by stealth. The authorities gave out that she was to be let out of prison and sent back to her father's custody.

One night she was conveyed secretly to an empty pavilion in a deserted garden, and there told to await her friends. The friend she awaited she well knew to be Death, and that friend she was ready to meet with joy. Knowing that her particular task on earth was finished, and, with that second sight of the soul granted to such high spirits about to quit their earthly tenement, she foresaw that the seed she had sown would be quickened into such life that one day her sister women of Persia would shake off their shackles, and, their brothers helping them, would stand up free human beings, rejoicing, instead of deploring, that Allah had decreed them to be women.

The new day was just dawning in the deserted garden when a negro, hired for the purpose at the price of his own life, crept up to the quiet pavilion where sat his waiting victim. He kept his eyes averted, and cotton wool was in his ears lest the sound of that voice which had brought comfort to so many a weary soul should cast its spell upon him. In his hand he held a long scarf. With fierce rapidity he accomplished the deed, then fled, trembling at the remembrance of that calm and shining face.

CONSTANCE ELIZABETH MAUD.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH CRICKET?

WHAT is wrong with cricket? Nothing whatever is wrong with the game itself, only something is amiss with that portion of it which is known as first-class cricket. In all other cricket alike, whether it be that of the second-class counties, or the public schools, or league cricket, or club cricket or country-house cricket, keen sport is shown, the ball increasingly defeating the bat as the pitches get worse and the standard of play less scientific. Except that the counter-attraction of golf has to some extent made the collection of a scratch side more difficult, there is nothing to find fault with. Among all classes the game is played in the true sporting spirit, "slackers" are few and soon get weeded out, and perhaps the only cause of complaint is that, by exercising the declaration, a captain often has to prevent his later men having their innings owing to his natural desire to win the game. I am told that at a good many schools boys are not so keen about cricket as their fathers were, but of this there is little evidence, and, speaking broadly, cricket flourishes over England, though the standard of club cricket may not be quite so high as it was twenty-five years ago. That is to say, there is a wider gap between a county cricketer and a club cricketer than was the case at the end of the 'eighties. This is because first-class cricket has become more specialised and less of a game.

Though no one will deny that to-day there is prevalent a great deal of discontent about first-class cricket, little attempt has been made to ascertain what are the reasons for the dissatisfaction, though a number of suggested remedies have been put forward.

The first cause, in my opinion, has been the attitude of many of the prominent amateurs towards the public. When they had become recognised members of the regular county eleven, they too often assumed that they could do as they liked. Once at Lord's, a dozen years ago, I said something to a prominent amateur about the Man-in-the-Street. His answer was "what on earth does the public matter? If they do not like the cricket they get, let them stay away. Cricket could be played just as well at Lord's if only the members of the M.C.C. were present. But the public will always come; they will be only too thankful." Nowadays, when all county cricket is played with an eye to the gate-money, being dependent on public patronage, the practical error of such patronising views has been brought home to the

amateur. But here was the first cause of the modern discontent. Years ago I was sharply censured for saying that the man who paid his sixpence ought to be considered. I was told he could either applaud or stay away. In other words, he was to pay to be part of a clique to a clique. Well, he is not doing so, hence the present commotion.

Next, there is a great deal too much cricket. First-class players are at it week after week from May to September, and the public grows apathetic. With improved journalism, a busy man prefers to read about ten contemporaneous matches rather than go five miles to see a portion of one. If he does not pay his sixpence, then comes dread of bankruptcy, and all sorts of extraneous efforts, such as bazaars, shilling funds and whips for fresh members in order to bolster up the present over-elaborate county executives. There is too much of a business air, too much officialdom about modern county cricket: too many matches and far too little real cricket. When we get a typical piece of sportsmanship, such as the finish between Warwickshire and Middlesex, or that of Yorkshire *v.* Hampshire last year, it creates a genuine thrill. The public are quite as responsive to real cricket as ever, but they do not get enough of it. There are too few plums in the pudding.

Thence arises the chief cause of complaint, namely, leg-play. This is a degradation of batting that was never intended, and which by its increasing prevalence has wearied the spectator. No doubt the bulk of it has been caused by the batsman adopting this method to googlie bowling, instead of evolving new strokes to oppose the novel attack, as I had erroneously prophesied would be the case. Yet playing with the legs is older than the epidemic of googlies. Shrewsbury persisted in it in his later years, Tom Hayward always was addicted to it, Mr. Perrin often adopted it, and so did Mr. C. J. B. Wood. Now it has become an illegitimate yet legitimised method of preserving the wicket, and there is nothing sporting about it. Following on this may be noticed an increasing number of batsmen who will not attempt to score off many balls that could be hit. Wilfred Rhodes, otherwise a glorious cricketer, often furnishes a pernicious instance. The adoption of Mr. A. G. Steel's proposed l.b.w. law must be ruled out of prospect for the current season, because two months' notice has to be given of any proposed alteration in the laws of the game. A much easier remedy would be for every county committee to issue an instruction to the county eleven against leg play and unduly slow batting, and *to see that it is carried out*. At Lord's, in every dressing-room, for years there has been a notice reminding batsmen of the two-minutes rule after the fall of the wicket.

Only Mr. Walter Brearley and Mr. S. M. J. Woods have ever observed this rule in modern county cricket under ordinary conditions.

Is it necessary to add that unpunctuality, elongated intervals, the odious tea interval, the too frequent air of slackness among all participating in a county match, undue waits for play after rain have all contributed to disgust spectators wearied with needlessly slow play? Play the game with briskness, and in a sporting fashion, and the public will soon return. No one ever hears complaints of lack of enthusiasm in Kent. Why? Because the Kent eleven invariably plays a keen game. So does Hampshire *always*. So do the others, more or less. And there's the rub.

Another point is that Kent and Hampshire, luckily for themselves, invariably have an adequate leaven of amateurs with professionals. That is necessary for a really attractive side. A professional cannot afford to take risks. No one would dream of suggesting that Thompson should adopt the methods of Mr. E. L. Kidd or Relf those of Mr. F. R. Foster. The increasing difficulty of obtaining regular amateur assistance is the chief reason for proposing two-day matches. It remains to be seen whether it will have the desired effect. The other plan of starting matches on a Saturday may prove attractive, though it might also press somewhat hardly on local cricket. Still this will not happen frequently in any locality except the metropolis. It must be emphasised that there are not wanting able amateurs who openly say they prefer the pleasantness of country-house cricket to the formalisms and publicity of county cricket. Mr. R. E. Foster's idea of a smaller ball is far more worthy of a trial than the fourth stump, heightening the wicket or shaving the bat, all of which are advocated by Mr. C. A. Smith. Yet in Mr. Foster's own words: "Cricket to-day generally is just as good as ever it was, just as sporting, just as keen, just as pleasant to play; and there may be a real danger in tampering with the customs in which the public are to-day playing our national game." Precisely. An alteration in the laws of the game cannot be confined to first-class fixtures only.

The plan of reducing the counties to twelve, which the Advisory Board are going to consider after this article is published, is the outcome of a proposal I originated, and which Lord Hawke brought forward a few winters ago, of two competitions of eight counties each, both competitions (A and B) to rank as first-class. Dr. W. G. Grace recently wrote me that years before he once threw out the same suggestion. I was not aware of it, but gladly avail myself of the support coming from a cricketer of his unparalleled experience. There can be very little doubt that the

proposal of having only twelve counties in the championship will be adopted, because the eleven counties, who are all ostensibly pulling together, could form a cricket trust, and command the situation by declining to play any other. Had the selection been made by taking the twelve highest at the end of a season to make a start in the next, nothing would have been said. The exclusion of Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Somerset, Essex, and Worcestershire would have been regretted, but the common sense of the effort to cut down the number of matches could have been appreciated. All the turmoil—which has not been much more than a splutter in a night-light—has been caused by the proposed inclusion of Leicestershire and the omission of Northamptonshire, who were second in the list last season. It is idle to pretend that Leicestershire is included because it is the older county, because Derbyshire was a first-class county in the 'seventies and 'eighties, when both Leicestershire and Northamptonshire played, as minor counties, against the Australians. The plain fact is that the other county elevens do not feel that the Northamptonshire eleven is a wildly exciting one to oppose, and that as a gate-money affair Northamptonshire does not attract in its out-matches, whilst the deplorable county balance-sheet shows how little response is provided through the Northampton turnstiles. All the same, there is no use in mincing matters : so far as the Man-in-the-Street is concerned, though he may not care much for Northamptonshire, he feels that it is not sporting to exclude the county second on the list. True, one more county is to be co-opted next July, but not only is this thought to be rather tardy recognition of the present *proxime accessit* to the champion team, but further, there is a conviction that if there is a ghost of an excuse one of the Western counties will get the preference. Of course, if some simpler method of scoring for the championship could be devised it would add vastly to its popularity ; the present table contains nine columns of figures, and how much does the average spectator care for percentage?

My answer to the question, What is wrong with county cricket (for first-class cricket is virtually that)? is the way in which it is played. The lifeless, stereotyped, very high level of uninspired mechanical excellence is only relieved by a Hobbs, a Woolley, an F. R. Foster, a Spooner, or a J. W. Hearne. There is a sad want of big personalities just now. Cricketers like Messrs. E. L. Kidd, H. L. Simms, W. T. Gresswell, A. P. Day, C. O. H. Sewell are stimulating individuals all too few. The best game of last season was the University one, which was strenuously contested from the first ball to the last, and "the match showed no sign of waning attraction, the attendance being very large."

It is only accurate to conclude in a hopeful strain. Cricket may have to be adapted to modern exigencies, but that adaptation can be legitimately and successfully achieved simply by reverting to what made the game our national one, namely by one and all playing it keenly from beginning to end. Dr. W. G. Grace always did; so, too, Mr. F. S. Jackson and K. S. Ranjitsinhji (to revert to his familiar nomenclature). Smaller men cannot do better than emulate three such great sportsmen, and then nothing will be wrong with cricket. The public will quickly respond in the old numbers. They are staying away because they have been bored by undue prevalence of the reverse of what has just been advocated. In conclusion, let us again recall how Kent always plays, and how its followers respond. Emulate that in all other county teams, and the same result will be apparent.

HOME GORDON.

THE DEATH OF SATIRE.

THE literary historian who is to write the story of the complex literature of the nineteenth century, will trace, as colours and figures are traced in tapestries, a gradual fading of the bright strands of epic and satiric poetry amid the preponderance of the lyric. Following the major threads of formal English satire as they run successively from Dryden to Swift, from Swift to Pope, and from Pope to Churchill, Gifford, and Byron, he will finally find them fled in modern times, as if for a last refuge, to the domain of the New World. Beyond the nucleus they form in the work of certain American writers to which reference shall be made later, they reappear, so far as the present shows, no more.

It is this strange, exotic, and anachronistic development and decay of satire, which we are here to consider, as well as the causes that have operated against the wider influence and appreciation of what was once a vital force in literature.

There can be no doubt that satire *per se*, whether personal or general, is out of accord with the spirit of the time. Its lightnings and thunders may awaken astonishment or afflict an individual, but to-day they seem powerless to shatter prejudice or custom. Humanity, discerning progress with clearer eyes, and with stumbling steps achieving it, hearkens rather to the voice of tolerance than of condemnation. This mental atmosphere, essentially and ethically optimistic, is one in which the nettles and cacti of satire cannot flourish.

The satire which attained such perfection in the eighteenth century was the product of a pedantic, artificial age. It reflected and imitated the literary forms and fashions of the ancients, and was dominated by the elegant pseudo-classicism of the epigrammatic, antithetic school of Pope and his contemporaries. They satirised not life, but manners. Swift alone, following with savage rancour in the footsteps of the laughing Rabelais, produced original and spontaneous work. Later came Churchill and Wolcott, laying sturdily about them with their bludgeon-like couplets. Finally, in a new century, the galled and resentful Byron snatched up the mask left by Pope, and through it petulantly pronounced his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The voice was the voice of Byron, but the language and form were those of Pope. All subsequent satirists borrowed their arms from the keen-witted dwarf of Twickenham—all who wrote satire wrote it according to his model. Who has not wearied of the tiresome, intermin-

able, heroic couplets of the prolific authors and casual satirists of the eighteenth century and those of the beginning of the nineteenth? They poured their satiric matter into slavish forms and faithfully followed a despotic fashion.

Heine, through the medium of a foreign tongue, was the first to embody and blend the satirical with the lyrical note, and to show the possibilities of irreverent laughter. Flinging aside the lofty denunciatory declamation of the old satirists, the German singer smote with laughing lips, gracefully throwing his glittering javelins of wit at what seemed most secure and sacred, often pouring his bitterest sarcasm into his sweetest songs. This scintillating, sentimental satire was the offspring of a union between the rose of Romanticism and the acrid aloe of his own experience. His genius converted the rod of the censor into a flute on which he piped, by turns, the sweetest strains or the most biting blasts, or intermingled both. His influence was not unfelt in England. It swept in, about 1830, with the wave of enthusiasm over the newly-discovered treasures of German literature, of which Carlyle was the first prophet and path-finder. Thenceforth satire was divided and sub-divided again and again, until it lost all its old identity, its classic and long-established character. It underwent, by all who presumed to use it, a constant adulteration, diffusion, and metamorphosis. It lost its dignity and importance as an individual unit, and became subservient to other ends. After passing and sifting through the successive periods of the Romantic, the Idealistic, and Naturalistic, through Transcendental and later *Æstheticism*, and finally, through modern Realism, satire, as we behold it to-day, is scarcely recognisable. The old satire seems certainly dead. What survives is a new, hybrid, and harmless thing.

The most obvious vehicles for the diluted and indirect satire of modern times are, beyond doubt, the novel and the stage. Poetic forms are almost monopolised by the purely lyric. Indignation or enthusiasm for reform, or personal vindication or revenge, now seldom fire men to rail in rhyme. The voice of righteous wrath, wise admonition or awful prophecy, speaking as with the burning lips of an Ezekiel or an Isaiah, is dumb or unheard in this age of many voices. Vehemence and uncompromising attack are not considered in taste, and denunciation of shams is thought to be actuated by intolerance or private malignance. This, it would seem, is a direct outgrowth of an epoch of productive mediocrity, which banded together by a certain sentiment among its representatives, resents anything that may prove a danger to all. Softer sentiments sway the censor, and the critics are no longer tyrants, safe and unmolested

in their strongholds, but timid and tender-hearted, or, at least, indifferent reviewers, loth to damn the bad, and exhausting their powers of panegyric upon the passable commonplaces wherewith the presses flood them. Mediocrity, observe, has to-day attained a certain respectable level.

This is true, not only of literary, but of all art, and of society in general. Ruskin ventures to criticise Whistler; Whistler invokes the aid of the law, and points out how enemies may be made. In England an iron-armoured law of libel protects the character of the good and the bad alike; in America the myriad-voiced irreverence and disregard for authority bar out the dominance of any censor. The newspapers, too, with their swift, infallible readiness, forestall and render inept any attempt to write satire of consequence on occasions of consequence. Ere indignation or protest brings inspiration, the event lies dead in the past and interest is cold. It has also become the function of the journals to act as censors of morality or taste—so far as their catering to public prejudice or their own interests will permit. Here is a power enormous indeed, but rendered singularly ineffectual by the necessarily superficial mode of its presentation and its ephemeral interest.

In the novel, then, and on the stage must modern satire seek its field. By example and by portrayal of human life, and not by criticism of it, nor by direct precept or punishment, is mankind to be lessoned and disciplined. In an age of anæsthetic and apathetic nature, the nauseous, medicinal satiric draught must be sweetened, the bitter pill disguised with sugar; the satire must be enforced under the guise of amusement. Modern culture, with its hedonistic and Epicurean tendencies and perversions, finds this not unacceptable, but for corrective purposes this Janus-faced presentment is, unfortunately, a palpable failure. The vague moral is undone by the amusement, the disguised lesson is annulled by the laugh. All lacks serious point and emphasis. In the satiric comedies of the ancients, the forces of lampoon and ridicule attacked vice and folly in open warfare; the avowed purpose was to render them odious. There was no confusion nor concealment of means or end. When Aristophanes attacked the innovators of religion, philosophy, or politics in Greece, every Athenian cobbler knew that it was Socrates who was ridiculed in *Clouds*, Euripides in the *Frogs* and *Acharnians*, and Cleon the demagogue in the *Knights*. The principle and the person satirised were apparent enough, and the satire, frank and outright in speech and form, worked plainly towards its goal.

It was Molière, casting ridicule and scorn upon whole classes of society, who first set up a model for the satire of the modern

stage. Although he seldom attacked concrete individualities, his types were common and unmistakable, his manner sure and merciless. The last of this school, as exemplified in the English satiric drama, was Sheridan, brilliantly bringing to a seemly close the light, licentious school of eighteenth-century comedy which took satire as an excuse for its existence. Pope in England, Boileau in France, and Lessing in Germany, the latter applying satire to art as well as to literary criticism, had left their corrective influence upon public taste, which was already rising to a loftier level in the new century.

In England, the thistles and nettles of satire found little room to grow in those pleasant natural fields and tenderly-nurtured gardens, full of flowers of sensuous and desirous beauty and spiritual introspection which the new poetry of Shelley and Keats, and the human *naïveté* of Wordsworth created. In vain the scornful, prejudiced Gifford shot his vigorous and venomous volleys into this ethereal literature; uncongenial to satire, it thrived and survived, and his own perished with the dominance of the older school he sought to defend. Byron's onslaught upon the poets and critics was the last echo of the school of Pope. Into his *Vision of Judgment* he had, however, infused a strain of Dantesque sublimity, which, heretofore, had been foreign to satire. The satire of Shelley, though it comprises one-twelfth of his work, has little significance. In the *Anti-Jacobin* we have some indication of a new note, some original satiric document of that time, and in the droll rhymes and clever parodies of George Canning, some evidence of the tendency of satire towards humour.

Life became more complex, new visions broke upon the world, metaphysics, analysing the soul, proclaimed it subject to improvement. Humanity assumed another and more sacred aspect. In England part of this was due to the growth of ideas fertilised by the blood of the French Revolution, that grim satiric tragedy of the rights of man, to sublime ideals beaming from the celestial thought of Goethe, and to a new and broader humanitarianism. As we glance backward and listen for the voice of the time that followed close upon this period, we seem to see the weird, looming figure of Professor Teufelsdröckh in contention with the *Zeit-Geist*, and to hear the sonorous voice of Carlyle rising in a vast protest against the spiritual slave. Satire here found another form, another voice, another prophet. Nor is Samuel Butler, the author of *Erewhon*, to be overlooked with his once-pithy work—done on the model of *Gulliver*. On the Continent Heine sparkled and sang, smiling sardonically.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, poetical satire,

like the satiric drama long before, appeared to be extinct. The Arthurian inspiration in literature laid a spell with its Merlin-wand upon the tongue of censure. There were at times weak, sporadic attempts, such as *The Age*, by Bailey, the author of *Festus*. Only when combined with humour was satire permitted to speak, and on the stage it appeared only in conjunction with humour and music, as in the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Robbed of its seriousness, it fell into inanition—the laugh annulled the lesson—the eagle fell pierced by the shaft his own wing had feathered. Then the problem play was born, and conscious satire was changed into the form of a riddle, debate, or question, whose solution or conclusion involved either approval or condemnation on the spectator's part. As Balzac, objectively and magnificently, created his *Comédie Humaine*, analysing society with the happy fire of his genius, so Ibsen, searching with merciless and mordant precision, based his dark *Tragédie Humaine* upon the disease and ill-being he found in the body of modern mankind. His iron scalpel dissected the living framework of the soul, the icy and terrible mirror of his implacable art disclosed to us our wan and weary faces, sick with civilisation. Like Goethe, he placed his finger upon Humanity, and said: "Thou ailest here and here."

Ibsen paved the way for the latest phase of what was once the satiric drama, but is now represented by such ultra-original comedy as that of Mr. Bernard Shaw. This loosely-constructed, unformal theatrical craft consists of an irregular combination of more or less witty dialogue bearing upon modern, social, and economic evils, sometimes treated in a manner so facetious as to seem insincere and superficial. Shaw's "discussions," however, are not held between human beings, but rather between the incarnations and embodiments of those gigantic fungus-growths, saprophytes, and economic monsters which have sprung from the soil of our latter-day civilisation. Indubitably Shaw is a force for social reform, his shapeless drama is based upon well-shaped beliefs, and, in its own way, achieves its end. He uses laughter both as a lever and a light.

The story of satire, as exemplified in the form of the novel, does not run a parallel course with the satiric drama, nor share the same fate as satiric poetry. Inspired by Cervantes and Le Sage, it attained strength and splendour in Fielding, reaching later on in his great disciple, Thackeray, a subtlety of expression and form and a marvellous comprehensiveness. As a censor of the manners and morality of the English upper classes, as a worldly sermoniser and satirist of society, Thackeray remains unique. Dickens, assuming a humbler view-point and discarding

censure in his characterisation, trespassed upon the borders of caricature. But already Thackeray and Dickens stand in the dim dusk of a period close in time, but remote in ideas and manners.

The current of modern satire was set entirely in the direction of humour; it sought less to censure than to amuse, less to punish than to please. When mingled with comicality and pathos in writers like Hood and Jerrold, it became still more innocuous, and underwent an easy degeneration which was, at the same time, the development of a new school of humorists.

The verbal adroitness, the deft felicity of phrase and figure, the cunning craftsmanship in literary technicalities, the acute critical insight, the smooth agility in rhyme and repartee, not to overlook the proneness to punning—all these were distinguishing features of the succeeding galaxy of humorists, of which Tom Hood the younger, Charles Stuart Calverley and Austin Dobson were the bright particular lights. They discovered the secret of investing the obviously solemn or the trivial daily commonplaces with appearances of the ludicrous or with touches of sentiment. Their fineness of touch and form and their command of supple English gave strength and clarity unto the humoristic speech of that day, despite the growing laxity of the language in its connection with journalism.

A study of the decay and the decline of satire could not be considered complete without paying a respectful attention to certain parallel tendencies and influences that affected its expression in America. It will be necessary, therefore, first to sweep with a glance the meagre history of satire in the United States. The first professed satirist to appear was John Trumbull, writing during and after the war of the Revolution and upon themes connected with it. His most pretentious, but now forgotten, work is *McFingal*, the finest imitation of *Hudibras* ever produced. After Trumbull's, for more than fifty years, no satire of any consequence appeared. Then in the famous *Bigelow Papers* of James Russell Lowell, written during the Mexican War in 1846 and the Civil War in 1861-65, satire again became a force, drawing the popular laughter, scorn, and indignation upon whatsoever Lowell found ripe for his wit. Like the ancient *Atellanae Fabulae* and the Fescennini verses, these Yankee satires were cast in a rude vernacular—the rustic idiom and dialect of the New England farmer. The petty Puritanical social institutions, the filibustering expeditions, the slave question and secession, political quackery, and other legitimate themes all came under Lowell's pen. Limited in interest as these verses were through localisms and dialect, their success in England

would be the more remarkable were it due to the satire alone. Their appeal was made through their pungent humour, quaint characterisation, and kindly human quality. The satire was entirely involved with its humour, indeed, subordinated to it. There is now little warrant for still classing Lowell as the foremost American satirist, though his work is certainly the best known. Judged by the sharpest, most classic standards of satire, the superiority of a comparatively obscure Western satirist, Ambrose Bierce, in substance, strength, and style, becomes plain. Unlike Lowell, he is, however, under the disadvantage of never having devoted his splendid powers to any great movement of his time. The lover of satire at its best will find keen enjoyment and much surprise in such works of his as *Black Beetles in Amber* and *Shapes of Clay*.

Swift's dictum that mankind give so ready an acceptance to satire because in it everyone recognises the failings of his fellows and never his own and is therefore not displeased, no longer seems valid in our day. Despite the ineradicable delight felt at the discomfiture or defeat by literary wit of men or measures obnoxious to us, it is indubitably true that the modern mind is not in sympathy with the means of satire. It resents personal censorship as it does punishment. It classes the spiritual whip, flaying-knife, branding-irons, and pillory of the satirist with those mechanical instruments of torture which civilisation no longer tolerates. Reform, the true end of all satire, is slowly to be brought about by reason, and not by flagellation. The futility of satire appears particularly pronounced in republics, where, in spite of the freedom of speech and because of it, aggregate man is loth to pay reverence to self-assumed moral or literary dictatorship—though he may accept a financial or a political one. It is to be remarked, too, that with the exception of England, where the laws of libel are drawn even more strictly than the twelve tablets enlarged by Augustus to curtail the power of the Roman writers, satire is still a factor in monarchies. This, strangely enough, is evidenced most in those States in which the *Kulturkampf* is waged most strenuously. It enters into the polemical battles brought about by the defence of or attack on new or old ideas. In this application, it seems to verify Shaftesbury's maxim that ridicule is the test of truth—as acid of gold. There is a necessity felt to-day for the independent expression of the pamphleteer, and this necessity newspapers, which are usually party or class organs, cannot supply. Lessing's *Laocoon* is a classic example of the way in which satire may be a potent aid to criticism. The purpose of satire, whether personal or abstract, should always be

corrective or didactic. It must not be merely punitive, as was too often the work of the modern Juvenals. It must possess a moral purpose and the ability to discriminate between what in nature is incorrigible and essential and what is capable of improvement. Pope's belief that stupidity could be cured or fittingly punished was grounded in deep error.

Satire was first introduced into the world to remedy the shortcomings of the law, to step in where the legal code was powerless, and to correct bad taste by castigation of those who transgressed accepted canons. When the laws or canons, often under the influence of satire itself, suffered change, the satire usually lost its significance, having accomplished its purpose. Martial, coarsely flattering his patrons on the one hand, and vituperating society on the other, and Dryden, filling his very *Essay on the Origin and Progress of Satire* with disgusting sycophancy of the Earl of Rochester, would themselves be legitimate prey to a modern censor. So Pope, dethroning Theobald to gratify his personal spite by making Cibber the hero of the *Dunciad*, degraded the inspiration of his work.

To be a force for the amendment of the world's disarray has been the just inspiration of the satiric poet. His vocation is to be, for this end, the watchdog of society, a member of the literary or critical constabulary—on the watch for offenders.

Lucilius, denouncing the foolish or wicked by name, startled Horace. The modern satirist has usually accepted Pope's principle of "lashing the sin and sparing the sinner," a purely benevolent concept which Pope himself violated in his *Grub Street* epic. The American satirist, Ambrose Bierce, however, maintains that satire, to be effective and corrective, must be personal and concrete. His theory is luminously proclaimed in the following lines *To a Censor* :—

"The delay granted by the weakness and good nature of our judges is responsible for half the murders."—*Daily Newspaper*.

Delay responsible? Why, then, my friend,
Impeach Delay and you will make an end.
Thrust vile Delay in jail and let it rot
For doing all the things that it should not.
Put not good-natured judges under bond,
But make Delay in damages respond.
Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus, rolled
Into one pitiless, unsmiling scold—
Unsparring censor, be your thongs uncured
To "lash the rascals naked through the world."
The rascals? Nay, Rascality's the thing
Above whose back your knotted scourges sing.
Your satire, truly, like a razor keen,
"Wounds with a touch that's neither felt nor seen;"

For naught that you assail with falchion free
 Has either nerves to feel nor eyes to see.
 Against abstractions evermore you charge;
 You hack no helmet and you need no targe;
 That wickedness is wrong and sin a vice,
 That wrong's not right and foulness never nice
 Fearless affirm. All consequences dare;
 Smite the offence and the offender spare.
 When Ananias and Sapphira lied,
 Falsehood, had you been there, had surely died.
 When money-changers in the Temple sat,
 At money-changing you'd have whirled the "cat"!
 Good friend, if any judge deserve your blame,
 Have you no courage, or has he no name?

Thus, molesting only the personified abstractions which the older satirists attacked, such as Vice, Folly, and Hypocrisy, and fearing to lash the vicious, the foolish, or the hypocritical man, or to stigmatise him fearlessly by name, the satirist deprives his work of the elements of fear and terror, and renders it of small effect. Is it not in this quality of enforced or false respect for the personality of the offender that the reason for the futility of modern satire must be sought? And yet, though essentially punitive in character, true satire must contain a corrective and instructive quality. Nor must it be limited in scope and interest by applying it to a single individual, for then it has little more than the effect of a personal castigation, and loses all its didactic strength.

It appears that only those masters of satire whose work was epic in its nature have commanded the veneration of the world and cleared paths for light and progress by demolishing error and ignorance. It is incapacity for satire on a large scale which is the greatest lack in the few anachronistic spirits who have feebly laboured to perpetuate the art of Juvenal and Martial in an unpropitious time.

For the satirist to become a power and to speak in a universal tongue, the creation of some comprehensive type becomes necessary, some embodiment or personification of what is to be censured or ridiculed. *Don Quixote* is but an incorporation of the fantastic chivalry Cervantes aimed to destroy, the *Knight Hudibras* a lay figure symbolising all the follies of Puritanism, the hero of the *Dunciad* and his subjects, though real persons, are depicted as the incarnations of Dullness and literary baseness. In *Gulliver* the Struldbugs and Yahoos incorporate all the villainess of humanity as Gulliver himself does its normal qualities. Judged by these standards, of wide application and significance, of power to group in masses, of command of the general instead of the particular, of appealing to all mankind irrespective of time

or place, of ability to show an active identification of themselves with, for, or against the thought or tendency of their age, the vague satire of the moderns, with the exception of that of Anatole France, must be considered of moral inconsequence.

The value of the expression of satire seems often to be confounded with the value of the satire as a whole. Since the proper purpose of satire is a didactic and not an æsthetic one, the theme and thought should be granted an importance beyond that of form and manner. Divested of its moral significance, satire may attain artistic perfection when confined to personal censure, but its brilliancy, empty of all positive import, is forced, under the name of wit, to take a lower rank in literature.

Whatever judgment posterity is to render upon the satiric labours of our day in prose or poetry, novel or drama—whether it will determine to preserve them with the work of the masters, or embalm them as earnest but unappealing literary art, or consider them purely as an anomaly, a unique anachronism or atavism of literature, present conditions will go far towards explaining the unpopularity of undisguised satire in modern life.

It would appear that far beyond the possibilities of any other country, America might furnish large and legitimate themes for the satirist, out of the dense and feverish jungles of her still unformed civilisation.

In a state or establishment of society in which the factors of education and the results of culture are not guided by powerful and enlightened masculine minds, or rather where such minds have relinquished these nobler pursuits and devoted themselves exclusively to politics and commerce, there is a corresponding usurpation by feminine minds, which, exercising more and more power, at last establish emasculated standards and erect a tyranny of taste in accordance with them. Since the intense strain of the competitive struggle in trade devours the leisure and the mental energy of the men, the devotion to and patronage of art and literature, as in all nations and at all times, are left to that portion of the population enjoying leisure. This in the United States is the feminine portion. The writer who does not cater to the ideals of this all-powerful, comprehensive section foredooms his work to practical failure. In such an atmosphere, it may easily be conceived, the potent masculine product of satire would meet with no sympathy or toleration, would, in fact, be directly antagonised by a universal spirit inimical to forthright utterance, keen criticism, or fearless denunciation.

The laxity in enforcement of the laws, the flexible, ingenious code of public honour produced by the indifference to private culpability, the predominance of the mediocre, aggrandised and

encouraged by the slavishness or timidity of indiscriminate critics, a mercenary and subsidised Press, and the wide contamination due to commercial ideals of success, all these powerful factors, crushing the criticism of the few undaunted personalities whose voices are raised in censure, are fatal to independent satire. The American people, under the influence of false standards or conceptions of living on the one hand, and the commercialising and effeminatising of taste on the other, have developed a growth of unhealthy hedonism and slavish tolerance.

Under these abnormal conditions, a public or national conscience cannot exist, and as it is the duty of the satirist or censor to act as this conscience, the chief of American guides or censors, in the person of ex-President Roosevelt himself, meets with increasing opposition and alienation from his audience as soon as he ventures upon blunt censure or advice.

The enforced inactivity of men gifted to speak in the thunder-tones of Elijah to their countrymen is the more to be regretted since never before did the corrupted limbs of the American national body have greater need of satiric surgery. Great popular abuses and evils, monstrous parasitic growths, incorporated dishonesty, and organised crime tyrannise the land, "graft," that national disease, poisons the air, gigantic folly and vulgarity run amuck through people and through Press, and all national ideals and noble traditions are tainted by the spirit of Mammon. The voices of the prophets of doom and of regeneration are heard in the land, but the dragon-slayers sleep upon their swords, or, waking, toy with them in listless mood. Only one resolute voice,¹ lifted in sorrow rather than in anger, has for years invoked the Goddess of Liberty whose sanctity is threatened:—

But when (O, distant be the time!)
Majorities in passion draw
Insurgent swords to murder Law,
And all the land is red with crime;
Or—nearer menace—when the band
Of feeble spirits cringe and plead
To the gigantic strength of Greed,
And fawn upon his iron hand;—
Nay, when the steps to state are worn
In hollows by the feet of thieves,
And Mammon site among the sheaves
And chuckles while the reapers mourn;
Then stay thy miracle!—replace
The broken throne, repair the chain,
Restore the interrupted reign
And veil again thy patient face. . . .

(1) Ambrose Bierce in "An Invocation."

Since literary forms and fashions of expression wax and wane, as well as the element of taste, it is not beyond surmise that satire, free and fearless, may again become a potent agent for good. But ere that be possible, a responsiveness must be born in the people, or its voice will be smothered like a whisper in a storm, and its thunderbolts expend themselves on men of straw.

Whether the spirit of aggressive satire shall perish entirely among the modern *Kulturvölker* is therefore matter for conjecture, but beyond certainty. Yet if it be so, the history of the extinction of spinal, virile English satire will be found by posterity to terminate in the work of Byron and Gifford, and, by a strange anomaly, in that of one or two writers of Western America, the last worthy and redoubtable exponents of the school of Pope and Swift.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

THE CHINESE DRAMA, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

"Once upon a time, so long ago that even the Chinese were a young people, there lived in the far west of the Middle Kingdom a Herdsman and a Spinning Maiden. And the love which each bore for the other was so deep and steadfast that Kwanyin, the Merciful Goddess, looked down from High Heaven in compassion of their love. For so soon as the span of their earthly life was closed she bore them to the heavens and set each in an island of the Silver River (which we moderns call the 'Milky Way'). And the Merciful One decreed that once in every seven years all the magpies in the world should assemble and, with outspread wings, should link island to island that the lovers might meet in renewal of their undying vows."

I.

IMMORTAL as the love of the Herdsman and the Spinning Damsel is the legend itself. To-day in China no self-respecting theatrical company would omit to include a variant in its repertoire. It is to be witnessed in the great modern theatres in Shanghai; on the rustic stage of a country village; in the puppet-show at the street-corner; and I have heard it sung by itinerant musicians far up the Yangtsze River. For, indirectly, here lies the origin of the Chinese Drama. And if the next link in the chain is not historically so strong as it might be, at least the story will serve for its romance.

Perhaps the best trait in the character of the Emperor Huan Tsung (A.D. 753) was his affection for the Princess Yang Kuei-fei, the lady whom he made his wife. And the story runs that she declared her love one evening as they stood upon the Magpie Bridge (so-called) in the gardens of the Imperial Palace.

The Princess, moved by tender recollections of the old legend—for it was the festival night of the anniversary—protested that she, at least, would be even more faithful in her love than was the Spinning Maiden. So enchanting did she appear to him that the Emperor promptly offered his hand, heart and throne; which were as promptly accepted.

Now Huan took counsel with his Prime Minister how he might devise some particularly ingenious and novel form of entertainment with which to please his bride.

"Let us collect," said the Premier, "some of the noblest and most graceful of the youths about the Court. We will dress them in becoming robes, and I will search the historical records and instruct them how to recite the narratives of the illustrious deeds of your Majesty's Imperial ancestors."

The entertainment was duly "presented" in a gorgeous pavilion amidst blossoming fruit-trees, and was, needless to remark, an instantaneous success. In fact, so successful was it that the Emperor decreed the institution of a Guild, or College of Dramatic Art, and named it "The Guild of the Young Folks of the Pear Garden." For his reward the Minister was thereafter able to boast that his great-grandfather had been ennobled.

Some authorities declare that the origin of the Chinese Drama is to be found in the marionette-shows which are so popular throughout China. Incidentally, it may be remarked that a variant of our own "Punch and Judy" show, but without dog Toby, is constantly to be met with in China, not only in the large towns, but in country districts. But "The Young Folks of the Pear Garden" did in reality exist, and the term is still sometimes applied to actor folk. Unfortunately, it must be recorded that the Young Folks have sadly degenerated, until to-day the calling is regarded as the most contemptible one a man can follow.

And at once we meet with the inevitable paradox—inevitable when things Chinese are treated of. For the Drama is not only one of the most interesting and outstanding features in the social life of the Chinese, it is also pre-eminently the one form of national amusement. Curious that the subject has been almost entirely neglected by those who set out to record their impressions of economic conditions which obtain amongst that most fascinating race.

From the earliest records we read that dancing and singing by trained performers were exceedingly popular; and it must be remembered that the Historical Record dates from 2698 B.C. But it was not until A.D. 1250 that the real Drama began to flourish. Practically contemporaneous with our own first Shakespearean productions a collection of 100 plays, dealing with the period of the Mongol Emperors, was published in China; and in 1845 we have another collection catalogued under no fewer than sixty headings.

Any attempt to institute comparisons between the Chinese Drama and that of other countries is well-nigh as futile as to hope to describe the Chinese people by means of a reference to such characteristics as are well known attributes of other Eastern nations. To say, for instance, that the Drama in China is as important a feature of the national life as it was in ancient Greece is to convey a very inadequate conception of the hold which it retains over all classes in the Empire, and of its power as an educational force. Its use in connection with religious rites and observances may be comparatively infrequent, and yet it is something more than the chief form of amusement.

In making a comparison with the Greek Drama, to which it is in several ways analogous, one most important point of difference, in the treatment of religion, may be briefly noted—and the remark applies equally to the literature of the two nations. The Greek Drama contains many passages wherein the gods were introduced upon the stage and not infrequently exposed to possible ridicule for their moral failings. In the large number of plays dealing with mythological subjects which I chance to have seen in China the treatment has been entirely free from any suggestion of levity. Indeed, such methods would be in direct contravention to the doctrines of Confucius, and so incomprehensible to a people who owe their existence throughout the ages as a great nation to their reliance upon moral, as opposed to physical, forces.

On the other hand, a form of drama based upon the lines of the mediæval mystery play would be equally incomprehensible to the Chinese mind owing to the nature of his religion, of which his conception is as vague as are his ideas of details of European civilisation.

There is, however, one point of strong resemblance between the Chinese and Greek Dramas, in that both are essentially lyrical. In moments of strong emotion music in some form or other is added to the spoken word, the actor in many cases breaking into song; and the orchestra, as every tourist knows, is by no means the least important factor in a Chinese theatre.

Beyond this bare fact it is almost impossible to speak with any certainty of the value of the old Chinese dramas as literature. Even so eminent an authority upon things Chinese as Dr. Arthur H. Smith confesses with regret his inability to speak from first hand knowledge owing to the unintelligible dialect adopted by the actors and the inordinate length of the plays.¹ This, however, as will presently appear, is subject to modification in the drama of to-day.

At this point it may be well to indicate the precise significance of the title of this paper, to distinguish between "yesterday" and "to-day" as applied to the Chinese Drama. Throughout China, in every district untouched by the advent of Western civilisation, one may witness theatrical representations performed under the exact conditions which have obtained for centuries past. Just as one may set foot within the walls of a native city and realise that the life all around is the counterpart of that which existed

(1) I venture to think that Dr. Smith is in error in attributing such length to the Chinese historical dramas. The fallacy is a common one, and arises from the fact that instead of one long play lasting for several days, a company will perform a series of short one-act incidents. The treatment of these is so similar that the foreign spectator may readily be excused for imagining them to be one continuous drama.

there when King David reigned at Jerusalem. It is the Drama of "To-day" no less than that of "Yesterday." But in Hong-kong, Tientsin, and particularly in Shanghai, a new native Drama has arisen, founded upon the manner of the West, and performed in modern, foreign-style theatres. Here is the Drama of "To-day."

Before we consider the effects which Western civilisation have had upon the Stage in China, it will be of interest to indicate, however briefly, the part played by the Drama in the national life and the nature of the productions outside the spheres of European influence—in other words, the "Drama of Yesterday."

The theatre, then, is pre-eminently the national form of amusement and recreation, whether the stage is one of the most modern type, or whether it is no more than a "fit-up" in a remote country village. Where cheap reprints of works of fiction, an "Everyman's Library," or even news-sheets are unknown, the Stage has been practically the current literature of the Chinese. Through its medium are taught the life-stories of men and women famous in the Empire's history; Emperors, statesmen and soldiers once again make their great speeches or fight their mighty battles for the pleasure of the "learned scholar or the illiterate rustic." Chinese history, surely one of the most absorbing in the stories of the nations—and yet practically unknown save to a small circle of students—is rich in dramatic incidents which are capable of vivid re-enactment in the theatre. And yet, as a distinguished writer has pointed out, "the representation of historical events, by Chinese theatres, may be said to be one of the greatest obstacles to the acquisition of historical knowledge by the people." The reason for this seeming paradox is doubtless to be found in the fact that the plays do not necessarily deal with the incidents from an historically accurate standpoint, but rather from a sense of dramatic effect. For instance, in one well-known and popular play, "The Golden-Leafed Chrysanthemum," there occurs the curious anachronism of an invading army halting at its enemies' frontiers to wait until the general who is to defeat them shall be born and grow up.

It remains, however, that the historical play is first favourite with the Chinese; a fact which, after all, is but in harmony with the Chinese reverence for the classics and the antique in every shape and form, whether their own ancestors or a piece of Ming porcelain. Until the close of the nineteenth century the classics constituted practically the only form of education in the schools. It is also worthy of note that under the *régime* of the late dynasty all historical dramas dealing with the Manchu period were sternly forbidden. It is in the historical and mythological drama that the actor "struts his brief hour" most proudly. The elaborate

costumes which are worn contribute largely to the effect which he produces, and to the feeling of awe which he inspires in the minds of his illiterate audiences. In the best class of theatre the wardrobe is a most costly one, being valued, perhaps, at so much as £1,800, while even in the lower-class houses the value may approximate a half of this sum. On the other hand, scenery and "properties" are usually conspicuous by their absence, save in the foreign Treaty Ports or other spheres of foreign influence. Here the appointments are surprisingly up to date, even to such realistic effects as snow and thunder storms and revolving stages—the latter probably re-acquired from the Japanese.

But while any actual scenic effect is so frequently lacking, the actors will not fail bravely to attempt some dramatic illusion. A mountain pass will be represented by a heap of chairs and tables piled upon the stage, and the effect produced by a general leading his army through obstacles which might well have puzzled Hannibal in the Alps to surmount with dignity may easily be imagined. I have seen a mounted (!) messenger gallop madly on to the stage, dismount and hand his imaginary horse to a groom. Not a smile amongst his audience to indicate that, in their opinion at least, it was other than a brilliant *tour de force*.

The Cook's tourist who travels up the China coast usually visits a Chinese theatre at Hongkong or Shanghai—or more frequently his experience is derived merely from China Town in San Francisco. It is only within the last three years that a native theatre upon the European plan has been built in Shanghai. He finds himself in a barn of a building, seated at a little table, and surrounded by a crowd of Chinese, who appear to regard tea-drinking and chatter as the sole object of their presence there, for they mostly sit with their backs to the stage. Declining the tea and hot, damp towel which are immediately forthcoming, he will doubtless light his strongest cigar and turn his attention to the performance. Through a deafening noise from the drums and gongs, and to a continuous obbligato by the "wry-necked fife," the actors, on a stage bare of scenery, speak their parts in a curious falsetto voice and, as remarked above, in some form of dialect which must be unintelligible to the greater part of the audience. Indeed, the acting seems to consist in a succession of curious postures and dramatic attitudes, varied by, apparently, meaningless processions of "supers" in brilliant robes. Such is the presentation of an historical play; nor is it to be wondered at that the foreigner, after twenty minutes of such an experience, should come to regard the Chinese theatre as one of the most exquisite forms of torture which even the Chinese have ever invented.

The other class of play which has a great vogue in China is the "modern drama." This treats of incidents of every-day life, and of such familiar scenes as the particular audience will most readily appreciate. The wit of it is at times somewhat Rabelaisian, but apparently this in no way detracts from the enjoyment of the audience. The Chinese have the keenest sense of humour, and it needs but the poorest attempt at a joke on the part of a stranger immediately to establish the most friendly relations. Naturally, the spirit of a modern play is more readily entered into than is the case with an historical one. The enjoyment of the latter is tempered by a feeling of awe and reverence for the mighty dead: the *dramatis personæ* of the former are men and women who may be met with at any time in the original.

Apart from this there is the difference in method of presentation. Whilst the historical play holds the more important position from the nature of the subjects of which it treats, its presentation involves a far greater expenditure, upon costumes and so forth, than does the modern drama. Hence the latter is to be met with the more frequently. The performance of the modern play is more simple and straightforward; there is less of the blaring orchestra, the actors speak more intelligibly, and, further, the plot of the play is very frequently printed in a cheap form and sold broadcast. In fact, as it may now be witnessed at the large, foreign-style theatres, with excellent acting, this kind of play can prove a source of an enjoyable hour's entertainment even to a foreigner who knows nothing of the language. Such conditions cannot, however, often be met with away from the great towns. The sleepy interior, despite the universal $\frac{3}{4}d.$ postage and the vaunted dissemination of Reuter's telegrams, still clings tenaciously to its drama of "yesterday."

For the sake of completeness a brief digression may here be permissible into the characteristics of Chinese dramatic incidental music, a form of the art more maligned by foreigners than any other. The subject is more fully dealt with elsewhere.¹ So far as I can ascertain it appears to consist of two kinds—*Erh-wang*, used in the domestic drama, with an orchestra of flutes and strings, drums and gongs, and *Pang-tzu* used in martial and historical scenes, with a similar orchestra, but without wood-wind. By the character of the music, the changes of tempo, &c., the regular theatre-goer knows exactly what action to expect upon the stage. He can tell to a nicety whether the general and his army are going to be victorious or not; whether the village Romeo will be happily united to the maiden of his choice or will suffer a lingering death at the hands of the local

(1) "The Chinese and their Music." *Musical Times*, September, 1912.

apothecary. Pioneers in most things, the Chinese would certainly seem fully justified in placing "programme music" also to their credit. But what is more curious still is the fact that in one modern drama at least I noticed the constant use, in varying forms, of a three or four bar phrase, in the form of a genuine *leit-motif*, to accentuate a dramatic situation.

Such, then, are the principal points of difference in the mode of performance. The possibilities of the drama in China as a medium of education will be apparent; and a brief consideration of some of the occasions seized upon by the Chinese for theatrical performances will render them still more so.

In the first place it must be remembered that the Chinese have practically no form of public amusement, and that outside the large towns there is nothing from one year's end to another, save a rare feast day or fair, to which the people can look forward. The interest created by the advent in a village of a company of strolling players can only most inadequately be compared to the exuberance of spirits displayed by the children before the curtain rises on Boxing Day at Drury Lane pantomime.

To say that the village is *en fête* is far short of the mark. For weeks beforehand the whole neighbourhood is in a fever of excitement. Open house and unbounded hospitality are the order of the day. And no light matter this, for all the relatives of the family, bringing with them all their children, not to mention stray acquaintances whom they may pick up on the way, descend like a swarm of bees upon their hapless hosts. Probably their hosts will be the only ones who do not see the play, "guests and thieves occupy all their time."

The great day arrives at last. Before the sun is up all the small boys of the village together with, it would seem, every stray mongrel in the province, crowd out to the creek-path to welcome the players. You picture the distinguished actor-manager staggering along, at the head of his tatterdemalion company, laden with the more valuable articles of wardrobe or "property list." Arriving, with his escort, at the selected and most suitable ground—for choice in the middle of the busiest thoroughfare—he at once proceeds to superintend the erection of the stage. Nor is he above turning his hand to the nice adjustment of a plank or the levelling of the proscenium bamboos. Soon the hour arrives for "making up," and as this is one of the most interesting features of the entertainment (for it all takes place in public), the crowd assumes phenomenal proportions. Stout old gentlemen crawl under the staging and good-humouredly bump their heads in the endeavour to share in the delights of a peep behind the scenes. One mischievous urchin will seize a gaudy tinsel crown and clap it on his head to the admiring applause of others less daring.

And so the plays begin; a feast of dramatic fare which easily outvies in its variety the efforts of the old "stock" companies of the "sixties" with their five plays a night. From nine in the morning to sunset one follows close upon another, the "whole to conclude," as the play-bills have it, "with a grand harlequinade for the children." At least, it is something very like it, and equally appreciated by the small folk. The lanterns are lighted, the stage is pulled down and packed up, and our actor-manager and his company vanishes into the mists of the rice-fields, on his way to the next village, before the last fire-cracker has exploded.

Every possible opportunity is taken by the Chinese to secure a theatrical performance of some kind. The mandarin or wealthy merchant will pay his guest the highest honour by engaging a company to perform after dinner. The tender mercies of the local deity who presides over the rice-harvest will be invoked, or grateful thanks will be returned, by means of a suitable play. The successful issue of a law-suit will be commemorated, and re-enacted on the boards. Anything and everything serves for an excuse. Perhaps it is no more than that a sum of public money is to be disposed of; a new bridge over a creek, a larger school-house are urgently needed, but to waste money upon such material improvements by which the public will benefit would appear absurd to the Chinese, and so the best theatrical company obtainable is engaged.

Any consideration, however brief, of the condition of the Drama in China would be incomplete without some reference to the status of the actor. In South China young boys are purchased for the profession from their parents, or maybe they are foundlings. These serve a six years' apprenticeship, and their subsequent success depends upon their own efforts. They may eventually, perhaps, purchase their freedom. Rarely does one find that a young man possessing real ability or an exceptional voice will enter the profession of his own free-will. A good theatrical company may number a hundred, and the salaries range from \$30 to \$6,000 (say £15 to £3,000) per annum.¹ Those rare actors who can play the female parts really well command very high terms.

As is well known, actors are regarded with the greatest contempt by all classes of society. Their children are precluded from entering the examinations for the literary degrees, nor may they hold Government offices. As to the reasons for this curiously contradictory state of affairs, considering the popularity of the

(1) The accuracy of the latter figure appears to me to be open to question, but it is vouched for by several sound authorities. Danjuro, the famous Japanese actor, would earn at least £2,000 per annum.

Drama, it is almost impossible to hazard a suggestion. Probably they are to be found in the lives of the actors themselves, for they are very frequently scoundrels of the lowest type, generally confirmed opium-smokers, and they usually die penniless and starving. It may be thought that before any attempt is made to educate the people by means of the Drama some reforms should be instituted in connection with the status of the actor. But the dividing-line between the public and private life of the players is so strongly marked that the necessity is not so great as it appears to be.

The morals of the actress do not enter into the question, for all women's parts are played by men, and most effectively, too. There is, however, in China one theatre at least where *all* the parts are played by women. That it is within the jurisdiction of an enlightened foreign Municipal Council probably accounts for its existence. But any attempt at mixed performances is foredoomed to failure, even in that progressive settlement. Two or three years ago overtures in this direction were made by an enterprising manager, but upon receipt of a strong protest from the local Chinese magistrate the Council refused to sanction the performance. The leading journal of the native Press at the same time "deplored the downward trend of Chinese morals in the settlement (as instanced by the above application), in the view that other applications for mixed performances would be made and that, if allowed, such must have a decidedly demoralising effect upon Chinese morals."

II.

But if this is the present-day attitude of the native residents in a great port under foreign control towards a progressive policy in the *personnel* of their theatres, the modernisation, according to Western ideas, of the buildings and plays is equally surprising.

In Shanghai alone there have recently been built, under the supervision of firms of foreign architects, three large theatres upon European lines, while another is projected for Hongkong. Of these the second largest can seat an audience of more than 2,000, each individual, as the English or American manager delights in stating, "having an uninterrupted view of the stage." It is built upon the two-tier principle, and the upper circle appears to be exactly similar to that at the Queen's Hall, London. The first circle is divided up into boxes to hold six, with small tables or ledges for tea, sweetmeats, and fruit. The stage differs but little from an European one save that the "apron," or part which projects beyond the proscenium, is much larger and is fitted with an extra curtain. Upon this the action of the play is carried on without "waits" upon the principle adopted in Mr. Oscar

Ashe's production of *Kismet*, and, more recently, by Mr. Granville Barker at the Savoy Theatre. The depth of the stage is sufficient to allow a cinematograph lantern (such exhibitions are as popular in China as in London) to be placed behind the screen instead of in the front of the house. This particular theatre is generally used for big historical plays of a spectacular nature, acrobats, or a variety entertainment.

During the past year a still larger building has been opened in Shanghai. This has a seating capacity of 2,250, apportioned, to the pit 1,200, dress circle 600, and gallery 450. In fact, the theatre itself is somewhat larger than the London Hippodrome. There is a roof-promenade to which two lifts convey would-be tea-drinkers. Every precaution against fire that ingenuity can suggest has been adopted. To the gallery alone there are four exterior fire-escapes, besides other emergency exits; and all interior staircases can be cut off from the main building by means of special doors. For those interested in the subject it may be added that the three frontages of the theatre measure respectively 175, 202, and 260 feet.

While the method of presentation of the historical and mythological drama continues very much upon the same lines as those of "yesterday"—with, perhaps, considerably more elaboration through the application of Western inventions and stage devices—in the direction of the modern, or social, drama a most remarkable change is taking place. It is impossible at present to gauge the effect upon the native audiences, for the Chinese point of view remains a closed book to the foreigner. But that this progressive policy, if persevered in, will prove far-reaching in its effects and influence no one who has studied Chinese social questions can doubt.

As illustrations of this reform a brief account may be given of two theatrical performances in particular recently witnessed. One was a performance by an amateur dramatic club from Peking of a translation of Hall Caine's *The Bondman*; the other was a modern native comedy performed by professionals at one of the above-mentioned theatres in Shanghai. It is worthy of remark that in neither of these cases was any serious attempt made to attract the foreign visitor, so that it may be presumed that the plays were produced in the ordinary course of business to cater for native tastes.

The Bondman was performed somewhat upon the same lines as those of the English play of that name. It is impossible to say whether the translation was well or ill done, but at least an honest attempt was made to reproduce the English—or is it Manx?—atmosphere. Certainly there were no live-stock on the

stage, no real cow to be milked—an almost insurmountable difficulty—but one scene gave a very creditable presentment of a farmhouse, a “practicable” set which would have served upon a small London stage. The mixture of costumes was somewhat incongruous. The hero, for instance, wore a kind of golfing-suit of thick velveteen, and elastic-side boots, his queue concealed under a brown wig; while the heroine was in ordinary native dress. But the diction was remarkably clear, for a Chinese stage, and the acting was thoroughly earnest and straightforward. There were occasional lapses into “pidgin English” or French, but these were probably in untranslatable portions of the dialogue. There was also a small orchestra, with foreign instruments, announced as a portion of (the late) Sir Robert Hart’s famous band. This supplied incidental music at more or less appropriate intervals.

That such a play should have been presented under such conditions, and to a purely native audience, even in a foreign settlement, is one of the most remarkable instances of the progressive tendencies of thought amongst young China in the capital. It is understood that the same amateur company has in course of preparation a number of other plays, all of which will be adapted from British, French, or German sources. Sir Arthur Pinero’s *Iris* should suit the company to a nicety. In a short chat which I had with the secretary of the club, I inquired whether Bernard Shaw would appeal to a Chinese audience, and suggested *Man and Superman* in its entirety. The reply was apt and convincing. Lapsing for the moment into “pidgin” English, he answered with a smile, “that man he no savee what thing b’long ploper (proper) play: he makee too muchee bobbey, too muchee talkee.”

The modern comedy performed under professional auspices, and it was no isolated case, gave, in its way, as significant a proof of the adoption of Western ideas as did the amateur performance. A Chinese company in Shanghai has erected a commodious theatre of foreign design on the Chinese Bund, outside the sphere of foreign administration. It is built upon lines similar to that described above, the seating capacity being not quite so great. Here are performed modern Chinese plays, short dramatic incidents of a mythological or historical nature, seasoned now and again with a cinematograph exhibition or a troupe of jugglers. The particular play referred to had for its subject the farcical adventures of a yokel from some country district visiting a large town. The jest is an ancient one, but the treatment throughout was as novel and delicious as one could wish for. With but imperfect knowledge of the language it was possible to follow the action, almost the dialogue, with thorough enjoyment. The

orchestra was not in evidence; the actors, except those who had to adopt a falsetto for the female parts, spoke in a natural voice, and by facial expression and suitable gesture, and by really sound acting, succeeded in keeping the audience in a continual state of merriment. The stage-management was more than adequate, and the changes of scene, which were very frequent, were admirably and quickly contrived. Unlike the Japanese stage, the revolving platform is not used for such changes.

As may be imagined, topical questions offer a never-ending source from which the skilful Chinese playwright may derive his plots, and it is significant that such appeal very strongly to a native audience. It is unfortunate that plays of this nature have been so frequently utilised as media for presenting the doings of the foreigner in China in as unfavourable a light as possible, and it is only necessary to recall the plays which were written round incidents in the Boxer trouble to realise how serious a menace they may prove to be. It must be remembered that but a very short distance from the great ports, the main trade routes, the railways, or isolated mission-stations, the foreigner is practically unknown. Consequently, the wildest stories are current amongst the country-folk as to his weird appearance, his curious habits and customs, all of which are incomprehensible to the native mind. In plays he is invariably represented as the most repulsive being, hideous as the most grotesque Chinese idol; and the native, with dim visions of the wild barbarian invaders whom his ancestors were continually called upon to repel, is only too ready to believe that this is but another generation of the same stock which is seeking to gain a footing in his country.

One instance may be given of the treatment on the Chinese stage of current events. The evils of opium smoking, a question always with us, were brought prominently forward by the International Opium Commission which sat at Shanghai in February, 1909, and by the methods instituted by the Shanghai Municipal Council for the gradual suppression of the opium-dens within its administrative district. It is not surprising that the occasion was seized to produce a play on the subject, but it is interesting to note the form it took.

A close analogy is to be found in a play, adapted from the French, called *Drink*, which won a considerable measure of public support in England during recent years, mainly due, perhaps, to the remarkable impersonation of the hero by the late Charles Warner. It will be remembered that this play traced the moral and physical decline of a man under the ever-increasing influence of alcoholic liquor until a horrible death supervened. In the same way the "Opium Play" treated of the downward career of

a well-to-do Chinese merchant who contracted the opium habit, and its effect upon his family was realistically set forth in the well-known Chinese manner. His little son was poisoned by anti-opium pills, his wife died of shock, his mother of grief, his accountants set fire to his house, obtained the insurance money and decamped, and so on, until the last scene of the tragedy showed the lowest depths of his degradation in a beggar's hut, and the attempt, crowned with success, of an American missionary to save him. In producing this play the management certainly made a bid for the support of foreign residents and visitors—a gala performance was given to the delegates of an American commercial congress—by printing a synopsis of the plot in English; but there can be no doubt that it was primarily intended for Chinese audiences.

A residence in China for half a century does not qualify a man to speak with any authority of that wonderful race; he can but record his impressions. To generalise is impossible, for what is true of the South is untrue of the North, the dialect and customs of one province are unknown in an adjoining one.

The Chinese are a nation of play-actors from the highest Government official to the rikisha coolie in the street. It is a land of "make-believe." The doctrine of "face" is of paramount importance in all business and social relations. The Chinese lives and acts upon a stage of his own erection from his earliest years to the day of his death. He makes of his every-day life a spectacular drama, and it matters not that his audience is no larger than his own family circle or the little village community. And while his own life is such, his appreciation of the same characteristic in his friends and acquaintances is none the less sincere. It is universally recognised, unconsciously perhaps, that a man's worth must be estimated at the valuation which he himself places upon it. In Western lands the abstract idea may occasionally be upheld for the sake of mere politeness, but in China it is a concrete reality and a first principle in the moral education of every individual.

And with this synopsis of the Chinese Drama of "yesterday" and "to-day" may I, in conclusion, hazard a suggestion, a forecast it may be, as to the Drama of "to-morrow." Recalling the well-worn platitude of the value of the stage as an educational force, is it not reasonable to assert the conviction that, in view of the firm hold which the Chinese Drama maintains over all classes of the people, the reform party have within their hands one of the most powerful and effective of weapons with which to inculcate upon this great nation those doctrines which they profess themselves so anxious to expound?

A. CORBETT-SMITH.

THE JOY OF YOUTH:

A COMEDY.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VELVET FISH.

BERTRAM DANGERFIELD was very thorough with his pupil. He took her all the way to a royal villa at Poggio that she might see one figure of Andrea's in a fresco. There, too, he showed her works of Pontormo, and revealed certain mannerisms of drawing in the rotundity of the human calf that impressed themselves on her memory for ever.

Once, to give her joy, he took her to a famous garden of many acres, many statues, many marble fountains. The place was formal, severe, and beautiful. Rows of orange and lemon trees in gigantic earthen pots flanked the pathways, to flash their fruit and spread their fragrance together. There were bronzes and dainty Loves by Bologna at the fountains; and other water there was—green as summer Arno—wherein white waterlilies blossomed, and a mighty fish, that looked as though he were made of black velvet, sailed solemnly about, with a little admiring train of golden carp swimming after him. The great gardens were starred with statues and alive with roses and brilliant flowers. It was Loveday's hour, for she knew the name of everything, and Bertram knew the name of nothing.

"For once," she said, "I'm teaching you a little, though 'tis only the dull, Latin names of lovely things."

"When I was a youngster I worried my nurse to tell me God's own names for the flowers. I never could believe she didn't know. The cypress and the rose are all that I can tell. What is this on the wall, making a feathery silver pattern, and growing on nothing but bricks and mortar apparently? Ah! You don't know."

"Capparis," she said, proudly. "Ask the gardeners if you think I'm inventing."

They played like a brace of children, and the painter declared himself to be Adam giving new names to the growing things.

"Henceforth," he said, "your vittadenia shall be called 'Love-daisies,' and belong to you."

"What a mean little flower to give to me," she grumbled. "Still, the mighty Linnæus took a tinier for his own."

Then they found a white rose with a green beetle, like a live emerald, eating its heart out, and Bertram declared that a sonnet must be made on this fine theme.

"I know you've written a score of verses since you came here," he said. "No woman with your education and your eyes ever lived to be your age without making poetry. And I'm twenty-seven on the third of next June, so nothing more need be added. I love birthday presents."

"The Neill-Savages begin to talk of going," she murmured; but he would not hear of it.

"Don't be ridiculous. You're here to learn Italian and get a nodding acquaintance with the pictures. You're a sun-loving lizard of a girl, and never too hot, so there's no excuse for your going for ages."

"What about Raleigh?"

"Your happiness is his. And he knows you are in good hands." She considered.

"He was exceedingly cross in his last letter, because I went to dine with Una Forbes and took you."

"Sorry."

"You never told me what you thought of her?"

"One naturally thought more of Forbes. The future is rather dark for him, in my opinion. He'll really have to practise all the virtues that she gives him credit for, and a few others. How would it be if we sent him the *Life and Opinions* of that excellent man, Marcus Aurelius? They might sustain him."

"I shall go and see Mrs. Faustina Forbes, all the same," said Loveday. "Raleigh doesn't know what a difference Italy makes."

He laughed.

"They are not going home for a year at least, she told me."

"How did you like her?" asked she.

"An elderly Bacchante and not wildly exciting to my generation; but she was very interesting. Under that torrent of ingenuous chatter—it isn't ingenuous really—it's art of a sort—she is wide awake—hunting."

"Hunting, Bertram?"

"Rather. A keen, swift huntress. She's always had men in her larder, that woman, though probably her husband was not aware of it, till she let herself go and brought the dentist out here."

"Men in her larder!"

"Yes—in all stages, some a little high, gamey, going off—though they don't know it, of course. And some in perfect condition for immediate consumption; and some coming on quietly, the better for hanging a little longer."

"And are you going to be one of them?"

"I! I don't hang in any woman's larder; they hang in mine."

"Do they?"

"Good Lord, no; not really! I only said it to see how you'd look."

"I expect she's had enough adventures now, and is going to be good," said Loveday.

He smiled, and misquoted Villon:—

“‘For she that loved but once erewhen,
Soon tires of him to her that fell,
And sets herself to love all men.
What moves her thus? I do opine,
Without her honour gainsaying,
That ’tis her nature feminine,
Which tends to cherish everything.’

That’s it, eh, Loveday? Good, or bad, or neither, she’s going to be herself—as everybody is, having just the same amount of free will as you and I, which is exactly none.”

“Free will has not gone, I tell you.”

—“No, it hasn’t gone—because it never came. It’s only a name for something that never existed—like the hippogriffs of your future coat-of-arms. Nature controls the machine that she has made in every particular. The machine is not responsible. A piano can’t play in tune if it is out of tune. It can’t play out of tune if it is in tune.”

“But a clock may get out of order,” she argued, and he admitted it.

“Agreed. And everybody who had free will would be out of order in exactly the same way—just as much out of order as a man who breaks the rules of the House of Commons. While we play the game of life, we’ve got to keep the rules, and free will isn’t one of them.”

“I believe in it, all the same,” she said. “I’m doing what I like in a most magical way here. Freedom isn’t the word for it. My body’s free and my mind’s free and my soul’s free, and I think about people and face actions and consider things in general in a way I should simply have died to do a few months ago. No doubt I have you to thank for it.”

“Not me—Italy. I’m not making you see things differently. It’s the adventure of your soul in a new country. Nothing whatever to do with free will. You were ripe grain waiting for the sun of Italy to make you sprout. All the possibilities were lying there—dormant. And don’t think you’ll ever be what you were before you came here, because you never will.”

“I never want to be. What was the good of coming if I was going to shrink back into my old self again.”

“But Sir Raleigh?”

“He’ll rejoice to find how much larger-minded I am, and cosmopolitan and tolerant, and so on.”

“You say so; but your voice shakes—just a little tremble before the high note. It always does when you are telling a fib. I’ve often noticed it. It’s rather interesting, because most people’s eyes give them away when they’re lying; but your voice betrays you. No, you know very well he didn’t let you come out here to change. And if he knew how you had changed, and how this place has just been the touchstone to your real nature, then he’d——”

"Be quiet!" she said, "and mind your own business. You're hateful sometimes, and very ungentlemanly too, though you think that's a thing you can't be. You're in a particularly nasty mood to-day. And there is free will; and you've no earthly right to criticise Hastings Forbes, or me, or Raleigh, or anybody."

"All true," he admitted, "except free will. I'll grant the rest. Once a bounder, always a bounder. You'll never reform me. If there were free will, you might; but, as things are, it can't be done."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"SUNDAY AT HOME."

ITALY leaves no spirit unchanged, for its attack is many-sided. Loveday Merton found herself mightily moved by the South, and, looking backward, it seemed as though she had never lived till now. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of the experience on her healthy and receptive intellect. With open hands and heart she had come to Italy, to find it exceed all dreams. She said "yea" to it daily, acknowledged its compelling might, discovered that here was her abiding place, the goal of her journey and crown of all her aspirations and longings. Nor did she deny Dangerfield his meed in the transformation. She told herself he was like an Italian wine, that must be drunk in its own country. This was his country. In England he might be difficult, and prove too unconventional for the northern atmosphere; but here he chimed harmoniously with his environment and was a part of it.

Italy had served immensely to widen her outlook and clear her mind; but Bertram was the incarnation of the new experience, and now she set herself to measure how much was his work and how much she owed to Florence. That everything she had learned was to the good, and that nothing but benefit had accrued from her great expedition, she did not for an instant question. But when it came to holding the scales between Italy and the painter, she found herself powerless. She could neither separate the two forces nor apportion to each its significance in her education. In truth, the man stood more responsible, and a time was swiftly coming when Loveday would realise that fact; a time approached when Italy's siren voice would sound faint and thin without his presence to echo it; when the hot sunshine would lack something of its glow if he were not there to share it. But for the moment she supposed that the accident of his company only added to the inevitable joy that Italy had brought. They worked on together, and no ray of love lit the workshop. He, indeed, had his own axe to grind, as soon she learned; but for her was only the glad reception and grateful recognition of all he strove to teach her. She did not love him; she did not want him, except in her head. Thus she assured herself, yet was not perhaps absolutely frank with herself.

Indeed, the need for frankness had not yet arisen, and the natural instinct of every woman is not to be frank, at any rate with herself, if the necessity can be avoided. Inarticulateness is a common condition of the human mind, and as many lack the spoken words to shade their meaning to others, so most lack the thought words to shade their meanings to themselves. For that is a much more subtle matter, and many, though they are honestly anxious to understand their own motives, cannot unravel them. A man's conduct often puzzles himself quite as much as it puzzles other people; but though Loveday was not puzzled when she thought of Dangerfield, puzzled she was when she considered her betrothed.

Bertram on his part felt no love for Loveday, but an increasing interest. He was not working for nothing; but he only served one mistress at present, and for her did he labour patiently. He had a secret ambition with respect to his pupil; and trusted that victory might reward his labours; but he kept an open mind, and hoped very little indeed. Yet her character might not easily be read, though there was an element of such good nature in it, and Italy had wrought so gigantically with northern prejudices and instincts that he could not choose but grow slightly more sanguine when she was happy and especially delightful. Moreover, she had ever been a grateful girl, and seemed unlikely to forget her obligations.

They went to the house of two ladies who drew round them much of the English interest of Florence. Mrs. Mackinder and her daughter entertained all who cared to come on Sunday evenings, and Bertram took Loveday to a gathering here, that she might be amused. The Mackinders were writing a book, to be called "*The Budding of the Lily*," and their friends agreed that no such work on Florence could or would ever be published again. They were a plaintive, appealing, and affectionate pair—very wealthy and very amiable. Everybody who was anybody in Florence had promised to help them with their monumental work; and all would be thanked, blessed, and rendered immortal in the preface.

A considerable company was already assembled in the great "withdrawing-room" of the Mackinders. They always called it that. A sub-acid voice greeted the painter as he appeared.

"Ah! here's Bertram Dangerfield, who's going to set the Thames on fire!"

He answered instantly:—

"And here's Noel Browning Hartley—who isn't!"

Mr. Hartley was a fair youth with long flaxen hair, a pince-nez, and watery grey eyes behind it. There was something dimly suggestive of vanished time about him—the period of Victorian æstheticism.

"He belongs ridiculously to *Du Maurier* and *Punch*," whispered Bertram to Loveday. "He probably knows more about Dante than most people; but not as much as many. His Italian must make angels weep. He tries to be mediæval in his speech, and

revive obsolete words. He says that, while he uses them, no word is obsolete."

She was introduced to several people, and found that all had some claim to distinction. Some painted; some criticised; some represented journalism; the least had written brochures, or contributed a mite to the culture of the coterie. A man was talking about music, in a voice that sounded as though he were not accustomed to be interrupted. But Bertram interrupted him, and introduced Loveday. The man was heavily bearded, by which kindly act of nature his mouth had been concealed. Thus the observer was constrained to fasten on his fine forehead and intellectual eyes.

He sat with several women round him, and among them was Mrs. Hastings Forbes. Una had won the Mackinders a little crudely, by subscribing for ten copies of "The Budding of the Lily," when it should appear. And here she was. They had asked her, but they lacked the courage to support her now that she had come. That, however, troubled her not at all. There were plenty of men present; and where there were men, Una knew that she was safe, and could be happy and give happiness.

"Mr. Felix Fordyce—Miss Merton," said Bertram. "Don't stop, Fordyce. I only wanted to introduce my friend into the charmed circle. She loves music."

The speaker bowed, and, perceiving Loveday to be very fair, spoke graciously.

"People are so kind as to listen to me—Heaven knows why. We were talking—what was it? Of tone art. It has been said, you know, that poetry and music are twins—Siamese twins, not to be separated without danger to them both. Herder tells us that among the Greeks, poetry and music were one splendour of the human mind. Let us consider that. The Greeks, of course, wove poetry and music into their religion. They approached their gods with them, even as we sing to our God still. One can understand the gods of Greece liking music. Doubtless it had power to charm their savage hearts. That, however, is a parenthesis. Well, then, poetry and music are the father and mother of all the arts; and greater than any of their children. Is that agreed?"

An earnest lady, who on very insufficient data thought Mr. Fordyce the chief genius of Florence, voiced the rest, and said they were all of one mind so far.

"I turn sometimes from pictures to music," said Loveday, "and then the music sends me back hungry to the pictures."

Mr. Fordyce approved this sentiment, yet indicated subtly that he must not be interrupted again.

"All art should drive us to music, just as all art should drive a man, or woman, to his, or her, lover," he declared, looking at Mrs. Forbes. "Love is the dessert at the banquet of art; but again we wander from our topic. The Latins, as I may remind you, lost the significance of song altogether. They descended to the lilt of the pipe and neglected the strings, with dreadful results, until they

had the irrational absurdity to make odes, or songs, which were not written to be sung."

"What nonsense!" ventured Una, whose eyes were fixed on the speaker.

"Worse than nonsense, dear lady. They set a fashion—a dismal fashion that still survives. Our poets followed their ridiculous example."

Dangerfield spoke.

"You got that out of Signor Naldini," he declared, and Mr. Fordyce laughed and shook his head.

"Run away, and don't interrupt your betters," he replied.

"All right. Now you're only hope is to explain that you were first and Naldini got it out of you."

"A delightful man—even a genius," declared Mr. Fordyce, when the painter was beyond earshot. "But music—music. Let us generalise. I shall probably astonish you when I say that Europe speaks not the only word on the subject. Do you know what I mean by Asiatic music? Probably the tom-tom starts to your recollection; but we must go far behind the tom-tom. Asiatic music was the most amazing tissue of Oriental subtlety that it is possible to conceive. The deep mind of the East penetrated the arcana of music—be sure of that; and what was the result? Asiatic music deliberately committed suicide, using for its weapon an impossible technique. Years ago—when you were all cutting your teeth on corals—I heard a Javanese orchestra in London. Probably not a dozen Europeans in London understood what they were doing. The Asiatic ear is a thousand times more delicate and refined than ours, and the music that I then listened to had oozed out into a subtlety so tenuous that, like a fountain in the sand, it lost itself. The Indian master distinguished, or affected to distinguish, nine hundred and sixty keys! If he had heard Wagner or Strauss, that Indian master would have died, like a butterfly in a lethal chamber. One agonised quiver of his exquisite sensorium, and all would have been over with him. The Greek, however—always rational and reasonable—must have found his account in quite another sort of music. Doubtless his instruments were sonorous, his cadences exceedingly simple. It is safe to assert that the music of his tragedy was profoundly fitted to the theme and the occasion. An accompaniment to the voice, but with the voice the prime consideration. To kill the voice with any other sound would have appeared to your Greek the very height of ignorant folly. And so it appears to me. We shall return to this noble simplicity some day."

"I love orchestral music better than vocal," said Loveday. "Why am I so barbarous?"

"You open a difficult subject: the whole justification of orchestral music. You might ask whether this is not music strayed away from its proper twin, poetry, and therefore in danger of destruction. But I say that such music is poetry—poetry itself—just as the singing bird is poetry; or the purring tigress suckling her cubs

is poetry; or the girl, who just hums melodiously without words, at her work of weaving Tuscan straw before a cottage portal, is poetry. So that you should love orchestral music best is not a barbarity, Miss Merton. Poetry is no mere matter of words on a page—I'm sure Dangerfield has told you that. For he understands poetry, though he has not found his own soul yet. No, a symphony of Beethoven is as pure poetry as Shelley's 'Sensitive Plant.' Nay, it is purer, in a sense, since melody is a more spiritual medium than thought."

Mr. Fordyce exhibited fatigue, and Mrs. Forbes, trusting her sure genius in such matters, poured out a glass of iced asti-cup from a table not far distant, and brought it to him with a Hebe-like gesture. The other ladies hoped that the speaker would decline the cup; but he did not. He drank with gratitude, and flashed his eyes for Mrs. Forbes alone.

Elsewhere a man in spectacles was talking to Dangerfield, while others listened. The principal speaker here sat on a sofa with Miss Mackinder by his side. They were betrothed, and he was painting pictures for "The Budding of the Lily."

Herr Paul Schmidt was a German—learned and large-minded, but he lacked humour. He spoke perfect English, in a harsh and monotonous voice.

"The Egyptian against the Greek is the battle of two mighty principles," he said. "It is abstraction against idealisation."

"Question, question," cried Noel Hartley; and the speaker answered:

"You shall question when I have spoken—if a question still remains to put. The Egyptian, taking what he considers vital, pre-eminent, and paramount, leaves all else severely alone; the Greek glorifies and shows man, not as he is, but as he might be logically, if physical perfection were possible. He anticipates the results of eugenics and unveils superman—in marble. That way is life, because all is movement, striving, searching; the Egyptian abstraction is death, because there is no movement, no strife, and no quest. The inspiration of one generation becomes the adamant canon for all succeeding generations. A thing very fine is invented, but it is comparatively easy in its convention, and none ever attempts to better it. One may almost say that some obscure condition of Egyptian life suspended the principle of evolution in Egyptian art. There is no such phenomenon to be found in the history of any other nation."

"Crocodile art has to take a back seat then—that's all I'm concerned about," said Bertram.

"Don't approach such a grave subject in a flippant spirit," answered the German. "We must be tolerant, and remember that 'great art is always at its goal.' There is, at the same time, no finality. It is idle to argue that the Greek is mightier than the Egyptian, or the Egyptian mightier than the Greek. We range up and down among the classic, the romantic, the realistic, and the

thousand lawful marriages and unions between the spirits conveyed by these terms. No masterpiece excludes another, or contradicts another."

"It's a question between the seeds of life and sterility," declared Bertram. "There's only one point that I can see where the Egyptian beats the Greek, and that is in his animals. I grant a Sekhet, or Sphinx, is finer than—say, a Greek horse—even the glorious head of the sinking horse of Selene on the Parthenon pediment. But there's a reason for that. The Sekhet stands for more than a lioness. It is incarnate deity, and hides a goddess. The Greek horse is a horse, and no more. If the Greeks had held that the beasts hid gods, they would have put all the mystery of Egypt into them; but their gods were conceived in human shape; therefore, the human figure was exalted above all else."

"They took the old animal gods—the hawk and snake and wolf—and reduced them from deities to attendants on deities."

A woman spoke. It was Mrs. Mackinder. She rarely began any sentence without two words. Behind her back she was called "Ruskin Says." Now she entered the argument.

"Ruskin says that all art, with its method of treatment lowered to a standard within the reach of any mediocre craftsman, must be in a bad state. At least, something like that. Perhaps, Paul, Egyptian art is not Ruler Art, after all?"

She addressed her future son-in-law, and he replied:

"It is without doubt Ruler Art of great majesty and might, but it is a static thing. It sticks fast. It lacks reason. It is knit up with religious superstition, and where religion conquers, art faints. The Egyptians shut the door against reason, and their art paid the penalty."

"Just what I argue," added Bertram. "The thing sets no seed. Like the intellectual masters of all time, it left no school, handed down no traditions, was complete in itself. It's the sensual masters who keep the fires burning."

"The sensual propagates, not the intellectual—I grant that."

"Rather—the spiritual swells leave no schools—only the sensual swells. Your Titian hands on the light for those to come; your Michelangelo and Rembrandt complete themselves. Meier-Graefe says it of Rembrandt; I say it of Turner. But Meier-Graefe is blind as a bat where Turner's concerned. One only forgives him after hearing what he says about Hogarth and Constable."

Elsewhere Una Forbes listened to Mr. Fordyce. He sipped asticup, smoked a cigarette, and talked of love.

"An artist, as a rule, can't do with one woman, any more than the sky can do with one star," he said.

"Genius ought to be treated delicately in this matter," she admitted. "No doubt history supports you. But—I don't know—women are taking such a strong line nowadays. Women are going to teach the men that if they can't do with one each, they'll very soon have to go without any at all."

"Not women—*women* are not going to teach them that. The neuters may try—those poor, unhappy, busy ones who want to do every sort of work in the world but their own—they who think the vote is better worth having than the helm. But men do not seek them or desire them; they fly them. For my part, I would say to such fellow-creatures, 'Take my vote; I will give it to you gladly, on the understanding that you keep out of my sight for evermore and intrude neither yourselves nor your opinions upon me.' Where man is strong enough, he will always win women. The true man is the complement of the true woman; but no man desires to complement these working bees. Their hum is sad as the east wind, and the honey they gather is bitter. They are ill—their state is psychopathic. You, too, are a musician, I see."

"How do you know that?" she asked.

"By your hands."

She shook her head.

"I worship it—it is my food—my spiritual food; but I never could dimly reach my own ideals. Therefore I gave it up. It was one of my greatest griefs that the gift of execution was denied to me."

She had not opened a piano since she left school, knew nothing, and cared nothing for music.

He suspected this, but pretended to believe her.

"It would give me profound pleasure to play to you some day," he said. "Like many other women of delicate and fiery sensibility, I doubt not you took your art too sternly and were too hard to satisfy."

Loveday, wandering here and there, found herself suddenly addressed by a strange man. He was clean-shaved, tight-lipped, and very tall. He had searching grey eyes and a humorous mouth. His accent proclaimed him an American.

"And have *you* done anything supreme?" he asked with a grave face, looking down at her from his six feet four inches.

"No," she said. "I've done nothing at all. I'm not worthy to be here."

"Thank God! Then we can talk as equals," he answered. "I've done nothing at all, either. But are you sure? Perhaps you are saying this out of pity."

He chatted and amused her.

"There's a very delightful man here to-night. But I shan't point him out, because it wouldn't be fair. He's a fellow-countryman of yours, and he came to Florence under a *nom-de-plume*. D'you know why? Because he's written a book of verses, and fears that he'll be bored to death, and run after, and allowed no peace if people get to know it! 'I'm here for culture, and don't want them to make a lion of me!' Those were his very words."

"Vain wretch! What did you say?"

"My dear fellow," I said, "they won't even make a lapdog of you. For some extraordinary reason, your fame hasn't got to this

benighted city. Nobody's ever heard of your poems.' He didn't believe me, of course—he doesn't yet."

"I shall find him out," declared Loveday. "Such an insufferable man must bear the marks."

At midnight Dangerfield saw her back to the "Athena," and she thanked him for the entertainment.

"Mr. Fordyce said you were quite a genius; but he told us that you had not found your soul yet," she said.

"He's right in the second assertion—a nasty, sticky man. How is it that at twenty-six one has so little patience with fifty? I think twenty-six is a clean age, and fifty is a sticky one. He's an egotist and a love-hunter and a beast. But he can play the piano—I grant that."

"He hated you for saying he wasn't original. I saw his eyes flash, though he praised you after you went away. You oughtn't to hurt people. What's the good? They don't hurt you. I wish you were more—what shall I say?—more lovable."

"I wish you were less," he answered, with one of his rare compliments. "As for me, I'm just going to be twenty-seven years old, and that isn't a lovable age. It doesn't know enough. It's too cocksure—too much like me, in fact. But remember this: you can always shut me up and make me as humble as Mrs. Mackinder if you please."

"How?"

"Ah! wouldn't you like to know? But you needn't ask me to tell you."

"I'll find out."

"I daresay you will—then you'll be sorry you have."

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE CASCINE.

LOVEDAY, waking early after sleeping ill, went out before sunrise and felt a pleasant shiver at the cool air. She did not know that it could be so cold here at any hour of the twenty-four. It had been borne in upon her of late how much of Dangerfield's time she occupied, and the reflection began to alarm her. He was a mighty worker, and put work before her, or anything else; but though she had not cut into his hours of work, she had entirely absorbed his leisure, and began to feel guilty about it. For him she could do nothing at all; but he had done so very much for her; and she was powerless to prevent it, because he laughed down any objections and said that it was unlike her, and contrary to her character, meanly to weigh her profit against his loss in their intercourse.

"Plenty of time to balance the books before you go," he said.

She walked in the western darkness of the Cascine beside Arno, and watched the cool green of the river take on a flash and twinkle of melon-red as the sun came to it. Then the world glowed like a fire opal along the shallows and stickles of the stream, and on its silent reaches the reflection of the houses, the grass, the lines of

poplars all flashed warm and bright against the milky hazes of the mountains beyond. Beside Arno the great reed grew, and its glaucous green was sparkling now with beads of pure light where the dewdrops ran. Here all still stood in a shadow that thrust half across the river, and made a foreground of cool purple for the glory of the morning beyond. Men were fishing with rods and nets along the further bank, and a boat or two floated under it. But the world was still quiet. In the Cascine nightingales sang together, and the glades as yet resisted the sunshine that would presently pierce them. The great gravel beaches of the river added their light and glowed very brilliantly against the green; and other fine phenomena she marked, as where the poplars quivered away in one long-drawn army. A tree had flowered here and there, and its cotton flashed silvery-rose. Then to the end of the Cascine she tramped with swift and vigorous strides; to find, perched on a seat near the meeting of Arno and Mugnone, Bertram Dangerfield making a sketch in oils.

She joyed to see him, and was glad that he should know she could be early too.

"How lovely!" she cried. "Now I've got all the credit of my virtue, and you'll know that it isn't a mere empty boast that I rise before breakfast sometimes!"

"Half a minute," he answered. "I'm trying to do that grand light you get twenty minutes after the sun's over the mountains. There are some houses along there that simply made me go mad when the light touched them two mornings ago, so I was out in time to-day for the magic moment."

"Did it come?"

"That's as much as to say it didn't," he answered. "If, after looking at my hour's work, you can ask that, then it shows only too clearly that it did not come—for me. Otherwise you would purr, instead of crushing me with such a question."

"It's lovely, but not lovely enough to make you go mad, in my opinion," she declared.

"As a matter of fact," he confessed, "the light didn't come, or else my eyes were muddy this morning. Anyway, I didn't see it. But what have you seen? Are you bicycling?"

"No, walking."

"So am I. Why we wanted to hire those bicycles, I don't really know. We never use them."

They trudged back to Florence side by side, and she told him what she had seen, and he corrected one or two poetical exaggerations. It appeared that he had observed everything, and observed it better than she.

"You make me so cross sometimes," Loveday said. "But I'll be even with you yet! I've felt a great deal lately that I don't do my share—in our friendship, I mean. You're so useful and kind, and I—I take all and give nothing. So I've been to the library and hired some learned books, just to get up to your standard and interest you. And I've read several fearfully philosophical things;

but it's no good showing off to you, because I didn't understand them."

"Hurrah! What an escape! The truth is, you've tried to get off my modest plane and soar—to dazzle me. And instead of doing that, you've only muddled yourself. And serve you right. Why d'you want to leave me behind?"

"What's pragmatism?"

"Perhaps Shelley, when he walked here, asked himself the same question. Perhaps he asked the nightingales. But—no, he wouldn't have wasted his time, or theirs."

"What is it? D'you know? Don't say you do if you don't, because I'm serious."

"Well you may be. It's a weird hour and place for such a thing. Still, the recording angel isn't awake yet, so it doesn't matter. The germ of pragmatism is in Hegel, and I rather went for it—years ago—because it seemed to me that the thinkers might, after all, justify their existence—in that funny little twilight they move in—if they could link up the unreal world of metaphysics with the real world of humanism. But it's humbug. The pragmatists are only Christians in disguise, though they would be very angry if you told them so. Of course, they want to dethrone reason, and I like them for this: that they admit truth isn't everything. But it's a cowardly sort of doctrine of feasibility and comfort and convenience. Who the deuce wants to be feasible and comfortable and convenient if he's got any pluck in him? No, a metaphysician *can't* be practical; and you can't be human if you derive from Hegel. Nobody will argue that he was human."

"It's no good bothering about it, then?" asked Loveday.

"Not unless you find it warming to your spirit."

"I don't."

"Did Sir Ralegh?"

"He didn't."

"I swatted at it fearfully in my green youth and took it all up again, when Bergson first at Heaven's command arose from out the professorial rough and tumble. But I go back to Schopenhauer every time, and the new gods don't dethrone him. I can't find a moral metaphysic outside him—nothing for your brains and impulses and instincts to get fat and jolly upon. The rest are like athletics—all right as tonic, but no use for food."

"Is Schopenhauer food?" she asked.

"Food and drink," he assured her. "We never hear of his beauty, only his strength. But what is his 'Compassion' but beauty—the uttermost beauty? It's worth all the 'categorical imperatives' and 'Wills to Power,' and 'intuitions' put together. In fact, it's the most beautiful thing in human nature really. Not to see all men in ourselves, but ourselves in all men—that's Schopenhauer's 'Compassion'—great enough to make ten men immortal, let alone one. And that's what Nietzsche tried to kill—and couldn't."

"Schopenhauer must be read by me," declared Loveday. "He's evidently beautiful."

"And wonderful and terrible sometimes—like a day of thunder-clouds and threatenings, with the sunshine breaking through and warming you, just when you're getting cold and frightened. He ought to win the artists, for he admits that the emotion excited by art is among the precious things in a sad world. 'In Art power alone matters,' he said, and Aristotle said the same. Schopenhauer's 'Compassion' seems to run pretty close to the Greek *Aidôs*—a sort of conscience waking to ruth or shame that the world should be as unhappy as it is. And, more than that, a feeling that the helpless are sanctified, that they make claim on the most sacred places of the human heart. The very old and very young appeal to *Aidôs*. It is a spirit that can turn no deaf ear to the widow and orphan."

"And belongs to far-off Greek things?" she asked.

"I believe Schopenhauer found it there, or else re-discovered it in his own great soul. Who can say *Aidôs* lacks spirituality when we see the objects of it? The disinherited of earth, the helpless, the injured, the very dead. 'Though he is my enemy, I compassionate him,' says Ulysses of Ajax, in Sophocles, 'because he is yoked to grapple with fearful calamity'; and the poor madman himself, in that mighty passage of pathos, is driven to holy sorrow at leaving his wife a widow and his child an orphan amid their foes. At the end, too, when Agamemnon asks whether Ulysses feels *Aidôs* for the corpse of a foe, the answer comes, 'Yes, for his goodness is more to me than his hate.' Pure rationalism led to that—the rationalism of the early Greeks. But *Aidôs* took wing afterwards—so says Gilbert Murray. *Aidôs* belonged to the childhood of the Golden Age, and vanished off the earth before the policeman and public opinion and the scientific bent of mind. Then she came back and found Schopenhauer, because she knew his heart could make a home for her. That's where Nietzsche is a mere barbarian beside Schopenhauer. He pits Hubris against *Aidôs*—the faculty that scorns tradition, revels in brute strength, exalts power and pride to the throne.

"Go on about his compassion," begged Loveday.

"Well, there it is in a word—just fellow-feeling—putting yourself in the other man's place. From it springs every action that is worth a groat—morally speaking. And he proves it brilliantly, of course. Compassion is, in fact, one of the three fundamental springs of human action—only the third in order, I regret to say. He puts the others first and second. No doubt that's why they call him a pessimist."

"What are they?" asked she.

"Number One is Number One—egoism. That's the lever that moves the world of each of us; and Number Two is Malice—the willing of woe to your fellow man. I hope Schopenhauer is wrong there."

"Does he despise the English, like Nietzsche?"

"He thinks of us very justly, as the most honourable and most

hypocritical race on earth. That sounds a rum mixture, but it's true, because our ideal is justice and our bugbear is morals."

Loveday nodded.

"Stop here and finish off metaphysics quick," she said. "I'm getting hungry and tired, both."

They sat a moment under the great white-boled poplars of the Cascine.

"Metaphysics is seeking to know things as they are, despite the prime physical certainty that you never can, because no two know alike. The beautiful ideas in the swagger metaphysicians are not metaphysics. Take your Bergson again. I waded through anything of his—for the poetry. I remember a case. He is talking somewhere about indetermination into matter, or some such fearful wild-fowl, and then he cries out suddenly, like that hidden nightingale there, that love—maternal love, may hold the real secret of life! The mother's love shows us each generation leaning and yearning over the generation that is to follow! That's poetry; but when poor science struggles to do the same, and leans over the next generation with pure love in her spectacled eyes and enthusiasm in her steely bosom, and we see 'Eugenics' born, the artists and socialists and 'intellectuals' to a man don't see the poetry, and merely make faces, and say that the unborn must happen by chance for ever, because Dick, Tom, and Harry, and a few other celebrities, happened by chance. We may breed sweet-peas and ladies' lap-dogs, but it's farmyard philosophy to bother about ladies' babies. However, science is well used to seeing silly people put their tongues out at her. It's easy to be patient if you know you're going to win."

"Science must win, I suppose?" asked Loveday.

"Science must win," he declared. "Physics, the strong, has always been merciful to metaphysics, the weak. To talk about a metaphysical need is bosh. The things that have made the history of the world are all outside metaphysics, and morals too. They hamper action, as you may see in certain men of action, who would have been ten times the men they were, but for their love of dialectics."

"I want my roll and coffee," said Loveday.

"I *know* you eat two at least," he answered—"perhaps three, and then, in your secret heart, wonder how you will survive till luncheon. Anyway, I always eat three, and am full of greediness and hunger an hour afterwards. That's one of the joys of being young—the joy of hunger. We can stuff gloriously, and eat ices and drink anything, and never think about next morning."

"Or take mosquitoes," she said. "It's a sign that people are getting on when they worry about mosquitoes. I hear Stella wandering about her room at night with Ruskin's *Mornings in Florence*, and then there's a crash and a sigh, and I know she's missed. But, as for me, the mosquitoes may have my bluest vein to suck. Nothing can wake me when I'm once asleep."

"These great gifts make us insolent to the old," he declared. "Only the old are poor—the unhappy things who take about little bottles for little troubles, and little pillows for little pains—the sad folk who look at a menu, as people look at a hand in a game—to consider what they had better discard. By the old—speaking generally—one means everybody over forty-five. Do *we* read menus? No, or if we do, it's for greediness, not discretion. We don't need discretion. We go dashing gloriously on—tasting everything in life. Nothing shocks us, nothing gives us mental or physical indigestion. We try all things."

"And ought to cleave to that which is good," quoted Loveday.

"And don't we? I know I do. Not a man in Florence works harder than I, and work can be a very distinguished business, or a very mean business, according to the mind behind it. You can make a statue basely, or a footstool nobly."

She laughed.

"' Ruskin says '——'"

"Words like it, no doubt. The thought is obvious. But he's often dreadfully right, though you may chaff him. He tells you, for instance, that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless. So now it's my turn to laugh."

"Why?"

"Because—look at yourself! Is there a lovelier, uselesser thing in all Firenze, or Italy, than you?"

"To be beautiful is to be a thousand times more than useful," said Loveday in her pride. "Anybody can be useful. Those men there with their carts in the river, picking stones out of the water, are useful. You are useful. I'm like the view from Vallombrosa—not in the least useful, but something better."

"So you laugh last," he answered. "And while you are beautiful and I am useful—to you—nothing else matters. But you are going to be useful too—presently—at least, I hope so."

He left her on the doorstep of the "Athena"; then he turned back after having said farewell.

"Remember the Uffizi to-morrow—and Botticelli."

"Remember! D'you think I shall forget?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Things may happen—in fact, they will happen. I warn you of that. A time may come when you will wish you had forgotten."

With these words he left her wondering.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NEW-BORN VENUS.

THEN dawned a day big with the fate of the young man and maiden. They devoted it to Botticelli. In the morning they went to the Pitti and the Accademia; and in the afternoon they stood before the Venus at the Uffizi.

Loveday came innocently to this meeting; but the man had a tremendous ambition presently to be exploded on her ears.

"There's more bosh talked about Botticelli's Venus than any picture in the world," he said. "Pater, for instance, declares that the drawing is as faultless as Ingres'. Well, it isn't, and there's an end of the matter. Look at the weak left arm and shoulder, if nothing else. She's like those other things we saw in stone—just a delicious woman made to be loved and to have the doubt and sadness kissed out of her wonderful, pleading eyes. But she's not Venus—more's the Lorenzo di Credi in the next room—a portrait, too—older, but precious. This girl was a Medici's mistress—or somebody's. She's in a dozen of Botticelli's pictures, and if she was Simonetta really, then her early death was not hidden from the prophetic painter. It's in her eyes."

"She's unutterably lovely to me."

"So she is to me—save for the affectation of the hands. Why on earth did the new-born Venus want to use her hands and her hair for clothes? Why did she seek to cover her bosom more than her face? That betrayed the painter, not the subject. She's neither pudent nor impudent.—It's the old, stupid pose that spoils scores of statues to me. My Venus——"

"Won't have any soul; and I expect you're too young to see all that other people see in this Venus," said Loveday.

He looked at her and did not argue.

"Perhaps I am. My mind is hard and clean yet. I value the healthy and the sweet and the sane. I hate the morbid, and the soul is always morbid. In fact, like the pearl, it's a morbid secretion. I love Michelangelo's tondo; because it is soul-less and Greek and not Christian. The child's hair is full of vine-leaves to me. And it is the Greek in Botticelli that I care about, not the mysticism. A modern generation of critics have found that in him. Half the critics' virtues are faults to a painter."

Then Loveday spoke:

"You are very hard, as you say; but I suppose you'll be different, like everybody else, when time has played its tricks and sorrow has come."

"You're not well," he answered. "This is not the way for young Loveday to talk. Stand by her a moment—the place is empty. There—you've got a good deal of her, as I told you that first great moment we met in London. Take off your hat for one second. I implore it. Yes; but you're grander—your fingers are stronger and rounder; your shoulders are wider. How difficult you'd be! Oh, Loveday, if you could—if you could only sit to me for my Venus, what a gorgeous picture I should make!"

She stared at him, and seemed to grow larger while sudden colour mantled her cheeks.

"I'm not a model," she said.

"Yes, you are—the model of all models—the everlasting, precious, lovely, solemn thing I want—more wonderful than this, because more splendid. Here is beauty without power, or promise of power;

you'd be young, new-born, growing under one's very eyes, and stately, too—not sad, nor yet happy—just the serene, all-conquering goddess!”

There was something like pain in her eyes now, and her voice rang unsteadily.

“What will you say next?”

“I'll say you'd have your part—the supreme part—in what might be a grand and precious thing. I'll say you'd justify your existence, if I can make you. Come and see the Venus Genitrice now. There's only the Greek torso left, and that isn't as glorious as another Venus like it—in the Museo Nazionale at Rome; but you can see the very body of Venus there—a thing that might have been shaped on you, a goddess with the warm ichor in her veins under the transparent robe. My Venus will have less light than Botticelli's, but not such a cold light. I think of the fore-glow warming the sea, as I saw it once in the Mediterranean—just great shreds of warm, coppery light floating like flower-petals on the purple. Only the horizon was full of dim fire, and overhead the stars still glimmered. Her shell of pearl is just stranding in the cold, blue foam. She comes to earth with the aube, and her eyes will be your eyes, and her body your body if you will it.”

She panted.

“My God! What do you make of me?” she cried, so loudly that a guardian of the gallery—a rat-faced, withered man—came round the corner.

“It is what I would make of you,” he answered calmly. “This is Italy, remember, not Devonshire.”

“Never, never mention it again; from the moment you do, I will not see you, or speak to you.”

“So be it, Loveday. After this hour it shall not be mentioned. But you must hear me now, and you must utterly change your point of view and take a bath of clean ideas before you leave me. This hope has been the dream of my life since I first saw you in the cast room at the B.M. You must know that I honour and respect you above any woman I have ever seen, just as I admire you above any woman I have ever seen; and in asking you this, I am paying you the mightiest compliment in my power. For God's sake make an effort and be Greek for five minutes. You owe me that, for if you carry away a false opinion from this room, or believe for an instant that I have cast a shadow on you, then I shall be a very unhappy man. It is clearly understood that it can't happen. Your word is law on that point, and the hope of my life is lost.”

“I hate to think that you have dared to imagine me so,” she said. “I hate it; and I hate you for doing it; and any English girl would hate and loathe a man if she thought he was vile enough to do it.”

“Good! Now there's a strong position—the position of the true-born, outraged English girl. But listen, and I swear you shall hate and loathe me no more. We've agreed to see things from each other's point of view as much as man and woman can. So we'll see this, too. Your view is clear—the innocent, horrified, virginal

view. Now, what is it built on? Of what is it the outcome? Why are you outraged? Phryne—the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles—let the whole world see her ascend from her bath—not for lewdness, but just for love, because she happened to be the most beautiful thing in Greece, and she knew that the sight of her must be a joy to everybody who loved beauty.”

“Shame has come into the world since then,” said Loveday. “I’m not a Greek hetira.”

“Yes—shame has come into the world, and Christianity has tried to strangle sense for two thousand years and make art a slave, instead of a queen. But no religion will ever strangle sense. Pure paganism is pure—pure at heart and in peace with itself and Nature; Christianity is impure at heart and at war—ceaseless, losing war—with Nature.”

“What’s that to me?”

“Everything. The Greeks were too wise to fight a losing battle if they could help it. They bowed to Nature—fatal or victorious. But Christianity has gone from bad to worse, and the consequences of her losing battle are psychological. They have vitiated clean thinking and clean living; they have brought man to such a pass that not one man in fifty can think cleanly if he tries to, and not one woman in a hundred. Now, let’s get this thing on to the proper plane. You’ll not accuse pagan me of any base or vile thought, Loveday? You mustn’t do that. Art’s my goddess, not you—that goes without saying, doesn’t it? You would be infernally difficult, and I should probably curse the gods for hurling such a problem at my head. There would be a terrible struggle for a masterpiece, followed very likely by defeat and life-long disappointment. If I failed, I should hate myself for ever.”

“And me too.”

“Not you. Now for the physical side first. There are worldly thinkers—and everybody’s more or less stained with the world by the time they’re forty—who would say it wasn’t possible for an artist to do this without sense coming into it; and perhaps it wouldn’t be for anybody past forty years old. But I’m short of twenty-seven, and I tell you this: that I know myself. Every man is a bundle of twisted impulses—a plaited rope that’s pitted against the strain of the world. It depends on the blend whether the rope wears well—a rotten strand or two will fray all. But the very best are like to get ragged and worn if a man lives long enough, and the strands of sense are seldom absent from the artist’s rope. In my case the rope’s not frayed—there hasn’t been time. I don’t pretend to say what I may be when I get among the ‘roaring forties’; but at present I’m far too ambitious to be unmoral or incontinent, and I’m also far too busy and too conceited, if you like. At my age a man of any distinction ought to be working as the giants work. You must be abstemious and use sense like a miser if you want to do big things; because energy is energy, and force is force, and the best endowed have only their daily share to spend and no more.”

"You may be sure of yourself. I take that for granted. But you must think of others beside yourself. You must think of a proud woman and a proud man. Just ask yourself one question. What would Raleigh say?"

"Since he won't know, it doesn't matter an atom what he'd say. You might as well ask what Mrs. Grundy would say."

"And what should I *feel* when I saw him again?"

"Good Lord, Loveday! What a reactionary question! Haven't you got any further than that? Well, let me jog on; but stop me if I bore you, or trouble you. It's for your peace as much as for my own self-respect that I'm talking."

"I want you to speak."

"If something would hurt you to see Sir Raleigh again after you'd sat to me for Venus, the question is what? I suppose you'd say it was conscience, and that means we are up against a question of right and wrong. Well, right or wrong simply means harming others, or not harming them. D'you grant that?"

"Yes, in the last resort."

"In the last and in the first. Because, if you even make it personal and say that right or wrong may mean harming yourself, or not harming yourself, still the community is involved. If you harm yourself, or do wrong to yourself, you are weakening yourself and so doing harm to everybody. Who shall decide? A man—your future husband—thinks himself harmed by you because you sit to me? But is he? You know perfectly well that you have not harmed him. Still, the sense of harm lies in his mind; therefore, it is real to him; while to your mind it is not real at all."

"To my mind it would be very real."

"Wait. I am assuming that on the strength of pure reason you would feel you had done him no harm. If you have, then the harm can be named; but can it? No, there is no name for the harm. However, he would hold himself injured and you know that he would. I wish I could make you see before I go on that his injury is imaginary rather than real. Are you sure honestly you don't see that?"

She hesitated.

"There are some things you feel about, and feeling is higher than thinking," she said. "What's the good of going on in this cold-blooded way?"

"The good is that you shan't leave me either thinking or feeling one evil thought against me," he answered. "Don't miss the thread of the argument. Grant, just for pure reason's sake, that Sir Raleigh's injury is not real. Drop feeling and inherited prejudice and pride for a moment and confess that, as a mere matter of fact, the man is not really wronged."

"What then?"

"Then an individual's mistaken sense of wrong is coming between a creator and a possible masterpiece," he said calmly. "That's only one man against another, of course, and there's nothing much in it. But suppose I made a great picture—a thing that would mean

joy for generations unborn? Is your lover's comfort and content to come between the world and even the possibility of such a thing? Is my Venus never to be born, for fear that your Raleigh's conventional standards may be threatened?"

"Certainly. His feelings are a thousand times more to me than your ambitions."

"Isn't that rather selfish? Understand that in one way I am glad to escape the great ordeal of painting you, Loveday, for failure would be a fearful tribulation to me; but I must see that my conscience really is clear."

"I've settled once for all."

"I know you have. Then to the academic argument. He's wronged. Tell me how. Or, if that isn't to be; if, as you say, it's a mere nameless feeling in you that he's wronged, then for fairness try to analyse that feeling and explain how it masters you so completely. You cannot do a great service to art, because your lover wouldn't like it. Well, define his injuries. How would he write them himself, if he knew what I'd asked you to do?"

"He'd write them with a horsewhip on your shoulders. He'd want to kill you for even dreaming of such a horror. And—I'm nothing, nothing like beautiful enough—whatever you think."

"'Beauty is the promise of happiness,' " he quoted. "My picture, painted in your light, would have been happiness, must have been pure happiness—unless I had failed. Luminous with beauty—an everlasting thing if I'd only been master enough. Beauty is often a relative term, and you may as well dispute about taste or conduct; but there are some things about which there can be no dispute—like moonlight on the sea, or the man who gives his life for his friend—or you."

He was infinitely patient and perfectly cool; she was growing more and more agitated, and her self-control threatened to depart.

"Leave it—leave it, for God's sake! It shows how useless our wretched reason is when—when—oh, can't you understand what I'm made of, or is it hidden from your artist mind? I hate art—I shall always loathe art and everything to do with art for ever and ever after to-day. I forgive you—I know you're right, from your point of view, and I know I'm right from mine, and—let me get out of this and go home. I'll go back to England at once. I don't feel as I did. But I know it's all for art—nothing but art. I know that."

"If you forgive me and understand that much, nothing else matters," he said. "Come along. I'll see you back. And don't cuss art—only me. And don't go all the way home savage with me. I only did my duty as a serious artist. I'm off myself to-morrow—to Siena for a few days, to paint something I want there. So you'll have peace and quiet. Go and look at things by yourself, and think your own thoughts about them. I've been playing the schoolmaster too much altogether. Regard me as dead and buried—at any rate, till I come back again."

He saw her to the hotel, and, to show her that the subject was dropped for ever, spoke of indifferent matters and their common acquaintance. But his eyes roamed restlessly; his mind was suffering bitterly under a mighty disappointment. This had been the dream of many months. He concealed the fact, however, and strove to restore Loveday's serenity. She proved not easy to calm. Things rather than people offered peace to her. Her eyes held the Bigallo for a while, and when they came to the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, she gazed upon the front of the church, to find tranquillity in its lifted loveliness. Seeking to distract her, he fastened upon it and spoke about it before he took his leave.

"The glorious thing is always darkened for me by a gloomy thought. The Patarenes, you know. Their heresy—what was it?"

"Do heresies trouble you?" she asked languidly, with her eyes on the church.

"Not as a rule; but the results of this one were so dreadful. They thought the body was merely a prison for the punishment of sins committed before birth; they believed marriage was wicked; that the Body of Christ was never on the altar, because it had never existed really save as a spirit, and couldn't therefore be turned into flesh and blood. They were, you see, exceedingly tough and difficult customers, and to deal with them and steady down their vain imaginings, the Inquisition came to Firenze. And it was here—here in this ineffable Santa Maria Novella—that the Dominicans gave the Inquisition a home."

"Where are you going to be at Siena?" she asked.

"Don't know exactly. I shall see if some of my friends are there. But if you wanted anything, you might write to the Grand Hotel Continental. If I'm not there, I can call every day on the chance. Good-bye. If you and 'the Apennine' feel in the least tempted to come to Siena again, there's my car will be eating its head off, for it will take me there and then come back."

"How long shall you be away?"

"Don't know a bit. Good-bye, again."

(To be continued.)

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47

JUN 12 1913
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EDITED BY W. L. COURTNEY.

JUNE, 1913.

	PAGE
I. The Racial War in the Pacific: An Imperial Peril	
By ARCHIBALD HURD	1031
II. The Problem of Austria-Hungary	By POLITICUS 1047
III. The Dissensions of the Balkan Allies	
By SPENCER CAMPBELL	1063
IV. The Unionist Position: Sursum Corda	By CURIO 1071
V. Why Home Rule is Unnecessary	By J. M. KENNEDY 1082
VI. Archdale Wilson, the Captor of Delhi: A Rejoinder	
By COL. R. H. VETCH	1094
VII. Lord Cromer on Disraeli	By WILFRID WARD 1107
VIII. Vocational Education and the Nation	
By CLOUDESLEY BRERETON	1123
IX. Realistic Drama. II.	By W. L. COURTNEY 1136
X. Mr. Masfield's Poetry	By GILBERT THOMAS 1154
XI. Evolution in Human Society	By C. B. ROYLANCE KENT 1165
XII. The First Persian Feminist	By CONSTANCE E. MAUD 1175
XIII. What is Wrong with Cricket?	By SIR HOME GORDON 1183
XIV. The Death of Satire	By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER 1188
XV. The Chinese Drama, Yesterday and To-day	
By A. CORBETT-SMITH	1200
XVI. The Joy of Youth. Chapters XXIII—XXV.	By EDEN PHILLPOTTS 1213

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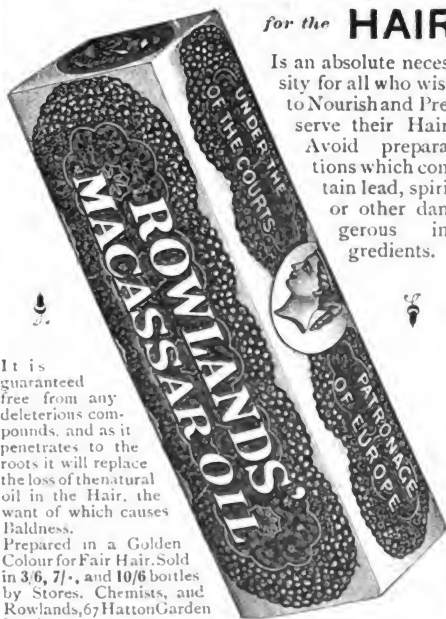
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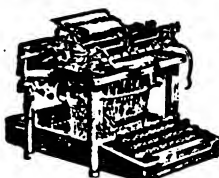
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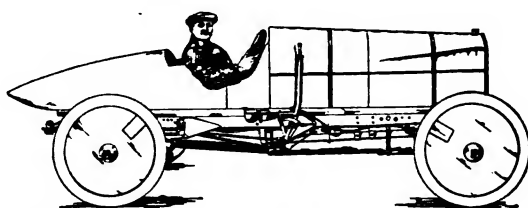
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1913

Contents.

	PAGE
THE RACIAL WAR IN THE PACIFIC: AN IMPERIAL PERIL. By ARCHIBALD HURD	1031
THE PROBLEM OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. By POLITICUS	1047
THE DISSENSIONS OF THE BALKAN ALLIES. By SPENCER CAMPBELL	1063
THE UNIONIST POSITION: SURSUM CORDA. By CURIO	1071
WHY HOME RULE IS UNNECESSARY. By J. M. KENNEDY	1082
ARCHDALE WILSON, THE CAPTOR OF DELHI: A REJOINDER. By COL. R. H. VETCH	1094
LORD CROMER ON DISRAELI. By WILFRID WARD	1107
VOCATIONAL EDUCATION AND THE NATION. By CLOUDESLEY BRERETON	1123
REALISTIC DRAMA. II. By W. L. COURTNEY	1136
MR. MASEFIELD'S POETRY. By GILBERT THOMAS	1154
EVOLUTION IN HUMAN SOCIETY. By C. B. ROYLANC KENT	1165
THE FIRST PERSIAN FEMINIST. By CONSTANCE E. MAUD	1175
WHAT IS WRONG WITH CRICKET? By SIR HOME GORDON	1183
THE DEATH OF SATIRE. By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER	1188
THE CHINESE DRAMA, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By A. CORBETT-SMITH	1200
THE JOY OF YOUTH. Chapters XXIII—XXV. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS	1213

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